South-Jersey Republican

BLAINE & LOGAN.

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher. **Terms--$1.25 Per Year.**

Vol. XXII, No. 27. Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, July 5, 1884. Five Cents per Copy.

Letters From the Far West.

NO. V

BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

DENVER.

To the Editor of the South Jersey Republican:

Connected with the smelter proper is the Sampling House, where ore is tested as to its quality. Ore is graded at the mines, being usually separated into three grades. Each grade is tested at the sampling house thus: after the ore is pulverized and thoroughly mixed, ten or twelve scoops are taken from it, each scoop from a different part of the pile; this ore is then thoroughly mixed together, and a single scoop taken from it and assayed. This assay is suppose to reveal the fair average value of the ore. Ore is bought and sold according to its valuation thus decided.

The Argo Smelting works, situated five miles outside the city, are much more extensive than Grant's. At these works the various metals are extracted from the ore; as gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, etc., whereas, at the other, only silver bullion. We did not visit these works. On the afternoon of our visit to the smelter there was a furious storm of wind, hail and rain. There was a large circus in the vicinity, and the main tent, which was crowded with people, was broken down by the weight of the hail and water on the canvas. Strange to say, no one was killed, though some were hurt.

I must not omit to mention what may be of interest to some people in Hammonton, that I attended several sessions of court in Denver while the suit was on trial brought by the heirs of the late Norman L. Rood, to set aside the will of the latter. This Rood was the first husband of Mrs. Sampson of Hammonton, from whom she was divorced many years ago, and the father of her daughter Annie or Annice. She had three children by this first marriage. Mr. R. married a second time, had one son by this marriage, his second wife leaving about two years after marriage and obtaining a divorce. He married a third wife, who proved his match in viciousness. Some years ago he became partially paralyzed, and by degrees lost his faculties, becoming almost imbecile, his wife, meantime, getting complete control of him and his affairs. His will was made after he had thus become a child under her control, and made in her favor, completely disinheriting his four children. The son by the second marriage is an invalid almost exactly like Annie. All this and much more appeared from the testimony. The jury gave a verdict for the heirs, and there is no danger of any court reversing the decision, if the case should be carried up, which is not likely to be. The law in Colorado gives the widow half the estate of her deceased husband. There is said to be $40,000 or more involved in the issue. So, we will all be glad that fortune has favored Annie. We met Mrs. Sampson in the city and visited several places of interest in her company, and also became acquainted with her son, Mr. Rood, and her son-in-law, Dr. French, during the progress of the trial.

We attended memorial services on Sunday, the 25th ult., conducted at the First Congregational Church, by the pastor, Rev. Myron Reed. The G. A. R. were assembled in the church, and the Rev. gentleman's address worthy the occasion—worthy the veterans assembled, and of the departed heroes whose services for our country were being commemorated Decoration was duly observed. On Sunday, June 1st, we attended at the First Baptist Church, listened to the Rev. Mr. Jeffrey, the pastor. We were well pleased with the sermon. He preached a gospel that liberalists can endorse, showing that Love is the fulfilling of the Law, and that they who obey its behests in dealing with others are are accepted of God—their good works are of some avail to them. The text was—"A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another;" and the sermon was an endorsement of the apostle James' idea of religion. By the way, this western air seems to be favorable to liberal ideas. There is nothing narrow and contracted in Nature as it meets the eye here; and it appears as though free-born minds are shaping themselves after this model. The boundless plains, the solemn sublime mountains, and the wild breezes that sweep freely over all, somehow, seem to make their impress upon the spirit, and enlarge it to the conception of grander ideas of God and religion than are taught by the cramped creeds of the olden time. At all events, the spirit of the age, speaking in the language of a Beecher, a Swing and a Thomas, and many others who partake of their spirit, at the east, exhibits itself here without hindrance,—speaking from Baptist, Congregational, and Methodist pulpits. In fact, the spirit cannot be stifled; and all the protests and trials for heresy, only serve to fan the flame of fire and independent thought on religious subjects, which is surging over the land like a resistless wave, wherever truth loving Americans are to be found. The people of Denver must be a church going people—at least many of them are, as I judge from the throngs I saw going to and from the several churches on the two Sundays I was there. And I am sure that an intelligent, soberminded person may well love to attend church, and may be benefitted thereby, if he can listened to such discources as I did there.

Vegetation in Denver and vicinity is nearly three weeks behind that in South Jersey. It is an exceptionally cold and late season here. It rained nearly every day in the afternoon during the two weeks we spent in the city. The melting of the great body of snow in the mountains is causing floods in some of the streams, and much damage is anticipated in some quarters. The artesian wells, of which there are thirty or more in the city, are proving of great advantage to the people. The water found in them is clear and healthy, while that from the Holly Water Works, taken from the Platte, up in the canyon, is turbid and unhealthy. The well water is carried around to those who do not have wells or access to them. The abundant rains are of great advantage to the farmers in this country, as they will nearly if not altogether obviate the necessity for irrigation in making their early crops. Our stay in Denver was made very pleasant by finding some old acquaintances and making some pleasant ones. At our next visit there we shall feel less like strangers than at former ones.

MARIA M. KING.

Judge Kelly sailed for Europe Wednesday.

Mr. Blaine was at Colby University Wednesday, and in the course of his remarks said that what he had seen had nearly made him an advocate of co-education.

The unpaid employees of the New Jersey Central Railroad are reported ripe for a strike.

The National Prohibition Convention is in session at Decatur, Ill.

President Arthur vetoed the Fitz-John Porter bill, and the House passed it over his veto; but in the Senate it failed to receive the required vote.

There are 115 cholera patients in the Toulon hospitals. Several cases have been cured by the inhalation of pure oxygen.

A boy claiming to be Charlie Ross called upon the father of the stolen child Wednesday, and said that he was his son, but he was not recognized by the family.

Senator McPherson is having a boom for the Presidency.

J. A. Newlin, of the Millville *Republican*, announces himself as a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress in the First District of this State.

Through the special efforts of Congressman Phelps, the bill granting a pension of $50 a month to the widow of General Kilpatrick passed the House of Representatives. It had already gone through the Senate

A New Jersey man has been put in jail for having fourteen wives. Must be a great relef to him.

We can print you a Book Label an inch square, or anything between that and a full sheet Poster—24x38 inches.

"LITTLE BROWN HANDS."

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shell—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings;

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of our land—
The sword and chisel and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

HOW SNOOKS GOT OUT OF IT.

"If you will take my advice," said Mr. Wilding, making a last noble but futile effort to balance the ivory paper-knife on the top of his finger, "you won't go to the Brownrig's ball."

"And why not?" asked his companion, irritably.

"Well, I really wouldn't, you know," said Mr. Wilding, giving up his struggle with the impossible and laying the refractory paper-knife upon the table, "for a variety of reasons. Girls play the very mischief with you, and you know what trouble it gave me to get you out of your last scrape. There are four Brownrig girls, aren't there? And they are all pretty."

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," said Snooks, sulkily. "There's safety in a multitude. I cannot marry them all, can I?"

"Happily not. Though, if the laws of your land did not forbid it, I am inclined to think you might try to accomplish even that. Still, be advised, Snooks, and be conspicuous by your absence of the Brownrig's 'small and early.' Papa Brownrig, when incensed, is not nice, and you know you are decidedly esprit with Miss Kate."

"No, I am not," said Snooks, with decision, "not a bit of it. Though I allow she is a handsome girl, and has lovely eyes. Hasn't she, now?"

"I don't know. As a rule I never look into a woman's eyes. I consider it a rudeness as well as *betise*," said Wilding, earnestly, telling his lie without a blush. "Never mind her eyes. If," warningly, "you must go to this ball, at leasttry and forget that she has any eyes at all. If you don't you will propose to her to a moral certainty."

"One would think I was a raw school boy," said young Snooks, wrathfully. "Do you think I can't look at a woman without committing myself? Do I look like a fool?"

Whatever Mr. Wilding thought at that moment he kept to himself. Before he spoke next he and his conscience had agreed to dissemble.

"My dear fellow, don't let us even hint at such a thing," he said, amiably. "I only meant you were slightly—very slightly—susceptible, and that Miss Kate has a certain amount of pleasing power, and that—I positively would give up this ball if I—"

"Are you going?" broke in Snooks, impatiently.

"Well, yes, I dare say I shall look in about twelve."

"Then I shall look in with you," said Snooks, defiantly.

"Fact is, the fellow wants to spoon her himself, and he don't see the force of being cut out," said he to himself, complacently, as he ran down the steps of Wilding's stairs.

Beyond all question the Brownrig's ball was a decided success. The rooms were filled to overflowing, the staircases were choked, the heat was intolerable. Sir Thomas and Lady Higgins had actually put in an appearance after all, and the supper, if uneatable, was, I assure you, very expensive. No pains or money had been spared; everything was what the mistress of the house called "rug regal," and all the Miss Brownrigs looked as charming as any one could desire.

There were four of them. There was Kate, the second daughter—Snooks' friend and the possessor of the lovely eyes. And they were lovely; large "and dark, and true and tender," like the north, according to the Laureate; "black as sloes," said her fond, if slightly oppressive mother, and of the languid, melting order.

Then there was Hetty, the eldest girl, who, if her eyes were not dark as midnight, had at least the dearest little nose in the world. A pure Greek feature, perfect in every respect, ignorant of colds in the head, that made one long to tell her (only she would have blushed, they were all nicely brought up) about Dudu and her Phidian appendage.

Then came Georgie—"George the III," as she was playfully termed in the bosom of her family—who, if she had neither nose nor eyes like her sisters, had certainly a prettier mouth than either. A sweet, little, kissable, rose-bud of a mouth, that pouted and laughed alternately, and did considerable execution.

And, finally, there was Lily. A tall, pale girl with blue eyes, a finely cut chin, and a good deal of determination all around.

Kate's eyes were larger, darker, and (when she looked at Snooks and thought of his thousands) more melting than ever that night. Her dress, if slightly *bizarre*, was intensely becoming. Snooks, for the first half hour, kept himself bravely aloof from her fascinations, declined to notice her reproachful glances and languishing *œillades*, and for reward was wretched. Finally, being driven into a corner during a fatal set of Lancers, he met her eyes, saw and was conquered. She would dance the next set with him? Yes (coldly). And the next? Yes (more gently). And the ninth—and he could see she is disengaged for it—Yes (this time quite warmly).

An hour later the deed was done. Some capital champagne, a dark avenue (I believe there were some Chinese lanterns there originally, but a kind wind had blown them out), and a soft little hand slipped into his, did the work, and Miss Kate promised, bashfully, but with an unmistakable willingness, to be the future Mrs. Snooks. Whether it was Snooks or the property pertaining to Snooks the most affected deponent sayeth not.

When, however, her betrothed had found what he had done, and remembered his former words, and all the awfulness of parental wrath, his heart failed him. He went, as he usually did when in sorry case, in search of Wilding; and having discovered him, took him into a side room, and shutting the door confronted him with a rather pale face.

"So the eyes were too many for you," said Mr. Wilding, calmly, after a deliberate examination of the disturbed face before him. "I told you how it would be."

"That's the sort of thing any fellow might say," returned Snooks, pathetically. "I didn't think you would have been so aggravating; and just when you see I'm down on my luck, too. Yes, I've been and gone and done it."

"Mother will be pleased," quoted his friend and law adviser with a shrug. "So, bye the bye, will be your father. They both regard nothing so highly as birth. I suppose Miss Brownrig can lay claim to some decent breeding?"

"The old chap is a corn chandler, you know that; at least he used to be," said Snooks with a heavy groan.

"Oh, indeed! Did a very charming business, too, I make no doubt. Leads up to quite a train of ideas. Corn, wheat, staff of life, quaint old mill and rustic bridge in the distance; miller sitting on it. I wonder," dreamily, "if Brownrig ever wore a white hat? And if so—why? Don't all speak at once. Well, well, she is very pretty. Such eyes, you know. I really congratulate you, my dear fellow."

"Wilding," desperately, "can't you do something? I—I don't know how it happened. It was through the champagne, I suppose; and of course you know she is pretty; but I don't want to marry any one, and I know the governor wouldn't hear of it."

"He will have to hear of it now, won't he?" said Wilding, unfeelingly.

"He would go out of his mind if such a thing were ever hinted to him," declared Snooks wildly. "Try to help me out of it, Wilding, can't you?"

"I don't see what there is to do, except marry her. I only hope Lady Snooks and Miss Cornchandler will get on. And you should think of her beauty, you know; doubtless it will console you when Sir Peter cuts you off with the customary shilling."

"I suppose I had better cut my throat and put an end to it," said Snooks, dismally, and then—overcome, no doubt, by the melancholly of this suggestion—he breaks down and gives way to tears.

"I say, don't do that, you know," exclaimed Wilding, indignantly. "Weeping all over the place won't improve matters, and will only make you look a worse fool than nature intended when you go out of the room. Look here," angrily, "if you are going to keep up this hideous boohooing I'll leave the room and you, too, to your fate. They will hear you in the next house if you don't moderate your grief."

As the nearest house was a quarter of a mile off this was severe.

"I shouldn't care if they heard me in the next town," said Mr. Snooks, who was quite too far gone for shame.

"There is just one chance for you, and only one," said Wilding, slowly. "I have an idea, and you must either follow it—or go to the altar."

"I'll follow anything," eagerly. "What is it?"

"You have proposed to Miss Katie," solemnly. "Now go and propose to the other three."

As Wilding gave vent to this idea he turned abruptly on his heel and left the room.

"I'll do it," said Snooks, valiantly drying his eyes and giving his breast a tragic tap, "whatever comes of it."

Going into the hall he saw Hetty standing near an entrance; a little way beyond her was Kate, conversing with a tall and lanky youth. Not daring to glance in the direction of the latter, who plainly expected him to come straight to her on the wings of love, he turned and asked Hetty to dance.

They danced, and then (it was the custom with the ball-goers in that mild suburban neighborhood) he drew her out under the gleaming stars and up the dark avenue that a few minutes since was the scene of her sister's happiness,

There he proposed in due form, and was again accepted. Hetty's conduct, indeed, was perhaps a degree more pronounced than Katie's because she laid her head upon his shoulder, and he felt he was by all the laws of sentiment bound to kiss her. Her nose looked lovely in the pale moonlight, so I dare say he did not find the fulfilling of this law difficult.

After that he had some more champagne, and then he proposed to Miss Georgie, who also consented to be his. There now remained but one other step to be taken. He crossed the room, and asked the youngest Miss Brownrig to dance. He was getting rather mixed by this time, and was on the very point of asking her to marry him instead, so customary had the question grown to him now. Miss Lily, however, declined to dance on the plea that she was tired, and could exert herself no more. With questionable taste he pressed the matter and begged her to give him one, just one. At this she told him frankly that she did not admire his style of dancing, which ended the conversation. He asked her to come for a stroll instead; and having arrived at the momentous spot he delivered himself of the ornate speech that had already done duty three times that night. I forget what it was, but I know that it wound up with the declaration that he adored her and wanted to marry her.

"It is extremely good of you, I'm sure," said the young Miss Brownrig, calmly. "But, uncivil as I fear it must sound, I don't want to marry you."

