

# South-Jersey Republican

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**Smith's Tonic Syrup**  
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**Those Big Apples.**  
MR. EDITOR:—Allow me in a few words as possible to state my views about apple culture in Hammonton. I think I have spent more time and money within the last twenty-five years than any other person in town. I have tested and rejected over forty varieties that promised well, and have four on trial, among which I hope to find at least one that will pay to grow in large quantities for market.

Those big beauties, which are admired, are failures with other parties in town who have had them in bearing for a dozen years or more. They are poor growers; the leaves burn up the worst of any variety I ever knew, which one season caused a late growth and the destruction of nearly three hundred trees by winter killing, in my orchard. The quality is sometimes very poor. I have known them so tough it was very difficult to peel them, and at other times so dry and tasteless as to be worthless. They mature in what the N. Y. Times so aptly calls the "August glut." They do not withstand the attack of insects so well as some other varieties. I had almost concluded to get rid of them, but under high and peculiar culture they have done so well I shall try them one season longer.

"Williams Favorite" is much better in quality, matures earlier, higher colored, and withstands insects better but is not quite as large.

"Stark" is a splendid grower, and a great bearer of large red apples of good quality, that cook and keep well. Sorry that it blooms so early.

"Gibbs" is a very late bloomer, and long keeper, that I have not fully tested.

Will it pay to go heavily into apple culture in Hammonton? Certainly, if we do it right. We must kill off the insects; and this will require combined effort, unless your trees, like mine, are comparatively isolated. Finally, we must have better freight rates to New York, Boston, etc., or competition will ruin us. The Old Dominion Fruit Growing Company of Virginia, I am told, have about twenty thousand Bartlett pear trees, and how many apple trees I don't know, but Franklin Davis & Co., who have two very large nurseries especially devoted to apples, of which he has exhibited one hundred and sixty three varieties, and carried off the highest premiums, is at the head of the concern, and will doubtless push things; and as they only pay six cents per crate to New York, while we have to pay fifteen from North Hammonton, and from eighteen to twenty-seven from Hammonton—according to number sent at once; and as five of their crates hold as much as six or seven of ours, we have to pay (in proportion to distance sent) from twelve to twenty times as much freight as they do.

Feeling greatly annoyed that we apple and pear growers have had to pay nearly double the rates per barrel that sweet potato growers have, I went to New York to see P. H. Wyckoff, General Superintendent of Freight on New Jersey Central Railroad. I found him a very pleasant gentleman, and a level-headed business man who readily conceded the reasonableness of my request to carry apples and pears, headed up in barrels, at the same rates as sweet potatoes; but W. J. Parmentier, Assistant General Freight Agent of the Southern, objected, and all I could get was a promise to deal liberally by us; and if the usual August glut came, he would help us out. This seemed to me like taking the cream, then using the skimmed milk and giving us the whey; consequently I sold my apples to go to Atlantic City, and am shipping pears to Philadelphia over C. & A. R. R., as their station is most convenient to my crops. Next year, when the Narrow Gauge is widened, so that cars can run from our station to New York, they promise us the same rates as from North Hammonton; also promise to put me in a little siding where I can ship from the middle of my orchard when I have

fruit enough to ship a car-load at a time, which they promise to take at greatly reduced rates. In short, they promise all we could reasonably ask, if we would first build up a large business for them in apples and pears. They are level-headed business men, and will not reduce rates unless we satisfy them that we will send enough more to increase rather than diminish their prospects; and they seem very cautious about trusting to mere promises of increased business.

If we keep our heads equally level, we shall not rush into the summer apple business on mere promises of liberal treatment, while paying from twelve to twenty times as much freight, according to distance, as our competitors in Virginia, who will always have the advantage of earlier maturity.

Under present circumstances, I shall neither advise nor assist any one to go into raising big beauties apples for market. Next season, if my apples do as well as I hope, and satisfactory rates of freight can be obtained, that will not be raised as soon as we build up the business—as is often done by railroads—I will furnish scions and give my experience cheerfully to help build up a big business in summer apples.

P. S. Since writing the above, I have received very encouraging offers from the Camden & Atlantic Railroad, in answer to inquiries which I addressed to the freight agent. They have also issued special rates which are too lengthy to quote here, but which it will be well for shippers to look to before shipping. Wm. B. POTTER, M. D.

