

South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

VOL. 24.

HAMMONTON, N. J., JULY 10, 1886.

NO. 28.

THE WALMER HOUSE,

Central Avenue, Hammonton, N. J.

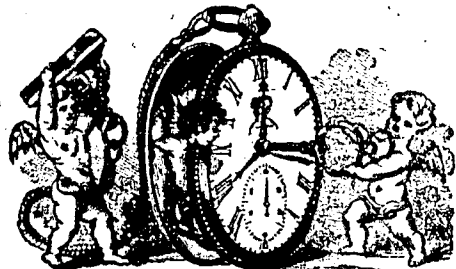
Open at all seasons, for permanent and transient boarders. Large airy rooms. First-class table. Verandas and balconies to every room. Plenty of Shade. Pure Water. Stabling for horses. **Special Rates for Families for the Season.** For terms, address--
WALMER HOUSE,
(Lock-Box 75) Hammonton, Atlantic County, New Jersey.

A New Jewelry Store in Cochran's Building,

CARL M. COOK,

Of Philadelphia, having rented a part of Mr. Cochran's Drug Store, offers to the people of Hammonton, and vicinity a fine line of

Watches
Spectacles
Etc.



Clocks,
Jewelry,
Etc.

He is a Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler, and will make Repairing a Specialty. Everything Guaranteed.

Give him a call. Corner Bellevue Ave. & Second St.

Wagons AND Buggies.

On and after Jan. 1, 1886, I will sell

One-horse wagons, with fine body and Columbia springs complete.	\$60 00
1 1/2 inch tire, 1 1/2 axle, for CASH.	
One-horse wagon, complete, 1 1/2 tire	62 50
1 1/2 axle, for.....	65 00
The same, with 2-inch tire.....	55 00
One-horse Light Express.....	60 00
Platform Light Express.....	70 00
Side-spring Buggies with fine finish	\$65 to 70 00
Two-horse Farm Wagons.....	50 00
No-top Buggies.....	

These wagons are all made of the best White Oak and Hickory, and are thoroughly seasoned, and ironed in a workmanlike manner. Please call, and be convinced. Factory at the C. & A. Depot, Hammonton.

ALEX. AITKEN, Proprietor.

Sale for Taxes of 1884. Town of Hammonton.

Return of taxes laid on unimproved, and untenanted land, and on land tenanted by persons not the lawful proprietors, who are unable to pay taxes, and on other real estate, in the town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic for the year 1884.

List of delinquent taxes returned to the Town Council, March 29th, 1886, with description of property by block and lot, as laid down on the assessment map of the Town of Hammonton, which map is to be found at Town Clerk's office, also on file in the clerk's office of Atlantic County, at May's Landing, N.J.

Names.	Block	No. lot	Acres	Tax.
Andrus, Geo. est	10	24	5	95
Barstow, J. M.	1	59	10	1 45
Brown, L. W.	19	13 and 16	20	\$2 00
Clement, Samuel.	17		23	3 46
Cochran, Benj.	9	39	10	1 93
Evans, David Est	17		6	2 40
Fidel, Eli & Chas.	17	25	9 1/2	95
Gifford, Jonathan	18	2	21	3 38
Gleason, Est.	18	6	1 1/6	95
Pifer, Peter.	10	6	8	2 00
Rabieam & Sellers.	2	63 and 67	40	1 93
Stafford, Samuel.	17		12	1 45
Taylor, Richard.	1	9	20	2 90
Walker, Mrs. S.	1	49	20	1 48
Wharton, James.	16	2	16	1 73

Interest, cost and back taxes, if any, will be made known at time of sale.

State of New Jersey, } S. S.
Atlantic County.

Orville E. Hoyt on his oath saith that he was Collector of Taxes of the Town of Hammonton for the year 1885, that the taxes accompanying this affidavit assessed on the respective lands for the year 1884 (and turned over to him by Lewis Hoyt, the former Collector) are unpaid, that he has used every legal diligence for the collection of the same, and returns said delinquent taxes to the Council of said town, as by law he is required to do.

(Signed) ORVILLE E. HOYT, Collector.

Sworn and subscribed before
N. HEARTWELL, Justice of the Peace.

March 29, A. D. 1886.

Pursuant to the act to facilitate the Collection of taxes in the Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic,

The Chairman of the Town Council will, on

Tuesday, June 29th, 1886,

at TWO O'CLOCK in the afternoon, at the

TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE, sell the above

described lands, tenements and hereditaments

taxed to the above named persons, or so much

thereof as will be sufficient to pay the tax, in

interest and costs thereon.

THEO. B. BROWN,
Chairman of Town Council.

Attest,
A. J. SMITH, Town Clerk.

Hammonton, May 12, 1886.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE S. J. R

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS,
DISORDERED LIVER,
and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Flushing at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through the three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.
"I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and TUTT'S are the first that have done me any good. They have cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man." W. D. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

THE ATTENTION of the citizens of Hammonton is called to the fact that

GERRY VALENTINE

Is the only RESIDENT

FURNISHING

Undertaker.

Having recently purchased a

New and Modern Hearse,

And all necessary paraphernalia,

I am prepared to satisfy ALL who may call.

Mr. Wm. E. Hood

Will attend personally, to all calls, whether day or night. A competent woman ready to assist, also, when desired.

Mr. Hood's residence, on Second St., opposite A. J. Smith's.

Orders may be left at Chas. Simons' Livery.

JOS. S. CHAMPION

Calls attention to the following facts:

1st. He is the only

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

AND

Furnishing Undertaker

In Atlantic County, being the only undertaker who makes this his special business.

2. He is the only undertaker who keeps a fine new hearse in Hammonton.

3. He is the only undertaker in Atlantic Co. who is a professional embalmer of the dead.

4. He has all the conveniences and appliances for carrying on a large business, and is prepared to respond to all calls at the shortest notice, whether day or night.

5. He lends all and follows none, as he makes this his only study.

6. D. B. Berry, of Hammonton will attend to all orders left with him.

Office, No. 3 Fay's Block, Hammonton, N. J.

Pr. Bill, 21c. 1/2.

A. J. KING,

S. J. J. of Complaint.

Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J.

Pr. Bill, 21c. 1/2.

MR. EDITOR.—I think exception can be justly taken, to your closing remarks in answer to P. H. Jacobs, on Protection: "You and I cannot expect to settle it in a little country paper."

Now, sir; what is it that makes up public sentiment, if not the exchange of ideas between one man and another? The big men up to the capitol are not leaders of ideas, they follow where the track is already made. Do you doubt it? Then see them wait to see how the people take it before they move, at all times. And what is any thing, that is not sustained by public acceptance? It may do to occupy our attention for awhile, but it will certainly be of no utility. No better illustration can be given of that fact than a reference to the Prohibition or "Maine-Law" proceeding of to-day. New York State enacted a Prohibition Liquor Law, without avail for want of that public sentiment to sustain it, which I believe can only be made by "little country papers," and be exchange of ideas as a forerunner. In part I take this to be your view, judging from your standing in regard to separate political action by the Prohibitionists.

DAVID FIELDS.

Added to the losses resulting to the New England fishermen through the unwarranted seizure of their ships by the Canadian authorities is the embarrassment of an unsuccessful season, the mackerel catch this year being only 5000 barrels as against 26,000 last year. The absence of luck from the fishermen and the absence of pluck from the State Department have brought hardship upon interests but poorly able to endure it.

The President vetoed twenty private pension bills on Tuesday.

The House Ways and Means Committee ordered an adverse report to be made on the Randall Tariff bill.

Several large industries for Bessemer steel manufacture are in course of erection at Sharon, Penna.

Anarchists fired several bullets at an American flag carried in a procession at Chicago and wounded one man.

If you want a convenient, portable medical preparation, a purgative and tonic, that will purify the blood, sharpen the appetite, and invigorate the whole system, try a box of Vinegar Bitters Powders—fifty doses for fifty cents. These Powders embody the essential properties of Vinegar Bitters, which has been for twenty years the world's great family medicine.

The recent seizure of three more American schooners in Canadian waters is not expected to complicate international relations further.

Harold Newell, of Jersey City, who was recently bitten by a dog, was inoculated by the Pasteur method in the Carnegie Laboratory, Jersey City.

Canada continues to show her teeth to the New England fishermen. It may be that Canada's teeth will be shaken loose and knocked down her throat before she gets through with this affair.

In Chancery of New Jersey.

To Mary C. Potter, Alice G. Potter, and Arthur G. Potter:

By virtue of an order of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, made on the day of the date hereof, in a cause wherein Arthur W. Potter is complainant and you are defendants, you are required to appear and plead, answer, or demur, to the bill of said complaint, on or before the thirty-first day of August next, or the said bill will be taken as confessed against you.