"Don't you, by Jove!" said Snooks, hastily. "Well, that is awful ki—no, no!" pulling himself up with a start; "I don't mean that, you know; I mean it's awful horrid, you know. In fact," warming to his work through sheer gratitude, "you have made me miserable forever; you have broken my heart."

"Dear me, how shocking!" said Miss Lily, frivolously. "Let us hope that time will mend it. I'm not very sure that you did not speak the truth at first. I really believe it is kind my refusing you. And now, Mr. Snooks, if I were you I should go and say good night to mamma, because you have been having a good deal of papa's champagne and it is trying to the constitution."

Snooks took the hint, bade farewell to Mrs. Brownrig, who, to his heated imagination, appeared to regard him already with a moist and motherly eye, and taking Wilding's arm drew him out of the house.

"Well?" said the latter interrogatively.

"I don't know whether it is well or ill," returned he, gloomily. "But I followed your advice and proposed to 'em all."

"And they accepted you?"

"The most of 'em. But Lily, the youngest, she—"

"Always said she was a sensible girl," put in Mr. Wilding, sotto voice.

"Did you?" with much surprise. "Well, she refused me; sort of said she wouldn't have me at any price. So you see you were wrong!"

"I always knew she was one of the most intelligent girls I ever met," Mr. Wilding repeated, in a tone so difficult that his companion for one had sufficient sense to refrain from demanding an explanation.

The next morning, as Katie Brownrig turned the angle of the hall that led to her father's sanctum (whither a sense of filial duty beckoned her) she almost ran into the arms of her three sisters, all converging toward the same spot from different directions. Simultaneously they entered Mr. Brownrig's study. (He called it a library; but that word is too often profaned for me to profane it, so I shall draw the line at study.) But to return. Miss Lily, being the youngest, was of course the first to raise her voice.

"I had a proposal last night, papa, and I have come to tell you about it," said she in a tone replete with triumph.

It is so sweet to the mind of the youth to outdo its elders. But "on this occasion only" the elders refused to be outdone. They each and all betrayed a smile of inward satisfaction, and then gave way to speech.

"No!" they said in a breath. They did not mean to doubt or be impolite; they only meant surprise.

"The curate," said Hetty, in a composed but plainly contemptuous whisper. It was a stage whisper.

"Old Major Sterne, said Miss Georgie, promptly.

"Perhaps Henry Simms," suggested Katie, with some sympathy. Then turning to her father, she said, with a conscious blush, "It is very strange, papa, but I, too, had a proposal last night."

"And so had I!" exclaimed Georgie and Hetty in a breath.

"Eh?" said papa, pushing up his spectacles. He was fat and pudgy, with sandy hair and a flabby nose. He was a powerful man, too, and one unpleasant to come to open quarrel with. Proposals in the Brownrig family were few and far between—in fact curiosities—and so much luck as the girls described falling into one day, overpowered him.

"One at a time; my breath is not what it used to be," he said, addressing Katie. (If he said breadth, it would have been especially true, as his mother—if she was to be believed—always declared he was a lean baby). "May I ask the name of your lover?"

"Mr. Snooks," said she with down cast eyes and a timid smile. She took up the corner of a cherry colored bow that adorned her gown, and fell to admiring it through what she fondly thought was bashfulness.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Georgie, angrily.

"What a disgraceful untruth!" cried Hetty rudely. "Mr. Snooks proposed to me last night and I accepted him."

"What is that you say? Oh, I am going out of my mind; my senses are deserting me," said Georgie, putting her hands to her head with a dramatic gesture. "Or is it a dream that he asked me to marry him, and that I, too, said 'yes?'"

"I seldom visit the clouds," said Lily, with a short but bitter laugh; "and I certainly know he made me a noble offer of his hand and heart, both which treasures I declined."

"Where?" demanded the other three, as though with one mouth.

"In the laurel avenue!"

At this they all groaned aloud.

"Perfidous monster!" said Hetty, from her heart.

"Am I to understand," began Mr. Brownrig, with suppressed but evident fury, "that this—this unmitigated scoundrel asked you all to marry him last night?"

"If we speak the truth, yes," replied the girls dismally.

"He was drunk," said papa, savagely.

"I can't believe it," said Katie, who was dissolved in tears—in fact, "like Niobe all tears"—by this time. "Nothing could be nicer than the way he did it. His language was perfect and so thoroughly from the—heart."

"He addressed me in a most honorable, upright and Christian fashion," said Hetty. "I'm sure he meant every word he said."

She was thinking uneasily of that kiss in the moonlight. Could any one have seen her? Was old Major Sterne anywhere about at the moment?

"I certainly considered his manner strange, not a bit like what one reads," said Georgie, honestly, "but I thought of the title and the property, and said yes directly."

"I thought him the greatest muff I ever spoke to," broke in Miss Lily with decision. "I refused him without a moment's hesitation, and told him to go home. I'm sure it was well I did. I dare say if he had stayed here much longer, he would have proposed to mama next, and afterward to the upper housemaid. I agree with you, papa, the champagne was too much for him."

"I—I think he is fond of me," said Katie, in a low and trembling tone. Her fingers are not now playing with the cherry colored bow, but her eyelids have borrowed largely of its tint.

"Don't be a goose, Katie," said the youngest Miss Brownrig, kindly but scornfully; "you don't suppose any of us would marry him now after the way he has behaved. Do have some little pride."

"Perhaps he is mad," said Hetty vaguely. Just at this moment as a salve to her wounded vanity she would have been glad to believe him so.

"No, my deary," declared Lily, calmly; "he has no brains worth turning."

"He said something, papa, about calling to-day at 4 o'clock," said Katie very faintly.

"Then I shall sit here till 4," returned Mr. Brownrig in an awful tone. "I shall sit here until 5, and then I shall get up and go out and find that young man, and give him such a horse-whipping as I warrant you he never got before in his life."

"Don't be too hard on him, papa," entreated Katie weakly.

"I shan't, my dear, but my whip will," said papa, grimly.

So he waited until 5; he waited until 5 30, and then he took up a certain heavy gold-knobbed whip that lay stretched on the table as though in readiness, and sallied forth in search of Snooks' rooms. And he found them, and Snooks too—in bed, suffering from a severe catarrh, caught, I presume, in the laurel avenue.

And no man knows what he did to Snooks. But at least he gave him an increased desire for his bed, because for a fortnight afterward he never stirred out of it.

When Mr. Wilding heard of all this, I regret to say he gave way to noisy mirth in the privacy of his own chambers, and was actually caught by his washerwoman—who peeped through the keyhole—performing a wild dance in the middle of the floor.

An Ancient Relic.

At a meeting of the Tennessee Historical Society, held in Nashville, Gen. Thruston presented a rare old flint-lock gun. It is probably the oldest gun in the State. It is about six feet in length and handsomely ornamented with brass mountings. The end of the long barrel, where it has rested against the wall, is worn away with usage. The letters and figures, "H. M., 1741," are deeply cut in the brass mounting, verifying its antiquity and showing that it is at least 143 years old. It was doubtless in use when Daniel Boone was born, and was an old gun at the time of Braddock's defeat by the Indians before the Revolution. The gun was presented to Gen. Thruston by the chief ordinance officer of the federal army at Nashville in 1865. He selected it out of 10,000 captured and condemned arms stored in a warehouse on the public square as the most interesting veteran of the lot. It was reported to have been captured in a skirmish at Lavergne, Tennessee, in 1862. The initials, "H. M.," in monogram on the stock, may enable some of our readers to identify it. Its early history would doubtless give it additional interest.

The Suez Canal.

The question whether the present Suez Canal shall be enlarged, or a second and parallel canal be cut, will come up for decision before the International Technical Commission appointed to consider the subject. The Commission, immediately after its appointment and organization, set special engineers to work to make estimates and reports upon all the plans proposed for improving the transportation across the Isthmus. The engineers have completed their work and handed in their reports, The meeting of the Commission is now called to take action upon the work of the engineers, and to decide upon the best plan to recommend to the shareholders at their meeting in July. It is reported that the engineers nearly all favor an enlargement of the present canal as the best and cheapest means of meeting the demands of shippers, and it is said that the great majority of the Commission have been converted to the same view, and will recommend the enlargement plan.

A Novelty in Murder.

A novel and dangerous mode of committing secret murder by poisoning was disclosed recently in the posthumous papers of a deceased physician in Paris, who, in addition to more than common eminence in his profession, had obtained high repute as a toxicological expert.

Three years ago the wife of M. Verneuil, to give the name of the inventor of this new asquatofana, died in the congestive stage of what was regarded by her medical attendants as an obstinate case of malarial fever. The symptoms were unique in some particulars. The cold stage of the paroxysm was not accompanied by the muscular tremors, but these were slow, creeping, torpid and simultaneous, with apparent wandering of the senses, while, in the fever that followed, the temperature rose to an extraordinary height, and in her delirium the patient recited in measured accents, without variation in tone, a totally disconnected and incoherent succession of words, as if reading from a dictionary. The perspiration that succeeded this climax and closed the daily attack was cold, clammy and accompanied by a grayish pallor, with a purplish tinge of the lips and deadly exhaustion.

These significant facts were regarded, however, by the physicians in consultation—for this daring scientific murderer had the hardihood to bring in the ablest practitioners in Paris—as mere varations in the phenomena of the disease, which rapidly, but by regular stages, sapped the vital energies of the patient, and ended fatally on the twenty-eighth day. Not a passing zephyr of suspicion was excited. It now appears from a written statement left by Dr. Verneuil, that in the practise of his profession, he he had stumbled upon the fact that carbolic acid in its purest form, which is often given as a remedy in malarial diseases, produces, when administered in double doses, in bland and non-irritant solution, a simulated intermittent fever so exact in its resemblance to the true paroxysm as to deceive the most practiced eyes, its action being that of a potent narcotic poison, silent in its ravages and surely fatal in its results. Almost odorless when freed from impurities, imparting neither taste nor taint to a cup of tea or coffee, and sufficiently soluble in hot water, the doctor had no difficulty whatever in administering the daily quantity required; and but for the confession he left behind for the benefit and guidance of members of the profession, he benevolently stated, the memory of his evil deed would have perished with its perpetrator.

Dr. Verneuil assigns no motive the murder in this brief but remarkable document, but adds that no specific antidote for the poison has yet been discovered; no test of its presence in the system; and that no conviction could be secured therefore, in a case of carbolic acid poisoning. In this, as American practitioners could have informed him, the accomplished criminal was mistaken. Ammonia is a specific antidote for the narcotic operation of the drug, and a specific test of its presence in minute quantities by imparting a faint blue tinge.

African Ants.

The bashikonai ants must be a terrible plague. They travel, we are told, night and day, in armies miles long. The elephant and gorilla fly before them; the black man runs for his life so soon as the ants are seen. It is related by a traveler that as he was going up one of the mouths of the Zambesi, he saw a whole village suddenly deserted by the inhabitants, who fled with all they could carry off, a proceeding which, as there was no foe in sight, rather puzzled him, till he found they were fleeing from the ants. When these ants enter a hut, they clear it of every living thing in a few minutes. Huge cockroaches, centipedes, mice and rats are instantly devoured. A strong rat is killed in less than a minute, and in another minute its bones are picked. A leopard, dog, or deer is soon despatched and devoured, for they kill by their numbers. They are quite half an inch long, and one variety is so strong that it will bite pieces clean out of the flesh. They possess, however, one meritorious quality—they mortally hate, and whenever they can, put to death the mischievous white ants which make such destruction in houses. In addition to these and the sand-ants, which bite like scorpions, leaving a distressing pain behind them, there are several varieties of flies which sting horribly, such as the igogonai—small gnats—whose bites go through the tough hide of the negroes, causing a terrible itch; the ibolai—flies or gnats—which sting as though with a needle, and whistle as they dash at you; the richouma, which fill themselves with your blood before you know they are there, and then leave an itching that lasts for hours, varied at intervals by certain sharp stabs of pain; the sloway, or nest-building flies, not quite so big as a bee, which cling to a man in the water, and assail the natives with such ferocity that if a canoe by chance touch one of their nests the men instantly dive overboard.

AGRICULTURE.

Frequent Milkings.—The influence of the frequency with which milking is practiced during a period of twenty-four hours, both upon the animal and upon the milk, has been extensively discussed, and still remains far from being settled. Whatever may throw light upon it, or furnish facts that may find practical application on the farms, must be received with gratification on every hand, The results of the experiments of Erlenmyer will, therefore, be considered with no little interest by those engaged in the dairy industries. This able investigator made a series of experiments and observations with milking and feeding to determine, first, influence of the feed, and, second, the influence of the frequency, of milking or the time intervening between the several milkings upon the quality of the product. Contrary to an opinion accepted to no small extent he concludes from the first part of his work that the quantity of the milk produced depends not only upon the activity of the glands but upon the quantity and quality of food ministered as well. When the animals are subjected to three daily milkings, that drawn in the morning is greater in volume but poorer in the valuable constituents, especially fat, than that drawn at other times. This is accounted for by the longer time intervening between the milkings. The milk drawn at midday is richest in fat, and is therefore preferable to that drawn at other times. The whole subject is worthy of further and more thorough examination than it has already received, and there will doubtless be found in it much of interest and value for dairymen of every class.

To Destroy the Corn Grub.—We cannot too often call the attention of our brethren to the importance of destroying the large white grub which sometimes plays havoc with the young corn sprouts, and the remedy for their extirpation generally followed is to pass along the rows and dig them out with a small wooden trowel; but only such can be discovered that have already cut off the young corn and are carrying it into their abode, just below the surface. Now, instead of pursuing this partial remedy, adopt the one which we have hitherto recommended and which we know to be effectual. This is the application of salt as soon as the plant makes its appearance above the ground, prepared and used in this way:—Take one part common salt and three parts plaster of Paris, mix well and apply a teaspoonful around each hill. It will be found to be sure protection. The mixture should not come in contact with the plants, as it may destroy them. This method has been tried repeatedly by some of the best farmers of Pennsylvania, Delaware and New Jersey, and when properly applied has never failed to be entirely successful, We trust that our friends, who may have reason to fear the depredations of this grub the present season, will try this preparation, leaving a few alternate rows of corns without the application of the salt and send us the result. The mixture also acts as a good fertilizer, and will more than pay for itself in benefiting the crop.

A teaspoonful of kerosene to a gallon of water will destroy currant worms, green flies, rose worms and other insects without injury to the most delicate plants, even fuchsias, geraniums, callas, etc., if applied with a sprinkling can two or three times a week. We learn from another source that corn cobs saturated with kerosene and hung upon the limbs of plum trees will keep away the curculio, and also that one ounce of gum camphor dissolved in one pint of alcohol mixed well with one pint of turpentine, and applied with a brush all over the bedstead, is a sure remedy for bedbugs.

There are but few places, perhaps none, in the country where hay can be grown and sold from the farm at a profit. The farmers who do this are surely robbing their land, and the amount of receipts per acre is much less than from other crops which will afford the purchase of manure. The selling price of clover hay, especially, is rarely more and often less for its value of manure, besides the profit that can be got in first feeding it to some animal on the farm.

