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Advertisements.
The circulation of the *South Jersey Republican* is large. It is the only paper published in Atlantic County, and is a powerful agent for the circulation of its contents. Advertisements in this paper are published at the following rates:
Special rates to be made for all advertisements in the *South Jersey Republican*.
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Agricultural.

The Ramie Plant.

The China or ramie plant, better known in this country as the Ramie plant, bids fair to become one of our staples. It has already been successfully cultivated in Louisiana and Texas as a substitute for cotton planting, and efforts are now being made to introduce it on an extensive scale in California. It appears that the English manufacturers have taken it up, and produced some new and particularly attractive goods by interweaving it with wool, the ramie forming the *glaze*. Specimens of these fabrics have been sent to San Francisco from England, and an agency has been established in that city for the importation of them. The agent states that he has received instructions to order from China 100 tons of this plant, and to follow this order up by regular invoices hereafter; also that he has been requested by his employers to order at the same time a large quantity of the seed for California and to make every effort to induce the California farmers to cultivate it, because it is about to become a leading staple for goods of many new varieties in England. He further says, that he will buy or make advances on all the ramie fibre he can get. Thus there is encouragement to make a beginning at all events. But why should not the Atlantic States, and indeed, the Southern States generally, undertake the cultivation of this plant? If it can be successfully raised in Texas and Louisiana, why can it not be raised in Florida, Alabama and Mississippi? It is a very hardy plant. The Texas farmers say that it stands draught surprisingly, and that the roots will not be injured by any winter frosts which are likely to visit California and other States in the same parallels of latitude. The chief difficulty in raising it is found in the intense heat of the South, which prevails between cutting time and the new growth—the plant being apt to dry up and wither under continued exposure to the sun. But this is a difficulty that can be obviated by artificial means, and doubtless the ingenuity of our planters will soon devise them. The following are said to be among the advantages connected with the cultivation of ramie: The plant is hardy and free from insect ravages. Its culture is cheaper than cotton, and it will pay better. It surpasses all textiles for human clothing in length of wear and in the great variety of combinations to which it is applicable. It promises to be a cheap and popular substitute for linen. Manufacturers say that it will, by rather rapid advances, effect great and radical changes in the styles of woollen and worsted combinations, known as stuff goods, where its permanent gloss and its great strength make it a substitute for silk, and that it will be very largely interwoven with silk itself, as is now done in India and Japan, forming very desirable dress goods.

It should be borne in mind, however, that the prognostications thus boldly put forward are those of persons interested in the cultivation of the plant. "The wish is father to the thought" on the part of those English manufacturers who have gone into ramie fabrics. The difficulty of procuring cotton of the best quality from India and Egypt, and of obtaining it in sufficient quantities, so as to be sure of having the requisite stock always on hand, has been one reason why they have turned their attention to this China grass just now, and are drawing the attention of the world to it. The article itself is not now as a material for textile fabrics. Fifty years ago, summer coats made of it were known under the name of sea-grass. Handkerchiefs, fine as cambric, are made of it in Sicily, and before crinoline came into fashion, it was used for ladies' skirts. For years past certain favorite styles of goods have been made in Europe by mixing China grass with wool and with silk, as they do now in China and Japan. But for some reason or other, the China grass summer coats have disappeared from the market; the fashion has changed, and perhaps, the manufacturers themselves withdrew this article from the market because there was too much wear in it. It was well known that its gloss was permanent, and that it resembled fine linen in texture and poorness, but, apparently it would last forever. Possibly too, the purchasers got tired of wearing it, as is not unfrequently the case with regard to other long-enduring textiles.

There are several varieties of ramie—a word by the way, which is not to be found in Webster's Dictionary, although the plant has been in use for textile fabrics more than fifty years, and in Asia for hundreds of years. It is called in common parlance China-grass and sea-grass. The French call it *Arctis de la Chine*. Its botanical name is *Urtica Nitida* and *Urtica Canadensis*, two distinct varieties of the same plant; and *Distachia tenuissima*, which last is the scientific name given to ramie, on account of the toughness of its fibre, and is the species now cultivated in Texas. The name "ramie" is of Indian origin. It is said that ramie could not be raised on plantations from seed, because the latter is too small and delicate for field culture, and requires finely dressed garden beds for proper development. The plant must be raised on plantations from cuttings and roots. The first crop serves for supplying cuttings and roots for the next, and certain soils will yield three crops of 600 to 1000 pounds weight per acre. The raw fibre is worth ten cents (in gold) per pound, at present prices.—*Phil. Ledger*.

Keeping Sweet Potatoes.

In the early part of summer, gather leaves from the woods, old leaves that have laid upon the ground during the winter, and spread them in the sun to dry, and

after they are dried place them in a dry room for keeping until the time arrives for packing the potatoes.

