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The New Church Doctrine.

BY WILL CARLETON.

There's come a sing'lar doctrine, Sue,
Into our church to-day;
These cur'us words are what the new
Young preacher had to say:
That literal everlastin' fire
Was mostly in our eye;
That sinners dead, if they desire,
Can get another try;
He doubted if a warmer clime
Than this world could be proved;
The little snip—I fear some time
He'll get his doubts removed.

I've watched my duty, straight an' true,
An' tried to do it well;
Part of the time kept heaven in view,
An' part steered clear of hell;
An' now half of this work is naught,
If I must list to him,
An' this 'ere devil I have fought
Was only just a whim;
Vain are the dangers I have braved,
The sacrifice they cost;
For what fun is it to to be saved,
If no one else is lost?

Just think!—suppose, when once I view
The heaven I've toiled to win,
A lot of unsaved sinners, too,
Comes walkin' grandly in!
An' act to home, same as if they
Had read their titles clear,
An' looked at me, as if to say,
"We're glad to see you here!"
As if to say, "while *you* have b'en
So fast to toe the mark,
We waited 'till it rained, an' *then*
Got tickets for the ark!

Yet there would be some in that crowd
I'd rather like to see:
My boy Jack—it must be allowed,
There was no worse than he!
I've always felt somewhat to blame,
In several different ways,
That he lay down on thorns o' shame
To end his boyhood's days;
An' I'd be willin' to endure,
If that the Lord thought best,
A minute's quite hot temperature,
To clasp him to my breast.

Old Captain Barnes was evil's son—
With heterodoxy crammed;
I used to think he'd be the one
If any one was damned;
Still, when I saw a lot of poor,
That he had clothed and fed,
Cry desolately 'round his door,
As soon as he was dead,
There came a thought I couldn't control,
That in some neutral land,
I'd like to meet that scorched-up soul,
An' shake it by the hand.

Poor Jennie Willis, with a cry
Of helpless, sad distress,
Sank sudden down, one night, to die,
All in her ball-room dress;
She had a precious little while
To pack up an' away;
She even left her sweet, good smile—
'Twas on the face next day;
Her soul went off unclothed by even
One stitch of saving grace;
How *could* she hope to go to heaven,
An' start from such a place.

But once, when I lay sick an' weak,
She came an' begged to stay;
She kissed my faded, wrinkled cheek—
She soothed my pain away;
She brought me sweet boquets of flowers
As fresh as her young heart—
Through many long and tedious hours
She played a Christian part;
An' ere I long will stand aroun'
The singin' saints among,
I'll try to take some water down,
To cool poor Jennie's tongue,

But tears can never quench my creed,
Nor smooth God's righteous frown,
Though all the preachers learn to read
Their Bibles upside down.
I hold mine right side up with care
To shield my eyes from sin,
An' coax the Lord with daily prayer,
To call poor wanderers in;
But if the sinners won't draw nigh,
An' take salvation's plan,
I'll have to stand an' see 'em try
To dodge hell if they can.

Light-Infantry Movements.

Present arms! there they are,
Both stretched out to me;
Strong and sturdy, smooth and white,
Fair as arms can be.

Ground arms! on the floor,
Picking up his toys;
Breaking all within his reach,
Busiest of boys.

Right wheel! off his cart,
Left wheel, too, is gone,
Horsey's head is broken off,
Horsey's tail is torn.

Quick step! forward, march!
Crying, too, he comes;
Had a battle with the cat—
"Scratched off bofe my fums!"

Shoulder arms! here at last,
Round my neck they close;
Poor little soldier-boy
Off to quarters goes.

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung;
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.
—*E. B. Browning.*

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 28, 1880.

It is safe to say that within a month the Democrats will realize, even if they do not admit it, that the nomination of General Hancock was a serious mistake, as his defeat is as certain as was the defeat of General McClellan in 1864, of Seymour and General Blair in 1868, and of Greely and General Brown in 1872. For years the Democrats have wooed the Northern soldier vote, but so far without success. With hollow cries of "reform" and "retrenchment" they have tried to win the Northern independent vote, and at a very favorable time they nominated Tilden. But all their efforts have been in vain. Now again after a lapse of years, and when the Southern Democrats deceive themselves with the thought that their purpose will remain concealed or forgotten, they nominate another Union soldier, and hope by hiding behind loyality to accomplish what they have failed to do in former years. But the North will not be deceived. What would General Hancock, a soldier, and ignorant of political wiles and intrigues, be in the hands of men who would naturally be called in to advise and counsel him? They are the same men who, when victory perched on the Northern banners in 1864, stepped to the front and declared the war and its results a failure. Are these men now to be trusted to guide and direct the Government they sought by the most desperate means to destroy, and will Northern loyalists vote to elect a man for President who is exposed to such influences? I think not General Hancock made a splendid record during the war, and for which he is beloved by Republicans. But General Garfield's record was as brilliant if not so long. General Hancock was educated a soldier, and as such he did his duty. But though Garfield was educated a scholar, did he not rise rapidly, and through his merit, to a position equal to that of Hancock? General Garfield is of the people. He has been associated with them all his life, and understands their true worth and their needs. General Hancock was early removed from the people, and all his life has been connected with the military circles. No man need desert his party or support Hancock because he is a better man or soldier. In General Hancock's record as Governor of Louisiana and Texas in 1867, we see an assertion of his opinion in opposition to that of his superiors that amounted nearly to direct disobedience to orders. We saw, also, a desire on his part, to crush out the infant Republican party in those States, and in every possible way he toadied to the rebel sentiment. Under his command Union men were hunted down and murdered by Klu-Klux and White Leagues without rebuke, and upon General Grant's inauguration he was relieved of his command as an impediment to the execution of the re-construction acts. For his good deeds in 1867 and '68 the South has nominated him for President, and it asks for the support of Northern loyalists. But they ask in vain; the defeat of Hancock is certain; but that certainty must come through work.

MAXWELL.

Aggravated Case of Cat.

A west end man had the flat roof of the L of his house tarred, and when six or seven cats got on it, the following night, they could yell and arch their backs and try to get a pull on all four feet at once, but they couldn't lift themselves free, and their sighing was frightful, and people in the neighborhood began to chuck things at them, and the owner of the house forgot about the tar and went barefooted and in his robe de nuit upon the roof to chase them off, and pretty soon he found he couldn't stir, and he began to whoop and swear, and a policeman got a ladder and climbed upon the roof, and when he came up over the edge, on his hands and knees, he had to remain in that posture, and he used very emphatic language. Meantime the bootjacks were falling in a shower about and upon them, and the man's mother-in-law, in looking out of an upper window that overlooked the L roof, to ask them if they were not ashamed to be out on a roof playing cat at that time of night, unfortunately knocked her wig off, and it fell in the tar; and then she rushed down a flight and went out on the roof to get it, and couldn't pull the wig up, but got her hand stuck to it; so she couldn't let go of it, and of course her position and her bald head made a dead give away, as it was quite light, when some one finally came with boards to put down on the roof for them to be got on to when they were cut loose from the tar, and the old lady didn't feel a bit worse than the policeman, who had to walk through the streets with the knees of his trousers cut out, and left stuck on the roof, and a great hunk of tar stuck to each hand, and got a reprimand when he reached the station. And the house-owner himself blistered his feet trying to melt the tar off of them by holding them up to a hot stove, and when the cats were cut loose from the roof and put on the ground they tried to gnaw the tar from their claws and got their paws stuck in their mouths and rolled about and yawled and carried on so that folks thought they were mad and killed them. And that householder's mother-in-law hasn't yet got over jawing him about that tar roof.—*Baltimore Sun.*

"Did you break that window, boy?" said the grocer, catching hold of the fleeing urchin. "Yes, sir." "What d'ye mean, then, by running off in this manner?" "Please, sir, I was running home to get the money. I was 'fraid if I didn't run quick I might forget it." And with that he skipped around the corner. He doubtless found his way home, but he probably lost his way coming back. The grocer still waits and watches.

A gentleman from the country arrived at a Galveston hotel a few days ago with his little boy. The little fellow had never seen anybody play operatic music, so when he peeped into the parlor and saw a lady leaning away back on a piano stool, pawing the instrument and whooping "I am dying for some one to love me;" he naturally became interested, and when his father came back to the hotel he told him that there had been a woman fighting the piano. "Which got whipped?" asked the parent, smiling at the simplicity of the child. "She hollered," was the response.

An Oil City man went fishing Saturday and he came home with nothing but a little half pound bass. "Is that all you caught?" asked his friends. "That's all," replied the man. "How many bites did you have?" "None," exclaimed the fisherman, and the whole crowd cried, "He's found! he's found! Here is the honest fisherman!" He'd have had fifty invitations to drink in ten minutes if a small boy hadn't broken through the crowd and said, "See here, mister, yer gave me a bogus nickle for that air fish." And now that crowd has no faith in human nature.

A Quaker wrote the following to a watchmaker: "I hereby send thee my pocket clock which standeth in need of thy friendly correction. The last time it was at thy friendly school it was in no way benefitted or profited thereby, for I perceive by the index of its mind that it is a liar, and the truth is not in it. Purge it, therefore, I beseech thee, and correct it from the error of its ways, and show it the path wherein it should go, and when thou layest thy correcting hand upon it, see that it be without passion, lest thou shouldst drive it to distraction; and when thou seest it conformable to the above-mentioned rules, send it home to me, with a just and true bill, drawn out in the spirit of moderation, and I will remit thee in the root of all evil."

Who nominated General Hancock?
The Solid South and Tammany Hall.
If Hancock should be elected, who would run him?
The Solid South and Tammany Hall.

We have received from J. F. Rider, 239 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio, a handsome lithograph of Gen. Garfield, as a youth, a soldier, and a statesman. It is a very suggestive picture, and would be appropriate for every Republican home. Send 25 cents to the above address, and receive a copy by return mail.

Albert G. Porter, now first Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury, has been nominated for Governor by the Indiana Republicans, who mean to win this fall. It was supposed that the election, under the amended constitution of that State, would occur in November hereafter, instead of October, but the Supreme Court has just decided that the amendment making the change was not properly approved, hence the fight will commence in October as heretofore, and will be all the warmer in view of the bearing of the result upon the Presidential race a month later.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, in announcing Ingersoll's lectures in that city, said: "It cannot be forgotten that the faith which Colonel Ingersoll attacks, has never been renounced upon any deathbed, and that it has solaced many a heart and home, while the doctrine that Mr. Ingersoll preaches (if the attempt to tear down a faith may be called a doctrine,) comforts only the ungodly. Few people in history have been harmed by having too much religion, and any religion is better than none."

The collision which occurred last week on Long Island Sound, resulting in the death of thirty to fifty passengers on board the Narragansett, was followed, on Monday last, by a sudden and mysterious fire, which destroyed the steamer Seawanhaka, running from New York to Glen Cove, L. I. The fire seems to have been caused by the explosion of something in the furnace, and spread so rapidly that probably not less than fifty of the three hundred passengers were lost. The officers did all that human beings could do, to save those in their care.

Tuesday morning the excursion steamer Long Branch, with 1800 passengers, was run into by an oil barge. Fortunately they were near the dock, and ran in, in time to land every passenger safely.

Why should the people choose the Democratic nominee for the Presidency? Why should the welfare of the United States be intrusted to the Democratic party? Why should the country be called upon, after twenty years of Republican rule, to substitute a Democratic administration?

What has the Democratic party done to warrant their present demand? What record has the Democratic party to which it can point as ground for faith in it? What has it done? The history of the past twenty years tells that. What is its record? On the devastated plains of the fair Southland; in the desolated homes of the sturdy Northland; on the million stones that tell their ghastly story to every day's bright sun-light and to every night's still star-light; on the column that marks the tomb of a murdered President, is written in blood and tears, the cruel record of the result of Democratic vacillation and Democratic cowardice. Is it for this they demand return to power?

But they tell us the war is over; that its issues are dead; that the bitter struggle should be forgotten! The war is over? Ay, truly, and right nobly was it ended. The issues of the war are dead? Soldiers of the North do you hear them? The cause you fought for is dead, they say, and you must vote with them—with those who starved you at Andersonville and Libby Prison! The issues of the war are dead? Never! The issue of the war was, "One country or many," and so long as Democratic statesmen (?) and a Democratic press upholds the infernal doctrine of States' rights, so long are the issues of the war alive and to be conquered. The war should be forgotten? *Forgotten?* Four years of bloodshed *forgotten?* A million dead soldiers graves *forgotten?* The story of a martyred President *forgotten?* Shall fifteen years wipe out the memory of that great struggle with treason and traitors? No, nor five times fifteen years. *Forget?* Well may the Democratic party long for a mantle of forgetfulness to shroud the past, the traitorous past, that with a thousand million dead men's fingers point at it and says, "You were in power, and therefore we are here." Small wonder that the past and its ineffaceable record rides the Democracy like some horrid, ever-present night-mare. Small wonder that the Democratic party cries "Forget, forget!" and groans and curses without ceasing because the country will remember.—*Plainfield Bulletin.*

STOCK QUOTATIONS

FROM DE HAVEN & TOWNSEND, BANKERS,
No. 40 South Third Street, Philadelphia.
June 2, 1880.

	BID.	ASKED
U. S. 6's 1881	105⅛	7
" Currency, 6s	123	
" 5's 1881, new	103¼	
" 4½'s, new	109½	
" 4's "	108⅞	
Pennsylvania R. R.	49⅛	
Philadelphia and Reading R. R.	10⅛	
Lehigh Valley R. R.	48	
Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co.	24¾	
United N. J. R. R. and Canal Co.		1,[illegible]
Northern Central R. R. Co.	30	
Hestonville Pass. R. R. Co.	17½	
Pitts., Tit., & Buff. R. R. Co.	14½	
Central Transportation Co.	48¾	49
Northern Pacific, Com.	22½	
" " Pref'd	43	
North Pennsylvania R. R.		
Philadelphia & Erie R. R.	12⅛	
Silver, (Trades)	99½	

Deaf-Mutes.

"How many deaf-mutes are there in the United States?" inquired a Detroit reporter of a practical teacher of deaf-mutes.

"There are 30,000 in this country. At Flint, Mich., where there is an educational establishment for them, there are 311. About one-half of these people are born with imperfect hearing, and in consequence can never learn the trick of speech. The other half have lost their speech by diseases of infancy, more particularly scarlet fever. If they have ever learned to talk before losing the power of hearing, they may retain an indistinct speech all their lives. With some, however, the vocal organs are paralyzed, and those can never be taught lip-reading. The articulation must be unimpaired for this system, which brings every faculty into use."

"Do deaf mutes learn professions?"

"Not as a general thing. There is an institution at Washington with a collegiate department, and a few go into postoffice or custom-house situations. There are three deaf-mute ministers, the first ever ordained in this work. They are the Rev. Henry W. Syle, of Philadelphia, the Rev. Austin W. Mann, who has charge of the itineracy of the West and the Rev. Job Turner, who has the Southern diocesan interests. The deaf-mute usually prefers to become a mechanic or farmer. They make good citizens, but are naturally isolated in their lives."

"Do they intermarry?"

"Yes; they prefer to. As a common thing it is not considered a happy union for a deaf mute to marry one in possession of the faculties of speech and hearing unless, as in my own case, they have been teachers and are in sympathy with them. A young man will see a pretty deaf and dumb girl and learn the language readily enough, but when the novelty wears off he is apt to weary of the constant demand of interpretation. He finds a want of companionship in his pursuits and pleasure, and the young wife is still worse off and more completely alone."

"Are the children of deaf mutes also deaf and dumb?"

"There is no law of progeniture in this matter. Sometimes they are, but more frequently they are not. Children rare often born with this peculiarity who are the first known cases in the families they belong to. It is a long time before parents will admit, even to themselves that their cherished darling is a deaf-mute, and they try every method to rouse its apparently dormant faculties when once assured that it really is set aside from its birth as one dedicated to a peculiar people. They at once make themselves familiar with the best systems of education that they may relieve by science and culture the monotony of a silent life."

A further talk with this practical teacher revealed the fact that the deaf-mutes have no literature of their own beyond a few elementary text-books; that they can be taught everything that the speaking people can excepting vocal exercises; that they are naturally quick, good-tempered and happy dispositioned and eager for instruction. They have developed artists and poets. Howard Glyndon, the poet-author of Hartford, is deaf, dumb and blind, a trinity of misfortunes rarely seen. Her maiden name was Laura Reddin. She is now married to a gentleman who both hears, sees and speaks, and is now Mrs. Searing. Much has been written in the past about this remarkable and highly educated woman. The writer was once shown a silk dress which was exhibited with much satisfaction by its owner, a deaf and dumb lady, as the handiwork of Laura Reddin, who is regarded by the deaf-mutes as a living wonder.

Largest Hotel in the World.