The idea that sorrel denotes a sour condition of the soil, because the sorrel leaf is itself acid, is an old notion long since exploded. Lime and ashes have been recommended to correct this supposed acidity. They will often prevent the sorrel, but they do it by encouraging the growth of the clover, which with a good catch, will usually keep down all annual weeds.

Farmers are not careful enough concerning the shoeing of their horses. Many blacksmiths in these days have never served an apprenticeship at this branch of their business, and are unable to do good work. There is as much difference in the way a horse is shod as anything else, and a good horse is far too valuable an animal to run any risk of injury from incompetent horse-shoers.

The house slops should all be saved.—Those not fit for the pig can be used on the growing crops of the garden, especially celery. It is surprising what an invigorating effect results from throwing the soapsuds upon the plants in the growing season. An ordinary flower garden may be kept in a thrifty condition if every plant recieves an application.

The Holstein cow Violet, owned by Edgar Huidekoper, of Meadville, Pa, was tested for the year ending March 23, 1884, during which time she gave 18,390 pounds and four ounces of milk. Her highest yield for any one day was 86½ pounds.

They call the wicket-keeper of the Oxford team "the ancient Mariner," beecause he stoppeth one of three."

DOMESTIC.

Dangers of Moldy Bread.—A singular case of poisoning from eating a pudding made in part of moldy bread is reported in the *Sanitary Record*. The main facts of the case may be briefly stated as follows: The principal materials of the pudding consisted of scraps of bread left from making toast and sandwiches, and they had been about three weeks accumulating. To these scraps were added milk, eggs, sugar, currants and nutmeg. The whole was baked in a very slow oven, and was subsequently eaten by the cook, the proprietor of the eating-house in which it was prepared, the children of the proprietor, and two other persons. All of these became violently ill, with symptoms of irritant poisoning. One of the children (aged three years) and one of the adults died. The necropsy of the body of the child caused the medical man to suspect poisoning. The analyst was led to look for ergot in the pudding, and was soon startled to find unquestionable evidence of its presence, as far as the chemical reactions went, though he was unable, with the aid of the microscope, to detect any actual ergot. From these facts he infers that the reactions hitherto supposed to be peculiar to ergot are common to other poisonous fungi.

Oil Stains on Paper.—To remove oil stains from the pages of a book without destroying the printing gently warm the stained parts with a hot flatiron (so as to take out as much of the oil as possible) on blotting-paper, then dip a brush into rectified spirits of turpentine and draw it gently over the sides of the paper, which must be kept warm during the whole process. Repeat the operation as many times as the thickness of the paper may require. When the oil is entirely removed, to restore the paper to its usual whiteness dip another brush in highly rectified spirits of wine and draw it in like manner over the stained place, particularly round the edges. By adopting this plan the spots will entirely vanish and the paper assume its ordinary whiteness.

To Trim tastefully the ends of a felt tablescarf or a square cover, cut bands of velvet two or even three inches wide; have them about five inches long; point each end; put these on lengthwise, and allow only space enough between for the fancy stitches around each piece of velvet. On the pointed ends of the bottom put tassels. The velvet bands may be all of one color or of different colors, but some order must be observed in their arrangement. The bands should be lined with some stiff material, so that they will not wrinkle; sometimes there is a tendency to wrinkle when they are sewed directly upon the cover.

Parboil the chicken, and when the wing—the toughest part of any fowl—can be pierced with a broom splint without effort, take it out of the kettle, drain it well, and cut in pieces as for a fricassee. Put one pint of cream into a large frying-pan; let it become heated, then lay the chicken into the pan. Let it cook in the cream until it is all of a rich brown; then pour the cream out into a small saucepan, put a lump of butter in with the chicken; after it melts turn the chicken over, so that it will be browned on both sides alike. Thicken the cream with a little flour, and serve as gravy in a boat, or after putting the chicken on a platter, pour cream over it.

Some sensible gentlemen object to the fashion of dressing up the waste-paper basket, so that it is an addition to its good looks to line it, and this is not open to objection. If so inclined, a pocket can be put on, in which may be placed papers about whose value you are doubtful. To finish the edge at the top where the lining is tacked, take a plain satin ribbon and gather it slightly at the upper edge. When this is sewed on it is a pretty addition to catch a very narrow ribbon, number one in width, and tie it where the ends join with a bow and short ends.

A Pretty Decoration for the wall is made of peacock feathers. Cut a piece of pasteboard in fan shape, cover with silk or velvet, and decorate, if you please then place the feathers around it close enough together so that there will be no space, and yet not so close as to conceal any part of the feather, particularly that part of it where, as a little boy said, "God put his finger." Sew the feathers to the pasteboard, and a really beautiful ornament for the wall is completed.

Curried Sardines.—Take a box of sardines and drain off the oil into a small frying-pan. Add to this a dessert spoonful of curry powder, previously mixed with cold water. Thicken the oil with a little arrowroot, previously mixed with water. As soon as the curry and oil make a sauce about as thick as good melted butter, the sauce is ready. Pour this over the sardines and place them in the oven long enough for them to get heated through. When quite hot serve with slices of toast.

A Nice Breakfast for one who is not equal to hearty fare is made of toast and eggs prepared in this way: Put a lump of butter in a saucepan, and then drop three eggs into it; stir briskly and constantly, so that the eggs will be smooth and not lump. Have two thin slices of buttered toast ready, and when the eggs are done lay them on one piece of the toast and lay the other lightly over it; do not crowd it down and make the egg run over the edge of the toast.

Dried corn ought to be made palatable, and be frequently seen on the dinner table, but many people who like corn dislike this stuff because it is not cooked properly; it should always be put to soak in lukewarm water the afternoon of the day before it is to be eaten. Do not throw away the water in which it is soaked, or then you lose much of the best there is in the corn. Then early, at least two hours before dinner, put it in a saucepan over the fire, and let it cook slowly but steadily until it is tender. A little cream added to the milk, butter, pepper, and salt are desirable, and a teaspoonful of sugar will sometimes do wonders in giving flavor to the dish.

An orange basket, or a plate of orange baskets, makes a handsome decoration for the table, particularly for a birthday party or a holiday meal. Take the fruit from the peel through as small an incision as it is possible to make and yet to draw the fruit through it; then cut the skin of the orange in the shape of a little basket, with a handle. This may be filled with candy, with ice cream, whipped cream, jelly or with anything you choose. The fruit is not to be wasted by any means; it may be used for an orange pie, for marmalade or for ambrosia—that is, cut in small pieces and put in a dish with a layer of cocoanut and powdered sugar between each layer of orange. This is very delicate for dessert with ice cream and cake.

To make an appetizing beef stew, take out the bone and bind the pieces of beef tightly, putting a lemon, pared and cut in two, and some herbs in before binding. Place it in as small a stew-pan or kettle as will allow of its being covered with water. Let it cook *slowly and gently; do not add any* water unless absolutely necessary. Slice a large onion and fry it brown, and add to the water also any sliced vegetables you choose; or cook the vegetables in a kettle by themselves and serve on the platter with the beef. If you do not add any water you will have very rich gravy, and a portion of it may be reserved for soup stock.

By taking the upper eyelashes between the thumb and finger, and drawing the lid completely over the under lashes, and gently moving it backward and forward, any specks in the eye fasten on to the lower fringe and remain there after having let go the upper. This is a sure plan, and can be adopted anywhere; but it requires some perseverance to acquire it, and should not be given up if the first attempts are unsuccessful. Any disagreeable feeling about it is not half so painful or dangerous as is occasioned by the smallest speck.

A New Variety of Cake.—Bake in a large tin one cake, which when risen and baked, shall be not more than two inches deep. Take from the tin carefully, and frost thickly over the top with boiled frosting in which, directly after taking it from the stove, have stirred English walnut meats. Chop the meat not so fine, however, that they may not be readily distinguished. Cut in pieces about two inches wide and four long. For the cake itself use any good white cake receipt. Flavor with lemon or vanilla,

Cooking Beefsteak.—A great many cooks (at least the younger ones) stick the fork in the middle of the steak when turning it over. This is wrong. The fork should be inserted in the very edge, or in the fat that encircles it. When cutting it up, if the steak is inclined to curl, cut in three pieces before putting it in the pan. With a good fire it ought not to be in the pan over twenty minutes. Never add pepper or salt while the steak is frying, as the seasoning draws out the blood. Put the steak in the oven as soon as it is done, but do not shut the door, as the meat will get hard and stiff.

Celery leaves and bits of stalks can be given to a canary. The notion that it is hurtful is entirely disproved. My own bird, a correspondent says, is witness to the fact that it has an excellent effect on his general health, and he never sings so sweetly as he does after a meal in which celery has an important place.

An agreeable dish for dessert is made in this way: Line a deep pie-plate with rich crust, put a layer of red raspberry jam on this, and cover with a mixture made by beating three eggs, one cup of powdered sugar, a tablespoonful of butter; flavor with a very little almond extract: put this smoothly over the jam; bake till the crust is done; serve with cream.

Marmalade Fritters.—Spread two lines thick of peach marmalade on two inch round cuts of wafer bread, lay other cuts of the same size over, press gently with the hand and smooth the edges; dip in a flour batter (first adding to the batter some whites of eggs beaten to a froth), fry slightly brown in hot lard, drain on a cloth, besprinkle with powdered sugar, dish up on a folded napkin and serve.

When small beets are boiled and cut in slices and served in saucers at dinner, a great addition may be made by slicing some boiled carrots with them. Do not cook the carrots and beets together, but in separate kettles. Served together each gains and neither loses. This is a novel way of serving them.

A White Fricassee.—Put the chicken into a stewpan with a very little water; add mace, pepper and salt. Beat up the yolk of an egg with a gill of sweet cream, and stir into the chicken when nearly done, Serve hot, Garnish with lemon.

We once experimented, by hauling twenty four large loads of the best manure upon two acres of clay foam land. Upon two acres more no manure was used, but it was well worked. One and a half bushels of corn were drilled per acre upon each piece, drills being sixteen inches apart. When the corn was ready to cut the unmanured two acres stood eighteen inches higher than the manured piece. The manured piece gave twenty-two tons per acre, and the other twenty-eight tons. The excellence of the unmanured piece was due to the fact that it was cultivated till the soil was as fine as a garden bed four inches deep, and the cost of the extra labor was only $2.50 per acre. It is, therefore, apparent, that the first consideration in furnishing food for plants is thorough cultivation.

Pickle for Seed Wheat and Corn.—Make a brine about hot enough to bear the hand in it, and strong enough to hold up an egg on the surface. Steep the wheat or corn in this ten to fifteen minutes, stir it up well, and skim off all the foul stuff that rises on top of the brine. Then take out the grain and spread it on boards out-doors, or on the barn floor, and dry the seed by sprinkling slacked lime, plaster-of-paris, or ashes over it, sufficient to give it a white coating. This prevents the kernel from sticking together when sowed. Plant or sow the next day or two if possible, because, if suffered too dry to hard, the grain might not germinate after being swollen in the brine. The brine kills the smut, and, aside from assisting to dry the seed, the lime, etc., sprinkled on it act as a slight fertilizer.

Mr. M. E. Hinkley, a practical horticulturist, writing about strawberries says that there are no settled rules which may be given the beginner that will hold good in all localities, but that there are certain general rules which should always be borne in mind, to wit—thorough culture, a moist situation, careful watching and a love for the business. Mr. Hinkley further theorizes in this way. The inmate longing for strawberries is either a human weakness or redeeming instinct. It is the triumph of gluttony, or a lingering memory of Eden. The longing is so universal that I prefer to regard it in the best light. It is the trace of the angelic in man's nature—a hint of his former innocence and noble tastes.

Too much blood cannot pass through the udder of a milch cow, and consequently she should have abundant exercise. The common practice of keeping the cow quiet in the stable lessens the cost of keep in some respects, and no doubt promotes the production of milk, but in order that the cow may be healthy and the milk of the best quality she should have some exercise, even if but an occasional privilege of the barnyard.

One great advantage of an early vegetable garden is that two crops may be grown in one season. If an abundance of manure be used the drain upon the soil should not be great.

Farmers should enjoy, above all others, the luxuries of the garden, and yet, strange to say, but few farms have complete gardens, and many farmers buy vegetables.

An exchange says: 'An animal ready to die from over feed, or a stolen visit to the feed bin, may be saved by a dose of four to six quarts of bread yeast.

It has been recently shown experimentally that atmospheric electricity is not produced by the evaporation of water or by the condensation of vapor, A German investigator, L. Zehnder, now expresses the opinion that it is caused by the friction of air currents on the surface of the earth. At the equator the positively charged air rises and becomes distributed throughout the upper regions of the atmosphere. The tension of the electricity, according to this theory, is at first slight, but it is increased by the inflow of slightly charged air until it becomes so great that the positive electricity is discharged by combining with the negative electricity of the earth, thus giving rise to thunder-storms, aurora, etc.

For a rough and ready filter make a partition across a small wine barrel, from which the head has been removed, by means of a circular piece of wire gauze supported upon a light frame of wood and fitted across the barrel with a few French nails. Sift upon the gauze some clean silver sand to the depth of from two to three inches, then place on the sand some small charcoal from which the dust has been sifted away previously. A two-inch layer of the sand above this and about an equal thickness of clear sharp gravel on top completes the filtering arrangement; the barrel may then be filled up with water and the purified fluid drawn from a tap near the bottom as required.

Aches.—A towel folded several times and dipped in water and quickly wrung and then applied over the seat of the pain in toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief. Headaches almost always yield to the simultaneous application of water to the feet and the back of the neck.

As a cure for pimples: Wash the face in a solution of carbolic acid, allowing a teaspoonful to a pint of water. This is an excellent and purifying lotion, and may be used on the most delicate skin. Be careful about letting the wash get into the eyes, as it will weaken them.

Mr. George Bruce finds that collodio-chloride of silver is a much more sensitive and durable coating for photographic paper than the ordinary albumenized paper.

Recent experiments conducted by Professor Koenig, of Berlin, show that within the range of the normal spectrum a healthy eye can perceive about three hundred differences in color.

SCIENTIFIC.

To the Biological Laboratory (N. Y.) collection of sea anemone some codfishermen have just made a contribution of what Professor Rice says is the largest and finest specimen he has ever seen of actina. It was at once placed in a tank, and the Professor has been feeding it with small pieces of meat and chopped fish. The sea anemone is the connecting link between animal and vegetable life. The sea flower in question consists of a stalk five inches in diameter and eight inches in length when extended. The stalk is crowned with a large number of tentacles in a series of circles, and the whole foliated so as to resemble the fine petals of a pink. In color it is pale gold. Upon the slightest touch of the hand the flower draws in its tentacles, shuts its mouth and flattens down upon the rock.

The use of catgut satures and chicken-bone drainage tubes is among the latest devices for mercifully healing wounds. Catgut, being an animal substance, is absorbed, and does not have to be withdrawn as does silk or silver wire, which have heretofore been used for sewing up or stitching cuts together. Wounds drawn together with catgut, therefore, do not have to be inflamed by taking out the stitches, and are in consequence more likely to heal by what is known as the "first intention." The large bones of a chicken are decalcified and made into transparent tubes. These are inserted where wounds must be drained, and, unlike the rubber tubing formerly used, need not be removed, thus aggravating the wound. Being animal substances they become dissolved.