The said bill is filed for partition of certain lands in the Town of Hammonton, in the County of Atlantic, and in the Town of Berlin, in the County of Camden, of which Valorous Potter died seized; and you Mary C. Potter are made defendant because you have a dower interest, as widow, in said lands; and you Alice G. Potter are made defendant because you have a dower interest as widow of Irving S. Potter in said lands; and you Arthur G. Potter are made defendant because you are one of the tenants in common in said lands.

Dated June 30th, 1886.

A. J. KING,

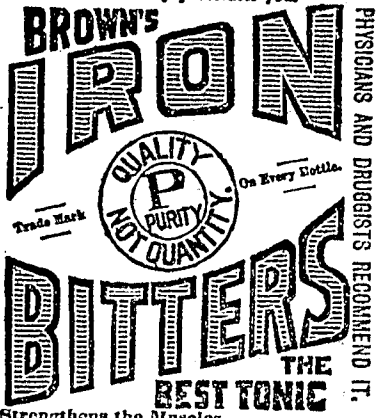
S. J. J. of Complaint.

Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J.

Pr. Bill, 21c. 1/2.

OH! MY BACK

Every strain or cold attacks that weak back and nearly prostrates you.



Physicians and Druggists recommend it. Strengthens the Muscles, Strenuous the Nerves, Enriches the Blood, Gives New Vigor. Dr. J. L. Morris, Fairfield, Iowa, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best iron medicine I have known in my 30 years' practice. I have found it specially beneficial in nervous or physical exhaustion, and in all debilitating ailments that bear so heavily on the system. Use it freely in my own family." Mrs. W. F. Brown, 527 Main St., Covington, Ky., says: "I was completely broken down in health and troubled with pains in my back. Brown's Iron Bitters entirely restored me to health."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

A Philadelphia Lawyer

Prominent in his profession, says: "Don't put my name in print but refer any one you wish to me, and I will gladly tell you the Russian Rheumatism Cure has done for me."

This gentleman was so lame one would have thought him a cripple, and yet "Three Days" use of our remedy straightened him out all right.

Mrs. G. W. Harris, a leading manufacturer of Wilmington, Del., writes Dec. 17th, '85: "From the first day I began to use the Russian Rheumatism Cure, my day followed and my comfort daily increased. The use of my limbs became more and more natural until I felt no discomfort either walking or working. I know of nothing which has so quick and wonderful an effect."

One of Philadelphia's oldest merchants, Mr. C. O. Dockers, residing 640 Main Street, Germantown, Pa., writes: "The Russian Rheumatism Cure is taken all the pain out of my daughter's arm and back. She had suffered greatly with it for months."

We have testimony of this sort sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical. But if you have the Rheumatism you want relief rather than testimony. You can get it—quick, sure, permanent, by sending for the

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

Descriptive pamphlet, with testimonials, free. Price \$2.50. If mailed, 10c. additional. If registered, 10c. more.

One Box does the business.

None Genuine without this Trade-Mark.

As yet it is not to be found at the stores but can only be had by enclosing the amount as above, and a forwarding the American proprietors.

PFAELZER BROS. & CO.

815-821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

COAL. — COAL

All wanting the best quality of Lehigh Coal can find it at Scullin's coal yard on Egg Harbor road, near Bernshouse's steam mill. Coal will all be dumped from the cars into the yard, and will be sold in five ton lots at the same rate as car load lots from other yards. Having a good plank floor to shovel from, instead of the inconvenience of shoveling from the cars, is really worth ten cents a ton to every purchaser. All coal will be sold strictly for cash on delivery. Office at Anderson's feed store.

JOHN SCULLIN,

Hammonton, N. J.

Tomlin & Smith

Have received this week a supply of

FALL GOODS

Ladies' and Children's Hosiery (cotton and wool)

CORSETS—Coraline, Duplex, Doctor Warner's Health, and other makes.

GLOVES—new Fall shades. Veiling, Collars.

Handkerchiefs—the latest styles.

SOAP,—Colgate's, Cachemere Boquet, Glycerine, Honey, and Oatmeal.

DRESS GOODS,—Black and Colored Cashmere.

Dress Trimmings,—Silesia, Drilling, and Cambric.

White Goods, Nainsook, Lawn, and Cross barred Muslin.

Full assortment of NOTIONS.

New Goods Every Week

This Paper is kept on file at the office of

AYER & SON

ADVERTISING AGENTS

Times Building, Chestnut Philadelphia.

ESTIMATES for NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING FREE

Send 10c. for Lowest Cash Rates FREE

Stamp for AYER & SON'S MANUAL

AGENTS WANTED

To canvass for one of the largest, oldest, and most liberal terms. Unequalled facilities. Prices low. General Agency, Established 1840. W. & T. SMITH, Geneva, N. Y.

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NEW GOODS

at

STOCKWELL'S

Cor. Bellevue Ave. and Third St.

Crinkle and Plain Seersuckers.

Satines, Foulards,

Batistes, Lawns, Prints,

&c., &c.

Also, a large line of

NOTIONS.

Call, and we will suit you.

DON'T GO HUNGRY!

But go to

Packer's Bakery,

Where you can get

The Best

Wheat, Bran, and Rye

BREAD,

At the old price of ten years' standing,

FIVE CENTS per LOAF

Breakfast and Tea Rolls,

Cinnamon Buns,

Pies, Crullers,

A great variety of Cakes.

Baker's Yeast

constantly on hand.

Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Nuts and Confections, as usual,

Meals and Lunches furnished to order, and a limited number of lodgers accommodated.

The REPUBLICAN contains more than twenty-five columns of entertaining reading each week. Thus, in a year we furnish you 1300 columns of fresh news items, stories, etc., all for \$1.25.

Close to SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, POST-OFFICES, and R. R. DEPOTS, in the CENTRE of the Town of Hammonton.

Prices Reasonable, Terms Easy. Call on, or address,

A. J. SMITH, Hammonton, N. J., P. O. Box 209.

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Close to SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, POST-OFFICES, and R. R. DEPOTS, in the CENTRE of the Town of Hammonton.

Prices Reasonable

Regret.

I do not mourn, sweet wife of mine,
Because those ruby lips of thine—
That marble brow—
Were kissed by one who might have been,
Had I not chosen to step between,
Thy husband none.

I do not grieve because thy heart,
The Cupid touched it with my dart,
For him thou wast best.
Nor that the hand which owns my ring
Once wore his gift a "Missup" thing,
It was too moist.

I grieve not that his arms were placed
Some scores of time around your waist,
So sweet and slim.
Ah, no my love! the vice you see
Is mine because you wedded me
Instead of him.

MISS RUTH'S SCHOLAR.

Miss Ruth Clifford has taken the seat of authority in her little school, on Monday morning, the period of its commencement.

She was a very pretty little creature of scarcely sixteen, with a dimple in each cheek, lips like May roses, and big blue eyes, where the light seemed to glow and deepen at every impulse that passed through her mind. The idea of her being a grim, stern school-mistress was rather absurd, but then Ruth was poor, and they wanted some one to teach the school who had graduated in the city, so here she was at ten dollars a month, trying to look as old and dignified as possible.

"Teacher-teacher!" cried little Tommy Marten, "here's Hugh Leslie in the school, and the trustees said he shouldn't come no more, 'cause he didn't pay the last two quarters!"

"Hugh Leslie, come here," said Miss Clifford, pushing her brown curls away from her forehead with a puzzled air, and Hugh shuffled up to the desk, a great awkward clown, full as old as the school-mistress, and a taller.

"Is it true that you are behindhand with your tuition money?" asked Ruth.

"Yes, m'm, it's true," solemnly answered the young giant, twisting his ragged cap in both horny hands.

"Cause his father gets drunk, and his mother tain't no money," shrilly interrupted Tommy Marten.

"Tommy, will you be silent?" said Ruth with dignity. "Then, Hugh, what are you here for?"

"I want to get book larnin'," solemnly answered Hugh.

"Teacher, he's a real bad boy, he thrashed the master last term," piped Mary Hopkins.

"And he stole the picture books out o' Joseph Miller's desk, chimed in Harry Smith.

"Hugh," said Ruth gravely, "you may go. I don't care for such pupils in my school."

Hugh turned slowly away, still twisting his cap, with downcast eyes and drooping head; Ruth pitied him in her heart.

"Hugh," she said, softly, "Ma'am!" he started and turned.

"I am very sorry to send you away, Hugh. If I allow you to remain, do you think you can behave yourself?"

"I'll try, Ma'am," the boy said, with a gleam of hope in his face.

"And how'll pay his schoolin' money?" demanded the disappointed Tommy.