**That "Troubled Conscience."**  
MR. EDITOR:—I see you still keep open your columns for remarks about the Sabbath. "Another Fruit Grower" comes to the rescue. Now, sir, if you think the subject is not quite threadbare, I will make some points on "Troubled Conscience." He has given us the Old Testament Law, "Six days shalt thou labor," etc., and says "that makes it plain that no work is to be done on the holy Sabbath day." Then he goes on watering till there is little milk left to use! Where did he get authority to explain any part of it away? "No doubt," says he, "it refers to ordinary work." Then refraining from the extraordinary is keeping the Sabbath and doing good! Suppose, Mr. Editor, I quote a later reference to the Sabbath; and the latest, as lawyers say, takes precedence of all others, and of course the old stands rescinded on the record: "This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath." So, you see, the berry pickers have some respectable company! This is one of the New Order if you please, not the Old Testament law that teaches "an eye for an eye," but "love thy neighbor," etc.—not, the same Old Law that teaches the Jew of to day to mingle with his sacrifices the blood of young Christian girls (see trial going on in Europe). "Old things have passed away." Then why this sticking for the Jewish Sabbath? What does the New Law Giver say to this point: "Moses therefore gave you circumcision, not because it was of Moses, but of the Father." Not that it was positively needful, but an old doctrine or rule. How many of the Old Rules can be dispersed with, is for me, and many other Fruit Growers to determine for ourselves. Seek not to compass us all round about with matters of sound, all teeming with doubt. Respectfully,  
**ONE MORE FRUIT GROWER.**

Lewis, Iowa, Dr. M. J. Davis, says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my own family with excellent results."  
"Every man is the architect of his own fortune," but some folks make a broad mistake when they don't let out the contract.  
Do you wish a beautiful complexion? Then use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and purifies the blood, and thereby removes blotches and pimples from the skin, making it smooth and clear, and giving it a bright and healthy appearance.

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late President of the National Pharmaceutical Association of the United States, says:  
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Secretary Baltimore College of Pharmacy, says:  
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**DR. RICHARD SAMPINGTON,**  
one of Baltimore's oldest and most reliable physicians, says:  
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**G. F. SAXTON.**  
**HAMMONTON, N. J.**











## SHORT SERMONS.

Ah!—languid hand, safe in some scented glove  
Drop that bright prayer-book; catch at  
rock and throw—  
Give alms of bread—give truer alms of  
love—  
To other hands than scars and stains  
you scorn.  
—Sarah M. Bryan Platt.

Thus through the world, like bolts and blast  
And scouring fire, the truth has passed.  
Clouds break; the steadfast heavens re-  
main;—  
Weeds burn; the ashes feed the grain!  
—Anon.

The best of men  
That ever wore earth about him—was a su-  
perior.  
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil  
spirit.  
The first true gentleman that ever breath-  
ed.  
—Thomas Dekker.

A pebble on the streamlet's scant  
Has turned the course of many a river;  
A dew-drop on the baby plant  
Has warped the pliant oak forever.  
—Charlotte Cossitt.

The steps of Faith  
Fall on the seeming void and find  
The rock beneath.  
—John G. Whittier.

The good are better made by ill.  
As odors crushed are sweeter still.  
—Samuel Rogers.

## Recent Legal Decisions.

**BLANK INDEORSEMENT—FILLED IN AS A GUARANTEE.**—The payee of a promissory note indorsed it in blank, and the holder of the note wrote above the indorsement a guaranty. He had failed to have the note protested for non-payment, and the indorser was discharged. An action was brought upon this guaranty and the plaintiff was defeated. He carried the case—*Beiden vs. Hahn*—to the Supreme Court of Iowa, where it was affirmed. Judge Rothrock, in the opinion, said: "The blank indorsement of a promissory note by the payee creates the liability of an indorser as understood by the law merchant. Such an indorsement creates the same liability from the indorser to the indorsee as if it were in full. But the contract of indorsement is very different from a contract of guaranty, and the holder of a note with a blank indorsement by the payee has no legal right to change the obligation of the indorser by writing a contract of guaranty over the name of the payee without his knowledge or consent. The guaranty being void in law, no recovery can be had upon it."