This method of preparing Liebig's soup for invalids is recommended by a foreign pharmaceutical journal: Take 480 parts of ordinary fresh wheat flour, (not the finest), 480 parts of malt flour, and 15 parts of carbonate of potash, and mix well; add to this 960 parts of water and 4800 parts of milk and heat them very slowly, stirring constantly until the mixture begins to get thick; then remove the pot from the fire and stir for five minutes. It is then heated again until it begins to thicken, is removed once more, and finally heated until it boils. The whole is then passed through a fine sieve, which retains the bran of the malt flour. Made in this manner the soup is sweet and requires no sugar. It will keep for twenty-four hours.

A pound of average coal develops, with perfect combustion, 12,000 units of heat, which, multiplied by 772, the mechanical equivalent in units of work of one unit of heat, equals 9,264,000 foot pounds of work, representing barely a tonsumption of one-quarter pound of coal per indicated horse power per hour. The very best engines of modern times, leaving out only a few exceptional cases, require no less than two and a half pounds of coal per horse power per hour. The average engine uses very much more.

It is said that an electric hand-lamp has been invented, the illuminating principle of which is generated by some simple chemicals that are rediculously cheap and easily manipulated. A little sliding drawer at the bottom of the lamp holds the electric spark in solution, while by simply touching a button, a magnificent light is developed or extinguished, as the case may be. This lamp does not specially differ in appearance from the ordinary kerosene affair, and can be used in the same way, but with a complete absence of trouble, odor or danger.

The Polyclinic states that the use of paper towels in cleansing wounds has been found very satisfactory. Sponges have always been regarded with suspicion by surgeons, as it is so difficult to keep them in a perfectly purified condition. But the paper towels are to be used once only, and, as they cost only from $6 to $7.50 per 1000 are available in the sick-room. They are from Japan, and the pale colors with which they are decorated are found to be unobjectionable.

The Oak—If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will in a few months burst and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upwards its straight and tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree growing in this way on the mantel-shelf of a room is a very elegant and interesting object.

M. F. Dubont in a paper on certain carboniferous limestones, explains the formation of the older marine rocks of organic origin by causes still in operation, and from this deduces a fresh proof of the value of the comparative method applied to the study of the past geology of the globe.

M. M. Houles and DePeitra Santa have communicated a paper to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, stating that they have been unable to discover any injurious effects produced by copper on the health of the persons engaged in working it, and advancing the belief that *colique de cuivre* does not exist.

Changes in the galvanic resistance of selenium under the action of light, according to Dr. N. Hesehus, of the Russian Chemical and Physical Society, are due to allotropic dissociation of the molecules.

The analysis made by Dr. Reusch of volcanic ash from the Krakatoa eruption shows the principal constituents of the ordinary pumice-stone, with fragments ranging in size from that of impalpable powder to upward of one milimeter in length.

The Republican.

[Entered as second-class matter.]

HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC Co., N. J.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1884.

Republican National Ticket.

For President of the United States,
JAMES G. BLAINE.

For Vice-President,
JOHN A. LOGAN.

Mr. Curtis in the last number of Harper's Weekly intimates that he would support Mr. Cleveland if the Democrats should nominate him for the Presidency. Only about three weeks ago Mr. Curtis, in naming Mr. Edmunds as his candidate for the Republican nomination, said: We are confronted with the Democratic party, very hungry, and as you well believe, very thirsty; a party without a single definite principle, a party without any national policy which it dares to present to the country; a party which fell from power as a conspiracy against human rights, and now attempts to sneak back to power as a conspiracy for plunder and spoils." The question now is, does Mr. Curtis maintain his former attitude?

A country exchange—eggs for calico.

'Out on the fly!' is now the cry of the infuriated bald-headed citizen.

The Republicans bolted; but the Democrats of New York gave them no Flower. They said Flower was not needed.

'Spicer' says; 'The real 'independent party' is the chap who has not had to trouble himself about summer board.'

'The following notice is posted in the police station of Council Bluffs, Iowa: 'No loafers allowed here, except police.'

Edith asks: 'Will you please send me a receipt for a nice home made pie?' 'Yes Edith; we will send the receipt in the very first mail after we receive the pie.

'Well, Jakey, I hear that you are going to get married. Is it so?' 'Yes.' 'Who are you going to marry?' 'Jane Meters.' 'Why, sue's old, Jakey, and also homely.' 'Thats just the kind I want. I want them old, so they'll know something, and homely, so they'll stay at home.'

Just as soon as a man succeeds in buying his wife two or three of the biggest diamonds in the market the styles change. A fashion item says: Tiny diamonds are now the correct thing among ladies who are supposed to set the style.' It is very discouraging. We shall have to cart the big diamonds to a sawmill and have 'em cut up into proper sizes—but that will cost like the dickens.

In the old days of the monarchy in France there was a law to the effect that any woman who, by means of red or white paint, perfumes, essences, artificial teeth, false hair, cotton, wool, iron corsets, hoops, shoes with high heals, or false hips, should seek to entice any male subject into the bonds of marriage, should be persecuted for witchcraft and declared incapable of matrimony. Women now-a-days exercise the same witchery over men but they are not prosecuted for it.

Mrs. Fishwhacker went to a Fifth Avenue church, the other day, where she was not a pew-holder. It was full, the ushers were distant, she came late; and so she stood in pretty confusion in the aisle for a moment. At last she tapped a fat banker on the shoulder, and faltered: 'Is—is this pie occupied?' But he understood her and gave place.

A well known insurance broker of this city recently read aloud from his daily paper: 'The Vigilance hanged a citizen of Leadville the other day for being a confirmed liar.' 'Goodness me!' exclaimed [illegible] 'it gets to be the rule to hang confirmed liars, none of us, or—that is to say, a great many fellows will be in danger.' And he subsided, blushing.

Between the infernal machines in London and infernal natives in the Soudan, Queen Victoria has her royal hands pretty nearly full these days.

And now they say the candidate who can carry New York, New Jersey and Connecticut is the man who can win. Evidently New Jersey has been admitted into the Union.

Last week Mrs. Fishwhacker beamed from the doorstep of that up town new house upon a trio of little boys who were ingenuously snowball ing the postman. 'I do so love little boys,' said she to the housemaid. Just then the little boys turned, grinned, and a ball took Mrs. F. under her double chin. 'Ugh—ugh!' Yes, I could eat a couple of 'em raw, this minute!' come from behind the slammed door as the good lady fell back into Eliza's arms.

Peter Mulholland, a Philadelphia bookbinder, has fallen heir to a fortune of nearly $22,000 through the death of his mother-in-law.

It is against the law to send money or valuables through the mail in Mexico.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

1. He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

2. He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operations till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

3. He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

4. He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the repository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

5. He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

6. He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the State remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasions from without, and convulsions within.

7. He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the laws for the naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

8. He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

9. He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

10. He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

11. He has kept among us in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our Legislatures.

12. He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the military power.

13. He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

14. For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us;

15. For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States;

16. For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world;

17. For imposing taxes on us without our consent;

18. For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury;

19. For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offences;

20. For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies;

21. For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the forms of our governments;

22. For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

23. He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

24. He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burned our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

25. He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbaric ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

26. He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

17. He has excited domestic insurrection among us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be a ruler of a free people

Nor have we been wanting in our attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war; in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved, and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

Daily Berry Telegrams.

Fruit Growers' Union & Co-Operative Society.

Printed at the South Jersey Republican Office.

Time-Table for the Receipt of Berries.

AT UNION DEPOT, for Philadelphia only, up to 8:45 P. M.
AT ELM DEPOT.—For New York and Newark, 6:00 P. M. Boston, and all points beyond New York, 7:45 A. M.

Expense Table.

Total expense of putting a 32-quart crate of berries into the commission houses of the different cities, and returning empties: Boston, 86 cents; Providence, 68 cents; New York, 43 cents; Newark, 43 cents; Philadelphia, 16 cents; Pittsburgh, 86 cents; Buffalo, $1.10.

No. 24. Price of Berries, Friday, July 4, 1884.

From	Sz. Cap.	Reds	Blackb's	Remarks.
NEW YORK.				
S. F. Bogart & Son				
S. B. Downs & Co.				
W. L. Snyder & Co.				
Wm. Gamble & Co.	6— 8	6— 8	12—16	train late. Huc 15
G. M. Snyder & Co.				
E. Coombes & Co.				
Phillips, Henry & Co				
BOSTON.				
Jona. Bigelow & Co.				
R. Tuttle & Co.				
Rice & Holway,				
PHILADELPHIA.				
Shillingsburg & Co.				
Wick & Bro.				
J.C. Matthews & Co.				
J. W. Moore & Co.				
Redfield & Son				
Hendrickson & Co.				
Myers & Smith,				
R. P. Stewart & Co.				
Baker Bros & Co.				
NEWARK.				
Jacob Kaiser,	8— 9	10—12	15—	good prospects
McNair & Co.	8— 10	12	13—15	
PROVIDENCE.				
Tourtellott & Co.				

Trains will run as usual to-night.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1884.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

☞ A good work-horse for sale, at E. Stockwell's.

☞ A. S. Gay shipped, Wednesday night, thirty-two crates of raspberries.

☞ The contract for building an addition to the Columbia school-house has been awarded to Jos. McIlvain.

☞ There will probably be baptism at the Lake to-morrow morning, administered by Rev. D. T. Davies, at 9 o'clock.

☞ One hundred and twenty-five big blackberries made a big quart, from Mr. Fields' first picking; and we had them for tea on Thursday.

☞ The Ætna is the leading insurance Company in America, and Rutherford is the agent. Premiums as low as those of any reliable company.

☞ J. S. Thayer is doing the carpenter work of Mr. Beverage's house. He has George Potter's house well advanced, nearly ready for plastering.

☞ Residents of New Germany have expressed, in our hearing, their gratitude to Rev. S. G. Hiler, who preaches in the Union chapel every Sunday.

☞ St. Mark's Church,—Fourth Sunday after Trinity, July 6th, 1884. 7:30 A.M., Holy Communion. 2:00 P. M., Sunday School. 7:30 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.

☞ Regular meeting of Gen. D. A. Russell Post, No. 68, Department of New Jersey, Grand Army of the Republic, at their Hall, Hammonton, this (Saturday) evening, July 5th, 1884.

☞ While the down accommodation train on the old road, Tuesday evening, was taking the siding at Elwood, the tracks spread so that the locomotive wheels sank in the soft sand. About two hours were consumed in getting the engine on the track.

☞ The Atlantic *Review* and *Times* began the publication of their daily edition on Monday last. The first-named is the neatest-looking daily we have seen anywhere, and in addition to its local news, has the latest associated press dispatches. Verily, the Messrs. Heston & Shreve are the men for the place.

☞ For a specimen of the ornamental in architecture—a real gem—we commend to your notice the residence now being built for Daniel Ballard, by Messrs. Jones & Lawson, on Bellevue Avenue, next to the Post Office. As it nears completion, every passer-by gives a look and word of admiration; and when finished it will no doubt be one of the handsomest residences in the county.

☞ Quite an important change in the time-table of the Camden & Atlantic Railroad. The up-mail in the morning leaves Hammonton at 7:35; the Express at 8:32; a new Express at 11:17; the afternoon mail at 5:04. For down-trains, we have the morning Mail, leaving Philadelphia at 8:00; the Accommodation at 4:30; and the Express at 5:45. These down-trains reach Hammonton at 9:25, 5:39, and 6:47. No change in the local accommodation trains. For full particulars, see time-table on last page.

☞ The Fourth came in as quietly as a summer Sunday. Clouds obscured the rising sun, and were not entirely dissipated during the day. The picnic at the Park was largely attended, however, and the published programme was carried out. Rev. Mr. Davies made the opening prayer. A quartette sang two or three selections. Miss Emma Pressey read the grand Old Declaration in a clear and distinct voice. Rev. Mr. Wapples made a short, appropriate, and pleasing address. The Band played several pieces, very satisfactorily. Gen. Biggs and Rev. Davies were called upon to speak, and responded briefly. Baskets were rapidly emptied, the refreshment stand was well patronized, and everybody seemed happy.

☞ By request, we tender Miss Nivison's sincere thanks to the people of Hammonton who have assisted her by their sympathy during her time of trouble and sorrow. She appreciates kind words, and will, if occasion ever arises, manifest her gratitude in a more substantial manner. Kind words spoken when a fellow being is in trouble, frequently return to us, increased four-fold, when we in turn need a friend.

And now, in our opinion, enough has been said in regard to the late sad affair at the Nivison Home. We have given our readers such facts as we gathered from personal observation, have published the written opinions of those who know Miss Nivison well, and the sworn testimony of several who know all about the management of the Home, and we feel that the lady inquirer is exonerated by every fair-minded reader. Therefore, we shall make little reference to the matter, unless some new phase of persecution is developed.

☞ Attend the fire meeting, Saturday evening next.

☞ William Womelsdorf, of this place, died Thursday, after a lingering illness.

☞ Mrs. Tomlin is having another wing added to her already very roomy building, on Bellevue Avenue.

☞ John Rosenbaum, who was injured at the late collision, is once more handling baggage on the old road.

For Sale.—A full-blooded "Jersey" heifer, eight months old. Inquire of
A. C. WETHERBEE,
Hammonton.

☞ It seems that ——'s barn, and one near by, have been converted into dispensaries, where the sick (?) resort very frequently for the medicine (?) they need "for their stomachs' sake."

☞ One-half of the year 1884 has gone. What will the latter half bring you? Do you suppose the world, or any one in it, will be any wiser or better because of your advice and example during the next six months?

☞ FIRE.—A public meeting will be held at Union Hall, on Saturday evening, July 12th, at eight o'clock, to take steps toward organizing a fire company in Hammonton. All are urgently requested to be present and lend aid and encouragement to the enterprise, which must commend itself to every person in this entire community.

☞ Prof. Fowler must have had his rain-producing apparatus at work last Tuesday, for a more delightful succession of showers we seldom have. It was interesting to watch the alternate bursts of sunshine (as though the Prof. had allowed the machine to stop while he rested), and the renewed energy with which the refreshing drops were poured down when he again seized the crank. Truly, this new discovery is a grand institution, and the discoverer a public benefactor, if the rain of Tuesday was a fair sample of his work.

☞ Now that the date is set for a public meeting in the interest of a fire company, or to devise measures to protect property from fire risk, we hope every man interested in Hammonton's welfare will attend. Mr. C. S. King is entitled to credit for his active interest in the movement, and his offer to attend to all the legal business incident to organization. The question of water supply will have to be considered. Such of our readers as have any plans to suggest, should have their ideas well considered, ready for presentation, for this has risen to a question of vital importance. The day cannot be far distant when the better class of insurance companies will refuse to take risks near the station, or will charge extra rates for insurance. Now is the time for business.