"I will," said Ruth: "Go and take your seat, Hugh."

And through all the term Ruth had no better scholar nor more diligent pupil than Hugh.

"You have improved very much, Hugh," she said, as they walked home through the pine woods the last day of the term. "I am sorry I shall not be here next year to help you on, but you must study perseveringly, and you will be sure to prosper."

"I'd like to learn a trade," said Hugh, musingly, "and get a respectable livin'."

"And there is no reason why you should not," said Ruth, encouragingly. "My folks are a bad lot," sighed the boy, "and nobody wants to employ Siah Leslie's boy."

"But when they see that Siah's Leslie's boy is honest and industrious, and wishes to earn a decent livelihood, they will judge very differently."

Hugh burst into tears.

"Oh, teacher, teach me to be the only one who ever told me I could be different from the dram-drinkin' set at home. If only I wasn't going away!"

who had been like a guardian angel to him. And ten years passed away, and Ruth completely forgot the young clown of the village.

"I want you to look your prettiest to-night, Ruth, for I have a new cavalier to introduce to you—a splendid fellow!"

"Indeed! who is it?"

"Well, he is a friend of Mr. Tracy's, just arrived from Europe, where I am told he has distinguished himself in scientific and literary circles, besides having received an inheritance from some far away Scotch relative that makes him independently wealthy. Isn't it quite romantic? And he is so handsome, too! His name is—"

But here some new visitor, claiming Mrs. Tracy's attention—it was the day of her weekly morning reception—interrupted her enthusiastic recital, and Ruth Clifford did not hear the name of the new lion.

However, she went home, and, acting on Mrs. Tracy's suggestion, dressed herself in "her prettiest," no very elaborate costume to be sure, for Ruth was poor, but one whose delicate good taste could scarcely be rivaled. A white dress, relieved by straw-colored ribbons and saffron, and a few yellow roses in her bright hair, formed the whole of her toilet, but when she looked in the glass after the finishing touch was given, and all was complete, there was a smile of gratified pride on her pretty lips. She did not think Mrs. Tracy would have reason to be ashamed of her friend.

"You are looking very nicely, my love," said the young matron, with a satisfied little nod, as she beckoned Ruth to her side. And five minutes afterward, Ruth heard her name pronounced.

"Miss Clifford, allow me to present Mr. Leslie."

Ruth looked timidly up into a pair of deep brown eyes, and acknowledged to herself that the European traveler was very handsome, with his stately, erect figure, his Greek features and the polished, indescribable grace of his air and manner.

Mr. Leslie devoted himself to Ruth that evening, and when she went home, she told her mother she never had had such a "nice time" in all her life before.

He called the next morning to inquire how she was after the fatigues of the party night, and he sent a basket of Northern flowers that evening, and he took her to the opera the next night, but one and presently Mrs. Tracy began to laugh and look knowing.

"You have stolen his heart away with your blue eyes and your demure airs, Ruth," she said, gayly.

And one soft April evening, he asked her if she would be his wife—and she said yes.

"My darling love," he said, fervently, "it is right and fitting that your happiness should be the care of my life, for it is your hand that has lifted me to the position I now occupy in the world."

"My hand?"

"Yes."

He drew from his bosom a narrow, faded bit of blue ribbon.

"Do you remember who dropped this ribbon from her hair, one autumn day, six years ago, in the little red school-house at Lakeville?"

Ruth looked at him in surprise.

"And do you remember who picked it up? a great awkward fellow, Hugh Leslie by name? Well, he has kept it ever since, and now he wears it, as a badge of the devotion he bears his sweet lady-love."

"Yes—but—"

"Did you never suspect that we were one and the same? Well, I must confess we are changed—and yet, Ruth, I date my first aspiration toward the good and noble on that day when you offered to pay my neglected schooling, and refused to listen to the parrot-like aspersions of those around me. Ruth your scholar has graduated at last."

And Ruth Clifford felt in the newly-born glow of her happiness that she had indeed cast her bread upon the waters, and many days afterward it had returned to her.

Superb Jewelry.

In a recent sale of an art collection in London the famous Philippe Eggel's sapphire ring fetched \$3,676; the largest pearl in the world, two inches in diameter, \$3,160; a diamond an inch and a half across, formerly belonging to the King of Kandahar, \$1,785; and a superb aquamarine sword hilt, once carried by Murat, King of Naples, \$1,170.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

Faith is the medium between despair and presumption.

Man cannot live exclusively by intelligence and self-love.

The word "impossible" is the mother-tongue of little souls.

THE ROMANCE OF A NICKEL.

This Story Is Not Meant to Encourage Young Women to Forget Their Pocketbooks.

A romantic courtship which began in Baltimore has just ended in a marriage in Richmond, Va., and a correspondent tells about it. The bride was Miss Blanche Thurfield, and the groom is Mr. Thomas Bowers, now a merchant in Richmond, but at the time this love story opens a resident of Baltimore.

One afternoon last June, Mr. Bowers boarded an up-town Madison avenue car and was soon deeply interested in an afternoon paper. Presently a handsome young lady entered and took a seat beside him. He glanced at the new passenger, and as he looked at the pretty face and figure beside him he noticed the young lady draw her hand from her pocket and a bluish mantle her cheek. He saw that she had forgotten her purse, and as she was in the act of signaling the conductor to stop the car, he politely asked her if he could be of any service. The flush again rose to her cheek, and her embarrassment increased when she informed Mr. Bowers of her situation.

"But permit me to pay your fare," requested the gentleman.

"If you will give me your card so that I can return the money I will consent," she replied.

The conductor came along and Mr. Bowers dropped the additional nickel in his hand.

"I am ever so much obliged," said the pretty miss. "Now, will you give me your card."

Cards were exchanged, and the next morning a messenger entered Mr. Bowers' office and handed him a neat envelope addressed in a lady's hand. It contained a nickel and the neatly-expressed thanks of Miss Thurfield. Correspondence followed, and the acquaintance thus formed soon ripened into friendship, and terminated as above related, and the bridal couple are now on their wedding tour.

VARIOUS YUM-YUM-ISM.

Love and Courtship as it Exists in Japan.

"It is absurd," said Professor Edward S. Morse, in his lecture, "to attempt to carry out a tea-party as Japanese do unless you can do it perfectly. I read, the other day, of a Japanese marriage ceremony where they had twelve bridesmaids. In Japan they have no bridesmaids. They sat down in chairs. They have no chairs in Japan. A priest officiated. No priest is needed at a Japanese wedding. Why, such an affair is no more like a Japanese wedding than it is like a Hottentot marriage. Then I saw a notice in your papers here of a Japanese tea where they ate rice with chopsticks and chocolate. They don't know what chocolate is in Japan, and the Japanese don't eat rats! I have seen a good deal of Japanese life, but I never saw a Japanese wedding. I've attended the feasts afterward, but foreigners are never invited to the ceremony. I only know what I've been told. The marital rites consist in pledges drunk by bride and groom from three cups. The bride wears no veil. There are no bridesmaids and no chocolate. Why such a wedding I read of might represent a wedding in Patagonia with just as much accuracy."

"In Japan a young man can not call on a girl. He can't take a lady-love to a German. They never dance together; and, in fact, they don't dance at all. Nothing astonishes the Japanese more than to see the freedom displayed in our ball-rooms here. Yet, there is love in Japan. Courtship is arranged by go-betweens. A young man has it suggested to him that it's time for him to marry, and his father picks out a man has the best of the Chinaman in this respect. In China a man never sees his wife until the day he is married. In Japan you meet your affianced at a tea-party, arranged for the purpose of introduction, though you may have been engaged two years. The Japanese who go abroad come back with different ideas on that subject."

"Children are treated as equals. They have absolute freedom. You never see a mother calling a child into the house or sending one out. Japanese are good-natured, because they're all ways had their own way. There is none of the scolding heard among civilized people that drives the youth to become the hoodlums of society. The Japanese have the secret of bringing up children, and no mistake. They are quiet, unostentatious, delightful to the last degree. Children are never seen alone, and parents are rarely seen without their children. They take them with them to their festivals and temples. The Japanese have a gentle method of awakening you. They don't disturb your slumbers by a loud scream or knocking, but tap gently until you are aroused. You see small children lugging babies around on their backs. The little ones are strapped on by a scarf. Japanese girls' skirts are scant, but they don't walk with that mincing gait you see in 'The Mikado.' The baby 'Japa,' instead of being bundled up in cradles, have lots of fresh air from morning until night."

