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AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dysentery, and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy. The extensive use of these PILLS by eminent physicians in regular practice, shows unmistakably the estimation in which they are held by the medical profession.

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W. L. PAGE, of W. L. Page & Bro., Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 4, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S PILLS in numerous instances as recommended by you, and have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result. We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. FOR DYSPYPSIA they are invaluable."

J. T. HAYES.

Mexico, Tezcu, June 17, 1882.
The REV. FRANCIS B. HARLOW, writing from Atlanta, Ga., says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the defective habit, and have vastly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

YOUNG, OLD, AND MIDDLE-AGED. All experience the wonderful beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Children with Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, or any sore, or any other ailment, may be made healthy and strong by its use.
Sold by all Druggists; 25¢ a bottle for 5¢.

TUTT'S PILLS

"THE OLD RELIABLE."
25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!
Indorsed all over the World.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

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

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEeded, SERIOUS DISEASE WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED. TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

MY-VERY-BEST.

THE HANSELL DEATEN.

In comparing my own with the Hansell Red Raspberry, I find mine much the best. I invite those wishing to purchase plants to come and see the bushes while fruiting. DAVID FIELDS, Oak Road, Hammonton.

Plants for sale next Fall.

Concerning Mosquitoes.

Skeeters have the reputation of continuous application. To their poisonous provision; Never missing nightly session. Wearing out your life's existence By their practical persistence.

Would I had the power to veto Bills of every mosquito; Then I'd pass a peaceful summer, With no small nocturnal hummer Feasting on my circulation, For his regular potation.

O! that rascally mosquito! He's a fellow you must see to; Which you can't do if you're napping, But must ever more be slapping Quite promiscuous on your features; For you'll seldom hit the creatures.

But the thing most aggravating, Is the cool and calculating Way in which he tunes his harpstring, To the melody of sharp stinging; Then proceeds to serenade you, And successfully evade you.

When a skeeter gets though stealing, He sails upward to the ceiling; Where he sits in deep reflection How he perched on your complexion, Filled with solid satisfaction, At results of his extraction.

Would you know in this connection, How you may secure protection For yourself and city cousins From these bites and from these buzzing? Show your sense by quickly getting, For each window—skeeter netting.

—Anna A. Gordon.

A terrible cyclone swept up the Delaware Monday afternoon from Greenwich Point, wrecking the Major Reybold and other vessels on the river, unroofing and throwing down houses in Camden and Richmond, killing four persons and wounding fifty-eight. Five persons are missing. The storms left a trail of wreckage as far as Huntingdon Valley. The steamer "Major Reybold" was wrecked, its pilot drowned. Two streets in Camden were rendered impassable by the wrecks of houses. So far as we can learn this is the first of these storms to visit New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania.

For its soothing and grateful influence on the scalp, and for the removal and prevention of dandruff, Ayer's Hair Vigor has no equal. It restores faded or gray hair to its original dark color, stimulates the growth of the hair, and gives it a beautiful, soft, glossy and silken appearance.

Two hundred and forty fourth class postmasters were appointed Monday.

The New York Grant Monument Association has issued a circular inviting a collection in all the churches of the country next Sunday for the memorial.

The Toronto fire was subdued after burning \$100,000,000 worth of property and one man.

Thirteen hundred and sixty four deaths and 3307 new cases was the cholera record in Spain for Sunday.

Side by side in the drug store stand Vinegar Bitters and the health-blasting preparations fired up with bad rum. Take your choice between the vital elixir and the deadly poisons. The one cures every disease of the stomach, bowels, liver and nerves, the others aggravate all human ailments. Vinegar Bitters strengthens, the others weaken.

Prince Bismarck, since the recent conference with Leon-Say and Mr. Gibbs, director of the Bank of England, has openly declared himself in favor of bi-metallism.

A special train supplied the towns along the North Penn and the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroads with *The Press* on Sunday morning several hours in advance of the other Philadelphia and New York papers. Many copies were sold in Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Mr. R. L. Hayes' homing pigeon "Red Whizzer" arrived in Philadelphia from Pensacola, Fla., 930 miles, in 12 days 23½ hours beating all previous records for time and distance.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is designed for those who need a medicine to purify their blood, build them up, increase their appetite and rejuvenate their whole system. No other preparation so well meets this want. It touches the exact spot. Its record of forty years is one of constant triumph over disease.

