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Aunt Nancy's Mind on It.

And this is the new New Testament
And 'tis come in the sweet o' the year,
When the fields are shining in cloth-of-gold,
And the birds are singing so clear;
And over and into the grand old text
Reverent and thoughtful men,
Through many a summer and winter past
Have been peering with book and pen,

Till they've straightened the moods and tenses out,
And dropped each obsolete phrase,
And softened the strong, old-fashioned words
To our daintier modern ways;
Collated the ancient manuscripts,
Particle, verb, and line,
And faithfully done their very best
To improve the book divine.

I haven't a doubt they have done it well,
But it is not clear to me
That we needed the trouble it was to them
On either side of the sea.
I cannot help it, a thought that comes—
You know I am old and plain—
But it seems like touching the ark of God,
And the touch to my heart is pain.

For ten years past, and for five times ten
At the back of that book, my dear,
I've made and mended and toiled and saved,
With my Bible ever near.
Sometimes it was only a verse at morn
That lifted me up from care,
Like the springing wings of a sweet-voiced lark
Cleaving the golden air.

And sometimes on Sunday afternoons
'Twas a chapter rich and long,
That came to my heart in its weary hour
With the lift of a triumphant song.
I cannot be changing at my time;
'Twould be losing part of myself,
You may lay the new New Testament
Away on the upper shelf.

I cling to the one my good man read
In our fireside prayers at night;
To the one my little children lisped
Ere they faded out of my sight.
I shall gather my dear ones close again
Where the many mansions be,
And till then the Bible I've always had
Is a good enough book for me.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

The President's Condition.

Never have the hearts of the people of this great Republic beat in more perfect unison than in our national affliction since our noble President was shot, eight weeeks ago. Never have the prayers of a great people been uttered with more fervor and zeal than those uttered for the President, that his life may be saved and he be restored to his family, and to the duties of Chief Magistrate of the Nation. Yet, with all this, and the efforts of the best surgeons in the land, he has been failing from the first, though at times hopes have been made buoyant, the next wave of the electric current aroused our gravest fears, and almost bid hope be still. Thus have we been kept between hope and fear all these days, till now we wait in almost breathless suspense from morn till eve, and from eve to dawn, lest the dread sentence shall be heard—our honored and beloved President has been released from his suffering, and sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. While we hope such a calamity may be averted by his strong nature asserting its power, there is a feeling which will not down at our bidding, that his life is ebbing away. He has lost eighty pounds of flesh. His stomach at times rejects the nourishment the body needs, and he sinks exhausted, lower at every recurrence of this condition. This is not the road to recovery. Mechanical means may accomplish what nature fails to do. Let us hope it will. But the symptoms are bad. Glandular disturbance, with delirium, in his weak condition, are not favorable indications. But surgical skill may circumvent these. There is a point, however, beyond which surgical skill is of no avail. This point he is fast approaching, if he has not already reached it. Of course we judge from the reports that reach us. If these are incorrect, our judgment fails. We wait, in almost breathless suspense for the verdict of the surgeons—success or failure—and while we hope for the former, we fear we shall hear the latter.

He who doeth all things well has the good man in his hands, and we must bow submissively. M. D.

Hammonton, Aug. 25, 1881.

"What kind of a mark is that?" said Magrady to his friend Talthorpe, pointing to a scar on his face. "It's a question mark," replied the other; "got it for asking a man if it was warm enough for him."—*Puck.*

News Items.

James Hunt had his leg badly injured on Monday, by being thrown from a train, foot of Federal Street, Camden.

Peaches are scarcer than ever before, and so high as to be out of the reach of most people. They say, by the way, that the fruit is not very good anyhow, this year.

A Philadelphia paper says: "All the papers have been drawn up preparatory to taking the New Jersey Central Railroad Company and the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company out of the hands of the Receiver.

A little child named White came near losing its life, Monday, in Camden. It was looking out of a second story window when the sash fell across its neck. A member of the fire department rescued it by reaching it with a ladder.