Having barrels to pack them into. Cover the bottom of the barrel with leaves one inch deep, then lay in the potatoes on the top of the leaves, packing them closely together, then put in more leaves on top of them—enough to cover them, and lay in more potatoes, and cover with leaves; continue layers of potatoes and cover with leaves until the barrel is filled. After they are packed, the barrels may be placed in rotation of tiers about the room in which they are kept. The barrels may be set on top of each other (or over each other) by laying pieces across the top of the barrels six inches high, and laying boards on top of the pieces to set the barrels on. The space between the barrels will make it convenient for taking out the potatoes as needed, and will give ventilation to each barrel as the potatoes must be uncovered at the top of the barrel for the heated air to escape. They must not be closed at the top of the barrel or they will rot.

Immediately have a fire made in the room where the potatoes are to be kept, and the stove should set in the middle of the floor of the room, or nearest possible. I know of many sweet potato growers who kept them from October up to the middle of April, in a chamber over the kitchen, by heating the room with connecting pipe from the stove of the kitchen into a drum of the chamber, which is a good way when a chamber can be had for such a purpose, and can be made sufficiently warm with a pipe connected from the stove of the kitchen. The room should not be exposed to too much light—have it darkened with curtains at the windows, but it would be preferable not to keep them in a room that has windows on the north and west sides of the room.

The temperature of warmth in the room should be from seventy-five to eighty degrees for at least ten days after being packed, so as to keep them warm to dry in the usual sweating process; for should the room be cool, (though not feel chilly,) they will become damp and wet, and being kept in this chilled, cold, wet state, they will not keep, hence must be kept in a warm room that can be heated with a fire from a stove. During the time of sweating, the room must have air—have a window raised in the day time; the curtain at the window should be rolled up, as it is not so important to keep the room darkened during the time of the usual sweating process, but after they are out of danger by sweating it is best then to keep the room dark, with not too much light. After ten days expires, (the time allowed for the usual sweating process,) and in the temperature I have mentioned, it becomes important to keep them at uniform temperature, and they will not bear a lower temperature than forty degrees without injury.

The time for keeping sweet potatoes in a warm room generally expires about the middle of April, but they can be kept and be good up to the first of October, when the new crop takes the place of the old one, by a proper treatment, viz: About the third week of April remove the barrels of potatoes from the warm room to a cool dry room on the north side of the house, and place the barrels on the north side of the room. The room must be cool in which they are to be kept; for, if kept in a warm room during this warm month, the potatoes will sprout and become fitly with dry, white, streaks through them and in consequence are not good. But when kept in a cool, dry room, as I have stated, they will be good, as I have had them so, and to keep up to the first of October, which is the whole year round.—*Maryland Farmer*.

Grass for Hogs.

Many of our farmers do not know the important value of grass as food for hogs; at least one would think so when their hogs are all gone, may be seen, during the whole summer in small yards, or at best on very scanty pasture. Farmers who know the real value of such food, would soon think of raising cattle, and making milk and butter, by feeding their stock grain alone during the whole summer, as to undertake to raise hogs and make the business profitable without a good supply of grass. I must say that some men make pork with little or no grass, and find it more profitable than selling their grain; but if they would raise less corn and more grass, their net profit would be two or three dollars to one otherwise, and at a much less cost of labor.

You will frequently see large fields of tame pasture dotted all over with cattle, when on the same farm the hogs are in small yards, cking out a poor existence on dry corn. If the owner knew that if the same portion of grass consumed by a small portion of his cattle, was given to his hogs, the profit on the latter would be two to one on the former, you would certainly see a reform. He would put his hogs on pasture immediately, if he had to dispose of a part of his cattle in order to do so.

A good supply of grass for breeders is of untold value. They should be put on pasture two or three weeks before breeding time, as it increases the milk greatly. Breeders, on a good supply of grass, with some corn, will not only retain their flesh, but grow continually, and become fattened in the fall or winter, while the pigs will not be checked during the winter.

If breeders during their pigs, are confined in small yards during the summer, and fed on grain alone, it will take two of the former to make a shadow in the fall, while the latter will be small and poor, and going to winter quarters good subjects for disease. It is the practice of many farmers to let their pigs roam at large over the whole farm. The result is, the pigs do well, but

the corn fields and patches suffer greatly for it, which is a great loss. This loss might be easily obviated and the same gain maintained with very little labor and expense.

Farmers frequently make mistakes by putting their hogs on pasture in early Spring, before the grass gets a good start, and while the ground is yet soft with nature's rotundity; the result is, they go into the agricultural business, and soon prepare the ground for re-sowing. Hogs should have their roots cut off, if not, they will soon ruin a pasture, and keep a yard in a miserable condition.

I saw a man a few days ago, re-sowing his hog pasture, which had been occupied by his roots since last fall. By a little negligence, he has lost his pasture for the greater part of the season.

In case of no pasture, I commence feeding hogs green oats as soon as it is tall enough to mow, and continue it till after harvest. They thrive much better fed that way, with half rations of corn than with corn alone, and the former is much cheaper.—*Western Rural*.

Saving and Using Rough Fodder.