"Many of their games are precisely like ours. They have lots of toys made with strings and cords. You'll think of your own young days when you see one child run after another, put his hands over her eyes and make her guess who he is. Instead of 'Simon says thumbs up,' they have a triad game in which they use the nose, chin and ears instead of the thumb. They have curious forfeit games, and number among them some first-rate chess-players. The drivers of public vehicles are not like civilized hackmen, who rush up to you, grab your bag and scare you out of a year's growth if you happen to be at all timid. When you signify your desire to ride they draw lots to see which one shall carry you. Everything is 'Mr.' even to the baby and the cat, and the Mr. always comes last. The boys enjoy kite-flying immensely, and while they don't fight themselves, they try to get their kite strings crossed and cut them. All forms of indoor games, like authors and checkers, are found, and an infinite variety of verses."

"The Japanese understand the true spirit of present-giving. With us we sometimes say: 'Oh, I can't get anything nice enough, so I won't send a present.' When it comes to discussing intrinsic value in making gifts then it becomes an alms-giving. I've never had a Japanese call on me that he didn't bring some little trifle. I understand they do so when they call on each other. A 'notion' signifying 'good luck' is always attached to each package, upon which is a character striking an American as rather tame. All sorts of decorations, even to a bird's cage, they put on the end of their hair-plugs. You never see a young girl unless her face is painted white, her lips a bright red, and red and gray spots daubed on her cheeks. I once asked why this custom prevailed, and I was told it would be absolutely unnecessary if it were not for the assumption that she had a complexion so good that she didn't need paint."

A SNOW WHITE IBEX KILLED.

A Rare Animal Disposed of by an Owl Trapper in the Owl Mountains.

In the Owl Mountains, Washington Territory, is seen at long intervals a snow or white ibex. One of these rare animals was recently killed by an owl trapper and hunter known as Shoshone Jack. The snow ibex attains the size of the big horn or mountain sheep, has a coat of dazzling white and is of the true ibex breed. It is both active and powerful, and when driven to bay is a most dangerous adversary. Its massive horns, with their backward sweep of two feet, are formidable weapons, and are forcibly used. Some years since Tom Anton, then a mountain prospector and hunter, now half owner in the noted Bonanza Oil Spring, Big Horn Basin, came near losing his life in an encounter with a snow ibex in the Owl Mountains. Tom was in pursuit of a band of blacktail deer, when he espied ahead of him what he at first took for a snowing snow heap. Soon, however, he saw it was an animal, and a moment later he knew it must be the famed mountain ram avis, a snow ibex. The ibex, an old ram, was within fair range, and Anton at once pulled upon him. At the crack of the rifle the animal fell dead in his tracks. Hastening up to secure the rare prize, Anton suddenly found himself confronted by the infuriated animal. A most tremendous bout ensued. The hunter flying into the air, and when he struck the ground the ram was on top of him. And now the heavy curved horns of the furious brute were dashed again and again against the anatomy of the hunter. Every bone and joint felt the fearful punishment. Finally Anton succeeded in grasping one of the heavy horns, and dragging himself to his knees, confronted his furious assailant. He held on desperately, and was forced to the brink of a rough and steep mountain washout. Here Anton succeeded in drawing his hunting knife. He made several ineffectual passes with this weapon and the closely clasped fangs went down the washout together. The ibex struck the bottom underneath, and the keen and ready blade of the hunter drank deep of its blood. Again and again did the knife strike home and the snow ibex was a corpse. When dressed, the carcass weighed 125 pounds, and the flesh proved excellent eating. The Owl Mountains seem to be the only Wyoming district in which the snow ibex is found. There are said to be a few in certain localities of the Montana mountains.

How Kerosene is Distilled.

Petroleum consists of a great many different fluids, which range in volatility from the boiling point of ether to nearly a red heat. Such being the case, as soon as the oil is heated at all, the most valuable products begin to come over, at first colorless as water, but very gradually assuming a yellow tinge until the most dense distillation coming over at the last is quite dark brown in color, so that if all the distillate were allowed to run into a tank together it would not look very differently from the original petroleum.

In the ordinary process of refining petroleum the distillate is divided into three portions. The first is the lightest colorless portion, nearly as volatile as ether, and is called crude naphtha, and is used for gasolines, A, B and C naphtha, which are used in gas machines, for mixing paints and other similar purposes, sometimes, also, for burning in lamps and stoves. The middle portion of the distillate, which is neither very light nor very heavy, and having but little color, is the crude illuminating oil or kerosene. As it runs from the still it has a very offensive odor, due to decomposition of certain portions of the petroleum at the high temperature reached in the still.

To remove the offensive compounds the oil is first agitated with about 5 per cent. of oil of vitriol. This combines with the offensive oils forming a black, tarry residue that falls to the bottom of the tank as soon as the oil is brought to rest. The mixture of acid and oil is called "sludge," and is used in large quantities in the manufacture of commercial fertilizers. After the acid is drawn off and the oil washed with water, it is again washed with a strong solution of caustic soda, which removes the excess of sulphuric acid and some peculiar acid compounds that exist in the oil.

The oil after another washing with water, is nearly colorless, with the balsamic odor of kerosene, and possesses a slight opalescence peculiar to these oils. As usually prepared they belong to the class known as "high test" kerosenes and consist almost entirely of oils that exist in the petroleum already formed, being merely separated from the heaviest and heaviest portions. Such oils are called the "educts" of the petroleum. The heaviest portions of the distillate contain paraffine oils. They also, are mainly educts of the original oil; they however, contain a much larger proportion than the kerosene of the products of the oil. A tarry residue remains in the still called "residue."

Paganini's Skill.

One of the greatest violinists that I have heard told me that Paganini's studies were at the time so unusual and so difficult that they were considered an ordeal which very few undertook to solve, and it would be interesting to know how many would be able to solve it in a satisfactory manner. He played on two, even on three strings at a time, without doing what Ole Bull did, cut the bridge straight; he played arpeggi in double stops, or made a series of staccato markings the melody in pizzicato. He passed, as I have before said, for having achieved such supernatural feats of force by a supernatural act, and the superstition of some people who credited this nonsense went so far that a lady who heard him in Italy, and would not believe that any human being could so far surpass all his fellow creatures without extraordinary means, followed him to the stage door, where she stood his cab with a black horse; she swore he never touched the ground, that there was a fiery cart with two black horses, and he went away through the air. One of Paganini's most disastrous triumphs, if I may so call it, he had when playing at Lord Holland's. Some one asked him to improvise on the violin the story of a son who kills his father, runs away, becomes a highwayman, falls in love with a girl who will not listen to him, so he leads her to a wild country site, suddenly jumping with her from a rock into an abyss, where they disappear forever. He listened quietly, and when the story was at an end, he asked that all the lights should be extinguished. He then began playing, and so terrible was the musical interpretation of the idea which had been given to him that several of the ladies fainted, and the saloon, when relighted, looked like a battle-field.

In youth, grief is a tempest which makes you ill; in old age it is only a cold wind, which you can shrug your shoulders and smile while you look to the others.

Honest, hearty, contented labor is the only source of happiness, as well as the only guarantee of life. It is the lack of occupation that annually destroys so many of the wealthy, who, having nothing to do, play the part of drones, and, like them, make a speedy exit, while the busy bee fills out its days in usefulness.

STRANGELY PARTED.

By KATE TEMPLE.

Author of "The Fair Mystery," "Living for Love," "Fettered by Crime," etc., etc.

(Continued.)

"You must not think because I cannot give you a decided answer to day I let you go from me without hope," Beatrice exclaimed, sorry his pride should have been touched to pain. "Your kindness has pleased me greatly, and if at the end of the week I give you my hand, I promise you it will not be bestowed unwillingly."

The hot color rushed again to his brow, and he murmured a few low words of gratitude. Then, with a sudden passion, he caught a fold of her dress, and pressed it against his lips.

"You are lovely, and I love you!" he exclaimed, his voice sounding singularly rich in its new intensity. "What better could you do than go away with me? When I come again you will tell me so, for you have given me hope."

"Perhaps," Beatrice sighed, looking down at him in a perplexed kind of way. "But I cannot give you your answer yet. Don't give up thinking of me, Osman; the greater your love, the greater your hope of winning me."

He gave a short contented laugh as he rose to his feet.

"Then I shall not fail," he said assuringly; "my love is so deep that it must reach right down to your soul. I cannot but win you, Beatrice."

CHAPTER XII.

OSMAN OMAR waited impatiently for the time to come when he was to have his answer, and at the end of the week he presented himself again to Beatrice.

She welcomed him with a smile that made his pulses thrill, and it needed no word from her to convince him he had been successful in his hasty wooing.

"Am I to take my bride away with me?" he asked, clapping her to his heart, and imprinting a long kiss on her soft brow.

She gave an instinctive glance at her heavy black dress, and shook her head a little sadly:

"Not yet, Osman."