The Naval Board, which is examining the plans and specifications for the proposed new cruisers, expects to be occupied with its work during the entire summer. It is possible that after all the American plans are examined Secretary Whitney will appoint a commission to go abroad and examine foreign models.

Secretary Whitney has appointed a board to determine what reforms may be made in the administration of the Navy Department.

In Spain on Saturday there were 3820 new cases of cholera and 1404 deaths.

The Colombian Government has captured Barranquilla, the chief seat of the rebels, and made Pristan, the revolutionist, prisoner.

It is affirmed that China will declare war if Russia invades Corea.

A bill has been introduced in Parliament to naturalize Prince Henry of Battenberg.

SPELLING MATCH.—Can you spell? Well, yes; almost anybody can spell. Then spell this and make out what it means. If you can't, then pass it on to your next neighbor;

B-B-E-E-I-I-N-N-O-O-R-R-E-S-S-T-W.

Don't say it out loud but just whisper in your pretty neighbor's ear, that if she will place these letters in their proper position she will have the world's great tonic, which will enrich her impoverished blood, put roses on her pale cheeks and make her strong and happy. Go to the nearest drug store with a dollar in your hand, and ask for Brown's Iron Bitters.

Judge Purdee, in the United States Court at Dallas, has enjoined the State of Texas from collecting taxes in Green County, the title to which has been for many years in dispute between the national and state governments.

1501 deaths and 1718 new cases is Monday's cholera list in Spain.

The plea of Barbieri that he wrote his fool book while chafing as a prisoner of war in a Northern prison don't count. He published it years afterward, while enjoying the security of Union peace.

"Whiskey and cigarettes were the cause of this," is the memorandum left by a man who committed suicide in Cleveland.

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

Attention!

Goods delivered to any part of town.

All parties desiring Passenger and Freight transportation or Livery Teams will please apply to

D. B. BERRY.

He will be at the Depots upon the arrival of trains.

Orders left at the C. & A. Depot at E. Stockwell's store, or Wm. Murphy's, will receive prompt attention.

Stables at Wm. Murphy's.

Photographs!

W. H. HARROLD

Has opened a gallery in Rutherford's Block, and is ready for business.

Pictures of all sizes and styles—copying included. All photographs taken by the instantaneous process.

Children Pictures a Specialty

CALL AT E. Stockwell's Store

And examine his new stock of

Dry Goods And Notions,

Just received, including

Satteens,

Buntings,

Summer

Cashmeres,

White Goods,

Ginghams,

Also, White and Colored Laces

Buttons, Corsets, Mitts,

Gloves, Fans, etc., etc.

Prices to suit all customers.

E. Stockwell,

Bellevue Avenue,

Hammonton, New Jersey.

D. W. JACOBS

REPAIRS

Sewing Machines & Organs.

Orders sent by mail (Hammonton Post Office) or left at Stockwell's store, will receive prompt attention.

BUY YOUR

Bread and Cakes

Pies, Rolls, Buns,

Etc., Etc.,

Baked Fresh Every Day,

At Packer's

"Old Reliable" Hammon-

ton Bakery.

Patronize home industry, and encourage home enterprise. By so doing you will the better enable us to serve you, and thus deserve your patronage.

Baker's Liquid Yeast

Which most people prefer, made fresh every day.

Fruits and Confections

As usual.

Wm. D. PACKER.

90 CHOICE BUILDING

LOTS FOR SALE.

Close to SCHOOLS, CHURCHES,

POST-OFFICES, and R. R. DEPOTS

in the CENTRE of the Town of Ham-

monton.

Prices Reasonable Terms Easy.

Call on, or address,

A. J. SMITH, Hammonton, N. J.

P. O. Box 299.

THE REPUBLICAN con-

tains 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.

SOMETHING NEW!

A Philadelphia

CLOTHING STORE

In HAMMONTON

JOS. REINHEIMER

Has rented a store in

Rutherford's Building,

And will put therein

A general stock of

Clothing

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods.

He has come to stay, and asks the

people of Hammonton to call

and see his goods.

Will be open, ready for busi-

ness, July 1st.

HERMANN FIEDLER,

MANUFACTURER

AND

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

CIGARS,

Hammonton, N. J.

Leave your order at the Re-

publican Office if you want

Calling Cards,

Business Cards,

Wedding Cards,

Invitation Cards.

Head-Quarters

FOR

FERTILIZERS!

We have just received a supply of

Mapes' Complete Manures,

For Special Crops

And General Use.

