

# South Jersey Republican.

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## Advertisements.

The circulation of the *South Jersey Republican* is large, and it is the only paper published in the county. Advertisements in this paper are published at the following rates: For the first insertion, one dollar per line; for subsequent insertions, fifty cents per line. For a full page, the rates are proportionately increased. For a full column, the rates are proportionately increased. For a full page, the rates are proportionately increased. For a full column, the rates are proportionately increased. For a full page, the rates are proportionately increased. For a full column, the rates are proportionately increased.

## Special Notice.

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Editor and Publisher: J. SOMERS CORNWELL, Associate and Manager.

## Agricultural.

From *Gardener's Monthly*.  
The Agricultural Department at Washington.

BY J. B. WASHINGTON, D. C.

I enclose you an account of some matters which are being done by the agricultural department, which I think will be of interest to the readers of the *Gardener's Monthly*. As an additional item, I may remark that the Smithsonian Institution has turned over to the department a great number of specimens of plants and that Mr. Caspary has employed Dr. Parry to arrange and lay the foundation of this national herbarium. Dr. Parry has already spent two months on his task, which will give you some idea of the size of this little "nucleus." From all I can learn, Mr. Caspary is endeavoring to make the department a credit to the agriculture of the country, and although many things perhaps have not been done, most of those who know his difficulties, think he has done all he can do. If you think any of these facts worth publishing, you are welcome to use them. I think it would be worth your while to pay us a visit; I never heard of your being here. Few who have had occasion to visit this beautiful area, south of the canal and between Twelfth and Fourteenth streets, can not but have noticed the activity displayed in the work of planting trees, transplanting of rare flowers, and various other operations tending to beautify and adorn the reservation allotted to the Department. Commissioner Caspary is a close student, a progressive man, and thorough botanist; and will, if supported by the co-operation of Congress in meeting his estimates and appropriating therefor, make these grounds equal, if not superior, to similar gardens now receiving so much attention in other countries.

**THE FLOWER GARDEN.**  
Immediately in front of the building a flower garden of architectural beauty is formed. This is in perfect keeping with the surroundings, and when a stone wall is substituted for the present sodded terrace, with balustrades and vases and other decorative appointments on the pediment, will present a fine appearance, and afford an example of harmonious arrangement such as is only met with in the higher branches of design.

**THE ARBORETUM.**  
One of the greatest features, however, will be the arboretum or collection of trees. This will embrace a single specimen of every tree and shrub that will exist in this climate, and in their disposal a twofold arrangement has been kept in view, that of a strictly botanical classification of families, species, and varieties, and the production of a high degree of landscape gardening. This has necessarily involved a vast amount of time and study. The botany of all nations had to be ransacked in order to call out every suitable plant and tree. The *factbook* for this arrangement covers over 200 pages of closely written foolscap. As a collection of hardy plants it will be unequalled by anything in existence at the present time. To combine a strictly scientific arrangement with artistic effect required no ordinary amount of skill and foresight; years, however, will be required before the ultimate effects will be fully produced so far as the development of individual forms and combinations of growth are concerned.

**THE PROGRESS OF PLANTING.**  
Much has already been accomplished in the planting of trees and shrubbery. With the completion of the planting of the present season about three-fourths of the entire collection will be set out. Many of the plants, especially those of our Western States and Territories, will be difficult to procure, not being in cultivation as yet; they are not to be found in ordinary nurseries. Some of the family groups are already completed—the elms, for instance, number over fifty specimens, all distinct. Of ashes there are forty, of willows over one hundred, oaks seventy, maples about fifty, and others are equally well represented. The pines and other evergreen species are now being planted.

**ADVANTAGES OF THE COLLECTION.**  
The possession of this collection will enable the department to answer many important questions with reference to the value of trees for wood, rapidity of growth, &c., (a point of great importance in the western States), and the most suitable plants for live fences and other subjects of equal prominence.