The coarse material which every farm supplies in greater or less quantities, may by proper management be turned to good account. Coarse hay, made from swamp grass, and straw, the butts of cornstalks, and various other articles, which nearly every farm produces, contain more or less nutritive properties, and are available for food. The practice of foddering cattle with these articles in their crude state, or scattering them on the ground from the stack yard, compelling the animals to eat them or starve, is wretched policy. They would answer an infinitely better purpose for bedding or manure.

The best and only true plan of rendering the above named articles valuable as fodder is to pass them through a straw cutter, cutting them up as finely as possible, and then mixing a small quantity of Indian meal with the cut feed, by which means nearly the whole of it will be eaten; the coarse parts going bulk to the food, and the finer parts furnishing nourishment. The process of steaming or boiling this sort of food will make it still better, by softening the coarse, hard stalks and straw, and enabling the animals to digest them more readily. The steaming of food is becoming a more common practice among farmers than formerly, the advantages arising from it having been clearly demonstrated. A little attention to the preparation of these odds and ends of the farm, while it lengthens out and saves the winter's supply of fodder, also turns to a useful account many a coarse article which has been, annually, wasted, even among what are denominated good farmers.

Where meal is not to be had, and the steaming apparatus, or large boiling kettle is not available, it answers a good purpose to mix sliced roots—turnips, carrots, beets, parsnips, &c., with the short cut fodder. This mixture is highly relished by cattle, and they will thrive on it if the roots and straw cutters have thoroughly performed their work.—*Rural American*.

Miscellaneous.

A Practical Joke.

Farmer Harry Slow bought a cask of dry white lead in the city, weighing 1,000 pounds, and put it into his wagon, and drove out with it to his house, three miles distant. It was winter. There was no snow on the ground, and the roads were unusually bad having been frozen from deep mud into corrugations almost as hard as stone. Such a road and such a load, on a single cold night, were a severe trial to farmer, horse, and wagon; but neither gave out till just as Slow reached the gate, and then an ax broke. So he left the cask outside, the gate, drove horse and wagon in, and waited till morning for help.

While Slow was chawing his ears, hands, and toes, and wondering whether there was more frost in moonlight than darkness, another one horse wagon drove along. This contained three acquaintances of his—Jason Lark, Bob Mark, and Tom Quirk—on their way home to a village seven miles further from the city. They had no load in the wagon save what was inside of themselves—several loads of "heavy wet," which they had taken in at sundry taverns on the road to prevent the moonlight from striking to their stomachs. But moonlight, when taken very cold, has an intoxicating effect as any midnight delirious party will tell you. It affected this party of three, and excited their humorous propensities.

"Hallo!" cried Tom Quirk, as he spied the cask of white lead outside Slow's gate; "here's a go!" Jason Lark relined in the horse. "No go, you should say. Old Harry told me he was going to paint his house, and he's been fool enough to buy one thousand pounds of it for him! Somebody has brought it, and left it for him to roll in. It'll be a hard job for his hands."

"What! Roll that heavy cask up that rough carriage-way this cold night? I wouldn't do it for my grandfather, let alone Old Harry."

"Didn't mean that," said Lark, winking merrily. "We can save him the trouble by just taking it into this wagon and carrying it to our village. Old Harry's a spiritualist, and he'll think the spirits did it."

"And the spirits did it sure enough. It had not been for the spirits they wouldn't have seen the point of such a practical joke as carrying such a weight seven miles, over a rough road, in the cold. But by the aid

of rum and moonlight, they did see it, and nerved by the thought of the laugh they would have at the expense of Old Harry, they managed, after severe tugging and lifting, pushing, pulling, rolling, straining, pinning and painting to get the heavy cask up, over some fence rails, into the wagon, and moved off slowly, but in triumph.

To be sure they bore marks of the severity of the struggle; but what was his jammed paw hat to Jason Lark; his jammed thumb to Bob Mark, or his torn pantaloons to Tom Quirk? Nothing in view of such a practical joke as they were playing. Their laughter, yell and goings went the air and shivered the brittle horse beams as they rode along and imagined the consternation of Old Harry when he should discover the loss. But it proved no light gain to them; for before three weary miles had been accomplished the indignant horse balked, stood still, and in spite of beating and coaxing, twitching and pushing, refused for an hour to move on. At last the excessive cold seemed to prevail with him, and perhaps thoughts of a warm stall and oats, and he condescended to proceed to the end of his journey, at which they arrived about midnight, all three quite benumbed. The cask was left in front of the village grocer's shop, and the confederates went home, resolved to make the most of their "good thing" on the following day.

Next morning, on their way to the city, they halted at Slow's house, went in, and were surprised to find him quite as cheerful as usual. He was evidently not yet aware of his loss.

"Mornin', boys,"

"Mornin', Old Harry. Heard you was going to paint your house white, and did not know but what you might have more paint than you could use; and if you had you might sell us some, to save us the trouble of going clear to the city, as we are going to do a little painting up our way."