Potato Manure,

Corn Manure,

Fruit and Vine Manure,

Early Vegetable & Truck Manure

Potash Bone, and

Pure Ground Raw Bone.

We also keep in stock

German Potash Salts (Kainit),

Nitrate of Soda,

Muriate of Potash,

No. 1 Peruvian Guano,

Land Plaster,

And the only STRICTLY PURE

Dried and Ground Fish Guano,

&c., &c., &c.

GEO. ELVINS,

Cor. Main Road and Bellevue Avenue,

ONTON.

Do you know, I am thinking of tomorrow. I will pass, on my journey through life. One more of the millions that bring us. Still nearer the goal, good wife? The glad anniversary morning. Or our wedding anniversary once more. And its evening will find us still waiting. Who had thought to have gone long before.

We are old, with a knowledge of the furrows. That has plowed in your brow, once so fair. I know by the crown of bright silver. He has left in your hair the right coming. I know by the crown of the flowers. That brightened our life as it dawned. I know by the grave in the churchyard. Where we counted out dead years.

Your way has been humble and true. Your guest has been trouble and sorrow. But nursing, more trials and sorrow. Have made up your record through life. But may the thought of your dear one. Your patience and sweet clinging love. Have made for me here such a harvest. I have said, "Is there brighter above?"

In life's winter, sweet wife, we are living. But its storms all unweild will fall. What care we who have love and each other.

Who have proved each to each all in all. And in hand we wait the right coming. Giving thanks, down the valley we go. For to love and grow old together.

Is the highest bliss mortals can know. Some children are still left to bless us. And light on our hearts day by day. In hope is not always fruition.

We will strive to keep on the right way. We have sowed and have reaped, but the harvest. That garners the world we await. And happy at last we talk of to-day. Together the beautiful age.

SUSIE'S DIPLOMACY.

"If I had been born poor, instead of rich, I firmly believe my life would have been much happier," said Richard Maur with a sigh.

Richard was sitting with a friend on a bench overlooking the sea. He would have been a remarkably handsome fellow, were it not for the discontented expression, which always clouded his face.

On the other hand, his companion, Arthur Remmore, was a plain-looking man with nothing to redeem his eye of comeliness but a bright pair of eyes, and a winning smile.

At first sight, women were struck by Richard's appearance; but after a time they gradually began to feel a preference for Arthur Remmore, and his looks, and made him more agreeable.

To tell the truth, Richard was too proud and reserved—a fault for which his parents had been to blame, for he had been a spoiled child.

"Do you really believe what you say, or do you only make that assertion to startle one?" asked Remmore in answer to his friend's remark.

"I really believe that if I had been born to poverty I should be far happier than I am now," returned Richard, gravely.

"Then I'll show you a way out of your trouble," said Remmore with his cheerful laugh. "Hand over all your wealth to me, retaining only a pound a week for your maintenance, and I'll get on comfortably with the gold you despise, not to speak of being able to marry Susie."

"Your offer to relieve me of my wealth is extremely kind and considerate," said Richard, unable to repress a smile. "I admire the sacrifice you are willing to make for me; but on consideration I find that I should not without the money. If I had been accustomed to poverty it would have a different matter, but having been reared in luxury, I cannot resign my gold, even if it lead me to destruction. The luxury have spoken of is necessary to my existence."

"I thought you would draw in your horns, old boy," said Remmore, who was a little Englishman, who dearly loved to grumble.

"I have something to grumble about, I fancy," said Richard, "and I should like to see if you ought to be the happiest fellow in the three kingdoms."

"Ought I?"

"Decidedly."

"Just let me know why."

"You must be able to answer your own question, and won't take offense if I give you my real opinion?"

"Speak on, I promise I won't take offense at anything you say. I should like to see myself as others see me."

"Well, in the first place you are too proud, and think yourself superior to everybody. You fancy yourself ill-treated because the world doesn't value you as you value yourself. To tell the truth, your conceit stands in your way, Richard."

"Conceited and proud!" exclaimed Richard Maur, coloring with anger.

"You are utterly misunderstood my character. I am shy and diffident."

"Shy and diffident?" cried Remmore, interrupting him. "You are nothing of the kind. Your sole reason for remaining silent is that you would rather refrain from making an agreeable remark than be led to deliver a foolish one. Now I rattle away, saying the first thing that comes into my head, and yet I am generally regarded as a very pleasant companion."

"That is what I praise me," returned Richard.

"You say nothing very wise or witty, and yet you always manage to interest everybody."