**LARCENY OR EMBEZZLEMENT.**—The clerk of a local agent of an express company to whom was intrusted about \$3000 in United States currency, appropriated the money to his own use. He was charged with and indicted for larceny, and convicted. He carried the case in error—*Wormouth vs. The Commonwealth*—to the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, where he argued that his act was not larceny, but embezzlement. The Court agreed with him and reversed the judgment. The Chief Justice, Hargis, in the opinion said: "The charge of the Court on the trial—that if the defendant received or accepted for the money as the agent or clerk of the express company which was legally in the possession of the company, and if the defendant carried it away with a felonious intent he was guilty of larceny—was an erroneous submission of the case. Generally when the agent has received goods or money to carry, deliver, control, or manage for the principal, unless the agent parts with the manual possession and delivers the property to the principal or to another for him or places it in some depository, as a draw or safe provided for the purpose, and to which the principal or superior agents have access or over which they have control, he cannot be convicted of larceny for a felonious appropriation of the goods or money; the offense being an embezzlement. There would be no larceny committed, and there can be no larceny without a trespass. The judgment must be reversed."

**MARRIED WOMAN'S MORTGAGE.**—M. borrowed \$5000, to secure which she and her husband gave a mortgage on their undivided one-half interest in real property which she had her separate estate. Subsequently she acquired the other half of the property, also has her separate estate and on the mortgage being canceled she and her husband gave a new mortgage on the entire property for the loan, which had been increased to \$6000. The debt was not paid, and the mortgage was duly foreclosed. An appeal was taken in this case—*McGill vs. The Mercantile Trust Company*—to the

Court of Appeals of Kentucky, where the decree was affirmed. Judge Illies, in the opinion, said: "The wife cannot under the statute bind her separate estate by mortgage for the debt of her husband; but her power to mortgage for her own use and benefit is incidental to the power to sell for that purpose, and as the evidence in the record shows that the money received on the mortgage was applied in discharge of liens on the two tracts on the interest of the wife in the land, the debt is in effect the debt of the wife, and not that of the husband, and the mortgage is therefore binding."

**RESPONSIBILITY FOR SUB-AGENTS.**—M. deposited with a bank in New Orleans a number of Havana lottery tickets for collection. Its correspondent in Havana charged a heavy percentage for collecting, and M. refused to pay more than one-half of one per cent. The bank insisted that it was not in the wrong, as the commission had not been charged by it but by its correspondent, and suit was brought—*Macick vs. The Citizens' Bank of Louisiana*—and a judgment for the overcharge, \$1360, recovered. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of Louisiana where the judgment was affirmed. Judge Poche, in the opinion, said: "The proper and legal course for the bank before sending the tickets to Havana for collection, without fixing or restricting the rate of commission, was to have done what it subsequently did after this objectionable charge, to have ascertained the charge for collection. It was its duty to effect collections in the most expeditious manner and on the most reasonable terms. All agents are responsible for the acts of their sub-agents, and the defendant is and must be held responsible for this overcharge in commissions made by its correspondent or agent in Havana."

**INSOLVENT BANK COLLECTING AND CONVERTING DRAFT.**—A Chicago bank sent to its correspondent at Buffalo, a bank, a draft for \$6527.75 for collection, with the instruction to remit the proceeds for its account to a New York bank. At the receipt of the draft the insolvent of the Buffalo bank was well known to its officers. During the day \$23,000 was received on deposit and \$61,000 paid out; there was in bank, in cash, \$40,000; and the proceeds of the draft were mingled with the other moneys in the bank. A bill in equity was filed against the insolvent bank and its receiver—*Illinois Trust vs. First National Bank of Chicago*—in the United States Circuit Court for the Northern District of New York, to enforce the equitable lien of the Chicago bank for this special collection, but the bill was dismissed. Judge Wallace, in the opinion, said: "It was undoubtedly a fraudulent act by the Buffalo bank in its hopeless insolvency to mingle the proceeds of the draft with its own funds, so that all identity was lost. The cases hold that if a trustee converts a trust fund into money and mingles the money with other moneys, so that it is indistinguishable, the beneficiary cannot follow his fund into the hands of an assignee in bankruptcy or an executor of the trustee, but he must occupy the position of a general creditor. The right to follow a trust fund ceases when the means of ascertainment fail, as is the case here."—*Reported for Phila. Record.*

## Cows in the Pasture.

Murphy heard cows in his orchard the other night, and slipping out the back way appeared suddenly near the front steps, and yelled: "He-ha Tigel! he-ha Tigel! he-ha!" Just then a figure rushed past, clearing two fences and vanished in the gloom. "Take 'im! take 'im!" screamed the old man, but his daughter Miranda, who had unaccountably appeared on the scene, secured the dog by the collar and refused to let it go. "What ye doin'?" yelled the old man, "don't ye know them cows has been in here three or four times?" "Oh, pa," was the answer, "but this was only a cat!" The old man was satisfied, but the cat, who was standing out in the road awaiting developments, wasn't. Miranda was never understood the coldness that was sprung up between them.