"Why do you care to stay here by yourself?" he urged, wishing, in his impetuosity, to carry her off at once. "Is it not better that I should watch over you and hear you company? My beautiful Beatrice, you have said you will be my wife; why must you make this delay?"

"I want Sir Edmund to advise me," she replied, gently disengaging herself from his arms. "I feel I ought not to take this step without first consulting him."

However, when this point was further argued, nobody knew where to send word to Sir Edmund; and the Arab persuaded Beatrice that it would be madness to wait for his return.

"He may wander about for years, in the wild restless mood he started in. When he comes back to Deepwood he will probably come back an old man."

Beatrice shuddered. She did not like this way of reasoning. She dreaded a buried life in this dreary home, and in her eagerness to escape it, she allowed herself to be guided by her lover.

It was arranged that he should go to Cairo and make what preparations were needed for their marriage, and in a month's time she would follow him.

"I may hear something of Sir Edmund before I leave England," she said, at parting. "I should like him to be present when the ceremony takes place."

"Yet there must be no delay on his account," Osman returned, and a passionate glance came into his eyes.

Soon after this conversation he left England, anxious to hurry on events. Still hoping to hear news of Sir Edmund, Beatrice kept up a close correspondence with his lawyer, and her perseverance was at length rewarded.

Her stepbrother could not return to Deepwood, but he would meet her in Cairo, though he considered the step she was about to take simply madness.

"He is right—it is madness," Beatrice reflected when she read his message. "Yet what choice have I? Anything is better than the monotonous existence I am forced to endure."

She crossed the bridge, and

she had a restless longing for change, and she looked forward eagerly to the journey she was about to take. She was too independent to need more than the company of her maid during the voyage.

She would place herself under the care of the captain, and so avoid further obligation.

Joshua Heath had called several times, yet, since his roof sheltered Gladys, she considered his visits almost an insult, and refused to see him or to receive any message from him.

Had she been less obstinate in her pride, she might have had some warning of what was in store for her.

She was not prepared for the surprise that came upon her one night when she lay deck with the sultry sweep of the Mediterranean lulling her into a drowsy wakefulness.

The day had been intensely warm, and Gladys had breathed the night air, she had stayed up on deck, preferring to get what sleep she could on a pile of soft rugs going into the close cabin. Her eyes were wide open, and she gazed up at the starry skies, fancifully tracing scenes in the wide blue expanse.

The salt sea air was refreshing, and the languor which had oppressed her throughout the day lost some of its heaviness.

She had never stayed on deck so late before, and she was a little surprised to find she was not the only lady who had not gone down into the cabin.

Someone with light quick steps was pacing up and down, and presently, when the foot falls had ceased, she heard a deep long sigh quite close to where she was lying.

Beatrice looked idly in the direction of the sound, and saw a slight girlish figure dimly outlined in the starlight. It might have been a pale spirit standing against the rough bulwarks; there was a white sheen on the fluttering drapery, on the soft hair, and on the sweet face turned seaward.

"Strange," Beatrice thought, "I have not seen this passenger before. I suppose she has been too ill to leave her berth. I wonder why she has come up alone?"

Beatrice was curious about this fair stranger, because she had little else to occupy her mind, and she watched her musingly, just as she had watched the sparkle of the stars and the break of the waves.

Suddenly a hot flush burned in her cheeks, and with a low exclamation of anger she rose to her feet.

In the vision like figure she had recognised Gladys.

How had she come there? What scheme had been laid that his annoyance should be thrust upon her?

Beatrice grew bitterly indignant. Why had she not been warned? Was it mere chance that had thrown them together—or had the outrage been previously arranged?

Beatrice's suspicion rose hotly against Sir Edmund's wife, and in that moment of recognition a wild hatred filled her.

She would have been glad to have seen her hurled overboard, and swept under the sea; this pale girl, who might one day have power to separate her from her brother's wealth.

Her hands clenched, and her eyes grew bright with a fearful bitterness—a bitterness which seemed to penetrate into the innocence it accused.

Gladys turned and met the scornful gaze fixed upon her, and she drew back with a slight shudder.

"Miss Etheridge?" she gasped faintly. "I did not know you were to sail with me!"

Beatrice gave a cynical smile, and, without a word, passed her, and went down to her berth.

During the rest of the voyage she did not come on deck again.

If she had, there would have been little chance of her meeting Gladys, who, startled by that first recognition, hid herself away from everybody.

She had no thought that Sir Edmund might cross her path in this strange land.

She knew Beatrice was to be the young chief's wife, but no one had told her Sir Edmund had promised to join them in Cairo.

There were no homelike ties to link her to the old life, and she had followed her brother, thinking she might be able to help him with the money he had placed at her disposal.

Nobody welcomed her to the sultry city.

She crossed the bridge, and

There were no homelike ties to link her to the old life, and she had followed her brother, thinking she might be able to help him with the money he had placed at her disposal.

Nobody welcomed her to the sultry city.

She crossed the bridge, and

her way to the hotel alone, closely veiled, and with her head bowed, feeling sorely the need of a companion on this strange shore.

Beatrice had been almost the last to leave the boat, and she was a little surprised that the first one to greet her should be her half-brother Sir Edmund.

"Have you seen her?" she asked her eyes glittering at the remembrance of that meeting with Gladys.

"Whom?" he enquired.

"The girl you so madly married."

His brows contracted with a sudden frown.

"I have forgotten her. To me she is dead! Never again let me hear her name."

The Republican.

(Entered as second class matter.)

HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC CO., N. J.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1886.

List of unclaimed letters remaining in the Post Office at Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, July 10, 1886:

Frank Ashburn, C. L. Boyd, Aaron Carney, Miss Jane Garrison, Mrs. May Gallagher, Melie Lee, Mrs. Elmer Phillips, Mrs. Julia Raymond, John Westcott, David Westcott.

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please state that it has been advertised.

ANNE ELVINS, P. M.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Your statement regarding the transfer of the Universalist Church contains an error which it is very important should be corrected, for reasons which I will give farther on. The General Convention asked for this deed as a condition of giving \$200, and will deed it back to the Society to retain so long as they desire to use it as a Universalist Church; but they will have no right to sell it or convert it to other uses. The Society has already paid for the lumber, and the money obtained from the General Convention will give them a start in the erection of the building; but they will still need in addition to their own resources, all the aid obtainable from outside, and cannot afford to have the public get the impression that they are already provided for.

As the building will, it is well known, occupy a prominent position, the committee and the members of the society generally have felt that they should aim at some architectural beauty in the design; and they have accordingly spared no effort to secure it, trusting that all public-spirited citizens will see that an increased value will thereby be given to all other property in the town, and be willing to contribute something toward the extra expense incurred.

WM. F. BASSETT.

The Iowa Democrats have declared against Prohibition. Everybody has known that they were against it, but nobody supposed they had the nerve to say so.

The special local Prohibition elections held in Washington Territory during the past few weeks show a large temperance vote, and indicate a majority in favor of prohibition.

Wanted.—Good vest-makers wanted—steady work. Inquire of Miss C. E. Scullin, Basin Road, Hammonton.

Regular meeting of Atlantic Division, Sons of Temperance, in the Masonic Hall, first and third Monday evenings in each month.

FOR SALE.—A 10-acre Farm, with good house, barn and outbuildings. Fine apple orchard, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, grapes, etc. 24 acres of land. A live man could make \$1000 a year. See or address DAVID FIELD, Hammonton, N. J.

NOTICE.—If you have mowing you wish done by machine, or cultivating or harrowing with disc machine, you can be accommodated by applying to or addressing GEORGE W. ELY, Hammonton, N. J. Or he will sell you a machine, for cash, as low as the lowest. Send for descriptive circular.

PICKERS.—Persons wanting blackberry pickers can be supplied, free of all charge, by applying in person or by mail to GEORGE BEAN, Hammonton, N. J.

Farmers, Attention! Figures show there has been less than one-third of the usual amount of FISH CRAB CANE made this season; therefore there is a great scarcity. I have secured a few tons of Dried and Ground Crab and Crude which I can furnish my patrons at ordered very soon.

Rare Chance for Agents. We have just issued from the press a volume which will sell at sight. Any industrious person can earn from ten dollars a day, and often much more, with the

New Ladies' Medical Guide, by Dr. F. J. Van der Beek. A Complete and Reliable Guide to the Health and Diseases of Women and Children. The highest authority in the United States. All diseases of women and children, their symptoms and treatment, etc., etc. Over 100 illustrations and 700 pages. Price, \$2.00. The largest, cheapest, and only reliable, and satisfactory work of the kind. Ladies' accounts of much good, and make it very desirable to have it. Send for it at once, or a sample copy by mail on receipt of price. Address

JOHN E. POTTER & Co., Publishers, 617 Sanson St., Philadelphia, Penna.