"Because I try to please others and forget the existence of Arthur Remmore," said his friend. "But, joking apart, old fellow, what is amiss with you this morning?"

Richard sighed more heavily than before, digging holes with his cane in the sand.

While sitting at the seaside he had fallen hopelessly in love, but his natural

would be in a position to marry, that the long and short of it was to marry the same girl.

Perhaps a few judicious words might bring the lady in love to the point. She was a girl, with a wealth of very affectionately at the back of her friend's head.

She felt strongly inclined to indulge in a little of the kind, but she hesitated, feeling that it would spoil all her friend's reduction, after satisfying himself that he was waiting eagerly to hear what she had to say, and said, in a profoundly solemn voice:

"Edith, I do believe you love the man."

The words almost caused Richard to betray himself. He trembled like a leaf, for on Edith's next words depended the joy or misery of a life time.

There was a deep silence for a few minutes, and then Susie looked at her friend's head and looked at her tear-stained face, which was suffused with blushes.

"What do you think?" said Edith. "I do love him. I have discovered my secret and I know that you will not betray it. I would die with shame if he knew I had given my love unasked."

"But, Edith, he loves you," said Susie, coloring at her friend's words, for she could see the delight in Richard's eyes as he listened to Edith's avowal.

"He loves me?" cried Edith, almost contemptuously. "Why, Susie, he might marry anybody with his wealth and position?"

"The girl he loves," cried Susie. "You don't love him for his wealth?"

"Heaven knows I don't!" said Edith. "If he were to lose all his money it would make no difference to me."

And Richard pushed open the folding doors and caught Edith in his arms while Susie disinterestedly retired to the next room and locked the door, leaving the next room to make his own excuse for playing crossdancer.

"Oh, Mr. Maur," cried Jack, dashing into the room. "Why, where is he, Susie? I left him in the next room."

"He is engaged," said Susie, demurely. "Why, what's the matter Jack?"

The boy walked over to the window and stood with his hands in his pockets, whistling; but there was a suspicious moisture in his bright eyes, and Susie anxiously repeated the question.

"Father is ill and dying," he said. "Mr. Maur would have put him right if he had seen him. Poor old Joe!"

"Don't grieve, Jack," said Susie, putting her hand on his arm. "You've lost a father, but you've found a brother-in-law."

"What?" cried Jack, "is it true? Where are they? Let me go to them." And he dashed out, leaving Susie in the next room, his last forgotten for the moment in his delight at the unexpected news.

Susie smiled and sighed as she followed into the presence of the happy lovers.

But her own happiness was not so far off as she thought, for Arthur coming into an unexpected legacy, furnished the next room, his last forgotten for the moment in his delight at the unexpected news.

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But her own happiness was not so far off as she thought, for Arthur coming into an unexpected legacy, furnished the next room, his last forgotten for the moment in his delight at the unexpected news.

"I noticed the other day," remarked an old salt water sailor, "that you might find something in the paper about a chronometer. Now, I'll tell you how I have had some experience in the use of chronometers. People see them in the jeweler's window, compare their watches and find out that they are not right, and then they hold to life and property on the ocean. Time was when ships were guided to different parts of the world without them, but at a frightful sacrifice of time and often of ship, cargo and crew. Then the only means they had of determining their longitude was by dead reckoning, and that was a very poor thing to depend on. The old way was to get into the latitude of the port sailed for and then steer east or west as the case demanded. But the chronometer has done away with all that. Now a captain can leave a port and shapels course to any part of the globe, and know his true position, in clear weather, every day. There are two gentlemen, whose names I shall not mention, who have sailed from the shores of Massachusetts bay, around Cape Horn and Cape of Good Hope without chronometers, but there are very few that would undertake it now. Some captains own their chronometers, some hire them, others belong to the ship. Some carry two, and if the captain carries his wife with him she has good cause to be jealous of the care and attention that her husband gives to the chronometer. She is only second in his thought on shipboard, I have known a captain take the chronometer from his wife's hand to set the chronometer on during a heavy sea. I have often taken the chronometer out of its outer box and set it on pillows, when we were in a rough place, to save it from any sudden jar. All captains have a certain time to wind their chronometers, generally at 8 o'clock in the morning. The captain takes a general thing, does not look at it, and she feels toward it accordingly. But there are exceptions to this rule. There are some captains' wives that are first-class sailors. For example, some years ago the American ship *W. M. Ultra*, Capt. Plummer, left Liverpool for Bombay. He had his wife and family with him, and his wife was taken with a paralytic shock. His wife navigated the ship successfully to her destination, buried two children on the passage, and lost her husband three days after reaching port. She and her only boy came home in the ship that it was. She looked fully as noble as she had proved herself to be. 'Sailors' wives' are never their chronometers. A brass plate fits over the keyhole, and works with a string, so that as soon as the key is removed it covers the hole on the inside, and the cover is never taken out of the works. Every chronometer carries her record with her. The cover forms almost half of the box in which she sets. In that cover is the key, and the key is the key to the time that she left the maker's hands. If she is a good chronometer you will find all her rates there. After each voyage she is taken to the chronometer maker and reset, and they often run for years on the same rate. Now, if a chronometer gains one-tenth of a second a day and loses one-tenth to-morrow, it is a very good one. There is no use for the purpose for which she was intended, but she would be just the thing for a jeweler's window. But if, on the other hand, she gains two thousand years in the second, she is not a chronometer. No matter what she gains or loses as long as she keeps on doing the same thing she is all that you want. Some will say, why, are they so particular about time? But when it is taken into consideration what proportion a second is to a mile it will be plainly seen why we have to be so particular about time. There is no reason to the hour, four minutes to the degree, 10 miles to the minute, and four seconds to the mile, so that an error of one second is one-fourth of a mile.