Camlets in broken checks, tweeds, camel's hair and new plaid cloths with a bird, cat, or dragon in each square, are made up in long traveling cloaks that cover the dress, and are only fastened once at the throat by long ribbons tied in a bow.

## Agricultural.

### The Silo for the Poultry Breeder.

The silo has been found to be an important adjunct to the dairy, and several years trial of that method of preserving green food has demonstrated that no substitute in the shape of dry food can compensate for the green succulent matter furnished by the silo at a period of the year when such food cannot be produced in any other manner. But if cattle need green food in winter the necessity is even greater with poultry, for cattle can at least enjoy hay with their grain allowance, while poultry must either be confined to grain alone or be provided with green food under difficulties.

The food intended for poultry must be of a different character from that desired for other stock, and not little expense must be incurred in storing up a quantity of green food sufficient to carry a flock through the winter, liberally supplied with all they may desire. With this object in view an experienced poultry breeder procured a molasses keg, which he made as strong as possible with a few additional hoops, and placed it inside of a hoghead, first placing a few inches of sawdust under the bottom of the keg, and packing the space around the keg, between it and the hoghead with the same material. This being placed in the cellar, with a top to the keg, which settled down into it as the material was removed for use and upon which top rested a weight, completely protected the ensilage from changes of temperature and access of air.

In order to fill the silo, if it may be called such, green food was grown for the purpose and cut when very succulent. A great variety of vegetables may be used for the purpose, such as mustard, kale, radishes, spinach, turnips and even peas the tops only being selected; also, grass, such as red or white clover and young millet, as well as the kinds grown on lawns; but the grass is best when cut before it begins to seed. Oats and rye, thickly sown and cut when six inches high, also answer well. After cutting the material it should be chopped into as short lengths as possible not only to enable it to be fed to the best advantage but also to assist in packing it closely in the silo. When packing it the principal object should be to press it as firmly as possible, not only by tramping but by ramming it with a maul or some other heavy instrument. It will surprise a novice to see how large a quantity of material will be needed for so small a silo. In packing it closely in the silo, the pressure is perfectly applied and the work well done.

As to the fermentation of the mass, which gives to much difficulty with the use of the ordinary silo, it may be stated that, unlike cattle, poultry will reject the food entirely if it is fermented or sour, but this difficulty may be avoided by burning a little sulphur in the keg from time to time as the material is placed in, especially before it is pressed down, and the oftener the sulphur is burned the better. The top of the keg should be on when so doing in order to confine the sulphur fumes, which are not only heavy and rank, but are absorbed by the material and moisture. It entirely prevents fermentation under any conditions.

While it may require additional labor to lay in store a supply of green food for feeding to poultry in winter, the high prices usually obtained for eggs during that season should induce all who desire to make poultry profitable to try the experiment. As it has been the object here to give a cheap method for preserving green food, those who prefer to keep larger quantities can use the ordinary silo for that purpose.

**Cultivating Borghum.**—Professor George H. Cook, Director of the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station, at New Brunswick, in the report on his labor, alludes to the waste in the use of mills for extracting the juice, 40 per cent. of the sugar being lost by the ordinary process. It is worth while to inquire whether the best mills, from which the pressed cane comes out almost as thin and dry as carpenter's shavings, do not secure a much larger percentage. Before concluding his report, Professor C. refers to the works of the sugar company in Cape May, N. J., where 964 acres were planted with early amber and early orange seed, which gave 6200 tons of topped cane—one field of eight acres giving 138 tons, or 17 tons an acre, and another of orange cane on 20 acres, affording 299 tons, or over 12 tons an acre. The purity of the juice was

remarkable, the amount of sugar in 100 pounds of solid expressed matter in an entire week's work being as high as 87, and in one instance 92. The returns show 519,444 pounds of manufactured sugar and 40,000 gallons of dense syrup. Professor Cook, in common with others who have tried the early ripening kinds of sorghum, expresses strong hope in the ultimate success of this industry, and cites the fact that some 2,000,000,000 pounds of sugar are yearly consumed in this country, or 40 pounds to each inhabitant, only one-eighth of which comes from the sugar cane growing in States, as a reason for giving this industry a thorough and extensive trial.