GARDNER & SHINN INSURANCE AGENTS, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. References: Policy holders in the Atlantic City Area.

THIS PAPER may be found on the Atlantic City, N. J. Street, where it is made for the NEW YORK.

Yes, my friends, your bills are ready! Are they correct? Please call and see! And while to others you're paying money, Please, oh! please remember me!

Yours, truly, Geo. A. Rogers, Elm.

Willie Hoyt, HAMMONTON Mail Messenger.

Mail and other parcels delivered at your store or residence twice each day. Letters left at the REPUBLICAN office will be mailed at next trip, and all orders left there will receive prompt attention. Terms reasonable.

Cows for Sale.

25 Young milk Cows for sale, at the farm of JOS. WHARTON, Batsto, N. J.

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The Strongest and Lightest Running Engine in the World.

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Ladies', Men's, and Children's Shoes made to order.

Boys' Shoes a Specialty.

Repairing Neatly Done.

A good stock of shoes of all kinds always on hand.

First floor—Small's Block, Hammonton, N. J.

Cedar Shingles

Having my Mill in full operation, I am now prepared to furnish the best quality of Cedar Shingles.

In any quantity, and at the lowest possible prices.

A. S. GAY, Pine Road, Hammonton.

A large lot of Cedar Grape Stakes and Bean Poles for sale, in the swamp or delivered at Elmwood or DaCosta Station.

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Plows, Cultivators, Harrows, AND Agricultural Implements GENERALLY.

Clover Seed, Timothy, Red Top, Orchard Grass, Garden Seeds of all kinds

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Jones & Lawson CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS Hammonton, N. J.

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GEO. F. SAXTON.

AGENTS Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money at once than anything else in America. Both sides of all ages can benefit from this work. It is a great money-maker and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital required. We will start you. Thousands pay for time who start at once. WITNESS & Co., Portland, Maine.

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A large quantity of Pine and Cedar Cuttings, for Summer and kindling, \$2.50 per cord. CEDAR PICKETS five and six-foot long, for chicken yard fence.

Read the Republican.

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We have the facilities and can do any kind of book or job printing. Bring all such work to the REPUBLICAN office.

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Sworn returns on the 31st of December, 1884, of all the Insurance Companies in the United States show the North America to be the largest and the greatest of them in the NORTH AMERICA. They show as follows:

NORTH AMERICA, assets, \$9,087,235
Other life companies, \$9,123,890
Assets above liabilities, \$2,004,491
Agricultural, of Watertown, assets above liabilities, 184,661
Trade, of Camden, assets over liabilities, 7,577
A. J. KIRK & SON, Sole Agents of the N. A. for Hammonton property.



A CONSTANT CARE is exercised in the sewing of our Clothing; Seams, Buttons, Button-holes, all are carefully examined and tested by competent workmen. In short, our stock of clothing, in all essential points is very strong and attractive.

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The Republican.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1886.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

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Mr. George Taylor, of Walker Road, is in his eighty-first year, yet he has worked, this week, fourteen hours per day, on his farm, and on Thursday he looked and acted vigorous enough to outlive some of his grandchildren.

The Council have leased for five years three-fourths of an acre of gravel, paying \$200 therefor. It is a good bargain for the town, and good for Mr. N. E. Artwell also, as it will uncover a bed of valuable clay, which will then be marketable.

The Steam Laundry is now under the control of Mr. C. E. Watson, a young man well-qualified to give satisfaction. We know him to be a first-class workman. Don't let your wife sweat over the wash-tub and ironing-board, but give the laundryman a trial.

Last Monday evening was the regular meeting-night of the Working-men's Loan and Building Association. Owing to circumstances, the amount of money offered for sale was very small—\$1175. The prices paid were uncommonly high—averaging 82 cents.

A picnic will be held in the grove adjacent to the M. E. Church, New Columbia, on Saturday next, July 13th, in the afternoon and evening. Ice cream, lemonade, oysters, and confectionery of all kinds will be provided in abundance. A match game of base-ball will be played at two o'clock, between the Elwood and Columbia Clubs. A bicycle race at 6:30, to be participated in by some of the best professional riders in the country. Springs will be erected, and everything provided necessary to make the occasion pleasant and enjoyable. All invited.

Mr. W. A. Miller's residence had a narrow escape from destruction, last Saturday. When about to sit down to dinner, one of the daughters went up stairs, and on her return reported hearing a peculiar sound from the attic. A second daughter went up, and said: "Why, it sounds like fire!" The door was then opened, but a rush of smoke from the attic drove them back. An alarm was sounded, and Messrs. G. F. and John A. Saxton and J. S. Thayer were soon on the roof, and a vigorous stripping up of shingles commenced, by which means the fire was located, and extinguished with a few pails of water. The origin of the fire is one of the mysteries (it may have been a fire-cracker), but it had burned a small hole through to the hard-pine roof-boards, where it spread until discovered. Half an hour later, water would not have saved the building.

Rev. Asher Moore was expected to address the audience, but was unable to be present, owing to extreme heat and distance.

After adjournment, people gathered in groups and discussed the contents of dinner-baskets. Mr. Fowler had swings here and there, and boats traversed the lake with merry parties. Once all we could hear the crack, snap, bang of the crimson cracker, reminding us that our Young America still adhered to the traditions of the fathers, and would even utilize the labor of the "heathen Chinese" to testify his joy in America's freedom. Darkness scarcely found the Park deserted. At night, the pop, whiz, and rush of candle, wheel, and rocket could be heard and seen in all directions, until the hours grew long, when the quiet that becomes the approaching holiday fell over the scene, and weary heads had rest.

The copy of the *Lone Star State* lying before us informs us that our fellow-citizen, Dr. Peebles, has been elected to the presidency of the "Texas Immigration, Land, Loan, and Trust Co.," having offices in the city of New York and San Antonio, Texas. Perhaps the doctor thinks of doing as do certain birds of passage, spending his winters South, and returning North in summertime. We see by their prospectus that the company referred to has been organized "for the purpose of promoting immigration to America, the purchase of land and the subdivision and sale of the same to actual settlers; the investment of money for non-residents," etc. The State of Texas is therein pronounced "the best field for the immigrant and the investment of capital of any State in the Union."

"Our hammocks are strong enough for two," says an observing advertiser.

Frank Bouders, a former employee of Mr. Bernhouse, now a contractor in Atlantic, has been very sick with lung fever. Two weeks of Hammonton air have enabled him to walk about in comparative comfort.

Miss Ella Horton will have, next Monday, from a large house in Philadelphia, crochet work for any number of women and girls, to be done at their own homes. The pay is good and sure. Call at Wm. Sturtevant's residence, Monday, and learn particulars.

The *Atlantic Journal* quotes that free-trade communication from our last week's issue, but is unfair enough to omit our reply,—merely referring to it in terms not complimentary. It don't look like Bro. Oliver's work; probably the "hives" have affected his temper.

Probably all our readers know that the inside of our paper is printed in Philadelphia. We are usually pretty well satisfied with the selections there given; but a mistake was made this week, and wrong sheets sent us—apparently intended for Vineland. We don't like it, but had not time to rectify it.

Prof. W. B. Matthews has had at least two desirable calls to take charge of schools elsewhere. We should be very sorry to have Mr. Matthews leave the Hammonton schools, which he has been mainly instrumental in bringing into harmonious working order; but so great an increase in salary is hard to resist.

A letter from S. R. Morse, dated at Livermore, Maine, says: "We find it very pleasant here. My brother's family (Mell's) are here for the summer; Mr. Oggood and family will be near here, and also Miss Burr, of Camden. So we shall have quite a company of Jersey folks. Come down and see us; you shall have a good time."

Messrs. Gilbert C. Bemis, Thomas Sheppard, and Charles Wilson, of Worcester, Mass., shop-mates of E. V. Hoyt, are spending their summer vacation looking about Jersey. This week they visited at L. Hoyt's and A. J. Smith's. Thursday went to "the city by the sea," on Friday searched for the elephant in Philadelphia. This A. M. they planned to start for home. "Eddie" and another shop-mate passed their vacation with friends in New York State.