The Hair in History.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt arranges her hair after what the ancients called the "Mitra" method—in short, fluffy curls over the brow, and with the imitation of a flame rising from the hair.

The fluff from the crown belonged to the Korymbos and Nimbo head dresses, and something similar was seen in the Tholia. The Strophos, observed in the case of the Greek statues, where the hair is beveled bound with fillets of ribbon, was revived in England only a few years ago of Egypt, Judea, Greece, Rome have left nothing in the fashion of hairdressing to the initiation of their posterity.

The gentler half of the native South American Indians were wont in a state of savagery to cut their hair straight across their foreheads in what we call the fringe.

The Jewish and Athenian dames and dandies were calas, nets of silk and tulle, and combs and ornaments of silver, gold and precious stones, just like their successors in the palm of beauty in Paris, Rome, Berlin and Vienna to-day.

Even the plumed and feathered head of the Duchess dressed for a royal drawing room has its prototype among the Blackfeet and Choctaws of the red men and their amiable squaws.

That man who covered his head with a turban, so that the roosters would not see the early morning's light, and the women with their clean, spoke of the contrivance as a crown.

FASHION NOTES.

—Silks are worn short by all save elderly women.

—Figured linens make plaid bodices with lace jabots.

—Black crapes de Chine is trimmed with Spanish lace.

—Foulard and India silk are trimmed with bands of white guipure.

—Suede and Saxe gloves are the popular styles and are in soft tones.

—Black lace over white net is used for mourning colored dresses.

—The fashionable ornament of moss green and bluish color is very charming.

—Yellow satin, so popular this season, is combined with white muslin embroidered with gold.

—Hand-painted gauze fans are carried with summer toilets. The gauze is black, white or tinted.

—Breton and Swiss bodices seem to increase in popularity, and are exceedingly becoming to little girlish figures.

—Colored nun's veiling dresses are trimmed with white embroidery in colors to correspond, but on with lavish hand.

—Tucked bodices have lengthwise tucks confined at the waist-line by a row of stitching, so that a belt is not necessary.

—A very effective evening dress is of natural-colored satin with a train of black fluff Franchise loosely tied with black velvet. The front and sides of the dress are very gracefully draped, and the sleeves are of black lace with broad stripes of jet, lightly looped at the sides.

—Broad-brimmed Leghorn hats are favorites in Paris. Some have the brim narrow, but the others have the wide brim all round. Hats bent at the side, in girly fashion, and turned up at the back, are very popular. One of the latter style is covered with bows of straw-colored ribbon, pink roses and ears of corn.

—Panama sailor hats are worn with yachting costumes. They are trimmed with ribbon the shade of the dress, worn with a gold or silver cord on each side, or with a scarf of straw, striped silk or barege. The ribbon is tied at the back, the ends falling below the brim. The scarf is wound about the crown and ends in a bow, the ends reaching below the shoulders.

—Lingerie and all the minutest details of the toilet are daily becoming more costly and tasteful. Over dresses of simple woolen material very plain do not come of worth of thick damask, but on one corner is carefully fastened a fly, beetle or other such device, a fancy jewel worth four times the price of the whole costume. The fly, beetle, or other such device is suspended from a narrow band of tulle tied at the side.