To the artist it will be of great attraction. The various forms of growth, the individual peculiarities of foliage and combinations of form will afford a delightful study, and the more visitor will be attracted by forms and bounties of foliage such as can rarely be found available; and the student in botany cannot possibly find a source of elementary knowledge at all comparable with that of being brought directly face to face with the living plant.

**OTHER PROJECTS CONTEMPLATED.**  
Valuable and complete as this collection of plants will be, it is only a link in the chain of improvements contemplated by Commissioner Caspary. Convinced that this country possesses localities and climates fitted for the growth of plants from other quarters of the globe, he is now having prepared a list of all plants whose products are used in medicine. When these are procured and their habits and requirements studied, they will be propagated and sent to such points as may be considered more suitable for their growth. The same strictly botanical classification as prevails

in the Arboretum will be followed in the arrangement and disposition of these, so that scientific visitors of all nations will meet an arrangement which they can recognize. This feature of introducing systematic classification in collections of plants brought together for purely utilitarian purposes is of great moment, and must impart a degree of interest and value not generally attached to plants in our green houses and pleasure grounds.

**OTHER PLANTS.**  
A similarly arranged collection of all plants employed and grown for the value of their textile qualities, for dyes, and for all purposes of arts and manufactures will be completed as rapidly as means will admit. Of course to cultivate and extend exotic plants, glass structure will be required. A beautiful architectural design for a series of hot-houses and green-houses has been made under the direction of the Commissioner, which now hangs in his office, and is universally admired.

**APPROPRIATIONS.**  
The small appropriation asked for the completion of this plan not having been entertained by Congress, no progress has been made in the erection of these structures.

**ECONOMY STUDIED.**  
One of the greatest points in connection with all these improvements is the economical manner in which everything is being managed, together with the thorough substantial character of the work. Estimates of every item are pre-considered and the work done within them—no leaving of half-finished jobs because of under-estimating the cost. The result is that an apparent finish is constantly met with, and in reality exists in the various progressive details of contemplated finished design.

**EXTENT OF GROUNDS.**  
The extent of grounds occupied by the Arboretum proper embraces about twenty acres. This is considered sufficient to allow of free development for the trees and plants for thirty or forty years growth. It is hoped, however, that an additional space will be secured within the next ten years to allow of the removal of certain orders of families of the trees, which can be done without injury to the plants or to the system adopted, and at trifling cost. This addition, it is to be hoped, will be granted, as there is abundance of unimproved Government property contiguous awaiting this combination of landscape gardening and botanical skill.

These are but a small enumeration of the many projects entertained by the Commissioner for the improvement of the grounds of his department. For the system and radical changes already introduced the Commissioner deserves the thanks of the whole country.

**THE GARDENER IN CHARGE.**  
Mr. William Saunders has had the general superintendence of all improvements thus far effected. Mr. S. has given this class of business his life study, and seems to be thoroughly posted; both in the requirements of a first-class garden and the manner in which it should be managed.

## Miscellaneous.

**The Best Wife in the World.**

"The best little wife in the world!" said Herbert Almscourt.

"Of course—I dare say," responded Mr. Porteros. "But what's your exact idea of the best wife in the world? Jones says he has got the best wife in the world, because she keeps his stockings darned, takes him to church three times of a Sunday, and never lets him have an opinion of his own. Jenkins says he got the same identical article, but Jenkins's wife keeps all the money, draws his salary for him, makes him live in the back kitchen because the parlor is too good for the family to use."

"Oh! but Daisy isn't a bit of a girl—a little subservient, but a good girl, that hasn't an idea except which is reflected from me. I tell you what, old fellow, I'm the master of my own house; I come when I please, and go when I please. Daisy never ventures on a word of reproach."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, larking around at the clubs as you do, disappointed bachelor fashion."

"Ashamed! What of it?"

"Why, I suppose you owe some duties to your wife?"

"Where's the harm? My wife doesn't care."

"Probably you think so because she is quiet and subservient; but if she were to object—"

"Object! I'd like to hear her try it."