☞ Having a desire to see the method of work adopted by the Fruit Growers' Union, we spent an hour at the Union Depot, last Tuesday evening. The first thought was that shippers were not at all crowded—there is room to drive in and turn around, and even to sort over the big pile of empty crates, without interfering with your neighbor. The great building—42x80 feet, two stories high,—seems to be just the thing needed. The Union buy crates by the thousand, and baskets by the hundred-thousand, and when a member wants either, he knows where to find them, and the payments are made easy. There, too, are stored the crates furnished by the commission men, for the use of those who have the fruit but lack capital to buy the packages. But the loading and billing was chiefly interesting to us. Team after team came in, with from one to twenty-one crates of raspberries, drove up to the car, where the Shipping Agent, Mr. Adams, received and examined the manifest, and if correct passed it to the Clerks—Messrs. Smith and Oliver—who made out the railroad manifests, and also made up from the small manifests a larger one for each commission man. In the meantime, another employe of the Union has received the crates and carefully packed them in the car. One crate for each consignee is held in reserve until train time, when in it is placed the manifest just completed, from which he can learn at a glance how many crates and quarts the train has brought him, and by whom each was shipped. In a book is made a copy of each of the manifests, which are very convenient in case of dispute. For the simplifying of business, avoiding the loss of packages, the securing of direct and convenient transportation, at reasonable rates, the Union has proved profitable to all of its members. The daily dispatches, too, are appreciated, a printed copy being delivered to each member who desires it, before shipping time every day. We publish on another page, the form of these dispatches, as sent out yesterday. When berries are in their height, there are times reports from as many as twenty-five or thirty different houses, and shippers go to learn to know where and to whom to ship that day's picking.

☞ The finest black-caps we have received this season (in size and flavor) were from the farm of C. S. Newcomb,—variety unknown. We tender thanks for these and a sample of blackberries.

☞ Regular meeting of Town Council on Saturday evening last. All members present except Mr. Patton.

Highway bills were passed to the amt. of $300.51; for Town purposes, $25.

Adjourned.

Notice to all wanting coal. The undersigned is prepared to furnish the best of Coal, at short notice, direct from the mines in car-load lots, at the lowest possible prices.
JOHN SCULLIN,
Coal Dealer, Hammonton.

☞ Insure in the "Grand Old Ætna," the leading Insurance Company of America. The rates are as low as by *any* first class company. Its business is on the square, every time.
WM. RUTHERFORD, Agent,
Hammonton, N. J.

☞ Mr. A. W. Irving, Clerk of the Board of Freeholders, explains the apparent discrepancies in the annual report. We never suspected any crookedness, but if the items of expenditure are to published at all, they should *all* be given, and in such shape as to require no explanation.

☞ Letters and postal cards awaited owners, at the Hammonton Post Office, July 1st, 1884, addressed as follows:

Wm. Beck,	David Murphy,
Pasquale D. Buono,	Miss Jennie M. Stone,
William Craig,	J. P. Townsend,
H. Cranmer,	H. Tree,
Ben. Fennimore,	Wm. Vear,
Stephen Higginson,	Mrs. Wahl,
Mr. Hartfeld,	Joshua R. Johnson,

Italian.—Galovion Serpa.

ANNIE ELVINS, P. M.

☞ Yesterday the new State law took effect, making it a misdemeanor for any minor under eighteen to play billiards or pool in public houses of any kind. The law does not refer merely to places where intoxicants are sold, but to all parlors or rooms kept for the purpose of profit. The proprietor who allows youths under eighteen to play, will be liable to a fine of twenty dollars for each offence. This fine is to be sued for in the name of the parent or guardian of the minor, and if recovered, goes to the Overseer of the Poor, for the use of the poor in the city, town, or township where the violation of the act occurred.

☞ WINSLOW, from the *W. J. Press.*—The boarding-house at this place is being thoroughly renovated.

The fires in the window-glass and hollow-ware factories were put out for the summer months.

After a period of forty years, the firm name of Hay & Co. passed out of existence on Monday, when the new firm of Trillyer, Dewese & Co., of Philadelphia, took possession of the Winslow Glass Works, having leased the property for one year, with the privilege of five years. The lease includes the three factories and all the dwelling houses. Operations will be resumed in the Fall, when some radical changes and improvements may be looked for.

From Our County Papers.

From the REVIEW.

The democracy of the county should not be hungry for candidates in the coming campaign. They always have plenty of Veal or Cake by the Peck.

Joseph B. Turner, of Galloway township, is a candidate for Sheriff. His friends will urge his claim before the Republican Convention.

For the first time in twelve months, boys are beginning to have clean faces. They don't wash them,—they unavoidably come in contact with clean water while they are in swimming.

From the MIRROR.

Frank Thomas has received a new Star bicycle.

Hiram Pressey has gone out into Lancaster County, Pa., where he is engaged in painting.

Some of the little ones around town are having the whooping cough very bad, and a few of the larger ones are in the same fix.

From the RECORD.

The "next Sheriff" is numerously numerous.

The preliminary index of the deeds in the County Clerk's office has been completed.

Hammocks with "just room enough for two," are considered the proper size.

Constable Jarvis, of Elwood, has rec'd the fifty dollars reward from Vineland authorities for the arrest of the notorious Jones boys.

Important alterations have been made in the jail during the week, looking to the betterment of the sanitary arrangement of that institution. Currie & Shroeder, of Atlantic City, are doing the work.

Read the Republican.

A Victim of Solitaire.

A story is told of an old French gentleman, who, when he could not play piquet, passed all his time at solitaire. He lived some distance beyond Paris, not far from the Bridge of Sevres. When the Prussians invested Paris his modest room in the upper portion of a house was terribly exposed, being a mark for the shells of the beleaguering force. There was no one who could even play a game of dominoes with him, so this old gentleman played and played solitaire, all by himself. There was one particular game that had never come out straight, save once before, and that was in 1848, when Louis Philippe was deposed, and then the house he had lived in had come tumbling down over his head.

As all card players are superstitious, this old gentleman believed in coincidences. He was then working at this same intricate game when crash came a shell and knocked off half the roof making the house shake to its foundation. His servant woman begged him on her knees to leave the house. "Never," he said; "I have the firm conviction—see Marie, I wanted the king of hearts and the king is come—I have the firm conviction that I shall bring the game to a happy conclusion, I must have now the three of spades, or the game is abruptly closed if it don't turn up. See—as if by magic—here is the dear three of spades," and the old gentleman smiled. Then a solid shot tore through the story above him and the servant woman fled. When the Prussians burst into the house a quarter of an hour afterward they found an old gentleman quietly seated before a table with a pack of cards on it. Though the house had been riddled like a sieve, the old solitaire player was unscathed. "See Messieurs les Allemands," he said, for the last fifty years I have been trying to make this solitaire aud, congratulate me, for this is my second success. But you are a set of wretches; you are the despoilers of my country and I shall sell my life dearly." Then the old man as quick as light'ning, opened a drawer on his table, and pulled out a pistol and tried to fire at the Prussians, but a Bavarian sergeant struck him with a rifle stock over the head, and as the old monomaniac breathed his last, he said: "Only twice, only twice in a lifetime! Still I die contented."

Buttermilk With His Soup.

General Sheridan says: I was stationed at New Orleans when Mr. Greeley came there on his tour when a candidate for the Presidency. The old Creole residents gave him a dinner, and, to make it as fine an affair as possible, each of the many hosts was laid under the contribution for some of the rarest wines in his cellar. When dinner was announced and the half-shell oyster had disappeared, the waiter appeared at Mr. Greeley's seat with a plate of beautiful shrimps. "You can take them away," he said to the waiter, and then he added apologetically to the horrified old Creole gentleman who presided, "I never eat insects of any kind." Later on a soup was served and at the same time a glass of delicious white wine was placed at Mr. Greeley's right hand. He pushed it aside quietly, but not unobserved by the chief host. "Do you not drink wine?" he asked. "No," answered Mr. Greeley, "I never drink any liquors." "Is there anything you would like to drink with your soup?" the host asked, a little disappointed. "If you've got it," answered Mr. Greeley, "and it isn't any trouble, I'd like to have a glass of fresh buttermilk." "Mon Dieu!" said the host afterward in his broken English, "ze idea of electing to ze Presidency a man vot drink buttermilk vis his soup!"

Steel Rails.

No steel rails were imported into the United States during March, and only 1,010 tons during the nine months ending with March, against 105,128 tons imported during the corresponding nine months of 1883. Of iron rails, 84 tons were imported in March, 1884, 143 tons in March, 1883, 587 tons in nine months ending with March, 1884, and 5,216 tons in the nine months ending with March, 1883.

Heirlooms.

The heirlooms of Blenheim, which the Duke of Marlborough is trying to sell, include one of the very few services of solid gold plate existing in England. The Queen and the Dukes Buccleuch and Wellington are understood to be almost the only other persons possessing them.

—The boiler of a planing mill in Wausau, Wisconsin, exploded on the 26th, killing George Rice, August Strelch, John Knox, Mary Crocker, and injuring several others.

—The bridge over the Delaware river at Calhoun street, Trenton, New Jersey, was burned down to the piers on the 25th. The loss is about $40,000.

Origin of the Dictionary.

Time was in literature when there were no dictionaries. Of course, letters had their small diffusion, *viva voce*. The few finals, for all the generations, could ask the fewer Gimalieis, on the quick moment for the short interpretation that should make a passage in their ornamented or antiquated disquisitions clear, and there was no need for more. By the lip-print he solved the mystery coming from the lip, for within the portico, in the cloister, under the shade there on the hill, the master sat in the midst of his pupils, and the lip was near. Pupils, when knowledge was called for in distant parts had to be dispersed. Each stood solitary then, or nearly solitary, separated from the schools where scholary help could be drawn. Yet each stood facing a crowd grouped around him to be taught, and each at some word, some clause, at some peroration, at some pregnant corner stone of an argument he was burning to launch straight home, found the text of his parchment a pit, or a stumbling block hindering him. The treasured manuscript was of his own copying, nearly for a certainty. That did not affect the case. As he read from it—spread on his knee perhaps, a scroll, laid open upon a desk, leaved and laboriously and delicately margined, and stitched and covered and clasped into the form of a goodly book—he had to expound its learned method so that it should touch the simple; or, bewildering it sadly he had to turn it from the Greek, from the Hebrew from any master-tongue, into the language, even the dialect familiar to his audience—a language often harshly unfamiliar to himself—and the right way to do this would again and again refuse to come to him, and his message failed. There was the pity of it; there was the grief. It could not be allowed to abide. And at last there occurred to him the remedy. In his quiet hours, his dark away, he would pour over his manuscript afresh. It might be missal, it might be commentary, treatise, diatribe, epic poem, homily. Holy Writ—the same plan would be efficacious for each one. After beating out the meaning, the crabbed, the Oriental, characters—of the painstaking, level, faultless Gothic letter—he would write this meaning, this exposition, this gloss, above each word, each phrasing that had given him trouble; and then, henceforth and forever such gloss would be there to see and to use, and every difficulty would have been magnetically to disappear.

At the very first word the very first of these conscientious Old World scholars thus glossed or explained the seed was sown of the New World dictionaries, and there has been no stop to the growth of this seed till the tree from it has spread its thick and wide branches as far as they have spread, and are still spreading to-day.

Interesting Roman Discoveries.

Some very interesting Roman sepulchral discoveries have been made lately at Mayence, in the carrying out of some considerable excavations and earthworks required for carrying the Ludwigshafen railroad around the city. Close to the Neuthor the workmen came upon a place of considerable extent, evidently assigned to the sepulcher of civilians. A large number of large and small stone coffins were found at irregular distances from each other, the intervening spaces having been occupied by wooden coffins, as is proved by the fragments and the nails which were found. One stone coffin bore a plate which seems to have previously served as the "headstone" of a former grave; and all the indications suggest that the place had been used at successive periods as place of burial. Most of the graves that were opened contained skeletons of women and children, with bracelets, needles, censers for burning incense, etc. There was one metal coffin, in which lay a woman's skeleton, but without any inscription or ornament. In the children's graves there were toys and other objects, generally of beautiful workmanship, such as little bracelets, glass and earthen utensils, etc. There was one little polished goblet of singular beauty. One stone coffin (the inscription on which contained some mistakes) held the body of a woman, dressed with lime for the purpose of preservation, having the back-hair arranged in a long plait of eight strands, woven with great elegance, and the clearly-defined remains of a cap, the hair is now red, but most probably was black. There was in the coffin a stone needle-case, ornamented with gold bands, two bone dice, a wooden casket with bronze mountings, the key of which was in excellent preservation, and a bronze ring. As to other objects found in the place, a small bronze figure of a dancing Bacchante, three black earthenware vials beautifully painted, and bearing the following inscriptions: "Vivasmi," "bibe," "dos," were especially deserving of notice. A quantity of silver and bronze coins were found, ranging from the time of Hadrian to the end of the third century.

Idle Land.

In England there is more land lying idle in sporting grounds, game reserves and landlords' parks than the whole kingdom of Belgium, which supports in happiness and prosperity 6,000,000 people and sends large food exports to London. An income of $175,000,000 a year is received by 8,142 landlords as rent on 46,500,000 acres of land.

—Last year's product of the Russian gold mines was $36,500,000.

—The Northern Pacific railroad has 310,937½ square miles of land.

—War is being carried on in several cities in this country against the "swinging sign nuisance," just now.

Benares.

Foremost among the Hindoo temples in Benares, India, is what is known among Europeans as the Golden Temple, where Bisheshwarnath or Siva, the presiding deity of Benares is worshipped. The building itself proved to be an inferior one, crowned with a gilded roof that seems out of place among its mean surroundings. It was the original intention of Runjit Sinjh, a wealthy native, to have covered this roof with pure gold, but by some inexplicable combination of circumstances gold leaf was finally used instead. The proceeds from this temple, which are very great, go to the two widows of a native worthy who went by the name of Punda. There is a reservoir in the building which I should say measures three feet each way, and is about one and a half inches deep. Distinguished visitors are wont to fill this with coins. One man (the Runjit Sinjh referred to) once filled this with gold mohurs. Scores have filled it with silver rupees, and hundreds with pice. Not being distinguished I did not fill it.

As this Siva is represented to be the king of the deities here, his worship is attended with all sorts of ceremonious formalism. As you enter one man guards the door; one puts a fan into your hands to enable you to fan away the evil spirits, the third rings a bell as a sort of a charm, and a fourth holds a looking-glass patiently before the idol.

It is hard to conceive that any people can be so fathomlessly stupid in their idolatry as these Hindoos. Among the things I saw was a woman piously stuffing the mouth of a stone idol with rice, just as a solicitous mother in America will dose her worrying infant with paregoric. Another stood by with a tooth-pick to hand to his holiness when he had finished his repast. They fan these idols, put them to bed, and even provide them with special diet in case of fancied illness!

Who shall adequately describe the scenes about the golden temple? It is located in the narrowest and most crowded part of the city, and is thronged all day long with deluded devotees. What with these people, the pedlers, the beggars, the sacred cow—which no one would dare molest for fear of calling down the wrath of the natives it is indeed hard to make progress in the locality. The principal form of worship consists in throwing yellow flowers upon the numerous shrines which are then washed off with a stream of Ganges water by an attendant Brahmin.

This gives rise to an exceedingly filthy condition of the pavement under foot, and to powerfully obnoxious odors but whatever the inconvenience or danger to public health, no one would dare attempt to regulate these matters. The British government is so conservative in matters affecting native religions that it will even tolerate nuisances and disease-breeding holes. It required considerable care on my part to prevent myself from slipping in the slime.