—Sunshades are prettier and more elegant than ever. They are made either of straw, or of material as the dress, or quite contrasting with it. The lady who wishes to combine elegance with economy chooses her sunshade of moire or shot silk in some of the new colors, green, mauve, or amber, velvet, or with Chantilly lace; such a sunshade can be worn with almost all toilets. She who loves to change often has sunshades of shot silk, straw, crocheted, printed, and Adirondack of all possible shades and colors. But the lady who courts high elegance without regard to expense, chooses a sunshade of plain silk, pleated or gauged at the top with seven or eight rows of tiny gauges across the lower part, resembling light froth; this sunshade is entirely red, or pale blue, or moss-green, under black Chantilly lace, and is lined with the color of the same color. Such is the distinguished and aristocratic sunshade, the handle of which is finished with a cat's-eye, lapis-lazuli, or a delicately chiseled animal's head of ivory.

A very simple and tasteful indoor dress for young ladies is of periwinkle blue woolen crepe; it is made with high bodices gathered at the throat and waist-line in the middle of both front and back. The skirt is gathered on a plain waistband very full at the back, and but slightly in front; it falls with a deep hem over an underskirt of saffron of the same color, finished round the foot with a narrow fluting either of the crepe or saffron to match, which shows beyond the hem. Foulard or any thin silk may be used for the underskirt, but saffron looks almost as well, and is quite sufficient for a simple toilet. When there is no drapery on the bodice of a very deep round collar is fastened round the neck; it is of a finely-pleated lace and has a row of tiny gauges, which is finished round the top with a ruche. Sleeves are made rather less tight and plain than hitherto. When the style of the costume allows, the very fine tissue of light lace, the upper part of the sleeve is made of this tissue or lace, finely pleated lengthways or slightly gathered at the shoulder, and with a row of tiny gauges below the elbow, or comes down lower and is gathered once more round the wrist. When both the skirt and back are gathered or pleated down to the waist. The bodice is often finished at the back in fan-shaped pleats and disappears under the waistband, but this is a style of dress, and is not a fashion. In fact, bodices of great variety of shapes are equally fashionable. The full House and the plain ultras, the round waist, and the princess-shaped bodice, may each and all be selected according to one's taste and figure.

THROUGH THE TREMONT.

Never a light of her pathway shone. Never a joy was in her heart. Only the dreary light of the day. Only the light of despair for a light. Such was the scene that round her streamed.

Where the light of the temple gleamed, Silent, and sad, and passed on her way. Unheeding the light, the breaking day.

Her eyes were dim, her heart still turned. As if she had been to a higher home. Inspired by a strange, yet true, still. Fearless, she passed, with a resolve will. On, on, while the waves round her sweep. And her heart in the dregs of anguish lay.

'Till the playing pulses scarcely beat, Still true to his higher aim shall keep. On, till the angel of death shall come. And lead her up to a higher home. Her life's work was nearly done. She whispered: "To Thee, Oh Father, I come."

MOLLE'S COOKING-MATCH.

And this is how it happened. You see, we girls were to meet once a week at Mrs. Jay's to make baby dresses for one of the children's homes in the city. There is a sort of maternity in every girl which makes her like to fuss at such wee garments.

There were five of us in the class, six, counting myself—Jenny Bangs, Lucy Jeanness, Mollie Brown, Elsie Hill, Fannie Jones and myself, plain little Emily Wheelock; and not one of us was under eighteen. We had gay times of it, I assure you. How well do I remember when Jennie Bangs wanted all the little baby dresses tucked, ruffled and embroidered! So like the unpractical Miss Bangs.

But this is not my story. One afternoon I came in late and heard the girls discussing something exciting. I could tell by their voices how exciting it was, I walked into the room just in time to hear:

"Well, girls!"

"Well, Mollie!"

"You know what I mean; I think you might do something to help that poor old man. I know you could if you wanted to, and yet Mollie Brown has been so nervous to see, while she waited for an answer to her earnest plea."

"Here I had a chance to edge in a word—'What poor old man?' I asked.

"Why, every Saturday when I go to market, I meet there a poor old Irishman."

"Who always says: 'The top of the mornin' to ye, Miss Mollie,'" interrupted Jennie Bangs, who, although she had arrived at the dignified age of one-and-twenty, never could keep still for five consecutive minutes.