The new regime of hotel keepers at Rockaway beach are evidently convinced that it is the magnitude if not the magnificence of their enterprise, which is to attract the crowds from the metropolis. Certainly the chief enterprises there—the mammoth hotel and the iron pier—are on a scale unprecedented in this country, and it follows almost naturally, at least in regard to one, in the world. The Windsor of this city might be conveniently stowed away in the wings of the Rockaway hotel. Both the hotels at Manhattan beach do not present as large a front to the ocean as their new rival across the inlet. Any three of the Long Branch hotels and any two of those at Saratoga would not show so extended and handsome a front. A visitor at one end will find it a small journey to call on his friends at the other. Laid down in New York city, it would extend from Fifth avenue nearly to Seventh, and fronting the avenue it would occupy just six times the length of the Hotel Brunswick. With three several dining-rooms, each larger than nine-tenths of our city hotels are, and 1,200 bedrooms, it will probably be able to accommodate all the guests who will demand admission. The iron pier nearly in its front, designed to enable steamers to avoid the shoals of the fast filling inlet and the nauseous smells of Barren island (the refuse heap of the metropolis and Brooklyn), is 1,200 feet long and thirty wide. The largest steamers can approach it with ease, small ones having recently touched in heavy seas.—*New York Tribune.*

Medicines of the Ancients.

Some of the ancient cures were worse than the afflictions which they were designed to relieve. Fancy for instance the following, recommended as well-tested antidotes for poisons: The hoof of an ox cut into parings and boiled with bruised mustard-seed in white wire and pure water. The blood of a duck, drunk fresh and warm, or else dried to powder, and so drunk in a draught of white wine. The blood of a stag also. If the case was a desperate one you were to take a sound horse, open his stomach alive, take out all his entrails quickly, and put the poisoned person naked into it, all save his head, while the body of the horse retains its natural heat; and then let him sweat well

Common Sense in Advertising.

A model advertisement is designed to satisfy the rational demand of a probable customer to know what you have got to sell. The successful advertiser, therefore, observes three rules: First, he aims to furnish the information which the public wants; second he aims to reach that part of the public whose wants he is prepared to satisfy; and third he endeavors to make his information as easy of acquisition by the public as possible.

Many mistakes of judgment have been made in the various ways adopted of reducing the labor of the public in gaining this kind of trade information. Men have plastered fences with their announcements; they have erected huge bill boards and covered them with placards; they have stuck painted signs in horse cars and along either side of the slips of the ferries; they have even defaced the most picturesque aspects of nature with their glittering assertions, and thus, instead of winning and gaining the attention, have awakened an abiding disgust and resentment. The fallacy which underlies all these efforts to catch the public on the wing, so to speak, to delude men and women into an unexpected and irresistible desire to buy the something which you have to sell, is that rational beings do not set about shopping or buying in that way. Who would think of going to the horse cars to find out where any particular article which might be needed could be bought? Who would think of making a trip to the White mountains, or up the Hudson, or along the Sound, or to Watkins' glen, or to Niagara falls, for a similar purpose.

The commonest and handiest thing in the American family is the newspaper, and as nearly all shopping proceeds from the family, from its needs, its intelligence, its tastes, its fashions, it follows that the thoughtful and successful advertiser approaches the family by this means. He does not waste his money and his time in loading his advertising gun and shooting it off skyward in the streets, at all creation, on the chance that some willing customer may be going that way, and they may be brought down; on the contrary he takes account of the advertising ammunition which he has on hand, and loads and points his gun through the columns of some reputable newspaper at the game he wants to hit.

Besides knowing that the newspapers are the best means of advertising, and how to pick out the best newspapers for his purpose, the successful advertiser fully appreciates the importance of persistent advertising. Mr. Bryant used to say that the great influence of the press depends for one thing upon it power of iteration. Presenting the same subject in many forms, it finally wins attention and acquiescence. Used in this thorough and systematic way, the advertising columns of the newspapers are useful and essential to the merchant, as means of telling the public what he has to sell, as the clerks behind the counters are to show his goods when the people come to examine them.—*New York Evening Post.*

The Argentine Republic.

The Argentine Republic, in which civil war is reported to have broken out, is a confederation of the Rio de la Plata, fourteen states or provinces containing a population in 1870 of about 1,800,000. Its area is some 543,000 square miles, and it is situated between Bolivia on the north and Patagonia on the south, the latter country being claimed as a part of its possessions. There are in the Republic about 200,000 foreigners—American, Italians, Spaniards, French, English, Swiss and Germans. Except the Andes, in the west, and other mountainous ranges in the northwest, the whole region is composed of vast plains, covered alternately with rich pasturage and huge thistles. The climate is both temperate and tropical. As agriculture is very backward, less than 1.1000 of the soil being under cultivation, rearing live stock is the chief employment of the people. Millions of cattle graze on the plains, along with great herds of mules and horses. Mines of rocksalt, which plentifully incrust the broad levels, are of much benefit to the roaming beast. The name, River of Silver, is a misnomer, though silver, with gold, copper, sulphur and coal, is found to a moderat extent near the Andes. Very little mining has yet been done, and the principal export trade, which is increasing, is in wool and hides. Juan Diaz da Solis, while searching for a passage into the great South sea (1515), entered the Rio de la Plata, and eleven years after Sebastian Cabot penetrated nearly to the conflux of the Parana and Paraguay. Buenos Ayres has virtually monopolized that region, as large as the whole of Western Europe. After various fortunes of war, a general congress declared the independence of the united provinces fRio de la Plata; but, some years later, they were again isolated and once more confederated. The Argentine Republic, however, was mainly an anarchy until 1835, when General Rosas was chosen captain-general and invested with almost absolute power. He established quiet and order for a while; but his determination to secure the supremacy of Buenos Ayres led to his overthrow. There have since been various unions and disunions of the provinces and wars with neighboring states; and there is no present prospect of permanent peace, seemingly incompatible with the South American republics. The entire interior has a standing quarrel with Chili, which shuts it away from the ocean. The country has also any number of inward dissensions and is so likely to have them that civil war may be reckoned as a natural condition, which cannot long be interrupted until the character of the heterogeneous population has been totally altered.

Papered walls are cleaned by being wiped down with a flannel cloth tied over a broom or brush. Then cut off a thick piece of stale bread with the crust on and rub them down with this. Begin at the top and go straight down.

Care of Clothing.

The care of clothing, [illegible] be easy, must be habitu[illegible] part is in forming the habit, and this cannot too early in life be formed. Most children love to make mud pies and play in the dirt generally, and give little heed to keeping themselves clean. This is all well enough at times, and they should be indulged in their mud pies provided they are dressed for the work. But it is "poor folksy" in the last degree to allow a child to play in the dirt with nice clothes on, or to permit a young person to dress inappropriately while at work. It is vastly easier to change a good coat for a poor one than it is to restore in its prestine condition a soiled coat. It is vastly easier to put on a pair of overalls than it is to sponge thoroughly a pair of pantaloons. But the worst of it is that those who neglect to change the coat and put on the overalls neglect also the sponging and cleansing processes, and let dust gather and spots remain. A clothes brush, a wisp broom, a bottle of ammonia, a sponge, a hand brush, a cake of erasive soap, a vial of alcohol, should form part of the furnishings of every toilet. After all dust has been removed from clothing spots may be taken out of black cloth with the hand brush dipped in a mixture of equal parts of ammonia, alcohol and water. This will brighten as well as cleanse. Benzine is useful in removing grease spots. Spots of grease may be removed from colored silks by putting on them raw starch made into a paste with water. Dust is best removed from silk by a soft flannel, from velvet with a brush made specially for the purpose. If hats and bonnets when taken from the head are brushed and put away in boxes and covered up, instead of being laid down anywhere, they will last fresh a long time. Shawls and all articles that may be folded should be folded when taken from the person in their original creases and laid away. Cloaks should be hung up in place, gloves pulled out lengthwise, wrapped in tissue paper and laid away, laces smoothed out nicely and folded, if requisite, so that they will come out of the box new and fresh when needed again. A strip of old broadcloth, four or five inches wide, rolled up tightly and sewed to keep the roll in place, is better than a sponge or a cloth for cleansing black and dark colored clothes. Whatever lint comes from it in rubbing is black and does not show. When black clothes are washed, as they may often be previous to making over, fresh clean water should be used, and they should be pressed on the wrong side before being quite dry. If washed in water previously used for white clothing they will be covered with lint. In securing clothing against moths, if linen is used for wrappings no moth will molest. Paper bags are equally good if they are perfectly tight, and so are trunks and boxes closed so tightly that no crevice is left open for the entrance of the moth fly. As the moth loves darkness, it will not molest even furs hung up in light rooms open to air and sunshine

School is Out.

A day or two since a withered up little old man entered the Central station and asked to be sent up as a vagrant, adding, as he took a chair:

"School is out, and vacation will last forever."

Being questioned, it was found that he had journeyed here on foot from New England, and was out of funds and broken in health.

"I'm sixty-seven to-day," he said, as he took off his hat, "and I've been a school-teacher exactly forty-one years. First class in history, stand up. What is a prison? A place where an old pedagogue can lay his bones after a life of hard service. Correct, my son. What is old age? Old age is that period in life when you can't help anybody, and are therefore left without help yourself. It is better to be a young dog than a poor old man. Correct again. You may take your seats."

"So you are a school-teacher?" queried the captain.

"For forty-one straight years I've coaxed, flattered and pounded knowledge into the human cranium," was the reply. "I broke this finger in jerking a Vermont scholar over his desk; this scar above the eye I got from a New Hampshire mother for whaling her son. I was bitten here on the back of the hand in Massachusetts; this scalp wound was received in Rhode Island when I started out to lick forty-seven boys for looking out of the window at a circus procession. I can count up twenty-five scars as certificates of my profession."

"And you've had to quit?"

"Yes. They don't want old teachers like me any more. Everywhere I go I'm told that I'm too old. I'm out of funds, out of friends, out of a job, and I think I'll take sixty days in the work-house for a change."

"Did you have a good success as a teacher?"

"Yes, up to fifteen years ago. My plan was my own. When I had to ask a boy three days running how many States there were in the Union, I quit smiling and coaxing, and tied him in a hard-knot in about forty seconds. I also believed in pulling hair instead of using a whip. Land save ye! I could lift the tenth boy in natural history off his seat by the hair of the head and let go before he missed me off the platform! I never made a boy sit on the dunce-block in my life. I humbled him by fastening a spring clothespin to his nose. I had various ways of bringing out information as to the early settlement of New England, the longest rivers in America and the highest mountains in Europe, but this modern sweet-milk way of teaching has laid me on the shelf. Lock me up and give me about sixty days in the workhouse."

He was given a cell, and after a few minutes was heard calling out to himself:

"The class in grammar will have for its next lesson the sentence. 'In a prison cell I sit.' School is dismissed!"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Indian Game.

When not on the warpath, or engaged in hunting, Western Indians spend much of their time in various games or contests of skill. Of these contests one of the most popular is flying the arrow, a sport to which the Indians of all tribes devote considerable time and attention.

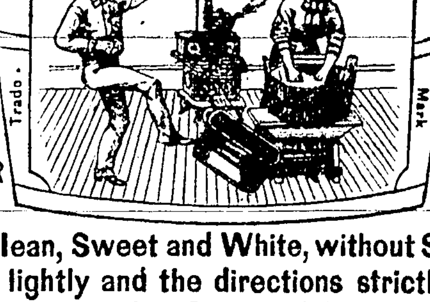
When this game is proposed, each of those who wish to join in it lays on the ground something of small value, such as a pipe, quiver of arrows, a bow, spear, tobacco pouch, or knife, and when all have been collected, the value of the whole makes a prize well worth trying for.

Then bows are carefully examined, a dozen of the best arrows in the quiver selected, and the first of the competitors steps out in front of the rest and prepares to shoot, not at a mark but straight up into the air. His object is to have as many arrows in the air as possible at the same time; and he who can send up the greatest number, before the first touches the ground, wins the game and all the prizes.

But few of the most expert of the Indian bowmen have been known to put more than ten arrows into the air at once, and to do even this requires extraordinary skill and strength. The arrows, ten or twelve in number, are held in the hand that grasps the bow, and the rapidity with which each is fitted to the string and sent upward is truly wonderful.—*Harper's Young People.*

How Time Passes in Paris.

You may talk about the marvels of pneumatic clocks, the convenience of monster omnibuses, the rapidity of communication between one quarter of Paris and another, but it is no use trying to show that the Parisians have no time to spare, and that they are never in a hurry. They have so much time that they don't know what to do with it. They waste their time like a child wastes his gayety, or a rich man his gold. They squander it looking at the stars in heaven, or the waters flowing under a bridge. Did ever any one calculate the time spent by the Parisian in reading handbills and posters? When a dog barks at a cat, when two sparrows make love to each other on a roof, when the canary has escaped into the street, at once a crowd assembles, ninety-nine per cent. of which does no know what it is all about. The marriage of a corner grocer with the daughter of the cheese-monger almost excites a riot; the passage of a coach-and-four causes grand excitement; the Parisians will stand for hours with their feet in the mud to see a procession which will not pass until the next day, if it pass that way at all. The Parisians are children who amuse themselves by playing at business like schoolboys who play at war. The only difference is that they have taken their amusement au serieux. If pneumatic clocks did not exist, and if the day were only four hours long, you may be sure that they would find time to play dominoes and hang around the church door to catch a glimpse of the bride.—*Parisian.*



THE ARMY WORM.

The Department of Agriculture Investigates the Insect's Habits—A Voracious Pest—Methods of Destroying It and Limiting the Area of Its Ravages.

The accompanying documents, issued by the department of agriculture, give the latest results of an investigation of the ravages of the army worm, made by the entomologist, J. Henry Comstock, under the direction of the department, together with very valuable suggestions to farmers as to the best means of ridding their fields of this destructive little insect.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
DIVISION OF ENTOMOLOGY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

HON. WILLIAM G. LE DUC, Commissioner of Agriculture.

SIR—In accordance with the instructions which I received from you on the fourth inst., I proceeded to Kent county, Del., in order to investigate the serious irruption of the army worm which has occurred in that locality.

I found that this insect had committed great ravages, especially in fields of wheat and corn. In every instance I observed they first appeared in wheat. After destroying the leaves and beard of the wheat, and in some instances eating into the upper end of the kernels, they marched, or attempted to march, into neighboring fields. The greatest injury done was to corn, which, being tender, was eaten to the ground wherever it was encountered by the worms in their march.

The farmers of that county have been vigorous in their efforts to protect themselves from the spreading of this pest; and in many instances, by means of ditches and pits, have succeeded in saving large fields of corn, and at the same time trapping and destroying millions of worms. The danger in that section for this season is nearly past; but in localities further north, where the pest is later in appearing, much remains to be done.

In answer to the many queries which you have referred to me respecting the natural history of this pest, and methods of protecting crops from its ravages, I inclose a condensed account.

Very respectfully,
J. HENRY COMSTOCK, Entomologist.

THE SCOURGE OF THE FIELDS.

The following resume of what is known respecting the army worm (Helio-phila (Leucania) unipuncta) is condensed from an account of this insect prepared by me for the forthcoming annual report of the department of agriculture.

The adult insect is a night-flying moth of a dull brown color marked in the center of each forewing with a distinct white spot, and with an expanse of wing of a little over an inch and three-quarters.

The egg is white and almost perfectly spherical; its average diameter is 23-1000 of an inch. The moth deposits her eggs in the folds of leaves of grass or grain, nearly always concealing them from sight by pushing them down in the infolded portion of the leaf, or by cementing the edges of the leaf together over them. The eggs may be laid singly or in rows, which sometimes contain as many as fifteen or twenty. army worm, writers have long differed. We can now safely state that it passes the winter both in the moth and chrysalis state, the former being more common in the southern part of the country and the latter in the northern regions.

The form and color of the larva are too well known to require description here. The duration of its life at this stage varies from fifteen to thirty days or more. When full grown the worms burrow for an inch or more in the ground, and there transform to pupal.

The pupa is dark brown in color and about three-fourths of an inch in length.

The number of generations in a season varies greatly with the climate. In the Northern States it has always been supposed to have but one generation. Professors Thomas and French state that there are normally two broods in Northern Illinois, and probably three in the more southern portions of that State. Professor Riley has demonstrated two broods normally and three exceptionally in the latitude of St. Louis. Further south, during winters of unusual mildness, a succession of broods is kept up through the entire year. During the present year (1879-80) we have received full-grown worms with accounts of damage to winter grain in the months of December, January and February, from localities as far north as Union county, S. C., and Marion county, Tenn. Ordinarily, however, in those States, and always further north, the insect lies dormant through the winter months.

Concerning the hibernation of the There is also a possibility that the full grown worms hibernate more or less frequently. In either case, as soon as the weather becomes warm in the spring, the moths emerge from their pupal cases or their hibernating quarters, and lay their eggs as before described. The duration of the egg state is from eight to ten days. In 1879 eggs deposited on clover in Washington hatched about May 10.