"Well I did buy a cask of lead yesterday, about a thousand pounds, and I ought to sell some at a pinch. How much would you be wanting, say about?"

"Well we might want in the neighborhood of about nine onto half a cask, if it's real bang up white lead, and not too high. Suppose you let me know where it is, I wish to have a look at it."

"Well it's outside the gate, I wonder you didn't see it!"

"The three winked and said they wondered, too."

"Step right out, and p'raps you'll help me roll it in—and I'm a monstrous glad you're come, so as to give me a lift at that cask—for it's pretty pondifrons, you may be."

Out they went but found no cask.

"Why, tain't here!" said Old Harry, in evident dismay.

"Not a small one," said they. "You must have dreamed it. Fact is, Slow, ever since you got 'neculated with spiritualism your wit have been wandering."

Slow protested that he had left the cask there the night before; and they as stoutly insisted that nobody would be fool enough to steal such a load on such a night and such a road, when Jason Lark remarked:

"I'll tell you what it is, Slow; if you did have a cask of white lead, and it is really gone, now's your chance to prove the truth of spiritualism. Our friend, Tom Quirk, here, is a medium. Just go in and have a sitting, and see if the spirits will tell him where the cask of white lead is at the present moment."

"Best way in the world!" said Slow, cheering up; and soon they were all four seated around a table, comparing finger-nails; and after a solemn silence of about five minutes, Tom Quirk's eyes closed, he fell back in his chair with a sigh, as if the spirits were squeezing the gas out of him before entering his body to possess him, and soon his lips began to move.

"I am the spirit of you, Uncle Plato Fudge," whispered Quirk.

"Well, that's queer!" said Old Harry. "I did have an Uncle Fudge, and Plato was his name."

"Is that so?" said Lark; "then I'm a believer in spiritualism right off! I never seen the beat of it!"

"Died of lockjaw—run a needle into him—but this is nothing to what you will hear, and see, too."

Here the table tipped toward Mark, who sat opposite Quirk.

"Don't do that again," said Mark to Lark.

"I didn't do it," said Lark.

"The spirit did it, of course," said Slow, with a confident smile. "Hark! He's saying something."

"I've brought these three men here to prove the truth of spiritualism to them," whispered Quirk (the spirit), hoarsely, as if the spirit has come without an overcoat, and taken a severe cold. "I will show you where the cask is!" Here Quirk bent over the table and moved his right hand nervously to and fro, as if in the act of writing.

mirror it could be read intelligibly. This wretched trick of legions, Quirk had learned from some professional impostor. Slow explained the art of reading this style of spiritualist manuscript, and by the aid of a looking-glass it was deciphered thus:

"What that cask is, if you would know, sir, you'll find it in front of Slow's house."

"And I believe it now!" said Lark, with an emphatic blow of his fist; "for Tom Quirk can no more rhyme in his natural state than a monkey could sing Old Hundred."

"It's all the work of the devil!" said Mark piously. "That left-handed, back-water style of writing proves it."

"This writing," said Slow, with a self-satisfied smile, "is nothing more, nor less than the spirit of Tom's uncle, Plato Fudge, a good spirit."

"Them as hides can find," said Mark, affecting anger.

"You're mistaken in this case," said Slow. "You have not advanced into the high state of spiritual knowledge where I have been this long time. There's a good and bad spirit. I have no doubt some evil spirits bedeviled that 'ere cask of lead away up to Sands'; and that this good spirit has taken the first chance to tell me."

It was now agreed that they should all ride to the village, to determine the truth or falsity of the communication; and while they rode thither, Lark offered to bet ten cents it was there; Mark said he would have nothing to do with witchcraft; Quirk was non-committal; and Old Harry frequently repeated with great solemnity the mysterious revelation:

"Where that cask is, if you would know, sir, you'll find it in front of Sands' house, the grocer."

"And there it is!" cried Old Harry, clapping his hands, as the wagon drove up to the grocery, and all hastily alighted with expressions of wonder. "This is my cask; and now what do you think of the spirits?"

About old as he was, the farmer gazed at the cask with great glee, much to the astonishment of a crowd of gapers, who were wondering with the grocer how it came to be there.

"I think they must have been evil spirits, Old Harry, to have played you such a trick as this," exclaimed Lark.

"Good joke! As ha! Capital joke!" cried the by-standers, all of whom, except the victim, seemed now to understand who were at the bottom of the mischief; and were inclined to ridicule the old man for his spiritualism.

"Spirits were on their muscles last night, ha! ha!" cried Mark.

"Fly through the air, and don't mind rough roads," said Slow.

"That's not cold weather, neither," exclaimed Quirk.

"But what am I to do now?" inquired Slow, suddenly becoming grave. "My wagon's broke down—seven miles—1,000 pounds—and I must have paint."

"Get the spirits to take it back again," you know 'em old friends of yours—ain't they?"

"Ha, ha!" roared everybody. "Best practical joke that ever was. Harness up your spirits, old man, and let's see 'em trot."