At one place a priest was pouring Ganges water upon the outstretched hands of applicants who had deposited money for this favor. Everybody seemed in a hurry, as it takes a good while to make the rounds of the different shrines, and each worshipper is anxious not to omit any one lest the offended deity visit some awful punishment upon him for the slight. The streets were from four to eight feet wide, and fairly lined with gods. Handsome peacocks were walking dignitily along on the shivala roofs. There were innumerable bells which would be struck carelessly by the passing worshippers, so that there was a continual clanger. Not that this feature was needed for the creation of noise, since the people were either yeling or mumbling. A true Hindoo either talks or else plays on the tom-tom all the time he is not asleep.

An Ancient Rose-Bush

A standard rose, said to have been planted by Charlemagne, is one of the great curiosities of the ancient city of Hildesheim, in Hanover. This rose bush is gnarled and rugged, as becomes its extreme age, and in some places the principal stem is about as thick as a man's body. It grows at the eastern side of the apse of the cathedral, and this year the venerable and venerated object has put forth several new and thrifty shoots. Fears have been entertained for a long time past that, after its life of 1,000 years, the plant was losing its vitality. But now it is apparently taking a new lease of life, and there is much rejoicing in Hildesheim at the fact. The person who takes charge of the ancient rose bush is instructed never to give away a cutting, and its flowers, which are pronounced the very sweetest of their kind, are also jealously guarded from vandal hands.

THE potato is a susceptible vegetable. It is constantly getting mashed.

POLITICAL: "Julia" wants to know "what a party platform is." Well a platform, Julia, is one preamble and twenty resolutions, strong in non-essentials, vague in essentials; round the bush on tariff and rough as thunder on the Mormons; clamorous for civil service reform, with a reserved definition of civil service reform; down on corruption, loud in its praise of purity and determined to have it if it takes every cent the party can raise. The platform, you understand Julia, is a legitimate and necessary part of the campaign pomp and circumstance; it goes along with the banners, transparencies and torches, and when the campaign is over—well, it is stored away in the cellar or garret, along with the rest of the uniforms and torches. A campaign platform is very much like the campaign torch, indeed; it gives out a great deal of smell and smoke with a very uncertain, flickering light.

SOMEWHAT puzzled: Last winter a great religious revival was held in a certain Ohio neighborhood, and several good men brought all their influence to bear on a certain farmer named Harris. After many efforts he was brought to the anxious seat, and then they had the happiness of hearing him announce that he felt himself saved. In the course of three or four days the minister met him and asked: "Well, brother Harris, how do you feel?" "Oh, kinder plaguey mean," was the reply. "You do! What is the trouble?" "Well, I hadn't found the Lord over 20 minutes before I run across a fruit tree agent who beat me out of $15 last year. There I was, ready to fly into the gates of Heaven, and there he was, smoking to think of how he worked off a lot of crab-apple trees on me for new kind of pear! I couldn't even break his neck, and the old woman she got in and said I was allus gittin' in a hoe, and that lying has sorter stirred me up till I can't say whether I'd rather lick a lightning-rod man or be an angel."

A NEW view: "Well, well, what makes you so glum this morning? What's happened?" was the sympathetic greeting which met a citizen the other morning. "Everything has gone to pieces. I've lost $15,000 in the last three months." "Goodness! How I envy you." "Envy me?" was the astonishing inquiry. "Why certainly. You must have had it to lose." This put a retrospective cast of the case in a new light and they went down the walk puffing their cigars slowly.

VERY narrow escape: A youth of Hibernian extraction was chopping wood with a hatchet the other day was so unfortunate as to graze the thumb of his left hand with which he was steadying the piece of kindling he was splitting. Painfully groaning at the injured member he remarked: "Be gorra, it was a good thing I did not have hold of the handle with both hands, or I'd have cut it off sure."

"No one has a right to find fault with another unless he credits him with his good qualities, otherwise it would be keeping books of debt without credit," said Deacon Solum to Dan Felter, both residents of a lively little town in Main.

"Well, then, Deacon," answerd Dan, "I'll give ye credit for bein' a good smoker, and I'll then have a right to charge ye with borrein' too much tarbarker off from me."

HE paused: "Pause," said the highly-cultivated Boston girl to her lover, who was about to kill a mosquito. "Pause: In the balanced and admirably-adapted economy of nature man cannot interfere without disarranging the whole order of things." And he paused.

EXAMINER—Well, sir, we will now suppose that you have been called in to attend a patient who has taken a powerful dose of arsenic. What would you advise giving him? M. D. (in embryo)—The last sacraments, sir.

THE peculiar costume of the dwellers in Arizona is thus described by a "tender-foot:" "In ordinary weather he wears a belt with pistols in it. When it grows chilly he puts on an other belt with pistols in it, and when it becomes really cold he throws a Winchester rifle over his shoulders."

DID he steal the dog? "Yes, Judge," said the prisoner. "I admit that the back of my trousers were tangled in the dogs teeth and that I dragged the animal away, but if you call that stealing a dog no man on earth is safe from committing crime."

THINGS one would wish to have expressed differently: Musical maiden—"I hope I am not boring you, playing so much?" Enamored youth—"Oh, no! Pray go on! I—I'd so much sooner hear you play than talk!"

FIRST Freshman to second ditto: "Did you get her photo while you were away!" Second F: "Well ah, the fact is, she gave me her negative."

"WOMEN," quoth Jones, "are the salad of life, at once a boon and a blessing." "In one way they're salad indeed," replied Brown; "they take so much time in their dressing."

A DETROIT dentist has just extracted the aching tooth of a black-and-tan terrier, and cut off the troublesome teeth of a pet squirrel. Nobody has yet brought him any old hens.

AN æsthetic kitchen: She: "Patsy, air you exotic?" He: "Say, what air you given us?" She: "You know—air you fond of broken crockery, and them things?"

HUMOROUS.

THE year '16: "And this is June, lealy June," said Mr. Smiley, as he drew on his overcoat for a morning stroll. "Never saw nothing like it since 1816, the cold summer, when there was a frost every month in the year, and land sakes you wasn't but four years old. What do you really remember about it?" "I was a great deal brighter at four years old—" "Than you are now," said Hannah, testily, and the old man, casting a mournful look of appreciation upon her, moved off, trying to whistle "Bonaparte's March Over the Alps" with the vigor of youth but he couldn't do it.

PROGRESS of Medical Science.—The accused was the wife of the complainant and the charge was that she had struck him across the nose with a chunk of wood.

Magistrate to prisoner—"Did you have any quarrel with your husband?"

Prisoner—"No, your honor."

Magistrate—"Did he ever scold or abuse you?"

Prisoner—"No, your honor."

Magistrate—"Why, then, did you commit this assault upon him?"

Prisoner—"Because I heard the doctor say he ought to be bled."

OLD travelers tell us that an English waiter never smiles. There is nothing wonderful about that. Birds of prey are not usually hilarious in their habits. A man whose life is passed in bringing hungry men things they never ordered and can't eat, bringing them wrong things at wrong times, bringing them the soup cold and the fruit warm, and then laying for a tip and pocketing it in cold blood, is a man with all these crimes on his conscience expected to smile? If the English waiter did smile and smile he would be only the more a villain.

THIS is the way a rapturous maiden reports Oscar—"How did you like the lecture?" "Oh, it was beautiful!" "What did he say?" "Oh, he said so many beautiful things!" "Tell me some." "Oh, he said—he said—but I can't tell it to you as he said them." "Tell them as you understood them." "Well, he said—he said—oh, I can't!" "Tell us one thing he said." "Well, he said that the æsthetics of existence enabled us to—to—oh, I can't!" "Tell us what you think he meant." "Oh, go along! Why didn't you go and hear him yourself?"

A MAN living near Burlington, Vt., recently got divorced from his wife, whom he now employs as hired girl, but he can't see what he gains by the operation. She demands $3 a week, the washing sent out, three nights and an afternoon off, besides the privilege of having company in the kitchen, and now threatens to leave if he does not introduce into the house all modern improvements.

PHYSICS: "Of course," continued Brown, "the tricycle is much easier to ride than the bicycle." "Oh, pa!" exclaimed the elder Miss B., "it must be much more difficult to keep three wheels upright than two." As Miss B. has been to a finishing school, where they thoroughly exhausted natural philosophy, the young lady is undoubtedly correct.

A QUESTIONABLE compliment: "Gracious me!" exclaimed Sarah, looking into the glass; "how awfully my hair looks. I haven't combed it for two days." "Why, Sarah," said Lydia, "is it possible? I never should have suspected it. It looks as well as I ever saw it." Sarah didn't know whether to feel complimented or insulted.

CIRCUS incident: A young man who went to the circus and stepped too near a monkey's cage had his arm seized and savagely jerked by one of the monkeys. He would have escaped safely if he had not said, "It is merely a monkey-wrench," but when they heard that, the infuriated crowd threw him into the lion's den.

CRUSHED: Colonel Old Style, "This is indeed a pleasure. I never see your ladyship but I feel that I am ten years younger." Lady New Style (who hasn't been to the lyceum for nothing.—"Indeed, colonel, then you should avoid me. A meeting or two more and you'll be in your second childhood!"

COOK: "Madame, may I ask you for my testimonials?" Mistress: "What do you expect me to write, you worthless creature? Surely, I cannot say that I am satisfied with you." "Cook: "Isn't necessary. Only write that I remained with you three months. That will be my best recommendation."

MIXED: Jane—"No, I shall not be at home to-night; I have to take my German lesson this evening." Clara—"That must be so nice. I never danced it myself; but tell me, is it anything like the polka or waltz?"

ENFORCED incredulity: "Yes," said Fogg, "I used to believe everything; was the most credulous fellow alive. But," he added, "since I have had this confounded sore throat it is hard for me to swallow anything."

SALUTATION: Station master, to suspicious looking lady (aged) who has just entered a premiere class compartment: "Are you first-class, ma'am?" Aged lady—"Yes, thank you; how are you, sir?"

FASHION note: The flat hat that is so prevalent at this time is liked by the young men who wear it, because they can reach over the edges and hold it with their ears when the wind blows.

A DIFFERENCE.

You drink from out your cup
The sweetest wine;
I have but bitter dregs
And less, in mine.

You have the richest fruit
In all the land;
Mine has turned to ashes
Within my hand.

You count your conquests o'er
And little dream
My love is greater far
Than all they seem.

A thousand hearts are yours,
You care for none,
I'd give my life to have
The heart of one.

"EVER THINE."

"It is very cold, dearest. Are your wraps sufficiently warm?" said John Elton, as he placed his hand caressingly on the shoulder of Ella Wardour, who was going out for a sleigh ride with him that crisp, cold, January morning.

"Oh, yes," replied Ella. Look, my cloak is fur-lined and my hood is made of eider-down. I am weather-proof, I think."

The jingling of bells announced the arrival of the sleigh at the door. Ella went out into the hall, and returned with a letter in her hand.

"See," she cried, as she held up the missive. "James found this in the sleigh, where you must have dropped it."

"Yes, dear. Come let us be off. My horse is restless in the cold."

"But the letter?"

"Oh, yes, the letter. Give it to me."

"Not until you tell me the name of your correspondent. The writing is certainly feminine, and the dainty seal is of blue wax, bearing the motto 'Ever Thine' impressed upon it. 'Ever Thine,' indeed!—to a man whose love has been plighted to me for a year! Tell me the name of the writer and give me permission to read the letter."

"Oh, I cannot do that," answered John laughing mischievously. "Would you have me betray the secrets of one fair lady to another, when they are both unmarried, and profess to be equally fond of me?"

"Then you acknowledge that your correspondent is a lady and fond of you?"

"Yes, my correspondent is a lady, and I believe she is fond of me."

"Now John," cried Ella, "I will read the letter and you cannot prevent me!"

As she attempted to break the seal her lover snatched the missive from her hand. Ella still smiled; but there was a bitter tone in her voice, and an angry flush deepened the roses on her cheeks. John could not help observing the change in her countenance, and a shade of sterniness and determination mingled with the smile upon his lips as he answered:

"Will, Ella, is not a pleasant word for rosy lips!" Thus speaking he tore the letter into fragments and threw them in the fire, adding as he did so:" Now are you satisfied? The contents are lost as well to me as to yourself.

An angry retort rose to Ella's lips as she witnessed the destruction of the letter, and the request that had only been playfully made now took the form of action of vital importance. "I will never forgive him!" was her first thought, but she paused before she spoke again. Then with a calm voice she said: "Mr. Elton your sleigh is at the door; I have the honor to wish you a very good morning!" She was about leaving the room when John said to her:

"Stop, Ella, for a minute. I was rude to burn the letter and I ask your pardon. Will you not give me one kiss before you go?"

"If you tell me what was in that letter!"

"I know no more about its contents than you do."

"Then tell me the name of your correspondent."

"How can I tell you when I did not see it? Have you not learned yet that requests succeed better with me than demands? The kiss first," he continued, as he took her unwilling hand "and then I will tell you all I know about it."

"The information first," replied the girl.

"No," said John, "If you never kiss me again!" His look of determination was unmistakable now, and his proud lips pressed hard against each other.

"This time, farewell, Mr. Elton!"

Ella made a slight inclination of the head, while an angry flush burned brightly upon her face.

"Farewell? Let it be so, then!" cried John. "Farewell, Miss Wardour."

In a second John was gone, and the sleighbells that had rung such a merry peal in Ella's ears now seemed to sound the death-knell to all her hopes. She buried her head in the sofa cushions and burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"Why, Ella, dear, not gone yet?" said a sweet, motherly voice, as the door opened and Mrs. Singleton entered the room. When she saw the prostrate form of her niece and heard her stifled sobs she quickly approached her with a face full of sympathy. "What is the matter, Ella? Where is John? I thought you had gone out together. What has happened."

"Oh, Aunty, it was all about a horrid letter!" sobbed the girl. "I have been rude and unfeeling, and John has left me for ever! He will never come back to me, and my heart is broken—broken!"

"Ella, you have not quarreled with John? Surely you have not parted with him in anger?"

The voice, usually so calm, had in it, such a tremor of alarm that the girl looked quickly up. She saw that every vestige of color had left Mrs. Singleton's face and that her eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, Aunty!" cried the wretched girl, "why do you look at me so? Do you know that John will never——" A fresh burst of throbs choked her voice and her head was again buried in the sofa cushions.

"Child," said Mrs. Singleton, "if you knew the story of my sorrows you would not wonder it fills me with dismay that you and John should have parted in anger. It was a similar occurrence that has made my life so bitter all these years."

"Your life, Aunty?—and I have always thought you were so happy."

"There was a time dear child, when I was young and fair, and I, too, had a lover, noble and true, on whom I bestowed my heart. My parents gave me to Henry Singleton willingly, because they thought he would be sure to make me happy. We were married and after our bridal tour, when returned to our lovely cottage home, nestling among the trees and shrubs that quite hid it from the view of the passers by, we lived a life of perfect felicity.

"It was in the third month—only the third month—of our wedded existence that Henry came one day to give me the kiss without which he never left me. His horse was saddled at the gate, and a bouquet of roses he had gathered for me was in his hand. As he entered the room he looked so handsome and good that my whole heart went out in thankfulness to God for having made me his wife.