The natural habitat of the army worm was stated by Dr. Fitch to be "in the wild grass of wet spots, in swamps and on the border of marshes," and in this statement he has been followed by nearly all succeeding writers. The question then naturally arises, what is the cause of these sudden and extensive periodical visitations to cultivated crops? Dr. Fitch observed that the year 1861 was very wet, while that of 1860 had been extremely dry. On examining the records he found that in previous worm years the season in which the worms appeared was wet, while the preceeding year was dry. He therefore proposed the theory that in a dry season this insect having an unlimited extent of feeding range becomes greatly multiplied, "and when it is thus multiplied a wet season and overflowed swamps drive it out from its lurking place in flocks, alighting here and there over the country. But on being thus rusticated, it finds our arable lands too dry for it, and immediately on maturing and getting its wings again it flies back to the swamps, whereby it happens that we see no more of it." Professor Riley adopted this theory, and showed that the conditions in 1869 and 1875 (two marked army worm years) coincided with those mentioned by Fitch.

HOW TO DESTROY THE PEST.

If the theory just quoted be true the best means of preventing the occurrence of this pest in cultivated fields will be to keep watch of any extensive tracts of low land which may be in the neighborhood, and if army worms are discovered destroy them either by burning over the land if possible or by poisoning with arsenic, Paris green or London purple or by any other means of which the local conditions will admit. In fact it would be well to burn over all the low lands in the vicinity each winter, thus destroying the hibernating insects.

I do not feel implicit confidence, however, in the above theory, as I have observed the army worms feeding in small numbers in meadows on high lands where their presence there could not be explained by the reasons given. Moreover, from what data I have been able to obtain while preparing this article, it appears that the present season has not been a wet one in those localities in which the army worm has appeared thus failing to confirm the theory. It is worthy of note, however, that in most instances the localities infested by the worm this year are in the vicinity of extensive tracts of low lands. I am carefully collecting evidence on these points and will publish the results as soon as practicable.

In case the worms do appear in cultivated lands the best plan of action to follow is to prevent the spreading of the insect. This may be done by destroying them or by confining them to the fields in which they appear. The best method of destroying them is by crushing with rollers or by poisoning with arsenic, Paris green or London purple. Either of these substances can be applied rapidly by mixing with water and using a fountain pump or garden syringe. In many instances, however, these remedies are impracticable. The second line of defense remains and it well carried out the result will not merely be the confining of the worms to the fields in which they appear, but the destruction of them also when they attempt to migrate to other fields. This is done by the means of ditches and pits dug around the infested field or that to be protected. The ditches can be made quite rapidly. First plow a furrow with the land side next to the field to be protected, and then with a spade make this side of the furrow vertical, or if the soil be compact enough to admit of it, overhanging. When the ditch is completed, holes should be dug in it from one foot to eighteen inches deep and from twenty to thirty feet apart. The sides of these holes should also be vertical, or if possible, overhanging. The worms unable to climb up the vertical side of the ditch will crawl along the bottom of it and fall into the holes, where they will soon perish. Where the soil is sandy, so that the ditch cannot be made with a vertical side, it should be dug deeper than in other cases and the side made as nearly perpendicular as possible, so that when the worms attempt to crawl up the sand will crumble beneath them and cause them to fall back again.

J. HENRY COMSTOCK, Entomologist,
Department of Agriculture.

The Cat's Paradise.

Among the institutions which characterize Philadelphia as the "City of Homes," the cat refuge stands out alone. Than this institution, which is located at No. 1242 Lombard street, there is no other on the face of the earth. Besides being an asylum for the feline orphan, the institution serves as a gateway to the cat and dog paradise. The "Refuge" is purely non-sectarian in its character. The cat or dog, be it Thomas or Tabitha, without distinction of race, color or previous condition, is admitted to the asylum if it is in need of a home. The homeless, friendless feline orphan, who has been the target for ragged and unfeeling street Arabs, and showered with brickbats and bootjacks as it sung its plaintive melodies in the silvery light on a summer's evening, is received at the city refuge by kind hearts and ministering hands.

Although this home has been established for about seven years, its existence until recently has been comparatively unknown by a majority of the people of Philadelphia. During the last year 3,514 animals were received at the refuge, and since the establishment of this institution 13,620 have been cared for. The refuge is now receiving an average of 120 cats a week. By far the greater portion of refugees to this asylum have outlived their usefulness, or are of that class whose lot from infancy has been an "unhappy one." The unfortunate creatures that have been turned out to die of starvation, or that never had a home to be turned out of, are being brought to the refuge in increasing numbers, and are either provided with good homes or chloroformed out of their misery. As far as possible homes are provided for such grimalkins as are sound in body and mind and are comely in appearance.

It not infrequently occurs that families have a pet dog or cat that has lived so long that life is a burden both to the animal and its owners, but the aged creature has so won the affections of the family that they have not the heart to put the sufferer out of existence by killing it. By sending a line to the agent of the society, William R. Biddle, that officer will call and remove the animal and put it into eternal sleep through the agency of chloroform. A few days ago a venerable tabby of twenty-two years and a canine of nineteen years of age thus gently terminated the tenure by which they clung to their earthly existence. No charge is made by the society for these offices of mercy.

Another important feature connected with the asylum is that families going out of town for the summer months can have their cats or dogs boarded at the refuge during their absence.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Kingdom of Corea.

The prospects of our opening very soon the kingdom of Corea to communication with the external world will, says a New York paper, be welcome to our own and to all civilized people. It is now the sole country on the globe sealed against commerce and progress, and the general and inevitable ignorance of the land, its people, and its customs has been sufficient to make it interesting, for the unknown is always attractive. This peninsular kingdom of Asia, tributary to China, is mountainous throughout, densely wooded in some districts, with tolerably fertile valleys. The climate, glacial in the north, is elsewhere like the climate of Japan. Rain is excessive there, and snow is universal in winter. The inhabitants are probably of Tungusic stock, the same as that which has populated all Northern Asia. They are in feature more positively Mongolian than the Japanese, whom they yet closely resemble. Their language, differing materially from both Chinese and Japanese, is like the latter in its polysyllable form and alphabet of twenty-seven letters. The native alphabet and writing are nearly obsolete, but the Chinese characters are everywhere familiar. The religion and, indeed, most of the political institutions are based on those of China. The Chinese state deities are generally worshiped; Buddhism and Taoism have many adherents, and the learned classes cleave to the moral system of Confucius. The monarchy is despotic, somewhat tempered by privileged ranks and hereditary nobility, and the officers are chosen. The Coreans live very plainly, even primitively, their principal food being inferior rice and grain. Some cotton, silk and tobacco is raised; but agriculture is not understood or practiced to any extent, although considerable pepper and ginseng are exchanged with the Chinese for other products. Minerals are plenty, yet very small quantities of gold, silver, copper, iron and lead are mined. The population has been estimated at from 5,000,000 to 20,000,000, and is probably in the neighborhood of 14,000,000. The kingdom's policy of strict isolation from other people has included even the Chinese, with whom they hold no intercourse, except at the annual embassy, accompanied by a few privileged traders, and of the fairs, periodically held at the Gate-town, near the Mantchusian City of Feenghwang. The Chinese hatred of everything foreign is intensified by traditions of ancient enmity between them and the inhabitants of Ch'ao-sien, as Corea was once called. The Mongol conquerors of China subjugated Corea likewise; but the Ming dynasty restored the sovereignty of that country, which in time got its present name. Christianity was planted there, oddly enough, in 1592, by Christian converts among the invading forces of the Japanese usurper, Taicosama. Until recently nearly all information about Corea came from the account of Hamel, a Dutch sailor, wrecked there and detained for thirteen years. We have made two offensive expeditions to the kingdom in consequence of attacks by the natives on our vessels. We did not succeed in breaking down the barriers of the peculiar people, but we shall probably succeed the next time.

A Horrible Fate.

One of the most horrible calamities that has ever occurred in this vicinity took place about five miles east of this city yesterday afternoon. A man named G. W. Liphel, a comparative stranger in the country, and who was residing with some friends near by, started out to hunt some snipe. He had bagged considerable game, and started down the railroad track toward Pueblo. About five miles east of the city is a small trestle work, and Mr. Liphel, in attempting to cross it, missed his footing and fell through, his gun dropping from his hand and falling into the dry creek below, a distance probably of twelve feet. Mr. Liphel, in his fall, was caught in such a manner as to be unable to extricate himself. One of his arms was lodged in the timbers in such a way that he could not use it, and with the other he labored in vain to release himself. Then the horrid thought rushed across his mind that it was nearing the time for the eastern train to arrive, and it made the blood run cold in his veins. He renewed his exertions to release himself from a most frightful predicament, well knowing that unless he accomplished the task before the arrival of the train a horrible fate would be his. But he was so wedged in between the strong timbers that all his efforts were in vain. Great drops of perspiration hung upon his forehead, and his face was as pale as death. A low, distant rumbling told the terrible story. Again he worked with his one hand, until so exhausted that he could work no longer. He feebly shouted for help. He desperately tore at the timbers around him, but all to no purpose. The thunder of the train grew nearer and nearer. The ominous rattle of the wheels rang out the death-knell to poor Liphel's hopes, and with a cry of wild despair he sank back in his position with closed eyes, and with a prayer on his colorless lips awaited his doom. The horrible clatter of the train sank like a knife into the soul of the unfortunate man. He again raised up and waved his hat as the merciless train flashed around a curve and bore down upon him with frightful velocity, but neither the engineer nor the fireman saw the unfortunate man's signal. Liphel now gave up all hope, and he dropped forward upon the timbers in helpless agony, and in an unconscious state. The train came thundering down upon him, and at this point the reporter rolled out of bed and found that he had been dreaming a terrible dream. *Pueblo (Col.) Chieftain.*

An Auburn (N. Y.) inventor has patented a car that runs on skates instead of wheels, and is especially intended for elevated railroads. It runs on grooved rails, and, it is claimed, with less friction than that of the journals now in use.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The dental authorities estimate that 12,000 dentists in the United States are every year packing into the teeth of the people not less than half a ton of gold, costing about half a million dollars, besides about four times as much cheaper material, as silver and platina, worth $100,000 more. Then there are made every year about 3,000,000 artificial teeth, mounted on gold, platina or rubber. This indicates that as a people we take pretty good care of the teeth, yet the dentists say that not one-half of the people who need it avail themselves of their services, and that indeed only one person in eight has perfect teeth.

"Death probably caused by overwork," was the marginal remark of a New York doctor on the certificate relating to the death of one Sophia Rahe, a sewing machine teacher whom he had attended. The case is a peculiarly sad one. There was a rivalry between the east and west side agents of the company by which Miss Rahe was employed, and in her eagerness to outdo her competitors in the discharge of her arduous duties the poor girl often worked from an early hour in the morning until nine and ten o'clock at night.

The Madison Square garden property in New York has been sold for $800,000 to Barnum's Museum company, a corporation organized with a capital of $3,000,000 for the purpose of erecting the largest exhibition building in the world, to be opened early next year. Wm. H. Vanderbilt makes a subscription of a quarter of a million to the enterprise, and is to be a director. P. T. Barnum and other capitalists will be largely interested. Barnum, also, will be president of the company. The building will contain a place for pedestrian and other matches requiring large space, an opera house, a museum, etc.

That was a high affair, the banquet given by Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, to a choral convention at Vienna a few days ago. At two o'clock in the afternoon they assembled in front of the imperial residence to the number of 2,000, and sang several pieces composed specially for the occasion. The emperor, the empress and the princess of the blood meanwhile stood on the balcony. When the performance was over, the emperor invited his guests into dinner. The repast as may be imagined was a colossal affair. More than 800 servants waited at the table. Eight oxen and fifty bucks were devoured, while it needed 1,500 bottles of champagne to assuage the thirst of the guests. After dessert they smoked no less than 3,000 cigars.

Smuggling is easier in America than in Europe. In Canada, it is said, when you buy a bill of cheap goods all that is necessary is to leave with the shopkeeper the name of the hotel on the American side at which you are stopping. The goods are ready for you when you return. But in Germany and Austria it is far otherwise. They watch closer. For instance, a few days ago a farmer in Saxony, who lives near the Austrian frontier and owns land over the border, had some men at work in one of his fields in Bohemia, and at lunch time sent them some bread and butter and brandy by way of refreshment. The Austrian customs officers seized the provisions as contraband, and summoned the sender to appear before the high customs council to answer to the charge of smuggling.

To the list of towns that have been wiped out by hurricanes and tornadoes must be added that of Mankato, in the western part of Minnesota. It had been raining for three days, ending in a terrific storm which unroofed a hundred houses, and piled churches, schools, bridges, telegraph poles, trees and furniture in one promiscuous heap. To add to the damage the rain fell upon the uncovered goods in stores and dwellings and ruined many dollars' worth more, swelling the loss to hundreds of thousands of dollars. The sidewalks were taken up and carried to places which had no need of them, and brick edifices fared as badly as lighter structures. This tornado differed from its fellows hat have been raging over the prairies this season in sparing life. No one was seriously injured.

An anti-dueling association has been formed in South Carolina, with ex-Judge Kershaw as president. "We intend," the resolutions say, "to train, educate and organize the public opinion and moral sense of the people to a true perception of the criminality of this wicked and pernicious practice; to take proper measures to procure an adjustment of all personal difficulties which might tend to involve any of our fellow citizens in a duel; to use and enforce all legal means of preventing any of our fellow citizens from engaging in a duel; to enforce the law against dueling in every case of their violation hereafter occurring, whether the same shall consist of sending, accepting or bearing a challenge of the fighting of a duel, or the counseling, aiding or abetting any of these offenses."

The British government is thinking to adopting a new postal order system, in accordance with which notes are to be issued payable at any of the 5,000 post-offices in the United Kingdom instead of at the postal money offices as now, and as in the United States. They are payable to the order of the person whose name is written on the back, an must also be indorsed by him when presented for payment. They extend in value from fifty cents to five dollars. The smaller denominations will cost two cents; the larger four. The person wanting the notes will buy them just as he does postage stamps, write the other person's name on them and put them in the mail. The bill is expected to come up in parliament soon. The plan has the advantage of accommodating a large number of people at small cost, and furnishing them with a currency that can be safely and conveniently transmitted by mail.

Co-operative industries on a large scale are soon to be inaugurated in Chicago. It is proposed to build up a co-operative city at a most advantageous and healthy location in the suburbs of Chicago, where co-operative manufactures exclusively will be carried out, and operatives located and own their own cottages and share in the co-operative supply store and their factories. Sites for building factories at the co-operative city will be given away free of cost—fronting either on river or railroads—to any capitalist or employer who will adopt the system of co-operation with their employees. Members of trade and labor associations and others are invited to investigate into the new combination of social economy presented by a Mr. Papin for bettering their conditions, and to make labor attractive and remunerative. It is claimed that by means of this new undertaking 100 per cent. will be realized above the current rates of wages.

Curosities of Smuggling.

A young women of seventeen, whose trunks had been examined and were found apparently all right, had a pillow covered with ticking and tufted at the ends. It was a very innocent looking article; and when it was opened against her protestations it was found to contain about forty yards of dress silk. Another instance was that of a young woman who had a piece of fine cloth with the edge ingeniously bound in such a way as to give it the appearance of a bedspread or blanket. A fashionable dressmaker uptown for a considerable time managed to elude the vigilance of the customs officers by bringing in a part of her importations of the various articles that go to make up women's wardrobe by scattering them among the trunks of her friends, by whom they were alleged to be private property, and as such duty free. She came to grief finally, and among the articles seized was the wedding trousseau of a fashionable belle. A favorite dodge is to mix up new and old articles of wearing apparel; this is very apt to succeed unless the number is sufficiently large to arouse suspicion.

A fashionable tailor, who imports large quantities of goods each year, had his invoice made out correctly, but he had an arrangements by which the goods, instead of being sent to the custom-house for appraisal, were sent directly to his store. This was finally discovered, the goods were seized and the offender was mulcted in a considerable amount.

For many years the smuggling of cigars into this port by the crews of the Havana steamers was a regular business. Millions were brought in each year. Generally they were concealed behind the steamer in a package being fastened by means of a cross-piece of wood. If there was danger of detection the fastening was cut and the package allowed to drop down to the bottom of the bilge. These smuggled cigars are done up in packages of 1,000 or more, covered with oilskin. Often these packages are dropped overboard in the lower bay or at quarantine and are picked up by confederates in small boats, brought up to the city and disposed of. In other cases they are kept on shipboard, concealed in places where no one would be apt to look for them, and carried ashore in small quantities as opportunity afforded. Experience has taught the customs inspectors where to look for contraband articles of this kind, and not a week passes that seizures of smuggled cigars are not made. A short time ago 15,000 cigars were found in one of the bread-tubs of a Havana steamer, where they had been placed by the cook and covered with dough. They have been found under the boilers, hidden away under masses of coal in the coal-bunkers, and covered with a bulky cargo. A small shed or wooden bin was found in a coal-bunker not long ago, and in this were 10,000 cigars, packed in a small compass. If too closely watched by the inspectors, the crew will take back the cigars and take their chances of smuggling them ashore on a subsequent voyage. Bay oil, which pays a duty of fifty cents per ounce, is also a favorite article for smuggling. The duty is almost prohibitory, and if even a small amount can be brought in undetected it pays handsomely. It is put up in twenty two ounce bottles, and these can be handily stowed away and taken ashore one at a time.