To add to his mortification, Old Harry was now told that every wagon in town was engaged for a funeral except Lark's; and Lark insisted on an exorbitant price for the use of his, saying he feared a breakdown.

The farmer stood staring at the cask in silence, each moment looking more gloomy, when suddenly he became frisky again and began to laugh hysterically.

He laughed long and loudly, bent over, put his hands to his sides, groined as his convulsions appeared to grow more violent, the crowd stared and said that this trouble had set him crazy. The grocer shook his head sadly and gave him a drink to brace his weak nerves.

"Don't take on so, old man. It's only a little practical joke. Try and calm your self. How do you feel now?"

"Feel!" cried Slow straightening up. "I feel beautifully. I never felt so full before in all my life."

"Funny! what for?" inquired the three jokers.

"What for? Reason enough; because I and my wife heard you stop at our gate last night, heard all you said, saw you tug, and strain at that cask—yes, and saw you drive off with it of course we wouldn't be so cruel as to spoil your practical joke—O no! ha! ha! ha!—but we determined to make you bring it back to the very place you took it from!"

"The duce you did!" cried all three looking blank.

"O yes we did. Good joke wasn't it, Ha, ha! So tote it back, or pay for totting it, or be arrested—ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" now echoed the crowd, at this turning of the tables. "Old Slow is not so slow after all."

"The old hyena!" exclaimed Lark gritting his teeth.

"No use talking," said Slow. "For such a very extra-fine and on-mighty lovely practical joke you ought to be willing to pay high. You've had your joke; now I'm bound to have mine."

"You've had it already—O, let us up, Mr. Slow."

Well, on second thoughts, just a little, finally said the farmer; "I will let you up just a little considering the busted thumb and things."

The conditions were, that Lark, Mark and Quirk, should roll the cask at once up the road to Slow's cousin Bill's house, twenty rods distant, and then come back and treat the crowd. These mild conditions were accepted as a graceful means of getting out of the dilemma; and were promptly fulfilled, much to the gratification of the spectators.

"And now," exclaimed Old Harry Slow as all stood with glasses in their hands, "I'll wind up with a toast; Here's to my three very particular friends, Lark, Mark and Quirk, good fellows, who have been to all this trouble, damage and expense, to carry one thousand pounds of lead seven miles, in freezing weather and a rugged road to the very place where I wanted it."

"How?" cried the toasted ones.

"Yes," declared Old Harry, "for I bought that cask of white lead for my cousin Bill, and agreed to deliver it to him to-day, but my axle broke, and you have saved me all this trouble for nothing, and less than nothing—for you've treated us all handsomely into the bargain, gentlemen."

At the word twenty glasses were emptied; then three cheers were given for the cask of white lead; and then the crowd became tumultuous in praise of "the tip-toppest practical joke they had known this long time;" but to whom the credit was given, the white lead kidnappers did not linger to ascertain. They had a wagon waiting at the door.

Should I Begin to Use Tobacco?

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A correspondent solicits our candid opinion in the *Ledger* respecting the use of tobacco. We shall give it willingly. We are not disposed to take extreme ground on the tobacco question, although we entertain positive convictions of the mischief which attend its use. As is usual in all discussions, two extremes are developed in the controversy respecting tobacco. One party regards the use of tobacco as an evil, an evil only, and that continually; it holds that there is no such thing as moderation in evil; and that the least use of the weed is pernicious, impairing the health and shortening the life. On the other hand, the advocates of smoking and chewing take the bull by the horns, and undertake to demonstrate from the latest grounds of physiology, that tobacco is an article whose use, in due moderation, economizes the nervous force, repairs cerebral waste, and prolongs life. We shall not take part in the controversy. There are several grounds on which we would dissuade young men who have not formed the habit of using tobacco from ever learning to use it.

1. It is not necessary to health, or to comfort. No one has a natural craving for it. On the contrary, it is repugnant to a natural appetite. It offends the senses and every vital organ. Men are obliged to train themselves into its use. The stomach, the heart and the brain all protest against it, and submit at length only as they would to any other medicinal agent. That they may become after long use, necessary to comfort and even to the health, is saying of it only what may be said of opium, of strychnine, and of arsenic, all of which are employed to the very same purpose that tobacco is, viz., to produce excitement. But the need is secondary, artificial and acquired. No man in health cares to use tobacco because he needs it. The habit begins in puerile imitation. It is an aphorism. Boys revolt against boyhood, and think they are men when old enough to copy the faults of an imperfect manhood. They are very apt to crawl into manhood through the dirty door of vice.

2. The habit of using tobacco leads men to vulgarity. I do not by any means say every user of tobacco is vulgar, or that every one who betakes himself to it will, of necessity, become vulgar. But as a matter of fact, users of tobacco grow indifferent to the feelings of others, and habitually keep before the eyes of their companions disgusting things, which true refinement would hide or suppress. Even brute animals, moved by mere instinct, learn to hide the excrescences of the body. The much abused pig prefers cleanliness. Give him pure water and a clean bed, and he will keep himself clean.