"Now look here, Almscourt; your wife may be a model wife, but you certainly are not a model husband. People are beginning to talk about the way you neglect that pretty little blue-eyed girl."

"I'll thank people to mind their own business. Neglect her, indeed! Why man I love her as I love my own soul."

"Then why don't you treat her as if you did?"

"Oh? come, Porteros; that question just shows what a regular old bachelor you are. It won't do to make too much of your wife, unless you want to spoil her."

"Mr. Porteros shook his head."

"That sounds selfish. I don't like the ring of the metal."

And he went away, leaving Mr. Almscourt to finish his game of billiards at his leisure.

"What a regular old fun-budger Porteros is!" laughed the latter. "Always poking his nose into somebody else's business. There's one comfort—I never pay any attention to what he says."

Meanwhile Mrs. Almscourt was waiting alone in her drawing room, her two

little white hands tightly locked in one another, and her fair head slightly drooping—a delicate little apple-blossom of a woman, with blue wistful eyes and curly flaxen hair, looking more like a grown-up child than a wife of twenty-one summers.

"O dear!" sighed Daisy, "it is so dull here. I wish Herbert would come home. He never spends any time with me now—days, and I practice all his favorite songs, and read the newspapers, so I can talk about the things he is interested in, and try so hard to be entertaining. It's very strange."

And then her oval face brightened into a sudden brilliance, and the sparkles stole into her eyes; for the wife's quick ear had detected her husband's footsteps on the stairs. The next moment he came in.

"Well, pet how are you?" with a playful pinch of the cheek. "There are some bonbons for you. Where are my light gloves?"

"O, Herbert! you are not going away again?"

"I must, Daisy. There are a lot of fellows going to drive up to High Bridge, and I'm one of the party. You can go over to my mother's to dinner, or send for one of your friends, or something. There, good bye, bye, I'm in a hurry."

And with one careless kiss pressed on the quivering cheek of a month that was lifted up to him, he was gone.

Daisy Almscourt, neither went to her mother-in-law, nor sent for one of her girl friends. She spent the evening all alone, pondering on the shadow which was fast overgrowing her life.

"What shall I do?" thought the little maid, shivering with cold. "O what shall I do?"

But child as she was, Daisy had a strong resolute woman's heart within her, nor was she long in coming to a decision.

"Daisy," said her husband to her the next day, "you haven't any objections to my attending the Orion Ball Masque?"

"Are Masked Balls nice places, Herbert?"

"O yes, everybody goes; only I thought I'd pay you the compliment of asking whether you disapproved of it or not?"

"Can I go with you?"

"Well, ahem—not very well, this time. Daisy, you see, Mrs. Penchurch really hinted so strongly for me to take her that I couldn't help it."

"Very well," assented Daisy, meekly, and Herbert repeated within himself the pious praises he had chanted in Mr. Porteros' ears: "The best little wife in the world!"

But notwithstanding all this, Mr. Almscourt was not exactly pleased when at the self-same Ball Masque, during the gay period of unmasking, he saw his wife's innocent face crowning the picturesque costume of a Bavarian peasant girl.

"Hallo!" he ejaculated, rather ungraciously, "you here!"

"Yes," replied Daisy, with a girlish smile. "You said everybody went! And oh, Herbert, isn't it nice?"

Mr. Almscourt said nothing more; but Mrs. Penchurch found him a very stupid companion for the remainder of the evening.

He was late at dinner the next day, but late as he was, he found himself more punctual than his wife, and the solitary meal was half over before Mrs. Daisy tripped in, her cashmere shawl trailing over her shoulders, and her dimpled cheeks all pink with the fresh wind.

"Am I behind time? Really, I am so sorry! But we have been driving in the park, and—"

"Well, who are you?" growled her husband.

"Why, Col. Adair and I—the Colonel Adair that you go out with so much."

"Now look here, Daisy!" ejaculated Mr. Almscourt, rising from the table and pushing back his chair. Adair isn't exactly the man I want you to drive with."