Smuggling is not confined to this end of the route, however. The Spanish authorities impose a duty of thirty-eight per cent. on opium, and the means adopted to evade the customs officers at Havana are very ingenious. Small quantities in tin boxes are packed in tubs and barrels of butter. Cans of opium are packed in large rolls of wall-paper which is duty free. They are hidden in barrels of potatoes, and in other articles where they are likely to escape detection.—*New York Tribune.*

How Diseases are Propagated.

The assertion is made by Professor Tyndall that diseases are propagated, not by effluvia or sewer gas, but by solid particles discharged into the atmosphere by currents of air or gas. This conclusion he was led to by the following experiment: He cut up a piece of steak, steeped in water, heated it at a little above the temperature of the blood, then strained off the liquid; in a short time this fluid became torpid, and when examined through a microscope was found to be swarming with living organisms; by the application of heat these were killed, and when the solution was filtered he obtained a perfectly pure liquid, which, if kept free from particles of dust, would remain pure for an unlimited period; but if a fly were to dip its leg in fluid containing living organisms, and then into the pure liquid, the whole would be swarming with animalculæ in forty-eight hours.

Never put a particle of soap about your silverware, says the proprietor of an old silver establishment, if you would have it retain its original luster. When it wants polish take a piece of soft leather and whiting and rub hard.

The Republican.

[Entered as second class matter.]

ORVILLE E. HOYT.
Editor and Publisher.

HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC Co., N. J.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1880.

Republican Presidential Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT

GEN. JAMES A. GARFIELD

OF OHIO.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT

GEN. CHESTER A. ARTHUR

OF NEW YORK.

SALUTATORY.

With this issue, the undersigned assumes entire control of the SOUTH JERSEY REPUBLICAN, and it is but justice to our readers that we should state thus early what our policy is, and what we hope to do as Editor and Publisher.

In politics we are Republican—having been brought up in that faith—and shall do our best to advance the interests of the party.

We are an uncompromising teetotaller, and hope to give, from week to week, words of caution, comfort, and advice on the subject of temperance.

We shall give special attention to matters of local interest to the people of Hammonton and the County generally. But please remember that an Editor cannot be everywhere present; hence we solicit your aid in this department. A little help from each of our readers will enable us to make the REPUBLICAN such a paper as we desire. Should you know of a marriage, a birth, a death, or the arrival or departure of visitors, the improvement of houses, grounds, or roads, please take a little pains to inform us—either verbally or by letter, and receive our thanks.

Communications upon topics of general interest solicited; but don't attempt to vent personal spite through the columns of a newspaper.

There are other questions before our people, which will receive the attention they merit, concerning which we can make no promises in advance. As they develop, our readers will not be left in doubt as to our position.

We shall endeavor to treat all fairly—striving to build up what we know to be right, on the already-laid foundation of *truth*—wasting no energy in endeavoring to tear down what others are building. But as a bright, pleasant room seems all the more desirable when the surrounding darkness is made visible; and that which is just and right appears the brighter when injustice and wrong are exposed; therefore, while we advocate what we know to be the truth, we shall endeavor to add force to our teachings by exposing error.

We respectfully solicit your co-operation. ORVILLE E. HOYT.

It is to be remembered that the control of Congress for the next two years will be as important as the election of President. The next Congress will redistrict the country under the new census. All who have knowledge of practical politics, realize how important this duty is. Without geographical unfairness, districts can be made Republican or Democratic. Of course, the party in power will be apt to consult its own interests. The complexion of State legislatures will also have much to do with the political status of the United States Senate. Enough Senators will be elected in the several States that ought to be controlled by Republicans to change the political complexion of the United States Senate. So both the Senate and House at Washington are involved in the pending canvass, and the contest for these is fully as important as that for President. Such are the practical phases of the contest, this year. They do not necessitate the concentration of the fight on the Presidential candidates, but embrace a broad, earnest effort to control the legislative as well as executive departments of the Government. In such a contest, it is quite as important to make good legislative nominations as to do anything else. Discussion, abuse, parades and all the paraphernalia of the canvass may be well enough, but the best move possible is to select for Legislature and Congress the best possible candidates, elevate the discussion, and by courtesy and gentleness make it a contest of principles.

Barnum claims to have the biggest tent. How about the national canvass?

The *North American* puts the case thus: "If the Democratic candidate for President was right in 1861-4, was not the Democratic party wrong?" During these years of fiery trial, while Gen. Hancock was battling bravely for the preservation of the Union, the party whose standard-bearer he is to-day were laboring both in his front and rear—yes, and on both flanks—to hinder and to undo the work which his brave soldiers were accomplishing. You perhaps remember which party it was, assembled in convention, that declared the war a failure and favored peace *on any terms*, and this just at the time when our troops were gaining battle after battle. An old soldier said to us, some months ago: "I can never vote for any man on the Democratic ticket; I remember too well my sensations on reading the war resolution passed by their convention. We had endured heat and cold, hunger and thirst, suffering and privation in every way, and if this was the verdict of those who remained at home, what was the use of fighting any longer? Why not give up all we had gained, and turn our faces homeward? Only the remembrance that this was but the minority party of the North, and that the Republican hosts were wishing us God-speed, saved us from utter discouragement." Here will be the contest this year—not "What is General Hancock's history?" but "What is the record of the Democratic party? What has it done for the country in days gone by?" From this record we draw our conclusions as to the future policy, should they be again placed in power. Their history we do not admire, and regret that so good an officer as General Hancock should be found in such bad company.

The Cincinnati platform congratulates the country on the "honesty and thrift of a Democratic Congress." And the country will reply in November: "Thank you. One such Congress is all we care for."

Wade Hampton *is* a cool one. In his speech sustaining Hancock's nomination he said: "In the name of South Carolina, that State which *was so overwhelmingly Republican* that we scarcely dared to count the Democratic vote, in behalf of that State I here pledge myself, if work, if zeal, if energy can do anything, that the people of South Carolina will give as large a Democratic majority as any other State in the Union." That means that the "niggers" will have a hot time of it if they try to vote; means that the Democrats "dare to count" their vote in this "overwhelmingly Republican" State because it is swollen by tissue ballots and rifle club bulldozing into a majority. Hampton's "work, "zeal," and "energy" simply stand for fresh "fun at the fair," and as pledges that the "best men and tool chests" will be on hand at the polls to secure that "free ballot" which the Democratic platform so eloquently demands.

ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

BOARD OF CHOSEN FREEHOLDERS

OF ATLANTIC COUNTY,

For the Year ending May 11th, 1879.

BRIDGES.

May 14th, 1879.	
John Godfrey, bridge tending	$6 13
Weymouth works, lumber	51 91
L. M. Pancoast, labor and sundry bills	51 01
N. Disbrow, sundry bills paid	29 25
Enoch Townsend, lumber	23 62
H. S. Scull, overseers bill	8 25
D. A. Connelly, labor	8 75
Absalom Doughty, lumber	15 00
R. O. Oliver, contract building bridge	126 50
A. S. Gay, labor	16 00
E. D. Redman	11 60
Wesley Zane, labor	9 36
A. S. Parker, labor and lumber	9 62
A. Cordery, Jr., sundry bills paid	23 20
Jas. Scherch, labor	8 50
August 2nd, 1879.	
D. Lee, lumber	31 95
A. Doughty, lumber	38 96
Absalom Cordery, Jr., sundry bills	57 62
Philip Holzer, labor	8 95
L. M. Pancoast, lumber and material	103 67
" " labor and sundry bills	28 00
John Foux, labor	7 00
N. A. Pancoast, labor, material etc., on 5 mile road and deep run	103 92
Breder and Gelzer, mason work	10 00
W. H. Bolte, labor	12 00
A. Stephany, drawing contract	1 00
Egg Harbor City, plank	3 90
Francis Weissenborn, nails	1 74
Bolte & Kleinzle, cement and lime	9 70
Thos. Metzner, stone	14 80
Peter Goebels, plank	12 96
Henry Brander, labor	6 37
Joseph Brander, labor	5 31
Egg Harbor City, stone	3 00
Jas. Jeffers, overseer bills	21 99
Israel S. Adams, lumber	4 92
Jos. Scull, lumber and spikes	15 70
D. A. Connelly, overseer bills	17 00
Henry S. Scull, "	40 65
Rufus Booye, lumber	65 28
David Lee, "	17 53
J. S. Bowen, "	40 70
Benj. Giberson, "	4 88
Conrad Kranz, labor	33 25
G. C. Strickland, sundry bills	26 00
Jos. Troen, labor	7 00
Weymouth Works, lumber	155 05
John Doen, labor	11 55
John Wicks, labor	2 55
John Brown, labor	19 90
C. E. P. Mayhew, labor	38 25
A. S. Gay, building bridges	194 05
" lumber and labor	95 00
Jos. Kirsick, stone	28 40
D. Wescoat, labor	7 00
Nillard Verrill, labor	3 00
Thos. Metzner, stone	14 80
A. S. Miller, lumber and material	68 75
Jos. C. Shepard, labor	1 00
Samuel Townsend, labor	7 30
Jos. Schench, labor	28 38
December 3rd, 1879.	
Z. T. Johnson, labor and lumber	18 59
C. F. Collins, lumber	101 38
F. N. Moore, labor	7 75
S. Smallwood, labor	1 25
S. Herbert, labor	8 74
C. W. Abbott, lumber	7 68
J. S. Risley, labor	2 50
Thos. Kears, labor	15 37
May 11th, 1880.	
Wm. Maxwell, lumber	28 65
Z. T. Johnson, labor	8 28
F. Weissenborn, material	1 40
P. Goebbels, lumber	12 39
John Heuman, labor	5 25
Geo. Lang, labor	5 00
John Nut, labor	1 00
Geo. Henshel, contract on bridge on Indian Cabin Road	300 00
F. Stortz, labor	12 00
Egg Harbor City, plank	30 00
John Kraft, plank	4 10
Samuel Crowley, labor and material	17 49
A. J. Regensburg, advertising	50
G. F. Currie, terra cotta pipe	12 00
D. A. Connolly, overseer bills	4 90
R. Booye, lumber	19 92
H. S. Scull, overseers bill	11 64
J. Jeffries "	11 15
Jos. Scull, lumber	5 68
N. Disbrow, sundry bills	30 52
John Brown, labor	8 69
Jas. Schenck, labor	4 50
C. E. P. Mayhew, sundry bills	10 18
Benj. Giberson, labor and material	19 35
Jas. Endicott, Bridge tending	10 00
Ed. Johnson, lumber	30 80
Mark Strickland, stone	14 00
Geo. F. Currie, spikes	5 50
Jos. E. Strickland, lumber	119 07
Conrad Krantz, labor	19 50
G. C. Strickland, sundry bills	31 97
Thos. Crowley, labor	10 25
W. S. Miller, labor and material	34 97
Thos. Wicks "	6 37
G. C. Strickland, sundry bills	76 00
J. R. Reilley, labor and material	32 13
John Godfrey, labor	5 76
Jas. Camp, "	3 75
Benj. Chard, "	2 25
Chas. Campbell, "	4 68
John Wallace "	24 56
R. C. Miller, "	26 50
Philip Heber, "	6 00
Louis M. Pancoast, sundry bills	153 01
S. P. Ford, attending Lower Bank Draw	10 00

POOR RELIEF.

May 14th, 1879.	
Nathan Steelman	$8 50
August 6th, 1879.	
R. J. Somers, removal of R. Somers	3 05
December 3rd, 1879	
F. A. Crouch and Son, burial of M. Fisher	8 50
B. Burrough, burial of Jos. Simpking	8 50
" " Emma Kelsey	8 50
Geo. Sine, conveying Mary Palmer and child to Alms House	10 40
Benj. Barrett, burial of Kate Parcels	5 00
R. J. Somers, removal	2 75
Daniel Ingersoll, removal	1 25
Wm. Lake, order of removal	2 50
Elva Smith, overseer of bill	5 90
F. H. Hoover, "	1 25
" "	12 00
F. N. Moore, removal	4 40
Geo. W. Taylor, removal	5 00
May 11th, 1880.	
B. Burrough, burial of Kingshirg child	6 00
" " Kelsey's wife	8 50
E. E. Hudson, removal	2 46
J. R. Love, overseer's attendance to Mr. Warner	16 50
Benjamin Coleman, burial	2 25
J. S. Champion, burial of G. Thompson	10 00
" attend on "	5 00
F. H. Hoover, removal	3 75
J. B. Love, "	5 00
" "	10 00
Charles Saalmann, money paid Theo. Reitkamp	33 00
A. Heintzelmann, digging grave	1 50
Jacob Natter, Coffin	6 00
Benj. Jarvis, bill of costs	1 00
" "	8 68
J. H. Cordery, removal	3 00

COUNTY BILLS.

May 14th, 1879.	
John S. Risley, janitor's fees	1 50
August 5th, 1879.	
Atlantic Review publishing report	35 40
Egg Harbor Pilot, " "	35 40
Atlantic Democrat " "	35 40
May's Landing Record " "	39 90
S. J. Rebublican, " "	35 40
C. E. P. Mayhew, lumber for Co. Buildings	3 15
Charles Bacon, painting	2 00
J. S. Risley, prisoners' board and turnkey's fees	166 99
J. S. Risley, tramps commitments	5 00
" watching jail, etc	18 60
W. H. Ingram, watching prisoners	14 30
D. E. Izard, making out report	10 00
A. B. Smith, " "	10 00
C. E. P. Mayhew, sundries for public buildings	63 36
December 2nd, 1879.	
Judge Cordery, holding Court	5 00
John T. Cordery, Assessors' fees	3 00
C. F. Schmitz, for capture of Bowen & Pennington	14 20
Phillip Amole, Assessor's fees	8 00
Atlantic Democrat, subscription	2 00
C. E. P. Mayhew, merchandise	25 57
L. A. Down, Clerk's fees	11 03
C. E. P. Mayhew, house rent for jailor	25 00
N. P. Mattix, merchandise	3 31
" "	16 92
Thos. S. Smith, committing tramps	3 75
C. E. P. Mayhew, merchandise and committee expenses on jail	87 36
D. B. Ingersoll, medicine for prisoners and certificates of death	38 40
Charles Bacon, painting	15 12
E. E. Hudson, Constable's fees	2 48
Smith Herbert, labor	18 50
M. B. Peck, "	6 35
W. S. Rogers, "	2 00
M. V. B. Moore, sundry articles for jail	21 38
D. E. Izard, merchandise	6 52
F. H. Hoover, committing tramps	8 10
J. S. Risley, watching jail	52 00
" meals for tramps	36 00
" merchandise and janitor's fees	38 32
C. T. Abbott, Assessor's fees	3 00
J. S. Risley, prisoners ward	626 53
John Reichenbach, taking Fr. Weichmann to Insane Asylum	6 00
John Gaskill, labor	15 00
December 5th 1879.	
M. R. Kendall, watching jail	89 25
Geo. F. Currie, hardware	50 24
Ferdinand Miller, Assessor's fees	3 00
Jos. Champion, staffs for Court officers	2 50
John Reichenbach, watching prisoners	21 00
C. E. P. Mayhew, merchandise	14 65
Samuel Hill, hardware	41 15
" range for jail	183 50
N. P. Mattix, grindstone, etc	2 29
C. E. P. Mayhew, paint	79 48
W. H. Buckhardt, cedar tanks	60 00
Chas. Bacon, painting jailor's residence	55 55
W. H. & G. W. Allen, pumps and brooms	8 79
C. E. P. Mayhew, digging well	10 00
Hiram Godfrey, Assessor's bill	3 00
Camden Iron Works, iron pipe	28 50
G. C. Strickland, superintending new jail	240 50
G. C. Strickland, plan for new jail	54 00
May's Landing Record, advertising	60
W. H. Ingram, watching jail	75 00
May 11th, 1880.	
Prof. Genth, analysis of Poison in Giberson case	150 00
A. H. Sharp, sundry bills of costs	27 35
D. H. Bates, removal of body of Jas. Somers	5 00
J. L. Clark, removal of body of Jas. Somers	5 00
T. H. Boysen, Coroners fees in case of George Thompson	23 95
T. H. Boysen, Coroners fees in case of Howell Strickland	24 42
Egg Harbor Pilot, subscription and advertising	3 00
J. H. English, Assesors' fees	3 00
J. S. Champion, attendance on body of George Thompson	5 00
J. S. Champion, repairs at Surrogates office	1 30
Granville Peterson, guarding body of George Thompson	2 75
F. A. Moore, guarding body of Geo. Thompson	2 75
L. S. Smith, guarding body of Geo. Thompson	2 75
Chas. Bacon, painting on public buildings	9 00
Harry Jones, labor	7 50
Est. of A. L. Izard, gravel	5 25
A. Stephany, Insurance on Jail	75 00
F. Weissenborn, iron pipes etc	21 00
W. H. Pomelier, mason work on Jail	7 16
Geo. F. Currie, zinc	3 03
May's Landing Record, subscription etc	7 50
J. S. Risley, feeding tramps and turnkey fees	100 30
J. S. Risley, prisoners board	389 42
F. H. Hoover, committing tramps	19 50
J. S. Risley, janitor's fees	65 45
T. W. Smallwood, labor	10 00
F. S. Smith, committing tramps	11 50
Thos. Kears, labor	30 19
K. P. Smallwood, labor and material	39 05
D. E. Izard, salary and stamps	265 00
J. S. Risley, Janitor's services	2 00
Robt. Bing, lumber	10 40
C. E. P. Mayhew, sundry store bills	15 27
W. S. Miller, Assessors' fees	3 00
T. H. Boysen, bill of costs, Coroners fees	6 70
A. B. Smith, Clerk's salary	92 25
L. A. Downs, County Clerk's fees	24 80
C. E. P. Mayhew, sundry bills	103 15
Abel Herbert, labor	2 00
D. Ingersoll, Co. Physician's bill	163 40
" " "	30 00

EXPENSES OF BOARD.