3. But, whatever rare and polite exceptions there may be, it is undeniable that the users of tobacco become indifferent to others' feelings, and shock the taste of men with

scarcely the consciousness of offending. The chewer squirts his saliva in his own liquid artillery man. The smoker turns in his hair, his tunic, and in his beard, the fetid odor of tobacco. To some the fresh smoke of good tobacco is not disagreeable. But the residual smell which hangs in the pipe, on the clothes, or on the person, is disgusting to every one. If one will use tobacco, he should at least thereafter carefully purge and purify himself. But I have observed that persons who allow other things have gentlemanly instincts; in the use of tobacco seem to lose delicacy and generosity. I see a great degree of selfishness, and of indifference to others' feelings, and feeling to the use of this article. If I do not say that tobacco brutifies men's feelings. But I have noticed that users of tobacco are, as a class, less careful of offending the tastes of others than are their fellows of the same rank in life who do not use tobacco.

4. Tobacco has, upon some constitutions, a most deleterious effect, even when used moderately. No one can beforehand tell whether he will be its victim. That it does upon many as an insidious nerve poison, leading to dyspepsia, to headache, to various derangements of the nervous system, seems beyond doubt. Thousands of persons, after long suffering, have found themselves restored to health by simply discontinuing the use of tobacco. That is such cases, there is an affinity between drinking and smoking can hardly be doubted. Thus in some cases it leads to intemperance, seems clear.

Why should one incur even the remotest danger, by learning to use a disagreeable narcotic agent that a healthy man has no sort of need of?

5. There is an argument of personal liberty and of personal purity that has always seemed to us should be sufficient, with a generous and honorable nature. The habit of using tobacco once formed, is well-nigh invincible. Now, no man of self-respect, not already entangled, should choose to go into bondage, to become a slave to matters of sordid enjoyment.

There is, also, a reason of personal cleanliness. No man who habitually uses tobacco but must be offensive to delicate tastes. It is a matter of pride for one to be conscious that his person is pure, his skin sound, his mouth clean, his eye cool and clear. If one is unwilling to wear a filthy coat, how much less should he be willing to carry a filthy person? Now then a tobacco user may by great care, hide the effects of it on his person. But in the greater number of instances, even among well-bred people, one can at once see, by smell, or both the signs and effects of the noxious weed.

We hardly hope to influence any one on whom the habit is fixed. We do hope to dissuade some young men from forming a habit which is utterly unnecessary to health and comfort, which in most instances is unwholesome, which sacrifices personal cleanliness, adds one invincibly to a voracious appetite, and which changes delicacy and kindness to a selfish indifference to the comfort and convenience of all who are brought into contact with us.—*New York Ledger*.

A Collection.—An item of ours a few days since, in relation to the tomato worm calls out the following from a correspondent who seems to be well posted: "The statement made in the post a few days since in regard to the tomato worm having made its appearance on the vine in this vicinity is correct. In some gardens they are found in large numbers on all the vines, while in others the vines seem to be comparatively free from them. You are mistaken, however, in regard to their stinging, as in fact the worm is incapable of stinging, or even of the smallest motion of the horn, which nature has provided it; but its dangerousness consists in its ability to eject from its mouth, when irritated, a green poisonous substance, a distance of fifteen inches, directly at the arm or hand of the person picking the fruit. This substance is of so caustic a poison that if there should be the slightest abrasion of the skin, or if a thin or delicate skinned person, it will cause a sensation similar to the sting of a bee, and produce violent sickness, and perhaps death. Persons engaged in picking tomatoes should have their hands and arms protected by long leather gloves, or other thick covering."—*Hartford Post*.

About five weeks ago a bundle was received at the Treasury Department from a German in Milwaukee, Wis., with the request that the contents, which he said was mutilated currency, should be redeemed and good bills be returned him. On opening the package it was found to contain about a piece of rubbish, consisting of scraps of paper, pieces of woolen cloth, strings, chips, sawdust, and fragments of greenbacks. The German accounted for the wretched condition of his mutilated currency by stating that having saved, by strict economy, \$500, in order that he should be safely kept he tied it up in an old stocking, and thrust it behind a rafter beneath the roof of his house, and the wretched state of it. The peck of fragments was turned over to two female convicts, who after it lay labor at sorting, matching and pasting, succeeded in rescuing from the mass \$200, and a draft for that amount was forwarded to the economical German.

Among the sentences lately pronounced at Gen. Sheridan's court-martial, one of our drunkenest, the order to be imprisoned three months, "seeing" twenty-four pound ball attached to the left leg to a chain six feet long; fourteen days of each month to be in solitary confinement, bread and water diet; "if" a drunkard drunkards could be "treated" to the law in that way and the same law doubled for the drunkard's maintenance.