"But you go everywhere with him."

"I dare say—but you and I are two different persons."

"Now, dear Herbert," interposed Daisy, wilfully misunderstanding him, "you know I never was a bit proud, and the associates that are good enough for you are good enough for me. Let me give you a few more oysters."

"Almscourt looked sharply at his wife. Was she really in earnest, or was there a mocking undercurrent of satire in her tone? But he could not decide, so artless was her countenance.

"I'll talk to her about it sometime," was his internal decision.

"Daisy," he said carelessly, when dinner was over, "I've asked old Mike Barry to come and spend the day with you to-morrow."

"Oh, have you? I'm sorry, for I am engaged out to-morrow."

"You! You?"

"Oh, at Delmonico's. I've joined a Woman's Rights Club, and we meet there to-morrow."

"The duce take woman's rights," ejaculated the latter husband.

"Of course I don't believe in 'em, but it's the fashion to belong to a club, and such a nice place to go to at evenings. I am dull here of evenings, Herbert!"

Herbert's heart smote him, but he answered resolutely:

"I beg you will give up this ridiculous idea. What do women want with clubs?"

"What men do, I suppose."

"You belong to three clubs, Herbert."

"That's altogether a different matter."

"How—why? Because—of course any body can see why—it's self-evident."

"I must be very blind," said Mrs. Almscourt, demurely, "but I confess I can't distinguish the essential difference."

Herbert Almscourt said no more, but he did not at all relish the change that had lately come over the spirit of Daisy's dream.

She did change, somehow. She went out driving, here, there, and everywhere. He never knew when he was certain of a quiet evening with her; she joined not only the club, but innumerable societies for a thousand and other purposes, which took her away from home almost continually. Mr. Almscourt chafed against the bit, but it was useless. Daisy always had an excuse to plead.

Presently her mother-in-law bore down upon her—an austere old lady in black satin and a chestnut brown wig.

"Daisy, your are making my son wretched."

"Am I?" cried Daisy. "Dear me, I hadn't an idea of it? What's the trouble?"

"You must ask himself," said the mother-in-law, who believed—sensible old lady—in young married people's settling their own difficulties. "All I know is the bare fact."

So Daisy went home to the drawing room, where Herbert lay on the sofa pretending to read, but in reality brooding over his troubles.

"What's the matter, Herbert?" said Daisy kneeling on the floor beside him, and putting her soft cool hands on his fevered brow.

"The matter? Nothing much, only I am miserable," he sadly answered.

"But why?" she persisted.

"Because you are so changed, Daisy."

"How am I changed?"

"You are never at home; you have lost the domesticity which was, in my eyes, your greatest charm. I never have you to myself any more. Daisy, don't you see how it is inhibiting my life?"

"Does it make you unhappy?" she asked, softly.

"You know it does, Daisy."

"And do you suppose I liked it, Herbert?"

## A Street Arab.

By G. SHEPHERD.

Ragged the jacket and tattered he wore, Ragged the sleeves on his feet; For shoe or jacket little he cares, This Arab of the street.

"Pitching pennies" here in the Park Along with a noisy crowd. All of them ragged and dirty like him, Wrangling and shouting aloud.

"Wonder whether he has a home, This ragged urchin, and how He earns the copper he is toasting there. With those other Arabs who, If mother or brother or sister has he, If ever a father he kept."

If he sleeps at night like you and me, And eats as the rest of us do? Scarcely human he seems, somehow, With his semi-savage shout, As he gives each nickel a curious toss, And capers wildly about.

Yet the same God made him that made us The God that dwells above, Who watches even the sparrow's fall, In the fullness of His love.

All at once, as I type of clock draws near, An Arab leaves his play. Gathers together what nickels are his, And suddenly darts away.

A moment more and his shrill voice sounds, Shouting the news in the street, With fifty more, like a pack of hounds, Following close at his feet.

In and out of the cave he springs, He heads neither hoofs nor wheels; His ragged feet seem gifted with wings, Like Mercury's heels; No he stops a moment a paper to sell, To some one passing by.