August 5th, 1879.	
L. M. Pancoast, attend Board, etc.,	7 00
C. E. P. Mayhew, "	6 00
E. D. Redman, "	7 80
Chas. Saalmann, "	9 00
Geo. F. Currie, "	11 10
A. Cordery, Jr., "	16 16
W. H. Bolte, "	21 35
N. Disbrow, "	9 60
G. C. Strickland, "	22 00
C. E. P. Mayhew, "	7 00
December 2nd, 1879.	
L. M. Pancoast, "	17 00
N. Disbrow, "	5 56
E. D. Redman, "	18 40
George F. Currie, "	14 00
A. Cordery, Jr., "	9 60
L. M. Pancoast, "	3 50
W. H. Bolte, "	40 70
N. Disbrow, "	8 20
G. C. Strickland, "	13 40
C. E. P. Mayhew, "	14 00
Chas. Saalmann, "	14 50
Theo. Wicks, "	12 56
May 10th, 1880.	
A. Cordery, Jr., "	7 50
Geo. F. Currie, "	4 00
L. M. Pancoast, "	20 50
W. H. Bolte, "	38 00
N. Disbrow, "	10 00
G. C. Strickland, "	54 00
"	27 75
C. E. P. Mayhew, "	17 50
Chas. Saalmann, "	8 00
Theo. Wicks, "	22 00
G. C. Strickland, "	6 00
Total	$493 62

SUMMARY.

Expenses of Board	$ 493 62
County bills	4380 54
Poor bills	211 14
Bridge bills	3168 46
Total	$8253 76

A. B. SMITH,
Clerk.

Report of Alms House Committee.

For year ending March 26th, 1880.

	Expenses of House.	Farm.	Imp.	Com.
May 30th 1879.				
Elva Smith,	$1 50			
Jos W. Babcock,	26 83			
George Meyers,	35 24			
Jas. W. Moore,	41 47			
Pardon Ryon,	88 12			
Total,	$193 16			
July 25th, 1879.				
Jos. W. Babcock,	16 10			
Brasher Booy,	21 00			
Pardon Ryon,	105 89			
D. Lee,	60 00			
Geo. Meyers,	30 52			
Jas. W. Moore,		$101 90		$4 00
Total,	233 41	104 90		4 00
September 25th, 1879.				
Jos. W. Babcock,	18 00			
Brasher Booy,	27 00			
Geo. Meyers,	40 82			
Pardon Ryon,	120 02			
Total,	205 84			
November 11th, 1879.				
Brasher Booy,	34 68			
Nathan Disbrow,	15 50			
Jos. W. Babcock,	18 00			
Jas. W. Moore,	40 77			
Pardon Ryon,	84 86			
Geo. Meyers	26 00			
J. S. Race,			$5 00	
N. Disbrow,			3 70	
Elijah Adams,			274 30	
A, Cordery Jr.,				8 00
C. E. P. Mayhew,				10 00
Total,	219 81		283 00	18 00
January 20th, 1880.				
J. R. Moore,			11 56	
Pardon Ryon,			60 50	
N. Disbrow,			10 50	
Brasher Booy	27 00			
S. S. English,	19 43			
Jos. W. Babcock,	18 00			
Pardon Ryon,	108 33			
Jas. W. Moore,		89 10		
Total,	172 76	89 10	82 56	
March 26th, 1880.				
C. E. P. Mayhew,				7 00
N. Disbrow,				15 00
A. B. Smith,				25 00
N. Disbrow,		3 25		
Jas. W. Moore,	545 15			
Rufus Booy,	24 00			
C. E. P. Mayhew	5 00			
E. S. Ingersoll,	7 50			
Pardon Ryon,	97 67			
Jos. W. Babcock,	9 00			
Total,	688 32	3 25		47 00

Whole cost for House	$1713 30
Whole cost for Farm	197 25
Whole cost for Improvements	365 50
Whole cost for Committee expenses	69 00
Total	2345 05
Number of deaths during year	1
Number of births during year	—
Number bound out during year	—
Average number of inmates	29
Cost per week for each inmate	$1 26—36 52
Value of goods and chattels, house	860 99
Value of goods and chattels, farm	1376 76
Total,	$2237 64

Respectfully submitted,

N. DISBROW,
A. CORDERY,
CHAS. E. P. MAYHEW,
Alms House Committee.

Attest: A. B. SMITH, *Clerk.*

Report of Finance Committee.

To the Board of Freeholders of Atlantic County—Gentlemen:

We have carefully examined the accounts of the Collector and compared with his vouchers, which were all found correct and satisfactory, for which he is entitled to the compliments of the Board.

Permit us to refer you to the most brilliant condition of the financial affairs of Atlantic County. As it appears from the Collector's Report, the County is to-day free from debt, the floating debt as well as the bonded debt being both discharged in full, while there is still a cash balance of $39.45 in the hands of the Collector. Moreover, several of the Townships (as are fully specified on the Collector's Balance Sheet) are indebted to the County in the aggregate sum of $5197.07 for County Taxes in arrears, the collection of which we recommend to be enforced at an early date, in order to do justice to the other Townships which have promptly met their Tax liabilities.

While we congratulate the Taxpayers of Atlantic County upon such gratifying results, we beg leave to add that although the amount of Taxes raised during the past few years did not exceed the amount usually raised before in any one year for County purposes, yet the most substantial equivalent was furnished by the erection of several new County buildings (the Court House, County Jail) and the repairing and enlarging of others, without leaving any part of the cost of accomplishing these works unpaid. In addition to the above, unusually large sums have been expended in building drawbridges at Green Bank and Lower Bank, and other new bridges at Pleasant Mills, Mays Landing, etc., which the County Treasury was fully competent to meet.

Hoping that the new Board will be equally successful in the management of the financial affairs during the ensuing year, we remain,

Respectfuly,
WM. H. BOLTE,
CHARLES SAALMANN,
GEO. F. CURRIE,
Committee.

Dated May 11th, 1880.

Clothing.

There is in Philadelphia a clothing-house that began a good many years ago to do a peculiar business. It marked goods in plain figures, and described them in plain letters; its prices were absolute, its descriptions were true. People had full knowledge of what they were buying there, and yet if afterward they were sorry they had bought, they could go back the next day and exchange for something else, or, if they liked, get their money back! It was a safe place to get clothes; it was a safe place to leave money.

People liked that house. It grew, and grew, and grew, until it became a great house. To-day it is the largest clothing-house anywhere; and it keeps up the old practices: no secrets about what its clothes are made of, one price, and the money back if the buyer wants it. Of course, it uses all grades of cloths that are worth using, and makes all grades of clothing that are worth making; for it serves all sorts of people.

Those at all familiar with Philadelphia already know that we are speaking of OAK HALL, the original of the WANAMAKER STORES. There has been great improvement in ready-made clothing in nineteen years; and OAK HALL has taken the lead equally in economy, reliability, and rapidity of production; in the quality of finished work; and in the development of a method of business having for its first object the satisfaction of customers.

It is worth your while to know that you, whoever and wherever you are, can get your clothing to better advantage there than anywhere else. If too far away to go, write. You will receive in reply samples of cloths, and prices of ready-made suits from them, with a diagram and instructions for measuring. The rest is plain.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
Sixth and Market streets,
Philadelphia, Pa.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 w.	2 w.	1 m.	4 m.	6 m.	1 y.
1 square.	75	$1 00	$1 50	$4 00	$6 00	$10 00
2 "	1 40	1 85	2 65	6 50	9 50	16 00
3 "	2 00	2 50	3 50	9 00	18 25	20 00
4 "	2 50	3 25	4 45	11 50	16 40	26 00
5 sq. ¼ c.	3 00	3 75	5 00	14 00	18 00	30 00
½ col'mn	5 00	6 00	8 00	18 50	25 00	45 00
1 "	8 00	10 25	15 00	33 75	45 00	80 00

Notices in Local Column, **20 CENTS PER LINE**, each insertion.

☞ All advertisements and local notices **must** be handed in by Thursday night or *early* Friday morning, to insure publication. Otherwise they will not appear.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

HAMMONTON HOUSE,
S. A. MARKWARD,
Proprietor.

☞ The popular salutation—"hot, isn't it?"

☞ Blackberry fields are busy places just now.

☞ Elsewhere we publish the full programme for to-day's exercises.

☞ A. J. King, Esq., and Mrs. Preston King, started for Colorado last Saturday.

☞ Geo. Fay arrived home from Lewiston, Me., last Thursday evening.

☞ Service every Sunday at 3·15 p.m. at St. Mark's Church.

☞ C. E. Fowler won second prize in a bicycle race at Pottsville, Pa., last week.

☞ Frank, son of Wm. H. Hopping, is visiting his grandparents, in Hammonton.

☞ Arthur Pressey is assisting Russel Moore, station agent, during the busy season.

☞ Jesse D. Fairchild has opened a grocery, two doors above Jackson's meat market.

☞ Messrs. Hay & Co., are now engaged threshing their wheat, which promises to be a fair crop.

☞ George Potter, son of David L., who enlisted in the navy a few weeks ago, arrived in town last Wednesday evening.

☞ Cattle will take their hay very much condensed this year—much sunshine, little rain.

☞ Mr. L. Richards has greatly improved the looks of his house by putting on new blinds and building an addition thereto.

☞ Mr. E. S. Packard is putting up a small addition to his house, on Bellevue Avenue.

☞ Alderney stock is among the best. Mr. Albrici has a fine Alderney Bull. Call and look at him.

☞ I. Newton Jones removed his photographic instruments, etc. to Atlantic City, this week.

☞ Eddie Hoyt accidentally cut a gash in the instep of his left foot, Wednesday. Not serious we hope.

☞ Mr. Bassett has just built a small addition to his house, containing summer kitchen, pantry, etc.

☞ Alex Aitken contemplates an auction sale of a lot of new wagons of various styles. For particulars, see bills.

Life and health are too valuable and sacred boons to risk in the hands of blind empirisism, but science and skill are both consulted in the preparation of Prof. Paine's remedies.

☞ Nearly all of our business men, including the Post Office, have decided to close to-day from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and finally at six o'clock. Correct.

☞ The fires in the lower window glass factory and bottle factory at Winslow went out last Wednesday. All the factories are now idle.

☞ One of our citizens "gathered in" about three quarts of young potato bugs from a small patch, on Monday morning, and it wasn't the first picking either.

☞ With the detachment of Italians, last Saturday, came the scissors grinder, whose jingling bell make merry music on our streets this week.

☞ Good fishing reported at Atlantic City. Many of the amateur sportsmen visiting there have had good success during the past week.

☞ Fourth of July began last week, so say the boys, and the air was filled with the fumes of gunpowder, wherever patriotic Young America congregates.

☞ We have a letter from Dr. Bowles, dated at the Fabian House, White Mountains. We regret that it came too late for publication this week.

☞ The finest Bradford Co. Dairy Butter at 21 cents also on hand, at all times, the finest Creamery. P. S. TILTON & SON.

☞ Alex Aitken has sold his wagon and blacksmith shop to his brother, William Aitkin. Report says that Alex intends leaving Hammonton, which we regret.

☞ Two horses belonging to Fred Measley ran away on Monday, caused by the bolt working out of the tongue of the wagon. No damage was done except a slight injury to one of the horses.

☞ On Tuesday last, while George King was engaged cutting a belt at the mill, the knife which he was using slipped, cutting an ugly gash in his leg. He probably will not be able to do any work for a week or more.

☞ Frank Bowles, Dr. B.'s son, came on the mail train Monday afternoon, to visit his parents. It was an unfortunate coincidence, that the family had all started for a week's trip, on the morning train. Frank is looking well, and received a welcome from many friends. He is located at Detroit, Michigan.

☞ Mr. Drown's new residence is fast approaching completion. It is large and conveniently planned, and adds not a little to the appearance of Bellevue.

☞ A dog belonging to Henry Stratton, of Winslow, was supposed to have an attack of hydrophobia one day last week, and was immediately killed.

☞ I have neat little Homes and Farms for sale, from $350 upwards, all on easy terms. WM. RUTHERFORD,
Real Estate & Insurance Agent,
HAMMONTON, N. J.

☞ At last work has been commenced to enlarge the hall at Winslow. It will be extended about twenty-five feet. It has been talked of so long that it is the earnest wish of many that work may not cease until it is fairly completed.

☞ Rev. J. A. Jones will preach, in the M. E. Church, on Sabbath morning, on "The Glorious Fourth," and in the evening on Temperance,—subject: "Barkings of the Brewers' Congress."

☞ On and after the 1st of July the best quality of ice cream can be obtained at the Hammonton House, wholesale and retail. All orders promptly filled.
MRS. S. A. MARKWARD.

☞ Mr. George Horn, an employee at Stockwell's, sprained his ankle and otherwise injured himself, one day last week, compelling a short vacation. He is at work again.

☞ Dr. H. E. Bowles, Mrs. B. and Carrie, started, Monday, for a trip to the White Mountains, on the 24th annual excursion of the New Jersey Editorial Association. They will probably return to-day.

☞ A dangerous counterfeit one hundred dollar bill is in circulation on the National Exchange Bank of Baltimore. Fortunately we are in no danger of being swindled by notes of that denomination, but we wish our readers to beware of them.

☞ WANTED!
Clear land along railroad, for up town corner store, 12 rooms, balance can remain. Address C. H. KRONS, 249 S. 6th St., with full particulars.

☞ Capt. Wm. Henry Valentine, with his wife and little ones, took the train, Monday morning, enroute for home, Worcester, Mass. They have enjoyed the visit with their parents, and only regretted that business called them home so soon.

☞ Don't get uneasy, brother Republicans, over the immense immigration of Italians into the town. They won't stay long enough to gain citizenship, therefore cannot vote.

☞ Ed. Hall put a tin roof on the wing portion of the Dean house, now owned by Mr. John Tilton. Other improvements will be made, and when they are completed, our friends will receive a welcome from "ye editor" and family, should they call there.

☞ Go to the Dime Sociable at Union Hall, next Friday evening. Admission 10 cents, reserved seats 15 cents, to be had at R. D. Whitmore's store.

☞ Last Tuesday evening the members of the Hammonton Musical Association voted to adjourn for two months, to meet in Clark's Hall the first Tuesday in September, at 7·30 o'clock.

☞ Mr. Hardt, the Columbia bicycle agent of Philadelphia, came down on Tuesday to look at Mr. Pressey's new machine. He says it is the biggest thing out, and will undoubtedly be a success.

☞ Mr. Z. U. Matthews left the first order for job work at the REPUBLICAN office under the new management. Mr. Israel Adams, of Somers' Point, was the first to renew his subscription.

☞ The first shipment of poultry, last year, by O. E. Moore, was during the last week in June. This year, so far, he has shipped 3850 pounds, not including this week. This has placed into the hands of poultry raisers over five hundred dollars cash.

☞ A petition was circulated this week, among our citizens, requesting the Camden & Atlantic Railroad to so arrange their time-card as to allow one of the morning express trains to stop at this station. We presume the request will be granted.

☞ O. E. Moore will pay Cash for all the chickens you can bring him, young or old. He is paying better prices than you can obtain by shipping them to Philadelphia, and you have no crates to furnish, nor freight to pay. Bring them to his house any evening, or at the Narrow Gauge Road every Saturday morning.

☞ Some amusing replies are given to the census enumerator. For instance, a man with more than ten acres of land, with a family dependent upon its productions, returns "Total value of all products of the farm, sold, consumed, or on hand" fifteen dollars. It doesn't cost much to support that family.