Mr. Farthington Shop-
ping.
Come like get your basket and let's
propit to town.
They enter a fashionable milliner estab-
lishment.
"How do you sell pitaters?"
"Do you mean, madame, the pitaters?"
"Well I would like to collect you about
getting a couple of pecks. I like, bring
along the basket."
"But, madame, we do not deal in pota-
toes. Who told you we sold potatoes?"
"Your advertisement."
"Our advertisement! It certainly says
no such thing."
"But it does. I like come here. Didn't
you read to me the other night, about this
new millinery store having conceived a new
assortment of potatoes from New York?"
Ike nods.
"There, now, you needn't be skored;
ain't no inflection deceptive."
Milliner smiles.
"Madame, you have made a mistake.
Our advertisement announces for sale pa-
lpatators, a new article of female appare
with young ladies, whose bosoms are not
fully developed; are enabled to beautify
their forms, and render perceptible the al-
teation of their loving hearts.
Hence they are called palpatators."
"Dea, mo! Your advertisement didn't
say anything about palpatators. It only
said that you were selling a new article of
female bosoms and showing their notions of
affection. Now, if you would denounce
them as bosom pitaters you'd be more intel-
ligent. Well, I'm arter stomach pitaters,
which I have much affection for, besides
my bosom is parallel enough, and I pre-
tended for the future to keep it so without
putting pitaters in it, anyhow. Good bye,
Mrs. Milliner. Come, Ike, let us tramp."

A TWO CENT DOG.—Yesterday after-
noon a two cent dog sprang from an alley,
closely followed by a five cent cent. Round-
ing the corner at right angles, he came in
contact with the feet of a Dutch woman,
who was carrying a jug of molasses in one
hand and a basket of eggs in the other.
The sudden collision of the dog with her
lower extremities threw her from her feet
and she sat down upon the basket of eggs,
at the same time breaking the jug upon the
pavement. A young gentleman, car-
pet-bag in hand, anxious to catch the train,
was running, close behind, and stepping
upon the fragments of the jug and its con-
tents sat down on the chest of the Dutch
woman, who said "Mine Got." The young
man said something about mad dog, but in
the excitement said it backwards. In the
meantime the dog had run against the feet
of a team of horses, attached to a load of
potatoes, and they taking fright, started
for home. The end board being out, they
unloaded the potatoes along the road as
they went. Crossing the railroad track,
the wagon caught in the rails and tore one
of them from its place. A freight train com-
ing along a few moments later, was thrown
from the track, smashing up a dozen cars
and killing thirty or forty hogs. The horses
on reaching home ran through the barn-
yard and overturned a milk pail, the con-
tents of which another two cent dog licked
up. One of the horses having broken his
leg, was killed this morning, and the other
crippled for life. It is now a mooted ques-
tion whether the man who threw the brick
at the two cent dog, or the man who owns
it is responsible for the chapter of accidents
which followed. Some think they are.
—Richmond Journal.

An elegantly dressed young gentleman,
with several young ladies, recently visited
the navy-yard at Charleston, and either
knew or pretended to know, everything
connected with nautical affairs. While in-
specting Wilmouth's great lathe and planer
then in full operation, he called particular
attention to the apparent smoothness and
beauty of the bright ribbon of iron which
the planer was peeling from a large plate.
The gentleman was in raptures while he ex-
plained the wonderful mechanism of the
lathe and the sharpness of the tools that
could produce such beautiful results, and
his fair companions were equally enthusi-
astic. One of them expressed a wish to
obtain a piece of the iron ribbon to take
home as a curiosity. Eager to gratify
the fair one, he took hold of the glowing
strip as it left the planer, to break it, but
soon let it go with an oath, and a scream,
bounding backwards at the same time, cry-
ing for water. He had burned his right
hand badly. The ribbon though so clean
and bright, was almost red-hot by the ter-
rific friction to which it had been sub-
jected in the peeling process—a fact not
known to the young gentleman, and of
which the machinist, not having been con-
sulted, did not inform him.

TRAVELING WEST.—Oregon papers say
A few days since an emigrant train was
making all sail northward through our val-
ley, and the wild looking driver seemed to
be laboring under great excitement, crack-
ling his "black snake" round the legs of
apprehensive horses, and yelling at every ex-
tra jump they made. "Hallo!" said one.
"Hooray!" said he. "What's the row then
Amory?" We explained that the object
of his inquiries lay about twelve hundred
miles northward, and just as hard to reach as
"Jordan," besides being almost uninhabited,
except by Indians and grizzlies. He gave
a yell that would have made an Apple-
sauce of himself and said, "I'm on it!"
That's the place I'm hunting. I've
hears that the big folks in Washington
have bought a track where there are
nothing but bare and infertile, and them's the
only neighbors I want. I lived in old Mis-
souri," he added, "and I'll be dog gone,
stranger, if the darned railroads ain't cut
the country all to pieces and draw the same
plum away. I've hearn 'em talk about
making one in Oregon, and I'll just be
darned if I want any Oregon in mine.
Hooray for Rosalia Amory!" We had
heard much of that class of people from the
other side of the Rocky Mountains, who
were continually shunning civilization; who
avoided school-houses as an abomination,
and were more frightened at the whistle of
a locomotive than the scream of a wild
beast, and here was one of them, and an
excellent representative of his class.