Then away he goes on a rapid run, With a wild halloo and cry. High up past the dizzy roofs his voice Ascends on its airy way; A ringing shout he flings along, To the garish light of day.

"Twixt the row of buildings on either side Like so many giants, Argues-eyed, Sleeplessly watching the town. I wonder if over in thought he sees The roofs of buildings fade, If ever in fancy he conjures up The desert without shade?

If ever, winding before his sight, Long caravans appear, If the Bedouin chiefs of the sands he sees In himself and these others here?"

For to me to-day as I stand in the Park, Watching them here at their play, Like a bright mirage in the distance seen, Seem the buildings on Broadway; And I almost forget that this half-tamed, Not the slave of some wandering tribe, But an Arab of the street.

—Harper's Magazine.

**The Workshop, the Kitchen, and the Parlor.**

There was recently in Boston a meeting of working-women to consult upon their condition. The persons who spoke told a very simple tale of labor and suffering from their own experience, and a very pitiful tale it was to read. It reminded you of that picture in which John Leech represents a figure of death sewing shirts, in illustration of the shop-slaves of London.

Perhaps, however, the sequel of the revelation made at the meeting is still more painful. One of the novelists, which was unwilling to believe the stories as they were told, added the remarkable statement that, if there were so many women so solely pressed to live by the needle, there were plenty of places where they would be thankful employed as domestic servants at good wages. This is probably true, and yet they will not go. The one thing which they cannot bear is what is technically called service. What a change from the time when country girls came to town and without losing self-respect, did all the household work of families! "I hope I can do better than slave in a kitchen," is the instinctive reply to a remote suggestion of this kind.

But can a thing that ought to be done be more than well done, and it will do so? ought not the respect for it to be as pure in kind as for the doing of any other necessary thing, although it may be less in degree? Lois is quick, hand, full of tact and taste, and she is presently a milliner in high repute. It was her neat equipage yesterday afternoon. Jerusha is slow and heavy, and she is after a dozen years the same honest chamber-maid she was at first. We all acknowledge the superior gifts of Lois. But unless labor be in itself disgraceful we ought not to feel that Jerusha is stigmatized by the kind of labor to which she is devoted. The labor being necessary is honorable, it is not, oh, good American! Then there can be no dishonor in engaging in necessary labor, can there?

Look at the case of the Boston work-women. An employer says to them, let us suppose, "Here are a dollar a week, a garret, cold, and starvation for sewing shirts." Another employer says, "Here are a home, plenty of food and fire, and eight dollars a month for chamber-work."

Brains, if you please, do not much enter into the calculation. Yet there is a recoil as of insult and injury from the last, and a bitter acceptance of the first. If the reason of this recoil be what is called pride, is it an honorable pride? Jane goes into a cotton mill, Julia into a kitchen. May Jane, for that reason, take airs and feel that she is the lady, while poor Julia is a menial? And must it be originally a word of discredit or humiliation. It means merely family or household; and service is only the quality of serving; and we Christians, you remember, do not speak ill or think ill of serving others.

"Ah, indeed, Mr. Easy Chair!" exclaims a very lively young person who has just dropped in. "And how would you like to be a waiter at Delmonico's?"

Well, my young friend, the Easy Chair would not prefer that profession, because their are natural tastes and choice. One

man would be a musician, another a carpenter, another a printer, another an author, another a barber, and another a waiter. But, obliged to make an honest living, if the methods which I preferred were impracticable for it, it would lay a cover or flit a napkin without the least sense of disgrace. And if, the alternative were to run abominable errands at starting rates, or to wait at fair wages, which would my young friend prefer for himself? This last is the Boston alternative, as I understand it. The "pride" of the poor women, it appears, or it is assumed, prefers the starving wages for shirt-making with a "gentleman-friend" to the household service.