There was a big fire in Philadelphia, Tuesday morning. Nearly the whole block bounded by Delaware Avenue, Arch street, Water Street, and an alley north of Arch, was destroyed. Loss estimated at $500,000. Reported that two watchmen lost their lives.

The contracts for the new buildings of the Crescent Pottery Company, to be erected in Trenton, have been awarded. There will be five buildings, and it is expected that the factory will be in operation by the first of December. The works will be devoted to the manufacure of sanitary ware and druggists' sundries.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company is about widening its road-bed so as to have four tracks between Philadelphia and Trenton. For this purpose quite a number of lots have been bought in Bristol, and several houses will be torn down, none though of much value. The work will commence at once.

Mrs. McMahm, of No. 46 Monroe street, Hoboken, Tuesday evening placed a bottle of whiskey on one of the lower shelves of a closet. In her absence her nine-year-old son, Dennis, climed on a chair, got possession of the bottle and swallowed a large portion of the contents. He died in the course of the night in great agony.

Curlews, willets, brown backs, yellow legs and the other varieties of shore birds are making their appearance all along the Jersey coast, but the main bodies of them seem to be loath to tarry long until they pass the line of Summer resorts, and the feeding grounds sought by them seem to be south of Atlantic City and north of Cape May, where the shores are not so much sought by Summer sojourners.

Some quiet work is being done by the Bi Centennial Association of Philadelphia, in the way of getting prominent citizens to pledge conditional subscriptions for the purchase of the Main Building. It is known that a great many promises have been made, and communications have been opened with a well-known amusement manager, who will be asked to take charge of the concern. Rumor says that Adam Forepaugh will give $200,000 conditional upon the remainder being raised.

Colonel Corbin, master of ceremonies at the Yorktown Centennial, has issued a circular regarding the arrangement for the celebration, which is to take place October 18, 19, 20 and 21. Present advices promise a military representation from nearly every State in the Union. Above ten thousand troops have already signified their intention of being present, and it is believed the militia alone to take part in the celebration will exceed thirty thousand. Many States will send full regiments, together with the Governors of most of the States, accompanied by their staff. For the reception and proper comfort of the latter a building is to be erected. Adjutants General of States and commanding officers of troops intending to participate are requested to call for any information concerning the celebration that may in any manner aid in rendering the occasion worthy the great event it is designed to commemorate.

One of the most wretched of crimes is that of throwing railroad trains from the track. The man who cuts a throat is more worthy of respect. Some ruffians threw a coal train on the Lehigh Valley railroad into a ditch near Whitehall station, Pa., on Saturday night, but by good fortune no one was hurt. The damage to property, however, was large.

Camden & Atlantic R. R.

DOWN TRAINS.

Stations.	H. A.	A. A.	M.	F.	S. A
	P M	P. M.	A M	A M	A M
Philadelphia	6 00	4 15	8:00		8 00
Cooper's Point	5 12	4 25	8 15	9 45	8 12
Penn. R. R. June	6 18	4 31	8 21		8 18
Haddonfield	6 35	4 42	8 32	10 15	8 32
Ashland	6 44	4 48	8 39	10 25	8 39
Kirkwood	6 53	4 53	8 47	10 40	8 45
Berlin	7 08	5 04	9 00	11 05	8 56
Atco	7 16	5 12	9 07	11 20	9 02
Waterford	7 28	5 21	9 20	11 40	9 11
Ancora	7 34	5 26	9 25	11 48	9 16
Winslow Junc.	7 39	5 32	9 31	12 25	9 22
Hammonton	7 46	5 40	9 38	12 45	9 29
Da Costa		5 42	9 42	12 52	9 33
Elwood		5 55	9 51	1 15	9 42
Egg Harbor		6 15	10 00	1 35	9 52
Pomona		6 26	10 10	1 52	10 02
Absecon		6 42	10 20	2 15	10 12
Atlantic		6 55	10 33	2 35	10 25
May's Landing		6 30	10 20		

UP TRAINS.