## The Battle of Lutzen.

The King sang, with his soldiers,  
Luther's grand hymn, "Eine feste Burg ist Unser Gott," and then his own battle song, "Verzage nicht, du Haufen Klein!" He addressed, first, to the Swedes, then to the Germans, two of the noblest orations before a battle that history records. In an enthusiasm of heroism he threw off his cuirass, and cried: "God is my armor!" Wallenstein was suffering from gout in the feet. Although his stirrups were thickly padded with silk, he could not ride, and took his place in a litter. He called his officers together, and gave them his orders, which were to fight chiefly on the defensive. Gustavus gave out the war cry, "Gott mit Uns!" Wallenstein gave to his troops as a battle cry "Jesus Maria!"

About 11 the mist cleared a little and the fiery King himself headed the attack upon the Imperialist lines and ditches. Gustavus, riding alone with his cousin, Duke Franz von Lauenburg; the page, Labeling, and a groom, stumbled upon an Imperialist ambush. His horse, maddened by a bullet, threw his rider and fled. The King received a bullet in the arm and another shot in the back. The second shot was, as the Swedes maintain, fired by Lauenburg, who left the King to his fate, rode away and afterward joined the Imperialist side. German historians speak doubtfully on the point, and the question of Lauenburg's treachery may be considered an open one.

The Imperialist soldiers did not believe that the King could be alone with so small an escort. They, however, took Gustavus to be an officer of rank, until he cried out: "I am the King of Sweden, and seal with my blood the Protestant religion and the liberties of Germany. Alas! my poor Queen!" The Imperialist soldiers then killed and stripped him, and the tide of battle rolled on past the dead body. The faithful page, who alone remained with Gustavus, tried vainly to mount the King upon his own horse. The poor lad died, five days afterward, in Naumburg, of his wounds. So fell Gustavus Adolf. Lutzen was like a victory of Trafalgar with Nelson lost. His own side were startled when—

"The loose rein dangling from his head,  
Housing and saddle bloody red,"

the King's horse rushed back into their lines. They did not know that he was dead; they supposed him taken prisoner. A kind of sacred fury possessed the troops, and the spirit of Gustavus rendered them invincible. Wallenstein sustained an overwhelming defeat, and before night was in full flight toward Leipzig. Herzog Bernhard remained in the field as victor of Lutzen. Wallenstein's own baggage was pillaged by his own people. He had been grazed by a bullet, but was not hurt. He was believed to bear a charmed life, and the day of Lutzen strengthened the belief. The Imperialists lost many officers of note. The gallant Pappenheim, the knightliest of Wallenstein's commanders, and Coloredo were both killed. Piccolomini had five horses shot under him. Holk, Terzky, Harraich and many others were severely wounded, but, apart from the greatness of the victory, the sadness of Lutzen was and remains the soldier's death of Gustav Adolf. Wallenstein rewarded highly and punished severely. He distributed 85,210 gulden among officers who had behaved well; but he executed as cowards eleven officers by the sword; he hanged others, some had their swords broken by the hangman under the gallows, and the names of many were nailed in infamy on the gibbet. A Pe Deum, on the first news of the battle, was performed in Vienna; but Wallenstein, at least, knew certainly the magnitude of the defeat that he had suffered.

## A Little Nonsense.

Care in our coffin drives the nails, no doubt.  
But Mirth with merry fingers plucks them out.

Macdonald: A New England physician says that if every family would keep a box of mustard in the house one-half of the doctors would starve. We suggest that every family keep two boxes of mustard in the house.

An old negro woman, praying for a certain sinner, said: "Oh, Lord, won't you be kind enough to take the door of his mouth off, and when you put it on again, just hang it on the gospel hinges of peace on earth and good will to men?"

There should be a general law passed prohibiting the cutting of dog's tails off. It's a very human thing to do. When only half of a tail is cut off, the dog is forever prevented from laughing, and when it is all cut off he can't even smile.

Legal: A French investigator has discovered that the character of a person's dream depends in a great measure on which side the sleeper lies. The dreams of a lawyer then, who habitually lies on both sides, must be very much mixed.

Webster unabridged: Up in Chautauque county one day a politician was watching a severe storm from his doorsteps when a farmer acquaintance turned in hastily from the road and drove under a shed. "What's the matter, Bob?" asked the politician. "Well, said the farmer, 'I believe that's one of them sycophons is coming.'"