☞ We publish, to-day, the time table of the "Narrow Gauge" Railroad. Notice the early train, leaving Hammonton at 6·45 p m, reaching Philadelphia at 8·15, returning, leave the city at 6·30. The express runs as usual, leaves Hammonton at 7·53 a m, leaves Philadelphia at 4·00 p m.

☞ Everybody and his wife and children, with everybody else's wife and children that he can employ, are busy picking blackberries, this week. The crop is large (where the rose bugs did not reach them) and if good prices are received, all Hammonton will rejoice.

An oriental traveller describes this busy scene, witnessed on historic shores: "Our steamer landed on a beach which was the port of Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians. There was no town at the water's edge, no people, no wharf. The passengers and the merchandise were put ashore in lighters, which ran up into the sand. A troop of camels, with their drivers, lay on the beach, ready to transfer the goods into the interior. Among the articles landed were boxes marked 'DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.,' showing that they contained medicines and whence they came. These with other goods were hoisted on the backs of camels, for transportation to Antioch. Thus the skill of the West sends back its remedies to heal the maladies of populations that inhabit those Eastern shores, whence our spiritual manna came."—*Windsor (Vt.) Chronicle.*

☞ DIME SOCIABLE!
There will be presented at the Dime Sociable, next Friday evening, the well-known farce, "Popping the Question," by our amateurs. This ought to be enough said to fill Union Hall. The usual programme will be followed after the play, dancing, etc.

☞ Note the change in the Camden and Atlantic Railroad time-table, which took effect on Thursday. An express train leaves Atlantic City at 11:15 a.m., stops at Absecon at 11:29, Egg Harbor 11:47, Hammonton at 12:06, reaching Philadelphia at 1:05. Returning, leaves the city at 5:00, reaches Hammonton at 6:00, Egg Harbor 6:21, Absecon 6:44, Atlantic City 6:56.

☞ The Census Enumerator having about completed his task, would thank any one who may have been overlooked to report to him on or before Wednesday next, so that he can complete the list as soon as possible. He also desires to thank the citizens of Hammonton for the courteous treatment he has invariably received at their hands, while in the discharge of his duties.
L. HOYT, Enumerator.

☞ Dry! Dry! One could almost wish that the "Windles of Heaven" would open, and pour upon the poor fainting earth a cooling shower. The little stream near Mr. Elvins', also a larger one near Mr. Bowers', which was supposed to be perennial, are now dry. Vegetation is suffering, and the "man with the rain gauge" has lost his occupation. Oh, for lodge in some cool, shady retreat, with plenty of Packer's Cream Beer.

☞ Owners of private bath houses on the lake very justly complain of the actions of a number of unruly boys, who make a practice of using said bath houses, without so much as saying "by your leave," and while bathing shout and yell with foul and indecent language. There is law enough to prevent this, but owners of property dislike to resort to legal proceedings, hence have requested us to give this public notice, for they will have the nuisance abated in some way.

☞ The Fruit Growers' Union have employed a messenger who will make a tour of the town every afternoon, on horseback and post each member as to the price for which berries sold that morning in the different cities to which they are shipped from here. We never knew an organization of the kind which seemed to work things down to such fine points, and prove so satisfactory to its membership as the Hammonton Fruit Growers' Union.

☞ The Town Council had a meeting last Saturday afternoon. No business of importance was transacted, save the passing of a number of bills for street work, etc. How would it do to have the proceedings of each meeting published in the REPUBLICAN, that tax payers might know just how their money is expended and keep posted as to the doings of the Council? This is done in many places.

☞ Please don't criticise the REPUBLICAN too closely this week. Allow us a little time to become acquainted. Fourteen years ago we knew by sight and name nearly every man, woman and child within the town limits; but the elderly ones have grown old, the middle-aged are getting gray, the young folks have matured, married and have little ones of their own, and we feel more like a stranger than we anticipated when we started this way. We cordially invite friends of the REPUBLICAN to call at the office, that we may soon become better acquainted with you.

☞ Mr. Gay has been doing a good work on the streets of the town, and even beyond the limits, on the North Hammonton road. It is possible, now, to draw a respectable load from Old Hammonton to the North Hammonton Depot. We were thinking, the other day, how it would work if every property owner should constitute himself a committee on streets, and occasionally spend an hour filling up the deep ruts in front of his premises, caused by constant travel. To be sure it is town business, but it would not cost you much, and it would keep up your roads.

☞ A railroad from Pleasantville to Somers' Point has long been agitated. Surveys have been made, and meetings from time to time have been held, but without practical result until the present time. The inception of the new Methodist resort on Peck's Beach, hereafter to be known as Ocean City, seems to have been the main cause for bringing the project to a real issue. Capt. Vansant and Capt. Townsend have been very active in the matter, and through their instrumentality the right of way has been secured and $10,000 worth of stock subscribed by people on the line of the track. Mr. Massey has agreed to furnish the balance of the funds necessary. The grading of the roadbed will begin next week, and it is the object to have the road in full operation by the time the August camp meetings are inaugurated at the new resort, which from Somers' Point must be reached via water.—*Atlantic City Review.*

☞ The Sunday School Lesson Review called out a good audience, last Sunday evening. Mr. Elvins, Superintendent of the M. E. Sunday School, conducted the exercises, which were opened with prayer by Rev. W. F. Smith, and with singing. The conductor remarked that some wise man once said that three G's were essential to successfully carry on a Sunday School—Grit, Grace and Greenbacks. The first each Superintendent is supposed to have, the second can be had by the asking, for the third the baskets were passed among the audience. (The collections will be continued, the proceeds for the school where the review exercises are held.) Questions and remarks were then made upon the lessons in regular order, as follows:

First, by Edwin Adams, Second, by Chas. E. Roberts, Third, by Whitman Jacobs, Fourth, by A. J. Smith, Fifth, by Isaac Smith, Sixth, by John Bothell, Seventh, by A. H. VanDoren, Eighth, by Geo. Elvins, Ninth, by Orville E. Hoyt, Tenth, by Rev. A. S. Vaughn, Eleventh, by Rev. Mr. Jones.

Appropriate hymns were sung after each lesson, Rev. Mr. Vaughan dismissing the congregation with the benediction.

☞ BERRY TICKETS !!
We would inform any fruit growers who may be in need of berry tickets, that we are fully prepared to give them *just what they want* and at the lowest prices. Give us a call and go away satisfied.

Business Locals.

—— Several fine places for sale. Inquire at this office.

—— Job Printing of every kind done at this office, with neatness and despatch.

☞ New Stock of Boots, Shoes, Spring and Summer Hats, Notions, &c., &c., just received at E. H. Carpenter's.

☞ Home again.
New and original designs, no two buildings alike, good work, good material and Fair dealing. Drop a postal card and I will come and see you, in any part of the county.
A. L. HARTWELL,
Architect and Builder,
Hammonton, N. J.

Miss Carrie G. Bowles gives instruction in piano, organ and vocal music. The best of references given if required. Her course is thorough, in the fundamental elements, and in all departments. Call at H. E. Bowles, Third St., 4th from Bellevue Ave. No W.

—— I have a nice assortment of Boots and Shoes suited to the wants of all. Also Hats and Caps, Stationery, School and Blank Books, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods Sewing Machine Needles, Notions, etc., etc., which I will sell low for Cash.
E. H. CARPENTER.

Notice to Excursionists!

The schooner MOLLIE, of Green Bank, has accomodations for at least twenty-five persons and can be engaged by parties desirous of going to Beach Haven, Tuckerton, or Atlantic City, or any place on or along the Mullica River, for fishing or gunning. Terms reasonable. Apply or write to
CAPT. ABRAM NICHOLS,
Crawleyville,
Burlington Co.,
N. J.

NOTICE!

To those holding Policies in the Millville Mutual Marine & Fire Insurance Co.

Your insurance is as good to-day as any insurance can be—being protected by our Insurance notes—and from the responsibility on the premium notes, the law allows no escape. The policies of the company must remain good until the court of chancery fixes a time for responsibility to cease by surrender of premium notes. This we believe now we shall escape, but in any event ample notice of such order, must and shall be given.

To those who are thinking of re insuring in other companies we say that such a course is of all others to be avoided. By so doing, you raise a grave question as to whether BOTH insurances are not rendered void—and you still remain liable for the assessment in the Millville Mutual.

F. L. MULFORD, Sec'y.

Millville, N. J., June 25th, 1880.
27-29

James North, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office at the house of DR. J. H. NORTH,
Central Ave., Hammonton.

Insolvent Notice.

Notice is hereby given that I have presented a petition to the Court of Common Pleas, of the County of Atlantic, according to the form of the statute in such case, made and provided for the benefit of the insolvent laws of this State; and the said court has appointed

Friday, July 23rd 1880.

at the hour of TEN in the forenoon, at the Court House of said County, as the time and place at which they will attend to hear what can be alleged for or against my liberation.

WM. L. GALBRAITH.

Dated June 5th, 1880.

J. H. North, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office at his HOUSE, on
Central Avenue, Hammonton.
All calls will be promptly attended to.

Jos. H. Shinn,
Insurance Agent,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
References: Policy holders in the Atlantic City fires.

Subscribe for the S. J. REPUBLICAN.

DR. W. E. DAVIE,
Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College,
GIVE HIM A CALL
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
who has opened the rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Stocking.
Corner 3rd Street and Bellevue Avenue,
HAMMONTON.
All operations pertaining to dentistry performed in the very best manner.
Anæsthetics administered when desired.

GERRY VALENTINE,
UNDERTAKER,
Is prepared to furnish
CASKETS, COFFINS, WITH HANDLES & PLATES,
In every variety, at the lowest cash prices.
Funerals promptly attended to.
Also re-seats Chairs and repairs and renovates Furniture.
Shop up-stairs over the wheelwright shop, Egg Harbor road, Hammonton, N. J.

4th OF JULY, 1880,

Will be Celebrated on the Grounds of the

HAMMONTON PARK,

—ON—

SATURDAY, JULY 3d.

The Musical Union,

The best Musical Society in New Jersey, under the direction of W. R. SEELY, Esq., will sing appropriate selections.

PROGRAMME:

The exercises will commence at 10 o'clock with

PRAYER, - - - - - - Rev. W. F. Smith.
PRAISE THE LORD, E. C. Leslie, - - Musical Union.
RAISING THE FLAG, - - - Capt. Wm. Burgess.
KELLER'S AMERICAN HYMN, - - - Musical Union.
ADDRESS, - - - - - - - - Gen. H. Biggs.
Singing by the Children.
READING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,
Miss Emma Pressey.
GOD SAVE OUR UNION, P. S. Gilmore, - Musical Union.
Singing by the Children.

Intermission of one hour.

HAIL US YE FREE, Ernani Verdi, - - Musical Union.
ADDRESS, - - - - - - - Rev. J. S. Vaughn.
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD GOD OF SABAOTH, Mozart,
Musical Union.
ADDRESS, - - - - - - Rev. John C. Jacob.
Singing by the Children.
FREEDOM, GOD, AND RIGHT, Burnby, - Musical Union
Singing by the Children.

FIRE-WORKS!

There will be a grand display of Fire-Works in the evening, commencing at 8 o'clock. Ice Cream, Tea and Coffee and other refreshments can be had on the grounds during the day and evening. Tables for Societies and Families for Lunch furnished in the Hall.

ADMISSION FREE! ALL ARE INVITED!

Work.

If some great angel spake to me to-night
In awful language of the unknown land,
Bidding me choose from treasure infinite,
From goodly gifts and glories in his hand,
The thing I coveted, what should I take?
Fame's wreath of bays? The fickle world's esteem?
Nay, greenest bays may wave on brows that ache,
And world's applauding passeth as a dream!
Should I choose love to fill mine empty heart,
With soft, strong sweetness, as in days of old?
Nay, for love's rapture hath an after smart,
And on love's rose the thorns are manifold.
Should I choose life with long succeeding years?
Nay, earth's long life is longer time for tears.
I would choose work, and never-failing power
To work without weak hindrance by the way,
Without recurrence of the weary hour
When tired, tyrant nature holds its sway
Over the busy brain and toiling hand.
Oh! if an angel came to me to-night,
Speaking in language of the unknown land,
So would I choose from the treasure infinite.
But well I know the blessed gift I crave,
The tireless strength for never-ending task
Is not this life, but beyond the grave
It may be I shall find the thing I ask;
For I believe there is a better land,
Where will, and work and strength go hand in hand.
—*All the Year Round.*

A Precious Little Liar.

"It is impossible, then?" he.

"Quite impossible," she.

"I cannot see why!" viciously gnawing his mustache, a discontented light in the handsome gray eyes that are not wont to see anything disagreeable.

"Perhaps not," with irritating composure; "but that does not alter the case in the least, you know."

"You have no pupils at that hour? Your time is your own in the evening, I believe?"

"Shall I tell you why I cannot go?" she asks, desperately, at last suddenly raising her eyes to his with a quick flash of light that is almost dazzling in its brightness.

"Yes, if you can," skeptically.

"Oh, I can! I have a reason—a most prosaic, practical, matter-of-fact reason. It is because I have nothing to wear!" boldly, but nevertheless flushing hotly at the humiliating confession, and the next instant adding rapidly, as if it were an after-thought or some sudden inspiration: "That is, I left my trunk in Ridgeport. You know I was not sure of giving satisfaction here, and thought it as well not to bring the trunk at first."

"And is that your very good reason?" he laughs, carelessly; and then with one full, comprehensive glance, he takes in the slight erect figure from the waves and puffs of the high coiffure to the graceful sweep of the "princess" train, and is evidently well pleased with the result of the inspection; for, although the dress is of the cheapest, cut and fashioned by the girl's own deft fingers, there is naught to offend the most exacting taste or that would not please even an artist's eye.

"Nothing to wear," he repeats, softly. "Well, I don't know of any woman who can so well afford to set at defiance all outward adorning, who can so safely dare to dispense with the aid of fine dressing and rely solely on her own intrinsic worth."

She flushes again—oh, if that rebellious color were only under the same commendable control as voice and eyes!—but ignores altogether the passionate tenderness of his tone and glance as she ruthlessly returned to a practical point of conversation.

"It is very kind and consoling for you to make the best of it in that fashion, Mr. Courtland; but you know, and I know, that it would never do for me to attend an affair as imposing as the reception in question is to be, unless I could dress to suit the occasion. Therefore I must submit as best I may to the rulings of an unkind and exorable fate."

"And I, I suppose, must profit by the lesson you teach and submit also; for neither would it do for me to absent myself from an only sister's wedding reception even though the one thing is missing, the lack of which will render all else 'flat, stale and unprofitable,' and all because you were heedless enough to leave your trunk."

A little while later he takes his leave, mounts the handsome chestnut awaiting him, and gallops at a rapid rate down the broad, country road, raising a cloud of fine, white dust as he goes, and finally disappearing altogether from the wistful, longing eyes that are straining themselves for a last look.

And when she can see him no more, not even a vestige of the white cloud, she turns her eyes inward and reviews her own heart; and now there comes over the young face a frightened, almost a pitiful expression as she realizes how utterly this young god is enshrined there also.

"What shall I do, what shall I do?" she murmurs, half-aloud, and actually wrings her hands as if in agony. "But," with a sudden return to her usual, well-regulated self, "there is but one thing to do, and that is to fight it out bravely as I have fought out a great many other hard things." And then laughing aloud: "That was a lucky thought about the trunk, and a rather bold stroke, too. Heigho! I wonder if the recording angel will hold me responsible or all these miserable subterfuges that this execrable, genteel poverty forces me into? I guess mammy would shake her blessed old head reprehensibly over my harmless little fibs; but, oh, mamsee, dear, how was I to acknowledge to Philip Courtland that I was so poor?—actually could not afford a dress in honor of his sister's wedding reception? He might have known—if he had had the least consideration or common sense—he might have known the truth, and yet how should he know either—he who has only traveled, smiling, fortune's high road, how should he be familiar with poverty's dark and devious by-ways?"

The next morning finds Miss Adair at her usual post, diligently bending over the piano, guiding Natalie's awkward little fingers over the ivory keys, laudably, however vainly, endeavoring to instill some musical enthusiasm into the willing yet totally unresponsive little soul.

Much to Natalie's relief and Miss Adair's annoyance, the door opens and the lesson is interrupted by the entrance of a servant.

"You are wanted in the hall a moment, Miss Cecil; there is a trunk for you."

"A trunk for me, Maggie?—impossible! I ordered no trunk. Tell the man there is some mistake;" and she relentlessly resumes the lesson. "No, Natalie, it is three-quarters time; accent on first and third beats; do you not understand?"

But Natalie's good angel is on the qui vive to-day, and does not mean to be thwarted. The door opens again, and it is the landlady—Natalie's mother—who appears now.