Station.	H. A.	A. A.	M.	F.	S. A
	A M	A M.	P M	P M	P M
Philadelphia	7 35	9 20	6 05		7 20
Cooper's Point	7 28	9 12	5 57	11 00	7 14
Penn. R. R. June	7 23	9 08	5 53		7 00
Haddonfield	7 07	8 58	5 43	10 32	6 56
Ashland	6 57	8 51	5 37	10 22	6 49
Kirkwood	6 52	8 46	5 32	10 15	6 44
Berlin	6 39	8 35	5 22	9,52	6 33
Atco	6 32	8 28	5 13	9 40	6 27
Waterford	6 24	8 19	5 05	9 25	6 19
Ancora	6 18	8 12	4 55	9 12	6 13
Winslow Junc.	6 13	8 05	4 54	9 05	6 08
Hammonton	6 05	7 52	4 42	8 50	6 00
Da Costa		7 47	4 37	8 36	5 55
Elwood		7 39	4 29	8 25	5 47
Egg Harbor		7 30	4 20	8 08	5 37
Pomona		7 15	4 09	7 48	5 26
Absecon		7 05	3 59	7 32	5 16
Atlantic		6 50	3 45	7 10	5 02
May's Landing		7 10	4 00		

Up express stops at Hammonton 8:48 A. M. Philadelphia 9:50. Express, Hammonton 12:03 Philadaelphia 1:05. Down express leaves Vine Street 4:45, Hammonton 5:52

Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Time-table of May 7, 1881.

	M'x'd	Acc	Acc.	Sund'y
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Philadelphia		8 00	5 00	8 00
Camden	4 45	8 20	5 20	8 22
Oakland	4 57	8 27	5 29	8 29
Williamstown Junction	5 58	9 06	6 05	9 06
Cedar Brook	6 12	9 12	6 12	9 14
Winslow	6 31	9 20	6 25	9 24
Hammonton	7 35	9 28	6 32	9 31
Da Costa	7 20	9 33	6 38	9 37
Elwood	7 43	9 41	6 45	9 45
Egg Harbor	8 00	9 51	6 55	9 55
Pleasantville	8 55	10 16	7 16	10 21
Atlantic City, Ar.	9 15	10 30	7 30	10 35

	Acc.	M'x'd	Acc.	Sund'y
	A.M.	P.M.	P. M.	A.M.
Atlantic City	6 00	10 45	4 00	6 0
Pleasantville	6 15	11 16	4 15	4 16
Egg Harbor	6 38	11 47	4 36	4 36
Elwood	6 48	12 16	4 46	4 46
Da Costa	6 56	12 26	4 57	4 57
Hammonton	7 02	12 39	5 08	4 08
Winslow	7 12	12 55	5 17	5 17
Cedar Brook	7 23	1 16	5 27	5 27
Williamstown Junction	7 30	1 26	5 33	5 36
Oakland	8 03	2 26	6 00	6 06
Camden	8 10	2 40	6 07	6 0
Philadelphia	8 50		6 25	6 2

The express leaves Atlantic City at 7:00 A. M. Pleasantville 7:14; Hammonton, 7:32; arrives at Philadelphia at 9:00. Returning leaves the city at 3:00 P. M., arrives at Hammonton at 5:08; Pleasantville 5:47; Atlantic City 6:00

London in Hot Weather.