"'My darling,' he said, as he handed me a note, 'I must ask your pardon for my forgetfulness. This was left at the store yesterday, but in my haste to come to you I forgot it."

"The note was from friends dear to both Henry and myself. It told us they were coming out to dine with us that day, and begged that Henry would come home soon, as they had something particular to tell him.

"You will be home to dinner, dear? I said to him, after reading the note.

"'I cannot promise,' he answered. I would be glad to do so, of course, but I have an engagement at three o'clock that I cannot put off."

"'But it must be put off!' I exclaimed with the wilfulness of a petted child. 'It is the first time our friends have been here and you must promise positively to come home.'

"'You must not insist upon it, dear wife,' he answered. 'I am a young merchant and cannot neglect my business I must keep my engagement at 3 o'clock.'

"'And this engagement is of more consequence to you than the wishes of your wife?' I poutingly replied.

"'Don't be unreasonable, Lizzie.'

"'Promise then that you will be at home to dinner.'

"'I have already told you I cannot promise.'

"'Well, then, go!' I said. 'I do not care whether you ever come back again!' and I left him.

"Henry mounted his horse and rode away. Had he looked back I should have called him, and after telling him how grieved I was that I had offended him, begged for the kiss and embrace that were always mine at parting, but repentance came too late, and he was gone.

"I passed a wretched day with my friends. My ears were constantly strained to hear the sound of the hoofs of Henry's horse upon the road. It was not because I expected my husband home, for I didn't, but a feeling of uneasiness had taken possession of me, as if some terrible calamity were about to assail me. At last I heard a dull sound as of marching footsteps along the avenue, and after a violent ringing of the bell I was summoned to the hall to hear that my Henry, in his efforts to reach our dwelling in time for the dinner, had urged his horse to head-long speed and had been violently thrown against some stones that lay at the roadside. Some workmen had borne him home on a rude stretcher, and there he lay insensible, the impress of death upon his face.

"The sight of my husband crushed, and helpless, aroused me from the stupor into which I had fallen.

"'Henry, dear Henry,' I exclaimed, 'do you not know me, your own wife?' He smiled faintly and opened his eyes but in another moment he closed them again, and the smile faded from his face. God in His mercy spared him for a season, but he never recovered from his injuries, and his life was misery to him. All my time was devoted to him now, but I could not repair the mischief I had done. I never left him, day or night, till the end came, and he died in my arms."

Mrs. Singleton arose from the chair in which she had been sitting during her recital. Her bitter experience had been told, and in sadness she sought her chamber.

Ella raised herself from the sofa with a look of sudden resolution. She walked to the library, where her father sat reading, and asked him if James could be spared to go to the city.

"What now pussy?" said Mr. Wardour.

"Have you a sudden demand for new finery?"

"No papa. I want a letter taken to John."

"A letter to John? Why, he has just left us! Well, well, don't cry. Send James anywhere you please, but no tears, child, no tears."

Ella wrote a note, in which she asked

"Can a kiss be sent in a letter by a repentant maiden, dear John?"

And the answer came:

"It can, as surely as a man may have a pretty young sister who seals her letters with the motto, 'Ever Thine?'"

How It is Guarded.

It is often said that "if thieves are determined to get in, they will do so in spite of all your precautions." That may be true of private houses, and even ordinary banks, but that there is such a thing as perfectly guarding valuable property is shown by the fact that the great public treasuries are seldom molested by burglars, and one at least has never had so much as an attempt made upon it. The resources of a whole country are needed, however to pay for such expensive protection.

A party of Englishmen who recently visited Washington expressed surprise at the absence of guards at the Treasury.

"Why," they said, "at the Bank of England the military is always on duty, and to get past it and into the building is worth one's life, unless he has authority. Here I dont see a guard."

But there are guards, and plenty of them, only they don't wear red coats, and parade up and down the street in front of the building.

"Do you see this armory?" said Capt. Cobaugh, the chief of the force, to your correspondent, opening a door as he did so and displaying line after line of loaded revolvers. They were of the largest and best variety known to the military authorities.

"We have sixty men armed with these," he said," and nearly all old soldiers. I should like to see any successful attempt to rob the treasury. These men are divided into watches, and are on duty in all parts of the building at all hours. After the force of clerks and officials goes home at night, our officers enter and inspect every room, see that the safes are all locked, the heating apparatus all right and the water turned off.

"If a safe is found unlocked, a man is put in charge of it, and the person whose duty it was to see it locked is sent for. Of course it does not often happen, and the man who does forget once to lock his safe does not forget it twice; but occasionally we do find one open. Then after the rooms are inspected and the guard set, the lieutenant makes his rounds every two hours, and the watchman patrols his beat every fifteen minutes or oftener."

"Has there ever been an attempt, successful or otherwise, to rob the Treasury?"

"Never. It would be an impossibility."

Col. Webster, Chief Clerk of the Treasury, is at the head of the watch, though Capt. Cobaugh has the personal direction of their movements. They are all inspected, and are liable to visits at any time of night from the Secretary or his Chief Clerk.

Treasurer Spinner it is related, once found himself in a very nervous frame of mind at night, and unable to sleep, having an indefinable feeling that something was wrong at the Treasury.

He tossed about a while unable to sleep, and finally dressed himself and started for the Treasury, to be met by a messenger coming to tell him that a safe containing millions of dollars had been found unlocked. It is said that he always slept in the building after that, and always visited the safes in person before retiring to see that they were locked. Perhaps it was his nervousness over the fright that made his signature so crooked.

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of hopes and delusions.

If every one mend one, all may be mended.

Automata.

In mechanical curiosities there have been many wonderful exhibits in the present day. The piping bullfinch in the Great Exhibition of 1862 drew crowds to it; but we remember during the sale of Week's mechanical collection, half a century ago, a similar gracefull little warbler, and we saw two other mechanical songsters which the French troops brought back as part of the spoils from the Emperor's Summer Palace at Pekin. We regret that we missed the machine for making Latin verses, which was exhibited in our day at the Egyptian Hall—a real blessing to school boys; nor have we seen the squalling baby which a modern man of science constructed—surely a bringing of coals to Newcastle; but we remember well, about the year 1833, seeing a very wonderful collection of automata, which had been originally designed as presents to the Emperor of China. There was a young lady, life-size, that played tunes upon a spinnet; another that wrote lines with the beauty of copperplate; while surpassing all in ingenuity was the figure of a magician with a tiny wand in his hand. It was mounted upon a small movable frame, which could be wheeled about at the pleasure of a spectator, so that there was no place for a confederate to conceal himself. On putting into an orifice in the frame any one of the numerous metallic cards which lay about with questions inscribed on them, the figure, after making you a bow, struck with his rod a little door, which opened, and there was the answer printed on another, similar card given out, always strictly appropriate to the question, and was not of a mere general character, like the answers on conversation cards. Then, when we asked, "Mr. Conjuror, are you not troubled with the inquiries of your numerous visitors?" the answer was, "I should be ungrateful to say so." Our next question was of an entirely different kind. It was, we being young, "What is the sweetest passion in nature?" The conjurer bowed, knocked at the gate, and lol appeared Cupid with his bow and arrow! Sir David Brewster, who noticed this toy in his volume on "Natural Magic," conjectures that the cards, though seemingly alike to the eye, differed in weight, and passed through the orifice we have named until they fell into the proper groove, and touched a string which moved forward the answer. The machinery employed must have, at all events, been of the most delicate order. Still these things were but the trifles of mechanical skill. What wonders have we since seen of pieces of machinery which you might almost say thought. With much interest we looked in the great exhibition of 1852 on the jacquard loom, and ten years later, on that marvel of marvels, Babbage's calculating machine.

The Coming Woman.

Speaking of wrestlers, says a New York writer, I know a young woman, or rather girl, who can throw any girl in the gymnasium she attends, and who has thrown her brother, three years her senior, so often that he will not let her abuse him any longer. And she can sing charmingly, play the piano beautifully, dance delightfully and speak French and German better than an Alsatian. Then again the other day, I met a wealthy man, whose name is familiar to all New Yorkers, who told me that every morning he fences with his daughter half an hour.

"I am the only one in our household with whom she can fence with any pleasure," said he. "Her mother whom I taught cannot pretend to stand against her, and my eldest son is clumsy beside her. Her wrist has become like iron and her muscles are like steel. It is quite a feat to pink her or throw her foil from her hand."

"Where is the country girl who can swim like the pupils of that uptown school which was maintained so many years near Central Park, and is still kept up for aught I know? The girls have begun to save lives already from the water. It was a little Miss of good belongings in Harlem who dragged a lad from the Harlem river last summer. Where is the country girl in these latitudes who can skate like the womanly, well-rounded little brunette in short skirts who carried off the palm at the roller-skating rink last winter? Where is a farmer's daughter who knows the points of a horse like the young women who figured conspicuously at last week's horse show? At sight of a horse did they say—

"Oh, what a perfectly lovely creature! Oh isn't he nice? Isn't he just too splendid?"

Not at all. They criticised the width of his breast, the size of his head, the taper of his legs, the hoofs, joints, nostrils, back, and, in short, every point of the beast had got or had missed, and all in technical terms, talking as confidently with a horse fancier or a jockey as one lady used to talk to another about the number of flounces on a fashionable skirt.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

It is a bad action that success cannot justify.

The more a man knows the less he believes.

Prate is prate, but it is the duck that lays the egg.

The absurd man is the man who never changes.

There is more of self-love than love in jealousy.

Religion and language are sucked in with our milk.

Complaint of present times is general of all times.

The best instruction is to practice what we teach.

He who owes brambles must look well to his shoes.

The world is a buy way and often a highway besides.

Send your pedigree to market, and see what it will buy.

It is better to walk than always ride behind another's horse.

To test the strength of a friend—ask him to indorse a note.

A woman can lead a man to God or drive him to the devil.

When two friends have a common purse, one sgins—the other weeps.

When a man boards a wrong train of thought he is liable to run off the track.

Men searching for luck to give them a ride only scare up horses for enterprise to saddle.

Worry is a painter whose brush is employed in putting delicate streaks of silver in hair.

When a miser dies relatives quarrel over his estate and the devil walks off with his soul—without dispute.

The bread of life is love; the salt of life, work; the sweetness of life, poesy; the water of life, faith.

Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.

There are some who write, talk and think so much about virtue, that they have no time to practice it.

Woman feels where man thinks, and where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, and triumphs where he falls.

A wise man ought to hope for the best, be prepared for the worst, and bear with equanimity whatever may happen.

The generous man may have lost his property, but he has saved himself; are you going to keep your property and be damned?

We should do by our cunning as we do by our courage—we should always have it ready to defend ourselves never to offend others.

Concentrate all your energies for good, scatter all your bad desires and life's harvest will fill your granary with wealth.

Letters of introduction are not always successful to get a man into society, any more than eloquent obituaries to get a man into heaven.

When you are looking at a picture, you give it the advantage of a good light. Be as considerate to your fellow-creatures as you are to a picture.

Broad intellect appreciates virtues in others; the fool is charmed by the music of his own bells and delighted by the sight of his own gaudy cap.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

A man need only correct himself with the same rigor that he reprehends others, and excuse others with the same indulgence that he shows to himself.

Virtue consists in making desire subordinate to duty, passion to principle. The pillars of character are moderation, temperance, chastity, simplicity, self-control; its method is self denial.

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot harm you, unless you are wanting in character; and, if true, they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble.

The truly virtuous do not easily credit evil that is told them of their neighbors; for if others do amiss, then may these also speak amiss; man is frail and prone to evil, and therefore may soon fail in words.

One of the first duties of a woman's is to always look as pretty as possible. It goes without saying that wives, mothers, and maidens shall be good-tempered, skilled in housewivery, true-hearted and kindly-tempered.

In the human temple character should be the foundation, intellect the heavy timbers, wisdom the roof, and true gentility the ornamental. If the temple is laid over with Christian graces it will become the-proof.

The gifts which distinctively mark the artist, without which he must be feeble in life, forgotten in death—with which he may become one of the shakers of the earth, and one of the signal lights in heaven—are those of sympathy and imagination.

He who is sympathetic has his entrance into all hearts, and is the solver of all human problems. To him is given dominion where he thinks to serve; and the love he gives without stint, as without calculation, he receives back without measure, as without conditions.

Obedience is the crowning science, that principle to which polity owes its stability and its happiness, faith its strength and its continuance. Exactly in proportion to the majesty of things in the scale of being is the completeness of their obedience to the laws that are set over them.

Thomas Allbright

MANUFACTURER OF

Plain And Ornamental Iron Railing

AND

Builders' Iron Work.

RAILINGS for Cemetery Lots

A Specialty.

Elm, North Hammonton, Camden County, N. J.

P. S.—Prompt attention given to orders by mail.

MILLVILLE MUTUAL Marine & Fire Ins. Co.

This Company have disposed entirely of all its STOCK PLAN BUSINESS, and having been **RE-ORGANIZED,** has decided to n the future do a

Strictly Mutual Home Business.

Having succeeded in paying ALL ITS LIABILITIES, and securing an

Actual Net Available Surplus of Over $30,000,

its Directors feel that they can offer to all who desire insurance not only as LOW RATES and UNQUESTIONABLE SECURITY, but much greater probability of immunity from assessment for years to come, than other Companies, since this surplus is large enough to pay all probable losses on the policies now in force, until their expiration, without any dependence on receipts from new business—a condition of things that can be shown by but very few companies in the State. The present Directors pledge to the Policy Holder, an

ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT

and a

Careful Supervision of the business

and will continue in the future, as in the past, to act on the principle of

PROMPT PAYMENT

OF

HONEST LOSSES

without seeking to EVADE them on technical rounds.

Hereafter, no notes will be subject to assessment, until they are a year old.

We would call especial attention to our

Marine Department,

our LOW RATES and FAVORABLE FORM OF POLICIES.

Any information cheerfully given by the officers of the Company or its Agents,

F. L. MULFORD, Pres.
R. J. HOWELL, Sec'y.

Dec. 3d, 1880

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A Radical Cure FOR SPERMATORRHŒA AND IMPOTENCY.

☞ Tested for over 5 years by use in thousands of cases.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness and decay and numerous obscure diseases, baffling skillful physicians, result from youthful indiscretions, too free indulgence, and over brain work. Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Avoid being imposed on by pretentious claims of other remedies for these troubles. Get our free circular and trial package and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with attention to business or cause pain or inconvenience. Founded on scientific medical principles. Growing in favor and reputation. Direct application to the seat of disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The patient becomes cheerful and gains strength rapidly.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

SEND ADDRESS—
HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'f'g Chemists,
806½ North 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.

ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT, $3; 2 MONTHS, $5; 3 MONTHS, $7.

Consult Dr. BUTTS Dr. LaBarge, SUCCESSOR TO

In diseases of the Blood, Skin and Bones.—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhœa, Syphilis and Mercurial Affections. Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Deformities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail.

Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss. Address Dr. C. L. LaBARGE, Prov't and Physician in Charge Central Med. & Surg. Institute, 920 Locust st., St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Butts' Dispensary. Established 20 Years.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

GOLD Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. An one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address TRUE & Co., Portland, Maine.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine

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The Ultimatum is the Strongest, Neatest, most Durable, Compact, Closest Folding, Cheapest Folding Chair in the world.