Somebody put a small mud-turtle, about the size of a silver dollar, in a bed at a New Jersey hotel, and the stranger, who was assigned to that room, on preparing to retire caught the turtle. He at once resumed his sleep, remarking: "I expected to have a pretty lively night of it, but if they are as big as that, I don't propose to get in with 'em."

Lawyer—"Do you not consider Mr. Biggs, my client, a man of truth and veracity?" Witness hesitates. Lawyer—"Well, I'll put the question in another form. Do you think he has a mind which cannot distinguish truth from falsehood?" Witness (eagerly)—"Oh, no, sir, I am sure that he can."

Lawyer—"You're sure of it—and why are you so sure of it?" Witness—"I know he can distinguish between the two. It isn't possible that he would always happen to lie. If he didn't know the difference, he would tell the truth by mistake once in a while." Lawyer—"That'll do, sir; you may stand down."

Oh, no, the lawyer does not talk for effect; he simply talks for effects—the effects of his client—and he usually succeeds in getting them.

A grocer had a point of sugar returned with a note attached to it saying, "Too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

The man who boasts that he is above doing a mean act tells the truth. Of course he is above it, else how could he stoop to do a mean thing so often?

A Reading, Pa., man died a few days ago, after drinking fifteen quarts of water. The coroner's jury rendered the verdict: "Suicide by drowning."

Mrs. Homesput, who has a terrible time every morning to get her young brood out of their beds, says she cannot understand why children are called the rising generation.

When Carlyle said that everybody should have an aim in life, he had no reference to the fair sex. He had doubtless often seen a woman trying to throw a stone at a hen.

"Hadn't better pray for rain, to-day, deacon," said a Dinghamton, N. Y., minister, Sunday. "Not to-day, Dominic, I think," was the prudent reply. "The wind isn't right."

"No, sir," said the clergyman, "I don't pray for rain unless my special dispatch from the weather bureau says we are liable to get it."

A glassmaking firm in Pittsburg, Pa., have been manufacturing glass textile fabrics during the last year. The fabrics produced are pronounced very beautiful and pliable.

## CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day. We mean to do it. This favored rush. That is waiting for your souls away. And grant to our goaded hearts a hush that is holy enough to let them hear the footstep of angels passing by.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt. When the burden of daytime toil is o'er. We'll sit and muse, while the stars come out.

At the patriarch sat at the opened door. Of his tent, with a heavenward gazing eye. To watch for the angels passing by.

We see them afar at high noon. When fiercely the world's hot dashings beat.

Yet never have hidden them turn aside. And tarry awhile in converse sweet: Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread.

To drink our wine and break our bread. We promised our hearts that when the stress

Of the life-work reaches the long-for close. When the weight that we groan with hinders less.

We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose As banishes care's disturbing din. And then we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length. When tired of every mocking quest. And broken in spirit and shorn of strength. We drop, indeed, at the door of rest.

And wait and watch as the day wanes. But the angels we meant to call are gone.

## Wait a Little.

A picturesque old house in a neglected garden, a vine-wreathed window, and a young girl lying on the low-cushioned seat of its embrasure, disclosed from the room within by a rusty red curtain. She would have been pretty if she had not been so pale and listless.

Certainly the faint, momentary smile which the shy confidence of a little room in the woodbine brought out was most charming. The girl was only watching the little creature. She was only watching the little creature. She was only watching the little creature.

For an hour she had sat there—ever since her uncle, M. Bozarth, had fallen asleep upon his sick bed in the adjacent chamber. The girl had not been crying for him—no, she did not love him. Even in sickness he was tyrannical, cruel, as he had ever been. He kept his fiddle bow upon the bed to rap her knuckles when she did not wait to rap him quick enough. She was tired. For three nights she had sat up a greater part of the time. The doctor told her M. Bozarth was going to die; so she was full of dread and fear, but not grieved or fearing the bereavement, although when M. Bozarth was gone she would be all alone. She was an orphan, and for the last four years he had supported her, after a fashion, and taught her music. She had a beautiful voice—pure and delicate. She sang when she was bidden, and sometimes to please herself in pleasing their landlord, Alan Dunleith.

He was a handsome man. He had been gentle. He seldom spoke to her, but he came across the garden sometimes of an evening to drink a bottle of wine with M. Bozarth, and listen to his adventures in France and Italy. They talked about music, the drama, and the old masters. M. Bozarth was selfish and harsh, but he was no fool. Two years before, he had hired Mulberry Cottage, and he and Alan Dunleith had always agreed—very well. Only this girl Theresa, had been alone. M. Bozarth was away all day and most of the night, busy with his musical engagements in the city. They kept one maid, whom the girl would have turned to for society in her extremity but she, too, was cross.