The Journal-man copies our complaint concerning postal facilities (?) in Hammonton, and says: "Why not blame the Postmaster?" We tell you why. For twenty-five years, under a Republican administration, post-office arrangements were satisfactory here: but about four years ago Mr. Elvins felt that our growing town deserved more convenient facilities. Did he ask Congress for an appropriation? No; he bought a corner lot, in a very eligible location, built a neat and substantial two-story building, and fitted up the lower story in a style equalled by few post-offices in the State. He thus expended not less than three thousand dollars, receiving and expecting no return upon his salary. Everybody was satisfied; and nobody seemed able to suggest an improvement. Judge, then, of the popular amazement and indignation when, on April 24th last, an order was received from the "Acting First-Assistant-Postmaster-General" for our Postmaster to "immediately close" this "branch." In response to repeated petitions, signed by voters of all parties, an Inspector was sent here, several weeks ago, made intelligent inquiries and looked over the books. He found that about three-fourths of the post-office business was done at the "branch," and promised to recommend its re-opening at the main office. Since then, Mr. Elvins has held all things in readiness to move back at an hour's notice, but the notice has not yet come. That's why we do not "blame the Postmaster?"

PIGS.—A lot of Jersey Red and Poland China Pigs for sale,—about 6 weeks old. Apply to JACOB EVAUL, Ancora, N. J.

\$5 Reward. I hereby forbid all persons negotiating a Town Order No. 215, dated June 26th, 1886, drawn to the order of A. J. Smith, for twenty-five dollars, as payment thereon has been stopped. Said order was in my pocket-book, which was lost Thursday, July 8th. The finder will receive the above reward by returning the book to the REPUBLICAN office, or to

Berry Pickers.—Whoever wants any pickers this year can be supplied by me for 25 cents each. Call at my house two weeks before berries are ripe, and let me know how many you want.

A Farm.—The Baily farm, on First Road, Hammonton, is for sale. Nineteen acres of good land, with a comfortable house and other conveniences. Turns reasonable. Apply on the premises, or at the REPUBLICAN office.

The Republican.

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Fate of Great Mine Discoverer.

The superstitious belief is an old one that unless the discoverer of a camp meets an untimely or bloody end his find will never amount to anything. This seems borne out by facts, since nearly all the discoverers of the great gold mines of the United States, with but few exceptions, have, as the saying goes, "died with their boots on." Of thirty-eight booming towns of early days, the locators of twelve were killed by bullet, three were buried in their creations by cave-ins and the rest drifted away with the tide of immigration, have become lost in oblivion, or died and were buried in pauper graves. George H. Fryer, of Leadville, derived its name, died at Denver not long ago from an overdose of morphine administered by his own hand. Two years previous to his death he was worth a million or so, but he died a pauper and almost without a friend.

Old Virginia, after whom the "Consolidated Virginia" was named, and who sold his claim for \$25, a pony and a bottle of whiskey, came to his death by an overdose from a bucking mule near Dayton, Neb.

Bill Bodie, the discoverer of the great Standard mine in Mono county, Cal., slept his life away in a snow storm while making his way to the mines.

Colonel Storey, who gave his name to the county in Nevada where the Comstock is situated, was killed in battle by the Pyramid Lake Indians.

Thomas Page Comstock died a bogger in a strange land. "Old Pancho," as he was known in the mining camps, committed suicide at Bozeman, Mont., on September 27th, 1870, by shooting himself. He was "the leader of the Big Horn expedition that was sent out by Nevada capitalists in search of the Lost Cabin mines, supposed to be somewhere among the Big Horn mountains. The expedition was a failure, and Comstock, whether from disappointment or from some other cause, while encamped near Bozeman, drove a pistol-ball through his head and died instantly. He was buried there, and his grave is unmarked and unknown.

Next the wild winter twelve years before the hidden treasure of Alder gulch was first revealed to him, William Fairweather was laid down to rest. Like poor "Old Pancho," this erratic soul stranded on the shoals of dissipation, although each in his day had turned the key—the one silver, the other golden—which unlocked millions for others but nothing for themselves. William Farrell, who "struck" Meador Lake, died a victim to remorse in the hands of the leading hospitals of San Francisco. "The laudanum of spirits of 1,000 deluded prospectors passing and repassing the drying bed," the locator of the famous Homestake, in the Black Hills, is said to have afterward turned road agent. Times going hard with him, he attempted to stop a stage loaded and prepared for just such emergencies, and he was planted alongside the road by the tender-hearted express agents whom he tried to rob and kill. Homer, of the Homer district, followed in the suicidal tracks of Comstock. After squandering a small fortune he shot his brains out on the streets of San Francisco. Doughnut Bill, "Old Eureka," Kelse Austin, Lloyd Magruder, "Nimble Clark," George Hankinson, Henry Plummer and scores of others died violent deaths in one way or another, and reaped nothing from the rich finds each had made in his day. Doughnut Bill was planted in the Lone Mountain cemetery, in Utah, in 1868; a lone grave under a white pine tree in a frontier mine town of California tells how poor "Old Eureka" sleeps his last sleep; Kelse Austin was killed and buried in Elko county, Nevada, fifteen years ago.

Lloyd Magruder, while conducting a number of wagons loaded with treasure from Virginia City to the nearest railroad, was murdered and robbed by his teamsters, who were Plummer's outlaws in disguise; George Hankinson and Henry Plummer were hauled up by vigilantes and strung up without the delay and formality of a trial. In the early days of the mining camps of Montana, Plummer was elected sheriff of the camp about Virginia City. He was the first locator of the rich ground about Virginia City, but thought he could make more money, and quicker, too, by taking what was already mined, than by laboring in the gulch day after day and getting it by hard honest toil. He was tripped up at last, and died a cringing, miserable coward on a gallows of his own construction.

A Frenchman has found that by placing a few drops of glycerine and water into the corners of the eyes of dead persons their life-like appearance is restored.

A proverb is the wit of one and the wisdom of many.

A PROCESSION IN CEYLON.

An Army With Banners Marching Out to Meet a Buddhist Camp-Meeting.

The Oadala Milligawa, our chief temple of Buddha in this town was the point of rendezvous for the procession. In quick pursuit we followed on wheels behind a fleet Indian-Arab horse and the procession on foot. The graceful Oriental was doing his best to keep the offerings—these were for the clergy—they must go in form, all together, not straggling as we would to a donation party under the cover of night, but in broadest daylight; not with our gift smuggled under cloak and waterproof, but borne aloft on the head, drums beating, youths dancing, banners flying. They must do it with pageant, displaying their utmost good will and joy in the doing.

They marched through a long principal street, "Trincomalee street," emphasizing the solemnity of the occasion, and then took a sudden detour, climbing through one of the beautiful, laid out and well-built roads that wind over the wild mountains that hedge in and practically are a part of Kandii. First went the banner-bearers. Some banners were shield-shaped and had only a silver crescent and stars on a blue ground. Another was pure color—black and striped like a rainbow. Another banner had a huge long-tailed lion, the emblem of the Sinhalese, and the reverse side of the same banner had a great peacock. The peacock and the lion were their religious birds.

The sacred goose, in stucco and fresco, embellishes the drawing room of the Kandian old palace, now the residence of an English high official. The tallest and largest banners have the lion and the peacock. Leading the procession was a large "bandy" vehicle—drawn by bullocks, hump-shouldered, small and docile—our regular old style animal for carriage use—horses, now numerous, being an European introduction. The band wagon held gifts. There were drums and pipers and a corps of dancers, young men, who held each two bamboo sticks as long as carving knives. Very sonorous were these sticks as they knocked them together at every step, making the whole march, really an agile single foot jumping in perfect, deliberate time, and crossing back and forth, somewhat like a modern dance.

Women were in the procession, bearing upon their heads in wide, shallow baskets their womanly gifts of cakes for the priests. Lastly went another wagon, which was prettily canopied and decked. It contained stores of food, rice being the staple.

Firecrackers and Feasting—A Large Time Generally Took Place.

A few evenings ago quite a number of the Chinese residents of Boston and vicinity were conveyed in job wagons to Mount Hope cemetery, to perform religious rites over the grave of a deceased brother. After alighting from the team several of the men measured off a space of fifty feet square, and then excavations in the earth, others followed and setting firmly in the holes, which were nearly at equal distances, pyrotechnics. At a signal these were lighted, the variegated color making weird spectacle in the city of the dead. This unusual sight attracted the attention of residents in the vicinity and soon quite a crowd collected. The spectators were orderly, although their curiosity was greatly excited. The Chinese apparently did not take much notice of the natives and proceeded with their ceremonies. While the burning pyrotechnics shed a lurid light about the premises the Chinese in solemn procession walked inside the enclosure, some throwing small pieces of paper in the air. On the paper had been traced certain figures. At regular intervals a fire cracker was exploded, while those in the procession chanted hymns, to the music of a drum. After an invocation having been made by one of the men, a number of others built a fire of medium size in the center of the square, at the same time half a dozen Chinese, who were barefooted then ran through the drying fire. There was a renewal of the chanting, the drum was again beaten and fire crackers were exploded.