For Steamboats, Public Halls, Lawns, Piazzas and Undertakers use it is unequaled. It opens from both sides alike and when closed is only one inch thick and perfectly flat. One dozen can be packed in a space [illegible] inch thickness. Agents wanted every where. Address the MULLIKEN & [illegible] Detroit, Mich.

A WORD TO THE WISE.—Now that warm weather is before us, prepare for it in the shape of Thin, Light Clothing, and be comfortable. An immense assortment of Summer Goods at

A. C. Yates & Co.,
Ledger Building,
Chestnut & Sixth Streets,
Philadelphia.

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ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,

References: Policy holders in the Atlantic City fires.

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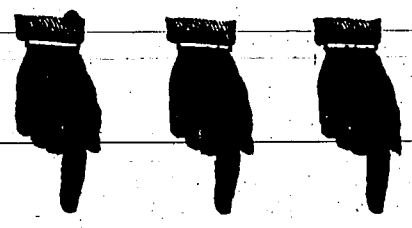

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Pine and Oak Wood for sale by the cord, at the mill.

WM. BERNSHOUSE.

Blaine Agents wanted for authentic edition of his life. Published at Augusta, his home. Best, largest, handsomest, cheapest. By the renowned historian and biographer, Col. Conwell, whose life of Garfield, published by us, outsold twenty others by 60,000. Outsells every book ever published in this world; many agents are selling fifty daily. Agents are making fortunes. All new beginners successful. Grand chance for them. Terms liberal. Particulars free. Send 25 cents for postage, etc., on free outfit, now ready, including large prospectus book, and save valuable time.

ALLEN & Co., Augusta, Maine.

HELP Yourself by making money when golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. The business will by more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

A Cincinnati man driven to his roof by the floods, would take bricks from his chimney to hurl at the man who came by in a boat and said a word against the climate of Cincinnati.

An old village lady, who had arrived at the advanced age of 92, lost her son who was 72. 'I expected it,' she cried. 'I never thought that I should raise him.'

A Newark gentleman has just been relieved of one of those old, original water-snake, which he swallowed fifteen years ago. His friends have always insisted that there was more in him than people thought.

*Emory's Little Cathartic is the best and only reliable Liver Pill known, never fails with the most obstinate cases, purely vegetable, sugar-coated, tasteless, harmless, no griping or unpleasant effects. Druggists sell them—15 cts.

*The Harris Remedy Co., St. Louis, Mo., must have confidence in the Pastille treatment for weakness, nervous exhaustion, etc. in men. They offer free trials and trust to results for orders.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the U. S., and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cts. per bottle.

J. S. THAYER,

Contractor AND Builder

Hammonton, N.J.

Plans, Specifications, and Estimates furnished. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Orders left at Elam Stockwell's store, or in Post-office box 320, will receive prompt attention.

PROF. PAINE, M. D.

250 S. Ninth St., PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

CATARRH Vapor, Liver Renovator Pills, Nerve-Tonic Syrup.

A positive and never-failing cure for Catarrh, **CONSUMPTION** and all forms of Nervous Debility. Consultations free.

$66 a week at home. $5 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

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The most beautiful Magazine in the World for the Youngest Readers.

The Literary and Artistic success of the Age!
Every Article written expressly for its pages!
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TUTT'S PILLS

A NOTED DIVINE SAYS:

DR. TUTT:—*Dear Sir:* For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. Last spring your pills were recommended to me; I used them (but with little faith). I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and I have gained forty pounds solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.

Rev. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Nausea, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

Try this remedy fairly, and you will gain a healthy Digestion, Vigorous Body, Pure Blood, Strong Nerves, and a Sound Liver. Price, 25 Cents.

Office, 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

Gray Hair and Whiskers changed to a Glossy Black by a single application of this Dye. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

DR. TUTT'S [illegible]

THE

NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

SPECIAL OFFER.

Eight Months for 66 Cents.

A Good Watch as a Premium.

Until May 1, 1884, orders will be received for the New York Weekly *Tribune* for 8 months for 66 cts.; for The Semi-Weekly *Tribune*, 8 months, for $1.32. An extra copy will be sent with every club of ten.

As a premium for clubs of 8 months' subscribers, The *Tribune* will give a Waterbury watch in a nickel silver case, a good, satisfactory, and handsome article, keeping as perfect time as a gold watch worth $150. See terms below.

In part, the object is to wield the immense subscription list of the The *Tribune* toward rolling up the campaign circulation of The *Weekly* to 100,000 copies more than at present. The time has come for Republicans to be up and doing. The campaign will be on the line of the policy marked out by The *Tribune*. A good sound exponent of Republican opinion should be placed, as soon as possible, in the hands of as large a number of voters as possible. If the regular readers of The *Tribune* regard this paper as the right one for good hearty campaign work, they are invited to take hold at once and set the ball rolling.

The Waterbury Watch is the latest product of a State famous for clocks. A factory has been erected at a cost of half a million dollars, to supply the people with a good time-keeping watch, at the lowest price ever known. The Waterbury is a marvel of simplicity, accuracy and cheapness. The retail price is $3.50. The watch is not a toy, but a strong and substantial article. It is a stem winder; it runs for twenty four hours, can be regulated perfectly, and keeps in order as perfectly as a costly gold watch. The case is handsome and is better than silver, in that it will not tarnish. With the watch is sent a little book, giving full instructions. No man or boy need now be without a watch. Those who have costly gold watches, should have one of the Waterbury make, besides, to carry while engaged in rough work, or while traveling. Thousands are buying them for the latter purpose. The Waterbury is, however, pre-eminently the timepiece of the masses. It is the farmer's, the clerk's, the laborer's, the mechanic's, the school-boy's and the school-girl's watch. Every specimen of it sent out by The *Tribune* office, is guaranteed to have been thoroughly tested by the manufacturers.

Don't stop a man on the street and ask him the time of day! Have your own watch! **"The Waterbury."**

THE TERMS ARE:—For $3.50—The watch, and two copies of The Weekly for 8 months. For $4.99—The watch and five copies of The Weekly for 8 months. For $8.00—The watch and ten copies of The Weekly for 8 months. For $14.25—The watch and twenty copies of The Weekly for 8 months. For $19.50—Thirty copies of The Weekly for 8 months, and the watch sent free. In these clubs one Semi-Weekly will count as equal to two Weeklies. For $3.50—The watch and The Weekly for one year. For $4.50—The watch and The Semi-Weekly for one year.

The Tribune pays postage, but if the subscriber wishes the watch sent by registered mail he will please remit 10 cents extra.

Sample copies of The Tribune and descriptive circulars sent free.

THE TRIBUNE,
New York.

Berry Picker Tickets Printed, on short notice, at fair prices.

Head-Quarters FOR FERTILIZERS, AT Geo. Elvins'

Mapes' Complete Manures

Corn Manure,
Potato Manure,
Fodder Corn Manure,
Fruit and Vine Manure.

Also, the Celebrated

EXCELSIOR FERTILIZER,

AND

Ammoniated Bone Superphosphate,

Manufactured by Coe & Richmond.

Together with a general assortment of

Agricultural Chemicals.

Nova Scotia Land Plaster,
Pure Ground Bones,
PERUVIAN GUANO,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Camden & Atlantic Railroad

Monday, June 30, 1884.

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At.Ac. a.m.	Exp. a.m.	Mail p.m.	Su.Ac. a.m.	Su.Ac p.m.
Philadelphia	9 05	9 35	6 20	10 20	7 35
Camden	8 57	9 28	6 14	10 15	7 27
Penna. R.R. Junct'n	8 52	9 23	6 09	10 10	7 21
Haddonfield	8 42	.....	5 56	9 55	7 07
Berlin	8 20	.....	5 34	9 32	6 42
Atco	8 15	.....	5 29	9 26	6 35
Waterford	8 06	.....	5 22	9 18	6 22
Winslow	7 50	.....	5 12	8 59	6 10
Hammonton	7 35	8 42	5 04	8 53	6 02
DaCosta	7 30	.....	4 58	8 49	5 57
Elwood	7 22	.....	4 45	8 40	5 48
Egg Harbor City	7 15	8 27	4 35	8 24	5 38
Absecon	6 53	8 09	4 13	8 04	5 16
Atlantic City	6 40	7 55	4 00	7 50	5 02

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At.Ac. p.m.	Mail a.m.	Exp p.m.	Su.Ac. a.m.	Su.Ac. p.m.
Philadelphia	4 30	8 00	5 45	8 00	4 30
Camden	4 40	8 10	5 55	8 12	4 40
Penna. R.R. Junct'n	4 45	8 15	6 00	8 18	4 45
Haddonfield	4 56	8 27	6 10	8 34	5 00
Berlin	5 20	8 51	.....	8 58	5 27
Atco	5 29	8 59	.....	9 04	5 34
Waterford	5 38	9 07	.....	9 18	5 44
Winslow	5 51	9 18	.....	9 29	5 55
Hammonton	5 59	9 25	6 47	9 37	6 03
Da Costa	6 04	9 29	.....	9 42	6 14
Elwood	6 15	9 37	.....	9 51	6 24
Egg Harbor City	6 25	9 47	7 09	10 01	6 33
Absecon	6 46	10 09	.....	10 22	6 54
Atlantic City	7 00	10 20	7 36	10 35	7 08

An Express now leaves Atlantic City at 10:25 A. M., stops at Hammonton at 11:17, arrives in Philadelphia at 12:29.

The Hammonton accommodation has not been changed—leaves Hammonton at 6:05 a.m. and 12:35 p.m. Leaves Philadelphia at 11:00 a.m. and 6:00 p.m.

On Saturday night, the Atco Accommodation, leaving Philadelphia (Market Street) at 11:30, runs to Hammonton, arriving at 12:55, and runs back to Atco.

Camden & Atlantic Railroad

On and after June 15th, 1884.

Trains will leave as follows for ATLANTIC,—From Vine and Shackamaxon St Ferries,—Express on week-days, 9:30* am, and 4.30* p.m. Sundays, 7;30* and 9.00* am.

Accommodations at 8.00 am and 4.30 pm. Sunday at 8.00 am and 4.00 pm.

LOCAL TRAINS.

For Haddonfield from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 7:00, 8:00, 10:00 and 11.00 am., 12 30 m., 2.00, 4:30, 6.00, 6:30p.m.

From Vine St. only, 7:30, 9:00, 10:30 p.m.

Sunday trains leave both ferries at 8 and 9.00 a.m., 1.00 and 4:00 pm

From Pennsylvania Railroad Station, foot of Market St., 7;30 am, 8;00, 5:00 and 11;30 pm weekdays. Sundays, 9;30 am, 6:00 pm.

For Atco, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8;00, 11 am, and 12;30 noon; 4;30, 6;00 pm. Sundays, 8;00 am, 4;00 pm. From foot of Market St, on week-days, 11;30 pm.

For Hammonton, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8;00, 11 am, 4.00, 4.30, 6;00 pm. Sundays 8;00 am, 4;00 pm. Saturdays only, from foot of Market St., 11;30 pm.

For Marlton, Medford, Mt. Holly and intermediate stations, leave foot of Market Street, week days, 7;30 am, 3.00 and 5;00 pm. Sundays, 6;00 pm. For Medford only, 9:30 am. From Vine St. and Shackamaxon ferries, 10 am. week days.

For Williamstown, from Vine & Shackamaxon ferries, 8;00 am., 12;30 4.30 and 6 pm.

W. N. BANNARD, Superintendent. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass'r. Agt.

Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Monday, October 1st, 1883.

DOWN-TRAINS.

	M'x'd A.M.	Acc A.M.	Acc. P.M.	Sund'y A.M.
Philadelphia		8 00	4 00	8 00
Camden	4 48	8 20	4 25	8 22
Oakland	4 57	8 27	4 32	8 29
Williamstown Junction	5 58	9 04	5 08	9 06
Cedar Brook	6 12	9 10	5 14	9 14
Winslow	6 31	9 21	5 26	9 24
Hammonton	7 02	9 39	5 34	9 31
Da Costa	7 18	9 35	5 40	9 37
Elwood	7 35	9 42	5 47	9 45
Egg Harbor	8 04	9 52	5 57	9 58
Pleasantville	8 55	10 15	6 20	10 22
Atlantic City, Ar.	9 15	10 30	6 35	10 35

UP-TRAINS.

	Acc. A.M.	M'x,d A.M.	Acc. P.M.	Sund'y P.M.
Atlantic City	6 00	10 45	4 05	4 00
Pleasantville	6 15	11 10	4 20	4 15
Egg Harbor	6 35	11 47	4 43	4 38
Elwood	6 45	12 16	4 53	4 48
Da Costa	6 53	12 26	5 01	4 56
Hammonton	7 02	12 39	5 08	5 03
Winslow	7 11	12 55	5 16	5 11
Cedar Brook	7 22	1 16	5 27	5 22
Williamstown Junction	7 28	1 26	5 33	5 28
Oakland	8 03	2 26	6 08	6 04
Camden	8 10	2 40	6 15	6 10
Philadelphia	8 25		6 35	6 30

☞ The Express leaves foot of Walnut St., Philadelphia, at 4:00 P. M., reaches Hammonton at 5:08, Pleasantville at 5:47, Atlantic City at 6:[illegible]. Going up, leaves Atlantic at 7:30 A.M. Pleasantville at 7:44, Elwood 8:13, Hammonton 8:23, reaches Philadelphia at 9:30.

DR. I. C. TERRY, late Professor of Physiology and Clinical Lecturer on Nervous Diseases, has discovered a New Remedy which is externally applied. It affords instant relief in all Neuralgic, Rheumatic or Gouty Pains, Asthma, Pleurisy, Hysteria, Sciatica, Headache, Enlarged and Painful Joints, Pain in the region of the Heart, Lung, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, Dizziness, Sore Throat, Pains in the Shoulders, Tightness of the Chest, Sleeplessness, &c.

Testimonials

Two applications of Dr. [illegible]'s New Remedy cured me of a severe attack of rheumatism. Albert H. Ladner, Magistrate Court No. 11, 305 Vine St., Phila.

It instantly relieved and effective cured me of Asthma. Charles Landis, 848 Juliana St., Phila.

One application permanently cured me of Chronic Catarrhal Headache. A. F. Potts, Phila. Post Office.

It cured [illegible] of Dimness of Vision. E. O. Hoeflich, [illegible] Lydia St.

Cured me [illegible] of a severe attack of Neuralgia [illegible]. H. C. Garrison, Ex-[illegible], N. J.

One application cured me of Chronic Headache. S. P. [illegible], Phila.

Cured me [illegible] Leo, 325 North Second St.

It instantly [illegible] seated pain in my hip [illegible] Cuthbert St., Phila.

I had rheumatism [illegible] and feet, was unable to [illegible] any physician failed to [illegible] application of Dr. T[illegible] me instantly. H. H[illegible], Phila.

Those [illegible] incidental to human life [illegible] to consult me. I guarantee [illegible] I undertake.

I. C. Terry, [illegible] North Sixth St., above [illegible]

Office hours, [illegible] a. m., and [illegible] p. m. to 12 m.