The poor girl saw no kind face but Alan Dunleith's. She had come to worship that. She dreamed of it day and night; waited from day to day until she saw it, though the owner seldom gave her more than a courteous "Good evening, Miss Tessie!"

But he always remembered to say "good evening" again, after she had played and sung for him, and the smile he turned on her seemed kinder. And then she would watch his thin, stalwart figure going down the garden, listen as he whistled an air she had been playing, and wait for the next visit. No one dreamed of all this; perhaps she did not realize it herself; and it was not all strange. The little girl was very quiet building its nest, and Tessie was extremely tired.

Suddenly she realized that she had been doing, for there were voices in this chamber, and she did not know when her uncle had awakened or when Alan Dunleith had come in.

"No, I do not know what will become of her when I am gone," M. Bozarth said, as he was saying, "I have little to leave her. But she has her voice and her knowledge of music. She must make her own way."

"A very perilous position for a girl so lovely."

"Perhaps, Mr. Dunleith; but it is too late for me to make any provision for her now. She must take her chances, the same as I did."

"But she is a young girl, and a very delicate and sensitive one, Monsieur Bozarth. It is different."

M. Bozarth made a faint, inarticulate reply.

"Will you trust her to me? I would like to marry her," said Alan Dunleith, after a moment.

"Oh? Oh, yes. But she is very young."

"I consider her youth; but I think I understand her. I believe I could make her happy. Then you give your consent?"

"Yes, yes," wearily.

What more they said, Tessie did not know. There was no lack of life and energy in her air now. She sat erect, with wide eyes and flaming cheeks, for a moment; then, her heart beating in the great shocks, she slipped out of the window, flung herself upon the turf of the terrace, and disappeared among the rank shrubbery of the garden—disappeared from the view of the house, but not from her own terrified consciousness.

Alan Dunleith marry her—her? She was burning hot to the tips of her fingers with shame. Then, as she read her aching heart and knew the truth, she uttered a heartrending cry and sank down upon the grass, pale and faint. She hurried her face in the moss and violets.

"I love him—I would give all the world to be fit to marry him! But he shall never marry me because he pities me. I would I rather kill myself first!" with violence.

Then, with pitiful cry—"I will run away!"

And actually the impulsive, morbidly sensitive, undisciplined girl sprang to her feet, ran into the back hallway, snatched a shawl and hat, and turned her back on the only home she knew.

It was not so hard; she had never loved it. She went rapidly down the green road until the stage overtook her, when she sprang aboard with satisfaction, seeing the chimneys of Mulberry Cottage disappear in the distance.

Tessie had passed about two years in the city. Beyond almost immediately sending a note to her uncle that she was well and at work copying music—that she hoped he would forgive her for leaving him, but she could not do otherwise—she had had no communication with her old home.

She had fortunately been found useful in a music publisher's establishment. She earned her bread, and ate it moistened with tears, but she never ceased to feel joy that Alan Dunleith had not married her for pity. The energy of earning her livelihood improved her. She gained confidence, force, color. Mr. Thorne, her employer, fancied her looks, heard her voice at last and paid her unusual attention, in which there would have been no harm if he had been faultless. But his money covered a multitude of sins, and one day Tessie slipped from his employ and safe, knowledge, and, innocent and safe, went to reside with her mother in her last sickness—a humble but honest old creature, to whom Tessie gave her confidence, while Aunt Gale gave her a home.

"You're a good, brave girl, that your mother'd be proud of this day, if she were alive, Miss Tessie," she said; and Heaven bless the day that you found me out, for I need your bright face sorely."

And now Tessie went out by the day, giving music lessons. She liked this better. She made acquaintances, found variety, yet kept herself intact from the world. She had a strange joy, which she hardly understood, when people complimented her on her beauty, her grace, her tact. In these directions she had advanced much. She was an elegant and intelligent girl, very different from what she had been, and she knew it. Musical people cultivated her. She went out, and Aunt

Gale constituted herself a sort of dragon, and was always on hand to see her safely home.

"Miss Tessie Verney's maid," people called her, though Tessie said— "She is not a servant, but an old friend with whom I live."