"If I don't say any such thing," said Mollie, a little indignant at having her story turned into ridicule, "but he always seems glad to see me because I generally buy my vegetables of him. Last Saturday I missed him from his long accustomed place."

"Here! Here! She's quoting poetry," broke from the irrepressible Miss Bangs.

"I missed him," continued Mollie, never heeding her interruption, "and I went to see him myself."

"I came, I saw, I found," said teasing Jennie.

"Are you telling the story or am I?" demanded the long-suffering Mollie.

"Oh, you," said Jennie, quickly, busily sewing the sleeve of a baby's night-gown in hand side before.

"Well, as I was saying, I found him in great distress, both of body and mind. It seems that he had over a month's rent for the old hotel he lives in; and his landlord, who is a very hard man, because he says he can't walk any longer, he's waited too long already. This poor old Irishman has the rheumatism dreadfully and no wonder, living in such a place. Why, girls, it's nothing but an old street-car which he fixed up to live in, and because the lot is valuable the landlord charges him five dollars a month which I consider to be exorbitant. It could be made comfortable, I fancy. So as soon as I heard of his troubles, I thought of you girls, because I know you could do something for him if you only would."

"If we only would!" exclaimed Fannie Jones. "But Mollie, do you know that Christmas is coming just as fast as it can, and this bank is dead broke buying Christmas presents?"

"Well, my dear, you needn't use slang over it, if it is," said Mrs. Jay, to whom slang was a pet aversion.

Sluggish fell upon "you girls" for a time, and then the conversation turned to other subjects.

"I must go," said Mollie, neatly folding her work as the dinner-chimes on the market struck five. "I promised the boys that I'd make them some apple-fritters for supper, and its time is starting."

"Oh, do tell us how," said pretty, spoiled Elsie Hill. "Fa says the apple-

fritters he gets now-a-days are not like the ones he used to eat when he was a boy."

"Oh, I can't tell you how now, some other time will do, won't it? I made some the other day, and they were so good that the boys said they didn't believe there was another girl in the class who could cook as well as I do," said Miss Mollie drew herself up with pardonable pride.

"Oh, can't they?" asked Jennie Bangs. "I can cook as good as you at any day—Mamma's got a receipt book, and I'll just take you into the kitchen and cook."

"Oh, what? you?" said Mollie sarcastically, for she had been through it, and knew all about it.

The discussion waxed high, and would not have ended so amicably had not Mollie suddenly broken it off exclaiming: "Say girls, I have an idea!"

"An idea? Do let's hear it!—Irene are scarce in this quarter," observed Fannie, sarcastically.

"Let's have a cooking-match!" burst from eager Mollie, unable longer to keep it in.

"What?" exclaimed the girls in chorus.

"A cooking-match. Then Jennie and I could display our cooking, and the same time make something for poor old Andy."

"What are we coming to?" said Elsie. "We have swimming-matches, wrestling-matches, base-ball matches, cricket-matches, spelling-matches, walking-matches, singing-matches, and now it only remains for Miss Brown to discover the 'cooking-matches'."

"I rather like the idea myself," said Mrs. Jay, "if it can be carried out."

"We'll carry it out, never fear," said Lucy enthusiastically; "that is, if the girls all agree."

The girls without a murmur.

"Novelty is so delightful," as Fannie observed.

"Proceed with your plan; we listen with attention," said Jennie, upsetting the chair in her efforts to be dramatic; and so little Mollie found herself all of a sudden chafed, taller in all that group of excited girls, a thing which had never happened before.

"You see, girls," said she, "the Jennie and I will be chief cooks, and the rest of you can be divided equally on each side. We'll both cook the same dishes, appoint three judges, and give a sort of party, making people pay for their admission and supper. We might get Mrs. Jay to sing for us," and Mollie glanced nervously at her teacher, who answered the appeal by saying—

"Yes, indeed, girls! You may count on me. I'll do anything I can to help you, and I think we might make a real pleasant evening for those who come to our little party. Let's let out of it ourselves. But the victor on these occasions generally has a prize. What shall we give to our winning cook?"

"I've thought of that," said Jennie solemnly, "and as I desire that the affair shall be truly festive, suppose we decorate our winning cook (who is going to be myself), with a handsome new bonnet?"

The idea pleased the girls immensely. They one and all promised to do something towards the bonnet, and Mollie was to make it, because she seemed to be born a milliner.