The general aspect of London during the hot weather has been interesting and unusual, if not picturesque. In the park ladies and gentlemen in pith helmets watched from on horseback the distant gambols of the bathing boys, while the police took upon themselves to forbid the Serpentine to bathing girls Here, but for the weather, would be a charming grievance for the advocates of womens' rights. But even men find it hard to make unusual exertions, and though the philosophers may find heat a mode of motion, it supplies in the recent form a still greater motive for repose. The Land bill hangs limp and flaccid from the hands of perspiring legislators. Curiously compounded drinks are everywhere advertised. We must spare what the water companies supply, but we need not spare mineral waters. As it was when the people clamored for bread and the little princess offered them cake, so now we are permitted without interference to patronize the Apollinaris Company or the St. Galmier Company as if we did not buy and pay for the water brought to London by the Grand Junction or any other of the monopolizers of our supply. The cavalry charges at every horse-trough add a new terror to our streets. Railway porters and pot boys go about with Japanese fans. Drivers protect their heads with green cabbage-leaves. Young ladies wear lovely pink gowns, and the muslin shops have exhausted their summer stocks. For four years past "prints" have scarcely been seen in the streets, bnt this year every second woman displays in her dress one of Mr. William Morris' latest scrolls. Washerwomen are coining, but fishmongers are in despair; were it not for the ice trade they might close their shutters. Every one complains; "yet who would live past years again ?" People who have nothing to do have no excuse if they cannot enjoy the pleasures of the season in which rain has marred no picnic or flower show, postponed no review or coach parade. On the other hand, people who have to work display an unusual irritability of temper. Libel cases are frequent. The quarrels of authors, and still more the quarrels of authors and publishers, are everywhere heard. The farmers, too, will have cause to grumble in all probability, however the weather may turn out now; for the fineness of the past few weeks has kept their crops from growing, and rain will prevent them from reaping even what they have.

The Fair Sex.

Something that will Interest, Instruct and Amuse.

A barber shop at Jackson, Mich., has four girl apprentices.

We don't object so much to their being called ostrich feather, except that it is very unjust to the turkey.

A breach of promise suit was compromised in Indianapolis, by the defendant providing the girl with a husband of equal value with himself.

Before Mrs. Patton died, at Evansville, Ind., she induced her husband and her daughter by a previous union to promise to marry, and the arrangement is to be carried out.

There was once a Sir James Weir Hogg who made a fortune in India, and whose wife, holding a distinguished place in London fashionable circles, gave splendid parties. It is said that a young blood, meeting one of the Misses Hogg at a ball, and, not knowing her name, asked her if she was going to a certain party at the "piggery." Her naive reply was: "Oh, I am one of the litter!"

A Broadway dealer in curiosites, says the most singular article of a lady's toilet he ever saw was a fan. It was of fine yellow lace, and had richly carved wooden sticks, each stick inlaid with a crescent of clear shell-like substance. It was made by a lady of Normandy. The lace was woven from her own golden hair, and the tiny crescents, so highly polished, were the tips of her finger nails.

Cannot a lady be so well dressed as to be ill dressed? When one is so extravagantly and richly attired that every passer-by, male and female, is irresistibly impelled to turn about and look at her clothes, the seeming paradox above presented seems to be supported. The Boston *Journal* thinks the perfection of good dressing would seem to be reached when one cannot tell five minutes after carefully noticing a passing lady what she had on.

The meanest man on record is in New York. He invited a night watchman to take a drink, and slyly put in it a powerful stimulant that would keep the man awake all night.

Agricultural.

Seeding Wheat.

As September is near, which reminds us that the leaves are about to turn yellow, farmers will soon be plowing wheat land. The most important thing about wheat-growing is getting the seed in the ground. It is a common practice, much to be condemned, of putting off the seeding of wheat until the last moment. The contrary direction should be followed, and instead of deferring seed-sowing until all other work is done, there should be an endeavor to get the seed in by the first of October.

In the first place plow deeply, not less than six inches, and, if possible, on stiff, clay lands let the subsoil plow be used. This answers two purposes. It opens the land deeply, letting down the excess of water when we are visited by heavy rains, and allows the roots to penetrate easily to secure a firm hold. Sow early, for then the plants have time to bed themselves and secure a firm foundation against the action of frosts, which throw the plants up when the land thaws in the spring. Wheat that has been in the ground long enough to secure a good root-hold is at least over the greatest difficulty, and it is only those who have made the mistake of sowing late that have been the heaviest sufferers.