Where Miss Verney lived no one knew for a long time, and Mr. Thorne, meeting her repeatedly in society, followed her home at a distance unsolicited, and learned the place of her abode.

It was a small, old-fashioned house, in a narrow street, but the neighborhood was quite respectable, and Aunt Gale had paid for it out of her savings, and the means left her by her sailor-husband, and in it Tessie was secure.

He made business an excuse and a shield. But the girl in the low, old-fashioned parlor, would have none of him.

Her time was fully occupied—she could undertake nothing in the way of his pretext; and, baffled, bewitched, and determined to overcome indifference, he came again and asked her hand in marriage.

"Do not be hasty. I have a fortune; you can adorn it," he said, looking into her cold, exquisite face.

"You are going to refuse, but wait, and let me come again. Give yourself time to consider."

Tessie consented to this, though her decision she knew to be unalterable, even when Aunt Gale wavered.

"Marriage—he offers you marriage, child! Well, that is an honor; and he is a very rich man, you tell me. Perhaps it would be wisdom to accept. You say no? Tell me why?" "I knew a good man once. I am in different to all others." Tessie said quietly. And the proud Mr. Thorne received the politest of dismissals. The year passed, and another and another. It was five years since Tessie, a shy girl of sixteen, had run away from Alan Dunleith and his place.

Three months later she heard of her uncle's death. He had left her none of his little property. He had never intended to. She was not disappointed. She had been glad to find the world was wide enough for both. She was far happier now. She and the strong old woman mutually benefited each other. The latter was shrewd and faithful. The young girl, with her beauty, her music, her future, enriched her life. She was proud of her, loved her, and Tessie returned her affection. She filled the stiff, still old rooms with music, books and flowers. The small-paneled windows were hung with vines. Dingy as the house looked without, it was a bower of living green within.

"I'd never have patience to tend 'em. I'll fix the flowers myself, but I like to see them, Tessie," the old woman would say.

One day, from the cavity of a blue self-closed, on an upper shelf of an undelivered closet, she produced a package.

"Look at these, dear. They're some seeds my old man brought from Japan years ago. I don't know what they'll make—posies of some kind."

"I'll plant them and see," replied Tessie, looking at the package of queer, three-cornered brown things.

She put them in a pot of earth and watered them.

"These seeds are old. They are like my hope, and will hardly bear fruiting," she mused. She watched anxiously to see shoots appear. "If the seeds grow I will take courage," she said to herself. Tessie had begun to understand herself. She still loved Alan Dunleith, and hoped again to meet him. If she met him now, perhaps—perhaps there would not be so much dissimilarity.

On the fifteenth day, pale, pearly shoots broke the earth, and quickly took on a tinge of green. A color like the rose came into Tessie's cheeks at the sight. Day by day the frail things grew, overrunning the pot with waxy foliage and great buds.

"See what large rich buds, Aunt Gale, and I think they are going to bloom into some bright color."

"You think more of that plant than of all the others," answered the old woman, looking at her curiously.

Tessie bent closer. Yes, the buds sheathed petals of red.

She came down late to breakfast the next morning, but had hardly seated herself at the nice repast, before she sprang up, nearly overturning her cup of chocolate.

A wonderful glow of scarlet irradiated the window. Five of the buds had opened. The flowers were of marvelous beauty, of pure, glowing color, velvety in texture, wide and perfect. Already people had gathered in the street before the window to gaze at them.

"Five," mused Tessie, "I wonder if the number has a significance."

Every day the flowers multiplied, until they drooped in a cascade of fire towards the garden, passing hastily, caught sight of them and stopped.

One day a gentleman, passing hastily, caught sight of them and stopped. Then he turned and rang the little door-bell. Aunt Gale answered it. The beautiful plant in the window—it was a very rare one, which he had tried for years to add to his collection. Could he purchase a slip of it?

Aunt Gale showed the gentleman into the breakfast-room, where Tessie, all grace and brightness, stood petting a canary bird.

She turned her head, the smile still in her eyes and saw Alan Dunleith. "Tessie!"

Loving, approving, tender, he looked into the lovely face, grown so suddenly sober, and extended both hands. And Tessie hesitated but a moment before she laid hers, melting and fair in them.

"You have found me," she said unconsciously.

"I have come for superbia," he said. "Shall I have it?"

"Wait a little," she answered. But her shy eye did not tell all in any. Her blush was eloquent; and as they turned towards the bed of scarlet flowers, both were sure that all this time they had loved each other.

## Companionable People.