Now it is clearly not the labor which decides, but it is another kind of consideration. It is the feeling that to do the one is to be more of a lady than to do the other. More of a lady? Why, good woman, what is a lady? If she could answer she would say to dress finely and do nothing. Yes, and for that theory which poisons and ruins this poor life of hers—how many of these poor lives, indeed!—we, that is, society, must bear the responsibility. It is not the poor women and their pride that are to be blamed, it is we and our folly, that make the public opinion to which they sacrifice every thing that is most precious and sacred, who are the real sinners. Now when the Biddy question has become so important, it is perhaps worth while to think of this a little. Suppose, dear Madam, that we should begin a reformation in the parlor, and free our minds of the feeling with which domestic service is usually regarded, by being humane and courteous masters and mistresses.

If some good angel should smile some morning from the roof of the magnificent Park Bank—and the Easy Chair beseeches the reader not to expect it of the worthy stone angels who permanently reside upon the facade—and announce that he would straightway introduce a race of neat-handed

Philistines and artists not less skilled than Moncibot Bink, would we not gratefully build him a statue in the Central Park? But if we doubt and despair of angels, why not cultivate an opinion that domestic service is not to be contemned by women, and by removing such stigma as may now rest upon it, persuade these hapless women of whom we were speaking that it is quite as honorable and ladylike, quite as harmonious with the truest "pride," to serve in a household as to sew in a shop, or starve in a garret, or flaunt in a gay dress at the theatre with a "gentleman friend"? It is among us who sit in the parlor that the real feeling in regard to the kitchen takes its rise, and that dirty fountain must be purified at its source or not at all.—Harper's Magazine.

**A Sign-Board.**

I will paint you a sign, rum-seller, And hang it above your door, And a better sign-board Than ever you had before.

I will paint with the skill of a master, And many shall pause to see This wonderful piece of painting, So like the reality.

I will paint you, rum-seller, As you wait for that young boy, Just in the pride of manhood, A mother's pride and joy.

He has no thought of stopping, But you greet him with a smile, And you seem so blithe and friendly That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again rum-seller; I will paint you as you stand, With a foaming glass of liquor Holding in either hand.

He wavers—but you urge him; And he takes, pleads me; just this one! And he lifts the glass and drains it, And the halloo work is done.

And next I will paint a drunkard; Only a year has flown, But into this loathsome creature That fair young boy has grown.

The work is quick and rapid; I will paint him as he lies, In a torpid, drunken slumber, Under the winter skies.

I will paint the form of the mother, As she kneels at her darling's side; Her beautiful boy, that was dearer Than all the world beside.

I will paint the shape of a coffin, Labeled with one word, "Lost!" I will paint all this, rum-seller, And paint it free of cost.

The sin and the shame and sorrow, The crime, and pain and woe, That is born there in your shop, No hand can paint, you know. But I'll paint you a sign, rum-seller, And many shall pause to view, This wonderful, winging sign-board, So terribly, fearfully true.

—National Temperance Advocate.

**HAIR-WASHES.**—It is only right to refer to a source of possible deceases which is peculiarly wide-spread just now, and against which the public should be cautioned. At the present time there is quite a rage for the use of hair "washes" or "restorers," which, whilst the charges of their being "dyed" is indignantly repudiated, yet in a short time "restores" the color of the hair.

The active agent in these washes is, of course, lead. In the majority of cases, probably, a moderate use of such a lotion would be unattended with mischief; but it is worth remembering that payal has been known to be produced by the long-continued use of cosmetics containing lead. But of the thousands of persons who are now applying lead to their scalps, there will doubtless be some with an extra susceptibility to the action of the poison, and these will certainly run no inconsiderable risk of finding the "restoration" of their hair attended by loss of power in their wrists.—Lancet.

A New York paper intends to open a reading room, with 10,000 volumes, for the use of its subscribers.

**Are You a Counterfeiter?**  
What use do you make, reader, of old counterfeit fifty-cent pieces? Which you find in your pocket-book, and do not know where it has come from?