"Indeed, Cecil, the trunk is for you The man will hear to nothing else, and your name is on it in full. Come at once and see if it is really yours, for my curiosity is thoroughly aroused. Yes, Natalie, you may go. Miss Cecil will finish your lesson another time."

The child waits no second bidding but gladly slips from the stool, and Cecil, a bewildered look on her face, follows Mrs. Branscombe's portly figure into the hall.

Mrs. Branscombe's rather pretentious dwelling, situated just on the edge of the village, is the boarding-house of Lynville, and, as there is quite a sprinkling of aristocracy in and about the sleepy little town, Mrs. B. can truly boast that her boarders are all first-class, unless, indeed, an exception may be made in regard to Cecil Adair, music-teacher, who works for her daily bread instructing the numerous little Branscombe's in music in exchange for her board.

It is a close, sultry morning in August, and several of the lady boarders have taken refuge in the wide, cool hall, where a pleasant breeze is stirring, or are seated on the vine-covered veranda that runs the full length of the house.

The most striking figure in the group, however, is the burly, good-natured negro, who is stolidly standing guard over an unassuming little trunk, fanning himself with his tattered straw hat.

One glance is sufficient to dispel Cecil's doubts and assure her that the trunk is really hers. Alas! there is no mistaking it; it has served too long and too faithfully for that.

"Where did you get it?" she demands, helplessly. "Who sent it?"

"It was Mars' Philip Courtland what told me to fotch it, Miss. 'Now Jeff,' he sed to me, 'ef you gits dat 'ar trunk dar by twelve o'clock, I'll gin you one dollar; ef you gits it dar fo' twelve, I'll gin you two dollars. And I's done it, too, and de two dollars is mine, kase Mars' Phil nebber goes back on his word. Whar will you have it tuk, Miss Cecil?"

"What does it mean, Cecil?" questions Mrs. Branscombe. "I do not understand it at all."

The ladies, attracted by Jeff's voice, have gathered round eager with curiosity; one dashing looking brunette especially, who is always interested in anything pertaining to Philip Courtland, has stepped forward, and is superciliously eying the trunk, the negro and Cecil herself.

"It is only this," Cecil begins, desperately, seeing an explanation is imperative. "Mr. Courtland was very anxious for me to attend the reception to-morrow evening. I told him it was impossible, as my trunk was not here, and consequently I had nothing to wear. I suppose he imagined he was doing me a great service——"

"Oh, certainly," sneered Miss Percival, the above-mentioned brunette. "We believe that story. It is scarcely probable that he would have taken such a liberty unless he had been duly authorized or commissioned——"

"It is a matter of utter indifference to me whether you believe or not," returns Cecil, her color burning high. "But I imagine you will, one and all, be readily convinced of the truth of my statement when you know—and know you must—in what an awkward dilemma the whole affair has placed me. Perhaps it was cowardly, but I did shrink from acknowledging to Philip Courtland that I could not afford a dress for his sister's reception, and so I put it on the plea of my trunk not being here, little dreaming he would take such a step as this. Now, not only my extreme povery will be exposed, but the contemptible duplicity I stooped to also, for the trunk is empty—literally empty! Bring it up to my room"—this to Jeff, as she precedes him up the stairs with the grand air that Philip Courtland has admired as queenly, but that Miss Percival contemptuously denominates as "giving herself airs."

Poor Jeff! Somewhat crestfallen, he shoulders his burden, scarcely comprehending the situation, but decidedly of the opinion that "Mars Phil has done gone and put his foot in it, for sho'!"

Indeed, when the innocently-offending trunk has been carefully deposited in the small room whither he is ushered, he is not altogether certain that it will be safe to deliver the note intrusted to his keeping, but remembering the positive injunctions received along with the note, "Be sure to give it to her, Jeff—Miss Adair. Do you understand? Put it in her hands. Do not trust it to any one else," he considers it wiser to face the anger of this pale, pretty girl than to encounter Philip Courtland's fierce wrath should his orders be neglected.

Yes, between two evils Jeff discreetly choose the least, and for the first time considers his two dollars scarcely earned as he reluctantly draws the note from his pocket.

"Heah's a letter, Miss Cecil, as he sed I was to give it into yo' hands and nobody else's."

The next instant he shuffles out of the room as he shuffles out of our story.

CECIL: There is no reason now who you should not come—nothing to prevent. I trust you will not be offended at the liberty I have taken; but how could I allow such a trifle to stand between me and a whole evening's happiness. I have so much to say to you, it seems that I cannot wait until to-morrow evening. I long for, and yet dread—yes, for once I own myself a coward—the moment when I shall hold your hand in mine and look into your sweet, truthful eyes and know what my life is to be. Good-bye now until to-morrow night, when—as ever yours,

PHILIP."

A dozen sweet, passionate kisses, and a rain of hot, happy tears, to consecrate the little white-winged, love-laden messenger—that is all in the first few delicious moments when she realizes that her heart has not slipped from her keeping in vain—that Philip Courtland loves her. But afterward come a thousand doubts and fears trooping in upon her, trampling roughshod the beauteous blossom of her love at its very birth.

What will he think when she does not come—that she is offended?—that she takes this way of delicately answering his question before it is fairly put. Yes, but one construction can be placed on her abence now.

On what trifles do our destinies hinge? Is she, then, to suffer this great penance her whole life through to atone for one miserable white lie? Can it be just? Or is everything always to be harder for her than for others?

But awhile later, when she presents herself below, she has left behind this tumultuous, passion-wrought girl, with her flushed cheeks and tear-fallen eyes, and it is a very calm, pale, unruffled Miss Adair, bearing herself with a certain proud dignity, almost hateur, that goes the rounds of her accustomed duties.

But, alas! she has not succeeded in burying entirely that other unhappy, restless creature; she is not to be crushed out of existence quite so easily, for the next evening when Miss Adair is left in unmolested possession of the premises—the servants even begging an evening off—the other Cecil comes with her aching, throbbing heart, and takes revenge for her short-lived expulsion in the most cruel, uncompromising, exacting fashion.

And Philip—what is he doing now, she wonders, waiting for the answer to his precious note—the answer that will never come.

She glances in the direction of his home. To-night it is agleam with a hundred twinkling lights, and there is music, mirth and laughter, while she—ah! she is like that foolish peri of old outside the golden gate with never so much as a glimpse of the paradise within.

But Philip Courtland would laugh in derision at the idea of paradise; for in all his life he never remembers feeling himself as remotely removed from blissful regions, or a prey to such tormenting anxiety and suspense; and it required all the self-control at his command to preserve an unruffled exterior as he passes through the spacious rooms playing the role of the courteous, affable host.

He succeeds in his effort, however, and to such an admirable extent that even Alicia Percival, in the ready flow of society small talk and easy, careless manner, can detect no sign of the turbulent, angry current seething below.

Miss Percival has always been an aggressive element to Philip Courtland—an element that, had he been consulted in the planning of the universe, would have been dispensed with altogether. Her showy, coarse style of beauty escaping the vulgar; her loud, bold manner, together with the open, unequivocal, gossip provoking preference she had always evinced for him, had done their work toward disgusting Philip Courtland. But Philip Courtland is not everybody; and Miss Percival, possessing that magic sesame, an ample fortune, society's gates fly open at her approach and society itself, dazzled by the glamour of her gold, fails to detect or forgets to condemn her lack of culture, her ill-breeding and innate coarseness.

To-night she is effusively present, and a smile of warmest welcome breaks over her face as she makes room for Philip Courtland at her side. She can afford to smile, for she is at peace with all the world—at least, the small radius that constitutes her world. Her toilet, a costly one, prepared for the occasion, though a trifle bizarre in Philip Courtland's artistic eye, meets her views exactly. The one rival she fears—for with all her stupidity she has been astute enough for that—is absent from the field; and, best of all, she is in possession of something detrimental to that rival—a little something that she has rolled like a sweet morsel under her tongue and means to make good use of at the earliest opportunity. And the opportunity is not long in presenting itself. Philip is only to impatient to gain some clew to the cause of Cecil's non-appearance, and so unintentionally falls into the intentional trap set for him.

"No," alluding to a lady at the piano, "she cannot sing equal to Miss Adair. But then, who can? By the way, what have you done with Miss Adair this evening? She is not present, I believe."

"Oh, Cecil, you mean. No, she is not here. It's too funny, I declare; it makes me laugh now only to think of it; and yet it was anything but funny for her."

"What do you mean? I do not understand," he asks, with an eager, puzzled air.

"No, poor fellow, I suppose you do not understand, or you would never have committed the egregious blunder you have."

"I—a blunder! Explain yourself, Miss Percival"

"Oh, it was all about that unforunate trunk affair. It seems that a certain young gentleman sent post haste for Cecil's trunk because—deceitful little imp! who would have imagined her capable of such a thing?—she induced him to believe that she could not attend the reception because she had not brought her evening dresses!" glancing complacently down at her own magnificent attire. "I don't suppose she ever possessed such a thing. Well, it never occurred to her that he would send for the trunk, and you never saw any one as chagrined as she was when it came, for it had nothing in it—nothing at all. You can fancy her dismay—or shame, if such a creature can feel shame—at being caught in an actual lie. I suppose it is best to give things their proper names, if it does sound a little harsh; and it was, you know, an out-and-out lie—and Cecil Adair, of all people, with her high-flown airs and graces! Do you remember that first evening you met her at Mrs. Branscombe's, you said that you had never seen such eyes in any women—so clear and truthful, as if you could look hrough them into her very soul?"

"Did I say it to you?" replies Philip in a low tone. "I don't remember that, but I know I thought it."

And Cecil has determined to be her usual brave self, and crush out of her heart this agonizing, unbearable pain—more unbearable yet since it followed so closely in the train of the tumultuous new joy that had of late taken up its abode with her.

But the task she has set is more difficult than she feared, and it is the vainest pretense—just a shallow little sham—to cheat herself that she holds an open book on her lap. Unread, it slips from her fingers, and she surrenders herself to a sort of numb despair, heeding nothing whatever, not even a firm, quick step outside, a light leap over the low balcony, and an unceremonious entrance through the open window; not so much as looking up until Philip Courtland's clear voice rouses her to consciousness, and even then a consciousness too startled and abrupt to express itself in anything but an amazed, wondering stare.

"It is only this," he says, quietly, in answer to the mute questioning, "the mountain would not come to Mahommed—Mahommed has come to the mountain."

"It would have been wiser, perhaps," she replies quickly and averting her head, "it Mahommed had not come."

"I cannot—I will not believe it," he answers, eagerly bending low, yet in vain, for a glimpse of the face so effectually shielded, "unless, indeed, you are really the atrocious dissembler, the arrant deceiver Miss Percival would make out;" and if it is a diplomatic stroke to gain his point, it proves wonderfully successful, for instantly the head is raised with a motion almost regal, and the angry, indignant eyes flash full into his.

"She told you, then, the whole humiliating truth? I knew she would; she has—"

"Yes," he interrupted, gravely, rather enjoying this outraged young queen that he longs to take in his arms, "she told me all about it, the whole disreputable story—just what a thoroughly wicked thing you had been guilty of. And do you know, Cecil, I could have kissed her for every word as it fell from her lips, unconsciously disabusing my mind as it did of the horrible fear that you had not come because—because—oh, Cecil, you precious little liar, do you think I will ever forgive you for all I have suffered this night, or accept but one reparation?"

And perhaps he does not clasp her in his arms, and perhaps there is not a rain of kisses and a rain of tears, too, for that matter—but I forget; do we not overstep the privileges of mere lookers-on?

Life Among the New York Tenements.

The interval between the close of working hours and nightfall afford the best opportunity for learning something of the crowded condition of the tenement district. Beginning shortly after six o'clock, an apparently endless procession of laboring men and women and children is moving along the sidewalk on either side of every street. Making due allowance for those who are hastening toward the East river ferries, it is almost impossible to believe that nearly all of these persons find room in which to sleep and take their meals without going further than they can walk, going to their work and returning; but within an hour this flood of humanity has subsided, and the number of persons on the sidewalks is no greater than at other hours of the day. The vast number have found shelter in rooms opening from the dark halls that lead up through four and five stories of the great tenements. Then the windows, row upon row, begin to be lighted up, and tenement house life is shown in another aspect. A fair idea of the swarms of persons housed in this district may be gained by walking through the streets, then entering one of the rear houses and going to the rear from which countless rear windows may be seen lighted, and remembering that for each light there is a household. From such a point of view the observer looks down upon an apparently boundless pile of bricks, hollow within, and filled from cellar to root with humanity; and the wonder grows upon him that the vitiated air rising from the nostrils of so many breathers does not befoul the atmosphere to the very clouds, so that birds attempting to fly across shall fall suffocated, as they are said to fall into the sulphurous craters of slumbering volcanoes. That so many persons sleep, tier upon tier, through the night, and have strength to make their way out when morning comes, seems almost like a perpetual contradiction of the nice calculations as to the amount of air required to sustain life in a person for a given period.—*New York Sun.*

Gentle-[illegible]

Shoe the horse an[illegible]
Never let the hoof go [illegible]
Trotting over flinty stones
Wears away the hardest bones.

Life has many a stony street
Even to the toughest feet;
Men, the sturdiest, find it so
Ere through half of life they go.

Streaks of blood are in the way,
Trod by humans every day;
Seen by love's annointed eye
While the blinded world goes by.

Yea, if all the sighs were caught,
Wherewithal the air is fraught;
What a gale would sweep the skies
Laden with man's miseries!

Gently then, oh brother man!
Do the utmost good you can;
God approveth e'en the least
Deed of truth to man or beast.
—*Thomas MacKeller.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Chestnuts make good flour.

Detroit has 773 licensed newsboys.

The sultan of Turkey lives surrounded by 5,000 soldiers.

An exchange alludes to the bicycle as the circumlocutory beast.

"Let me have fair play," as the fountain said to the atmosphere.

What the daily newspaper is to man, a friend's visit is to woman.

Twenty Provincetown (Mass.) vessels will hunt whales this season.

A ton of silver, at the standard rate of $1.29.29, is worth $37,709.57.

Seth Green advises farmers to go into frog-ponds. Millions in them!

The shores of Lake Mira, Wis., are fringed with dead buffalo fish.

Burlington, Iowa, has a horse that lifts a bale of hay with his teeth.

Talk well of the town you live in or the town will not talk well of you.

There are about $3,500,000,000 worth of silver in circulation in the world.

A lady writer thinks every country town should have a cooking school.

Fly time—When you hear her father's heavy cane thumping along the hall.

The Harvard college boys consume 110 gallons of soup every day at dinner.

England has nearly 20,000 gypsies, and most of them cannot read or write.

Was the novel "The Seamy Side" suggested by a "stitch in the side?" It would seam sew.

Edison is building a factory at Menlo Park for the manufacture of electric lamps in large quantities.

Freckles are not so bad. It is said that one girl does not object to seeing them on another girl's face.—*Picayune.*

Sal Soda was sent to the workhouse yesterday for telling a lie to the officer and trying to soft-soap the judge afterward.—*Cincinnati Star.*

Talented individuals who have won golden opinions are never averse to exchanging them for greenbacks or even for trade dollars.—*Boston Courier.*

The British peerage originally consisted of earls and barons; the first duke was created by Edward III., the first marquis by Richard II., and the first viscount by Henry VI.

Of the 37,553 miners employed in the gold mines of the colony of Victoria Australia, during the last quarter of the year 1876, 28,443 were Europeans, and 9,110 were Chinese.

Coroner Ellinger, of New York says about suicides in hot weather: The largest number of the suicides at this season among men are the results of excessive drinking. Men drink until their nervous systems are shattered and their bodies soaked with alcohol, the evil effects of which are most keenly felt when the increased temperature develops their internal fires, and then, in moments of desperate disgust with life, they seek death. Another thing impelling many suicides is that foreigners who come here have never become so acclimatized until they are here a great many years that in case of misfortune they do not feel, keenly, mentally and in their nervous organizations climatic influences. Thus, when they find themselves cut off from that consolation which they would have at home among their friends, and which would strengthen them there, desperation stares them in the face, and they seek escape in suicide. Another thing which is a great cause of suicide at all seasons now is the decline of religious faith. Where people center their entire hopes in their worldly successes, lack faith in a future life, and have lost their consciousness of a connection with a world that had no beginning and can have no end, they have nothing to sustain them when misfortune assails them, the petty thwartings and grievances of mundane affairs assume an overweening importance in their eyes, and they are prone to plunge heedlessly into the shadows of the dread unknown.

Nicely Caught.

Dana Krum, one of the conductors on the Erie railroad, was approached before train time by an unknown man who spoke to him as if he had known him for years. "I say, Dana," said he, "I have forgotten my pass, and I want to go to Susquehanna; I am a fireman on the road, you know?" but the conductor told him he ought to have a pass with him. It was the safest way. Pretty soon Dana came along to collect tickets. Seeing his man, he spoke when he reached him: "Say, my friend, have you the time with you?"

"Yes," said he, as he pulled out a watch, "it is twenty minutes past nine."