The finale of the ceremonies was a feast. Plates of edibles were passed about, a plate of food being first placed on a grave which had the appearance of having been but recently made. After the company had satisfied the cravings of their appetites they departed, leaving the plate of food on the grave.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

A little kindness goes a good way. It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

The trees that are not most in the sun bear the sweetest fruit.

It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in old age.

Life, that never leaves its youthfulness, has for its first duty, to forgive.

It is not so difficult to know one's self, as to confess the knowledge.

Each departed friend is a magnet that attracts us to the next world.

The serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world.

Prudence is one of the virtues which are called cardinal by the ancient ethical writers.

It is as good to be as bad as the feeling which is quick to see, and speak of the faults of others.

Promises made in time of affliction require a better memory than people generally possess.

We should not measure the excellence of our work by the trouble it has cost us to produce it.

One of the best rules in conversation is never to say anything that any one present can wish unaided.

Fully to understand a grand and beautiful thought, requires perhaps as much time as to commit it to memory.

The freely only shines when on the wing. So it is with the mind; when once we rest, we darken.

Nothing sits so gracefully upon children as toward respect and dutiful obedience toward their parents.

We should never have an opinion for better or for worse to compare to the good ground we should lay down upon better.

Poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, and feelings.

To pretend to have a good many friends is a sweet illusion of people who believe that they merit the affection of others.

There are only two sorts of men—the one, the just, who believe themselves sinners; the other, sinners, who believe themselves just.

It is a vast hindrance to the enrichment of our understanding if we spend too much of our time among infinites.

The intellectual capacity is a goodly field capable of great improvement, and it is the worst husbandry in the world to sow it with trifles.

A cheerful way of talking will soon cheer up gloomy feelings in our own minds, and will know how inspiring to us are such words from another.

'Tis a sad thing when men have neither heart enough to speak well, nor judgement to keep their tongues; and that the foundation of all imperfection.

Aristotle doth affirm that the true nature of riches doth consist in the contented use and enjoyment of the things we have, rather than in the possession of them.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest luxury is health; the greatest comfort is sleep; and the best medicine is a true friend.

A man of ability, for the chief of his feelings, should select such works as he reads beyond his power to have profit him but waste his time and augment his vanity.

He that gives good advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example builds with both; but he that only knows how to build bad example builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.

If people would only cease to disgust themselves concerning things they have no control over, and for which they have no possible responsibility, the burden of the world's worry would be reduced by more than one-half.

When God would educate a man he compels him to be a bitter lesson. He sends him to school to the worst of his friends, rather than to the graces, that, knowing all suffering, he may know, also, the eternal consolation.

Don't forget these little words—"If you please." Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

Would you have the shortest definition of Christian? Take your pen and write the word "Christian." Now strike out the first place write an "m." Then you will have the word "Christman." A Christian is a Christman.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent is so common as to find fault. A character is required to set up in the grumbling business. But those who are moved by a genuine desire to do right, and who find their fellows have little time for grumbling, and it will disappear in a very short time. The dressing should be followed by one composed of linseed oil and lime water, equal parts.

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HORSE NOTES

—There are over one hundred 2.30 stallions living.

—St. Julien is running out without shoes in California.

—McLeod is being driven on the road now by his young owner.

—Henry Travers will start in the free-or-all class at Pittsburg.

—The match-race is \$500 between Lizzie R. and Edwin A. for off.

—Jack Phillips is said to have lost money on Felix at Island Park.

—Ben Woodman has returned to Anoka, Minn., from California.

—John Burgess, of East Orange, N. J., has purchased the b. g. Saffor Boy.

—The North Hudson Driving Club dates for a meeting have been changed to September 8 to 10.

—Ben All has been on the alling list for several days, and it is doubtful if he faces the flag again for weeks.

—Charles Foster and Judge Lynch, the pacers, will have a match race for \$2000 at Cleveland during the circuit meeting.

—Dwyer Brothers have won twenty races and \$7,000 so far this season. Ed Corrigan has won thirty-three races and \$30,415.

—Mr. Fred M. Walton purchased lately in York a stylish sorrel gelding, 15 hands 8, 5 years old.

—He showed three horses better than 2.50, and it is claimed that he should go close to 2.35. He is by General Morgan, out of a Mayday mare.

—W. R. Kendall, of Worcester, Mass., has sold the ch. m. Blue Belle, 2.34, to A. J. Feek, price stated \$5000.

—Feek has in turn sold her to William Moeninger, of Frankfurt, Germany, where she has been shipped.

—She showed a mile in 2.21 for Feek the first time of asking.

—The 15 of a match between Volante and Troubadour to be run in Chicago, before July 12. If this match is not made there will probably be a sweepstakes race, \$1000 entrance, with Miss Woodford as the record, which it is thought would bring together most of the cracks of the season.

—Mr. Baldwin says he will match Volante against Miss Woodford for \$10,000 a side, on the basis of the Queen conceding 6 pounds to the California horse.

—He states, further, that he will allow the Dwyers the choice of ground, and will send Volante to any Eastern track that may be designated by the other party.

—Canker of the foot is one of the most intractable diseases with which the veterinary surgeon has to contend.

It is a disease somewhat analogous to cancer in the human subject, and true cancer, however, is supposed to have its origin in remote parts; hence great difficulty in curing it. Dr. Carpenter, however, has discovered that the parasite fungus, which develops in the interior of vegetable and animal structures, and the supposition long maintained that cancer might be regarded as an independent growth of corresponding nature does not now appear so extravagant as it was at one time considered.

There can be little doubt that a cancerous tumor of any size may be developed from a single cell, and it is probable that the original such growths in parts so distant from their primary seat as to be traced to the conveyance of cancer cells, or of their germs by the circulation; and so that it seems very difficult to draw a line which will separate such independent growths on the one hand from the ordinary tissues of the body, and on the other hand from structures really parasitic. It is interesting to know that blood vessels cannot be traced in those portions at an early period of their formation, but that they make their appearance as the normal development of the tissues, and that in the horse it is considered to be an abnormal development of the ordinary tissues of the foot; for were it otherwise, it would appear in other parts of the body, which is a rare occurrence, and assumes a malignant aspect, it may be defined as true cancer. A common antecedent of cancer is thrush, its seat is the hind-foot, occurring in horses of coarse breed, with ill-shaped hoofs and diseased claws that always emit a fetid odor. In such cases there seems to exist a peculiar diathesis favorable to the production of cancer, which, on the occurrence of a simple injury to the foot by the accidental introduction of a nail, or from any other existing cause, is immediately followed by an extraordinary morbid growth.

Treatment.—Our first business is to remove the cancerous tissue, which is done with a weak solution of chloride of soda; the principal part of the morbid growth is then to be dissected off, if any hemorrhage follows it can be arrested by the use of lint, saturated with tincture of muriate of iron, or any other styptic; next, sprinkle the whole surface with powdered bloodroot—sanguinaria canadensis—then apply a dressing of strong proliguous mud, and by means of pledgets and bandages keep a continued pressure on the parts. The foot must not be dressed in this manner for several days, remaining constantly with a solution of alum, sulphate of zinc, or some vegetable astringent—infusion of oak or bayberry bark, should these remedies fail, try the following: Take a saturated solution of common potash, into which stir a sufficient quantity of finely pulverized ointment to form a cream; apply this to any fungous growth, and it will disappear in a very short time. The dressing should be followed by one composed of linseed oil and lime water, equal parts.

When God would educate a man he compels him to be a bitter lesson. He sends him to school to the worst of his friends, rather than to the graces, that, knowing all suffering, he may know, also, the eternal consolation.

Don't forget these little words—"If you please." Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

Would you have the shortest definition of Christian? Take your pen and write the word "Christian." Now strike out the first place write an "m." Then you will have the word "Christman." A Christian is a Christman.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent is so common as to find fault. A character is required to set up in the grumbling business. But those who are moved by a genuine desire to do right, and who find their fellows have little time for grumbling, and it will disappear in a very short time. The dressing should be followed by one composed of linseed oil and lime water, equal parts.

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Special Bargains

CITY AND FARM PROPERTIES.

City Properties.

61. Good six-roomed house with one lot, lot located, \$1200.

62. House seven rooms, good repair, 10 lots, lot located, \$1200.

63. Fine residence, six rooms, 10 lots, excellent location, \$1200.

64. Large house ten rooms, barn, and good lot, lot located, \$1200.

65. House, 8 rooms, one lot, good location, \$1200.

66. Eight roomed house, barn and henery, fruit for family use, six lots, lot located, \$1200.

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72. Cottage, 7 rooms, 1 lot, \$1200.

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74. House 10 rooms, 1 lot, \$1200.

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