The next thing to settle was the dishes they were to have. Mollie and Jennie were to choose, although Mollie had her six dishes, and Jennie had her six. "Broiled omelette and oyster soup," said Jennie, who knew nothing about cooking, did not know what to take until Mrs. Jay came to the rescue with 'cookies, fried oysters and coffee.'

"There," said she, "you young cooks can exercise on those six dishes, and if properly cooked, they will form the nucleus of a nice supper."

"Why, yes," said Mollie, with a pleased look; "it will make a delicious supper, only it will need some other things to go with it."

"I'll have it at my house, and charge you girls, because I know you could do something for him if you only would."

"If we only would!" exclaimed Fannie Jones. "But Mollie, do you know that Christmas is coming just as fast as it can, and this bank is dead broke buying Christmas presents?"

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and the two girls met in Mrs. Jay's kitchen to finish their cooking.

Promptly at eight the guests began to arrive. The judges were there to a man, each in faultless attire. For a badge, each wore attached to his button-hole, by a blue ribbon, a tiny turnip and carrot.

The class was resplendent in white aprons and mob caps, adorned by white ribbons. The girls had their guests. They had not been to a higher home. Inspired by a strange, yet true, still. Fearless, she passed, with a resolve will. On, on, while the waves round her sweep. And her heart in the dregs of anguish lay.

'Till the playing pulses scarcely beat, Still true to his higher aim shall keep. On, till the angel of death shall come. And lead her up to a higher home. Her life's work was nearly done. She whispered: "To Thee, Oh Father, I come."

For a week or ten days two athletic oarsmen have been astonishing the famous Canadian rowers with feats of various kinds. A few days ago they met one of the fastest of river steamers that plies between Clayton and the bay, and not withstanding the fact that she was going under a full head of steam, they easily left her to the distance. Every afternoon a spin is taken on the river by the two, who are no less than Hanan and Lee, the famous oarsmen, and large crowds sit on the bank or pier and watch and time the performances. The oarsmen are said to be practicing for matches in which they are to pull in August; but in the meantime they are evidently getting considerable sport out of the natives of Alexandria Bay and at their expense. For several days after the arrival of the two oarsmen, the natives of the little town have been exercised at two curious sports which were practiced in the room under the Thousand Islands House in which the racing shells were kept. These objects looked very much like models of dismantled hulks of an obsolete pattern, made of tin, and perhaps resembling a pair of clumsy shoes. Some expressed the opinion that they were torpedoes, and to say the least, they look suspicious.

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Lord Wolsey arrived in London on the 14th, accompanied by his aide, Charles Berston, General Sir Andrew Buller and other Southern heroes. There was no formal programme for a public welcome, but there was an immense assemblage of civilians and military officers at the railway station, and all the returning soldiers were received with hearty cheers. Lord Wolsey is in high feather, and looks ten years younger than when he started out on the expedition for the relief of Khartoum. He was asked for his opinion regarding the reported death of the Mahdi, the leader of the Sudanese forces, which he had found thoroughly trustworthy. If, however, it were true, it would hardly improve the situation in the Sudan. In all cases of organized brigandage the death of the chief brigand by disease or treachery is the signal for the springing up of innumerable petty chiefs, who carry on the warfare on their own account. This would prove true in the present case, and the result would be a condition of anarchy, which would be fully as dangerous to the Sudan as the threatening to Egypt as the present condition of affairs. Lord Wolsey still holds firmly to the belief that an Autumn campaign against the Mahdi is not only practicable and necessary, but will be found unavoidable. He insists that it is now the middle of July no time should be lost in cutting out the work of the campaign and selecting the best battle, as otherwise the important advantage will be left to the rebels.

Some Fallacies Discovered.

These freezings of the nose and cheeks are very common affairs, occurring over a dozen times a day in very low temperature, and especially if there be any wind blowing in the face. The Esquimaux cure these slight frost bites by applying the hand, warm from the reindermitt, directly to the spot. They know nothing of rubbing frost bites with snow, so extolled in our own climates, and I doubt its efficacy myself in those extremely low Arctic temperatures, when the snow is like lead and the wind is like a hammer. Another fallacious idea expounded by my Esquimaux, at least to a great extent, was the use of snow to quench thirst, which every Arctic writer has been so unanimous in condemning as hurtful. My Esquimaux used it at all temperatures to alleviate their thirst, first brushing on the piece of snow a few times before putting it in the mouth. I have often seen Esquimaux boys place a knife in their tongues and let it freeze fast, and then sticking it backward and forward until it fell, and try and make it stick upright in the snow.

A friend is worth all hazards we can run.