Seal Patent.
HAMMONTON!
GUMMA OUBUSSES DED

RARE OPPORTUNITY
TO SECURE A HOME
To All Wanting Farms.

In the great Hammonton Fruit Settle-
ment, the best improvements are offered to
all wanting farms in the most delightful
and healthy climate, with a good produc-
tive soil, being among the best in the
garden state of New Jersey; only thirty
miles from Philadelphia on the Camden
and Atlantic Railroad, and but few miles
from the New York Railroad. These lands
are sold to the actual settlers at low prices
and easy terms, in five, ten, twenty acres
and upwards to suit.

The Title Perfect.
Warranty deeds, clear of all incumbrance,
given when all the purchase money is paid.

The Soil
Is a fine sandy and clay loam, suitable for
all grains and grasses, and is pronounced
the finest quality for gardening and fruit
raising. It is a marine deposit, with a
marly substance mixed all through it in a
very comminuted form and in the exact
condition to support plants. With proper farm-
ing, it is very productive and profitable, as
the soil is very fertile, and the lay of the
land is slightly undulating, and is called
level, it is free from stones or rocks.

The Best Fruit Soil in the Union.
Pears, Peaches, Apples, Quinces, Cher-
ries, Bl.berries, Raspberries, Grapes,
etc., etc., in immense quantities, and they are
sought after by the dealers and command
the best prices in the market.

The Market
Is unsurpassed, direct communication twice
a day to Philadelphia, New York, and At-
lantic City. The Railroad Company leaves
cars here to be filled with fruit every day
and the same day they are filled in the afternoon,
and the same day they are filled in the morning
daylight are in the market, where the
highest cash prices are obtained, without
any other trouble to the producer than de-
livering the produce to the car. None of
the land now offered is over one and a
half miles from the Railroad.

The Climate
Is mild and delightful the winters being
short and open, and all winter work can be
carried on nearly all winter, while the sum-
mer is no warmer than in the north.
Persons wanting a change for health will
be satisfied here—the mildness of the cli-
mate is soon beneficially felt by delicate
persons and those suffering from Dyspep-
sia, Pulmonary affections, or General De-
bility, as hundreds here will testify. This
section has long been known for its health,
and during the summer months tens of
hundreds flock for health. No Miasma,
Chills and Fevers in this section.

The Water
Is pure and soft, of the best quality. It
abounds in streams and is found by digging
from ten to thirty feet. Wells are very
cheaply made, as there is no rock to go
through. We have the best stores in the
country, where goods are sold as cheap as
they are in Philadelphia or New York.

**Reliable practical nurseriesmen who furnish
all kinds of trees, plants and vines at the
lowest prices.**
The population of the settlement is large
and rapidly increasing; it is composed of
the best classes from New England, the
Middle, and Western States, intelligent,
industrious and moral. The buildings are
neat and handsome, and some of them fine.
All facilities for building, improving, &c.,
are here, and all reliable mechanics who will
give satisfaction. Every convenience to be
had that can be found at any other place.
The lands have been examined by some
of the best agricultural and fruit growers
in the country, who pronounce them the best
in the U. S. for fruit growing. Mr. Solomon
Robinson, the agricultural editor of the
New York Tribune; Dr. J. P. Trimble,
the State Entomologist; Mr. John G.
Bergen, Editor of the American Institute
of New York; and others, reported that
they never saw a finer growth of fruit,
grain, and grass, than they saw here, and
recommended the settlement for persons de-
siring to till the soil, for pleasure or profit.
These lands are being rapidly sold, and
from the rapid and extensive improvements
property will certainly increase in value.
Inquire for R. J. BYRNES, the founder of
the settlement, who will show the lands
free of expense. For further information
write or address,
R. J. BYRNES,
Hammonton, N. J.

Medical.
SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP.
SEVERED TONIC AND MANDRAKE
PILLS will cure Consumption, Liver Com-
plaint, Dyspepsia, if taken according to directions.
They are all three to be taken at the same time.
They cleanse the stomach, relax the liver and put
it to work; then the appetite becomes good, the
food digests and makes good blood; the patient
begins to grow, in fact, the diseased matter
leaves the lungs, and the patient begins to
live and gains weight. This is the only way to
cure consumption.

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Asbestos Roof Coating
Set up at Short Notice.

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Sheet Iron Manufacturer,**
and Dealer in all kinds of Window Glass, Force
and Lift Pumps, Wrought Iron, Galvane-
ized, Wood and Lead Pipes.
LIVERPOOL AVE., betw. Agassiz & Arago sts.,
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please examine the Florence before purchasing
elsewhere. We claim that the Florence is an im-
proved machine, and that it will do more work
than any other machine of the kind. It is not
only a good machine, but it is a beautiful one,
and it is a machine that will do more work
than any other machine of the kind.

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DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY
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