Do you invariably tear it up; and you care not if it does not get out of your pocket; into circulation again? Have you not sometimes rolled up such a bit of fractional currency, suspecting it to be counterfeit, and willing to "get rid of it" by chance or accident, as if it were—and so keep square with your conscience?

We have seen men—men whom we would have trusted with our pocket-books—return a counterfeit fifty-cent piece to their pockets after they were convinced that it was spurious. What does such an action mean—provided that the man in question is generally the case, as to where he got the counterfeit? It means that he is not ready to bear the loss of fifty cents from his honest man. The action is a dishonest one. He has no right to put a counterfeit where there is any possibility of its passing into circulation again. The only honorable proceeding is to burn it or tear it up the moment its worthlessness becomes evident.

Do not hesitate a second. If you have not this habit fixed upon you, cultivate it. Without it you are in league with counterfeiters. You are one of the "gang." You are not an honest man. Let this rule apply to a ten-cent stamp, and to a ten-dollar greenback equally and rigidly. There are only two questions to be asked: Is this a counterfeit? Yes? Do I know who gave it to me? No. Burn it—tear it up—do not return it to your pocket as you value your honesty!

There is a law in Michigan—and in some other States, we suppose—compelling every bank to stamp the word "counterfeit," in large black letters, across every spurious bill presented at their counter, for whatever purpose it may be presented, under whatever circumstances, and upon whatever bank in the United States it may be counterfeit. We once saw an apparently respectable man present a twenty-dollar bill to the teller of the Michigan Insurance Bank in Detroit. He merely wished to know if it was a counterfeit. The teller made no answer, but simply brought down a powerful stamp upon its face, and handed it back, with the word "counterfeit" staring its astonished proprietor in the face.

We never saw a darker cloud pass over a human countenance. Oath followed oath in an ineffectual effort to express the man's indignation. Every path stamped "counterfeit" upon that man's character in letters as large and plain as those upon the bill. Not that he would have, as a direct accomplice of professional counterfeiters; but he was not prepared to do what common honesty demanded—destroy the spurious bank-note and meet his loss honorably.

Of course, says every reader, he intended to pass the bill—and that would be dishonest.

And what is your practice, reader? Do you destroy every little postal currency as soon as you discover its worthlessness? Or do you put it in the rolls in your vest pocket and let it take its chance with its companions when you are paying out for coffee or for lunches and cigars? If you do not destroy it, you are absolutely dishonest. This compromising with conscience is worth contemplating than anything robbery.—N. Y. Evening Mail.

**Pickpockets.**

It is very easy to guard against the operations of pickpockets, and comparatively easy to "spot" them, if one is only on the lookout. A few words of advice may not be inappropriate in this connection, and we trust that some of our readers may profit by them. First, never go into a street crowd in a city, and if possible, never enter a







**HAMMONTON!**  
LADIES:  
Look Out!  
Look Out!  
Look Out!  
Look Out!

**RARE OPPORTUNITY**  
TO SECURE A HOME  
TO ALL Wanting Farms.

**BEAUTIFIER!**  
THE  
Bitter Sweet & Orange Blossoms.

**CORN SOLVENT.**  
Standard Preparations.

**THE MARKET**  
In this market, direct communication twice a day to Philadelphia, New York, and Atlantic City.

**THE CLIMATE**  
In this market, direct communication twice a day to Philadelphia, New York, and Atlantic City.

**THE WATER**  
Is pure and soft, of the best quality.

**THE WATER**  
Is pure and soft, of the best quality.

**THE WATER**  
Is pure and soft, of the best quality.

**THE WATER**  
Is pure and soft, of the best quality.

**THE WATER**  
Is pure and soft, of the best quality.

**FRANCIS STRAUSS.**  
EGG HATCHING CITY, N. J.  
SOLE AGENT FOR N. W. JOHNS.

**Asbestos Roofing**  
Asbestos Cement  
Asbestos Roof Coaling  
Set up at Short Notice.

**TIN, COPPER AND**  
Sheet Iron Manufacturer.  
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