"Oh, it is, is it? Now, if you don't show me your pass, or fare, I will stop the train. There is no railroad man that I ever saw who would say 'twenty minutes past nine.' He would say 'nine twenty.'"

He settled.

The Fate of the Jeannette.

Grave apprehensions for the safety of the Jeannette exist in official circles as well as among those who from experience are qualified to speak understandingly of the dangers with which a winter's sojourn in the Arctic is extended. A Federal officer, who is in a position to be well informed on the subject, asserts with an alarming positiveness that the Jeannette will never come back. He says that the unfortunate vessel was last seen steering directly for a vast field, and by whalers who deemed their only chance for safety to be in moving as rapidly as possible in an opposite direction. The ice-field was at that time off Wrangel land and directly in the path of a current which in winter flows northward, and if the Jeannette is frozen in as reported, she would inevitably be carried northward and out of reach of all succor by the fatal current. Capt. Douglass, a government coast pilot, indulges the hope that the ice-field which inclosed the Jeannette has probably grounded on the east shore of Alaska, in which case the crew may be able to reach the shore, if not too distant, but that the vessel would inevitably be ground to pieces when the field breaks up. Where this occurs the huge blocks of ice are forced upward and over a vessel, completely covering and crushing her by the tremendous pressure, not leaving a place large enough to identify her by. The ice will begin to break up about the latter part of July next.

The Thomas Corwin, which has sailed to the Jeannette's assistance, will reach the ice regions a month before that time. Should the imperiled vessel be discovered the relief ship will work toward her as the field breaks up and endeavor to save the crew if they have not succeeded in gaining the shore. This maneuver will be accompanied by considerable danger. Should the crew escape and find shelter among the Esquimaux, the Corwin will cruise along the shore, making inquiries among the natives, who are constantly moving from place to place, and will in time discover the whereabouts of the bold explorers, who it is most earnestly hoped, will escape from their perilous position.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

A Large Fish Culturist.

The largest exhibitor in the fishery exhibition in Berlin was an Italian named Francesco Cirio. From an account of his life, printed in a German paper, it appears that he who now conducts a business the returns of which are estimated at $8,000,000 annually, left the cottage in which he was born, at Nizza-Montferato, when he was fifteen years old, with a few pence only in his pocket. After two or three unsuccessful attempts to make a start in life, it occurred to him, to quote his own words: "We in Italy have sunshine. You in France, Germany, Russia, Sweden have large kitchens and hungry stomachs. You must be glad to buy our produce." This idea led to the establishment of a business, which, at first was carried on on a very small scale, has developed until now Francesco Cirio sends every year 3,000 wagons across the Brenner—laden half with garden produce and half with eggs. In all the larger towns Cirio has depots, while to Berlin alone he has this year sent 1,200,000 cabbages, which have been sold in the capital of Germany at the same price they would have fetched in the markets of Rome or Naples. Cirio himself lives in Turin. Most of the things he sells comes from the south of Italy, where he has large tracts of land under cultivation. All the produce is collected at Florence, and particulars of it are forwarded by telegraph to Turin, where arrangements are made for its distribution among the towns of Northern Europe according to the reports received from the several agents employed in them. Cirio also sends large quantities of fish, both fresh and salted, or preserved in oil across the Alps, and has lately rented the bay of Tarento for the purpose of cultivating oysters on a large scale.

Lightning Conductors.

Professor Colladon, of Geneva, Switzerland, has made some interesting observations on the course of lightning when it strikes trees and houses. He holds that the great discharges which injure trees and houses seldom or never happen while the lightning has an unobstructed course—which it has along the thin upper branches of trees, where birds and their nests are often left quite uninjured by its descent. But it is where the electric current reaches the thick stem that the tree becomes a worse and worse conductor, and it is here, therefore, that the tree is what is called struck, *i. e.*, here that the electricity, failing to find an unobstructed channel to the earth, accumulates in masses, and gives out shocks which rend the tree. And the same is true of houses whose lightning conductors stop short of the ground. Professor Colladon has also shown that the close neighborhood of a pool of water is a great attraction to the electric current, and that the electricity often passes down a house or tree till it is near enough to dart straight across to the water; and he thinks that, where possible, lightning conductors should end in a spring or pool of water. Professor Colladon believes that lightning descends rather in a shower—through a multitude of vines, for instance, in the same vineyard—than in a single main stream. It divides itself among all the upper branches of a tree, and is received from hundreds of atmospheric points at once, instead of, as has been usually supposed, from one. Electricity is a rain, a number of tributaries from a wide surface, not a single torrent.

"Why is it," writes Lilian Maud, poutingly, to an exchange, "why is it that all the nice men are engaged?" They're not, Lilian, they're not. Several of us are still in maiden meditation fancy free. Was there anything in particular that you wanted to know for?—*Rockland Courier.*

Change in the Frog.

Nowhere in the animal kingdom is there so favorable an opportunity for peeping into nature's workshop as in the metamorphoses of the frog. This animal is a worm when it comes from the egg, and remains such the first four days of its life, having neither eyes nor ears, nostrils nor respiratory organs. It crawls. It breathes through its skin. After a while a neck is grooved into the flesh. Its soft lips are hardened into a horny beak. The different organs, one after another, bud out; then a pair of branching gills, and last a long and limber tail. The worm has become a fish. Three or four days more elapse and the gills sink back into the body, while in their place others come, much more complex, arranged in vascular tufts, 112 in each. But they, too, have their day and are absorbed, together with their framework of bone and cartilage, to be succeeded by an entirely different breathing apparatus, the initial of a second correlated group of radical change. Lungs are developed, the mouth widened, the horny beak converted into rows of teeth, the stomach, the abdomen, the intestines, prepared for the reception of animal food in place of vegetable; four limbs, fully equipped with hip and shoulder bones, with nerves and blood vessels, push out through the skin, while the tail, being now supplanted by them as a means of locomotion, is carried away piecemeal by the absorbents, and the animal passes the balance of its days as an air-breathing and flesh-feeding batrachian.

Those who desire to remodel their last year's dresses cannot do better than retrim them with either red or orange Surah, which brightens up dark costumes effectively, and on fabrics of light quality it is fast replacing satin, just as figured foulards are replacing heavy brocades on summer dresses. The soft twilled silk of bright hue looks stylish between the plaits of dark woolen skirts and also as wide bands alternating with box plaits.

The most promising young men of this country are those who "will call around soon and settle that little account which should have been paid long ago."—*Bloomington Eye.*

A food and a medicine are combined in the most perfect manner in Malt Bitters.

Bishop Simpson will visit the Methodist missions in Japan and China this summer. Bishop Merrill will visit the Methodist conferences and missions in Europe and India.

Ulcerative weaknesses and debilitating humors of females cured by Malt Bitters.

Every dairyman should raise at leas one-eighth of an acre of corn fodder fot each cow, to help the pasture through the dry season.

We often wondered what induced Dr. Bull to invent his celebrated Baby Syrup, but we understand now, that he was a married man.

Red Surah silk is the favorite material for illuminating dark or sober tinted costumes.

Dr C. E. Shoemaker, the well-known aural surgeon of Reading, Pa., offers to send by mail, free of charge, a valuable little book on deafness and diseases of the ear—specially on running ear and catarrh, and their proper treatment—giving references and testimonials that will satisfy the most skeptical. Address as above.

Are You Not in Good Health?

If the Liver is the source of your trouble, you can find an absolute remedy in DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR, the only vegetable cathartic which acts directly on the Liver. Cures all Bilious diseases. For Book address DR. SANFORD, 162 Broadway, New York.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., Will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days' trial. See their advertisement in this paper headed, "On 30 Days' Trial."

VEGETINE is not a stimulating bitters which creates a fictitious appetite, but a gentle tonic which assists nature to restore the stomach to a healthy action.

Nothing is uglier than a crooked boot. Straighten them with Lyon's Heel Stiffeners.

ALWAYS get C. Gilbert's Linen Starch.

Beautifiers.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength, buoyant spirits and beauty as Hop Bitters.—*Telegraph.*

Kidney Complaints

of all descriptions are relieved at once and speedily cured by Kidney-wort. It seems intended by nature for the cure of all diseases of the kidneys caused by weakness and debility. Its great tonic powers are especially directed to the removal of this class of diseases.—*Press.*

Nervousness.

One form of nervousness leads a man to suppose himself seriously ill, when, in reality, he is only more nervous than usual. He flies to a physician for relief, and often ends by persuading himself into a severe illness. The fact is nervous people waste a great deal of money, confidence, and worry on their nervousness. It is perhaps disagreeable to very uncomely people that they are not beautiful; adult intelligent people of defective education lament the disadvantages of their youth; persons who desire to be religious, and yet are intellectually skeptical, are frequently made miserable by the conviction that they are incapable of acquiring piety. A man with a Roman nose may as well bewail his incapacity to change the organ into Grecian outline as for nervous people to lament that they cannot discharge nervousness from their physical organization. It cannot be expelled. It is there to stay. But self-control and self-restraint will do much toward obviating the evil, and are more efficacious than the attendance of any physician.

Black Silks

Such a stock as Black Silk affords the best test of the spirit of a merchant. It constitutes too large a part of his trade to be trifled with; and as he conducts that, so he considers it wise to conduct the rest of his business. You have here the clue to his policy. If he sells showy silks at a low price and calls them cheap because they are showy, or if he sells heavy silks at a low price and calls them cheap because they are heavy, he either does not know his business or deliberately cheats. To be showy is nothing; to be heavy is nothing. A showy "silk" may be nearly all cotton; a heavy silk may be nearly all dye!

We are frank enough to say that few salesmen or merchants can tell a good silk from one that is not good; and often, when a bad silk is sold, neither the merchant nor his salesman has a suspicion of the fact.

But the great industry of silk-manufacture, using millions upon millions of capital and thousands upon thousands of human lives, is not conducted in ignorance of its raw material or of its product. Few undertakings of man are based on more exact knowledge. Do you imagine, then, that there need be any considerable uncertainty about the quality of a silk which we place before you? There is necessarily just this ground of uncertainty, and no other: a good silk is sometimes spoiled in the last process of manufacture, and the fact can be found out only by wearing it.

The buyer's problem is how to get the certain good and avoid all that can be avoided of the uncertain bad. And this is the answer: buy of a merchant whose general plan of business is to deserve your confidence by never betraying it, either through ignorance or indifference; and whose dealings are large enough to give him the best in the market at the bottom of the market price.

This is all that can be profitably said about buying silks in general. It covers the whole ground and is the whole science of buying for persons without a special, technical, and very rare knowledge of goods.

But very likely you want to know what we mean by a good silk, and what good silk costs. By a good silk we mean one that will not disappoint reasonable expectations as to appearance, either when new or old.

A good silk may be got here for a dollar. The best silk can be got here for two dollars; after that, it is a matter of weight alone. The best and heaviest we have in plain black silk is six-and-a-half dollars.

We have no dealing in any silk that we have any distrust of; and if you want to know what we think of any particular piece of silk that we sell, you can learn by asking.

Catalogues of goods sent if requested; they are as follows:

No. 1. Ladies' and children's wear: suits, underclothing, overgarments, lace articles, shoes, etc., etc.

No. 2. Men's and boys' wear, and articles.

No. 3. Piece-goods of all kinds: silks, dress-goods, cloths, flannels, linens, prints, muslins, white-goods, upholstery, etc.

No. 4. Fancy-goods, laces, embroideries, trimmings, ribbons, worsteds, stationery, games, puzzles, etc.

No. 5. House-furnishing goods.

No. 6. Out-door sports: archery, croquet, etc.

Samples of piece-goods sent, if requested. In asking for samples please indicate what grade and description of goods you want.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
Chestnut, Thirteenth, Market, and Juniper Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Subscribe for the S. J. REPUBLICAN

Insurance.

Railroads.

Camden & Atlantic R. R.

Thursday, July 1st, 1880.

DOWN TRAINS.

Stations.	H. A.	A. A.	M.	F.	S. A
	P M	P. M.	A M	A M	A M
Philadelphia.....	6 00	4 15	8 00		8 00
Cooper's Point...	6 12	4 28	8 10	3 00	8 10
Penn. R. R. Junc	6 18	4 31	8 16	3 08	8 15
Haddonfield.....	6 34	4 42	8 27	3 35	8 27
Ashland	6 44	4 48	8 34	3 45	8 38
Kirkwood	6 50	4 53	8 40	4 05	8 38
Berlin.....	7 08	5 04	8 52	4 30	8 49
Atco.....	7 20	5 14	8 58	4 45	8 55
Waterford.....	7 30	5 24	9 08	5 00	9 03
Ancora.....	7 45	5 29	9 13	5 08	9 07
Winslow Junc.....	7 50	5 35	9 18	5 30	9 12
Hammonton.....	7 58	5 42	9 25	5 50	9 19
Da Costa.....		5 47	9 29	5 58	9 23
Elwood.....		5 56	9 38	6 15	9 32
Egg Harbor.....		6 08	9 48	6 40	9 42
Pomona.....		6 21	9 58	7 20	9 52
Absecon.....		6 33	10 08	7 45	10 02
Atlantic		6 45	10 20	8 10	10 15
May's Landing...		6 25	10 06		

UP TRAINS.

Stations.	H. A.	A. A.	M.	F.	S. A.
	A M	A M.	P M	P M	P M
Philadelphia.....	7 35	9 20	6 05		7 20
Cooper's Point....	7 23	9 10	5 56	2 48	7 10
Penn. R. R. Junc	7 23	9 04	5 51		7 05
Haddonfield.....	7 07	8 53	5 41	2 20	6 54
Ashland.....	6 57	8 46	5 35	2 06	6 47
Kirkwood.	6 52	8 42	5 31	2 00	6 43
Berlin.....	6 37	8 31	5 20	1 30	6 32
Atco.....	6 30	8 25	5 14	1 15	6 26
Waterford.....	6 22	8 17	5 06	1 00	6 18
Ancora.....	6 15	8 11	5 0[illegible]	12 47	6 13
Winslow Junc.....	6 09	8 00	4 50	12 40	6 08
Hammonton.....	6 00	7 52	4 42	12 20	6 01
Da Costa.....		7 46	4 36	12 08	5 56
Elwood.....		7 38	4 27	11 55	5 48
Egg Harbor.....		7 24	4 15	11 25	5 39
Pomona		7 14	4 04	10 45	5 29
Absecon.....		7 04	3 54	10 25	5 19
Atlantic		6 50	3 40	9 30	5 05
May's Landing...		7 02	3 52		

Hammonton Sunday Accommodation leaves Hammonton at 7.45 a. m., arriving at Philadelphia 9.20, and returning leaves Philadelphia at 5.00 p. m., reaching Hammonton at 6.34.

Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Time-table of June 27, 1880.

	M'x'd	Acc	Acc.	Sund'y
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Philadelphia,.....		8 00	5 00	8 00
Camden.....	4 45	8 21	5 22	8 22
Oakland,.....	4 59	8 35	5 29	8 29
Williamstown Junction.....	6 08	9 12	6 10	9 06
Cedar Brook	6 23	9 19	6 18	9 14
Winslow, ...	6 55	9 30	6 30	9 24
Hammonton	7 12	9 37	6 38	9 31
Da Costa.....	7 25	9 42	6 43	9 37
Elwood	7 43	9 49	6 50	9 45
Egg Harbor.....	8 32	9 59	7 00	9 55
Pleasantville	9 05	10 25	7 26	10 21
Atlantic City, Ar.....	9 25	10 40	7 40	10 35

Express Trains leave Philadelphia at 6:30 and 8:00 A.M., and 4:00 P.M., reaching Atlantic City at 9:10 and 10:05, A.M., and 6:05 P. M. On Sunday at 8:00 and 9:10 arriving at 10:05 and 11:15 A.M.

	Acc.	M'x,d	Acc.	Sund'y
	A.M.	A.M.	P. M.	P.M.
Atlantic City.....	5 45	10 45	4 05	4 30
Pleasantville	6 00	11 10	4 21	4 46
Egg Harbor.....	6 22	11 47	4 44	5 09
Elwood	6 33	12 16	4 55	5 21
Da Costa.....	6 38	12 26	5 00	5 27
Hammonton,.....	6 46	12 39	5 11	5 36
Winslow.....	6 55	12 55	5 20	5 45
Cedar Brook	7 07	1 16	5 32	5 57
Williamstown Junction.....	7 15	1 26	5 40	6 05
Oakland	7 31	2 20	6 18	6 45
Camden	7 38	2 40	6 25	6 52
Philadelphia, ...	8 15		6 45	7 10

Express leaves Atlantic City at 7:00 A.M. and at 4:55 and 5:35 P.M. On Sunday at 5:30 and 6:30 P.M.

☞ The Express train which leaves Atlantic City at 7:00 A.M., stops at Hammonton 7:53 arriving at Philadelphia at 9:00. Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 4:00 P.M., Hammonton at 5:11, reaching Atlantic City at 6:05.