The seed should be carefully selected. As we prize "fresh blood" in live stock, so should we change seed in order to get the best results. There have been many new varieties introduced of late that are worthy of a trial, but such should be tried on a small scale before making it general. Certain kinds are adapted to particular localities, and the farmer's experience should guide him in that respect. But under no circumstances should seed be sown that has not passed a complete inspection. In England, when they wish to avoid cockle or other noxious weeds the seed is brought into the house and the whole family are employed for weeks in picking over it carefully and rejecting every unsound or imperfect grain, frequently using a magnifying glass to facilitate the operation. In this country we cultivate on too large a scale to use such means, but, however, as there is considerable time during evenings between now and October the spare time should be profitably spent in overlooking the seed. The utmost care is necessary, and future labor will be saved thereby.

Wheat should follow corn or root crops, as they require clean cultivation, and the wheat will be less liable to competition from weeds. Harrow the wheat as soon as it is well up, and also again in the spring. Drilling is preferable to broadcasting, and the roller can advantageously be used where the land is lumpy or clogged.

Did it ever occur to farmers that wheat can be cultivated with profit? We have the authority of the Patent Office Report on Agriculture that an Englishman *planted* wheat one foot apart each way, manured and used the *hoe* on it, with a return of over 100 bushels to the acre. This does not seem credible, but there is no doubt the cultivation of wheat would pay in the increased yield by such a method, as is evinced by the effects of frequent harrowing.

It is recommended, if a good yield is desired, to sow early, select the plumpest and cleanest seed, harrow as often as possible and manure well. With good preparation of the land, and extra care and judgment in seeding, the farmer need not fear next year's performance with his wheat crop.

Comb Foundation.

Artificial combs of various kindshave been tried, with little success, at different times; but during the past four or five years what is called "comb foundation" has been used with the best results. The present mode of manufacture is as follows: Thin sheets of galvanized iron are plunged into a tank of melted beeswax, then withdrawn and immersed in cold water. As soon as they are cool enough they are removed from the water, and the thin sheets of wax are "peeled" from their sides. These sheets of wax are passed between two rollers, upon whose surfaces are indentations shaped like the base of a honeycomb cell. After passing between the rollers a sheet of wax resembles a piece of comb with cells about one-sixteenth of an inch in depth. These sheets are the comb foundation; in using them they are fastened inside the movable frames and hung inside the hives, when the bees proceed at once to draw out, with their mandibles, the walls of the shallow cells, until the cells are of full depth. There is wax enough in a sheet of foundation to make a complete comb; hence the bees have to secrete no wax when building combs from foundation.

Two other methods of making foundation have lately been used to some extent. One is to pass a sheet of wax between two dies in a powerful press: and the other is that of dipping plates made of plaster of Paris or of rubber, whose surfaces are covered with comb-shaped indentations, into melted wax, then bringing the plates together with a slap. (The plates are hinged together at one side, so that they may close like a book.) The plates are then placed in water until they are cool, when they are opened and the foundations removed. Very thin foundation, the bases of whose cells are flat instead of lozenge-shaped, is used considerably for "starters" in surplus boxes. The foundations used in the brood chamber are so thick that a "fish-bone" is sometimes left in the centre of the comb. In manufacturing foundation, many experiments have been made with a view of substituting something in the place of real beeswax, such as paraffine ceresin, and the like, but all, so far, have resulted in failure. Paraffine will make beautiful foundation, and the bees will accept it at once, but as soon as we have warm summer weather the beautiful comb, honey and all, will fall down in a shapeless mass in the bottom of the hive.

With hives having deep frames, foundation is liable to sag or stretch, and sometimes to break down. To obviate this difficulty, holes are made with an awl through the top and bottom bars of the frames, and very fine wires woven back and forth, perpendicularly, across the frames; the foundation is then placed inside the frames upon the wires, and then put in the sun. When the foundation becomes soft the wires are pressed down upon it until they become imbedded in the wax, when the frame is ready to be given to the bees Those who make their foundation with a press can place a frame, already wired, in the press, lay a sheet of wax in the frame upon the wires, then bring down the die, and thus make the foundation directly in the frame and bed the wires all at one operation.

To fasten foundation into brood frames turn a frame upside down upon a table, lay one edge of a sheet of foundation so that it nearly covers the top bar, lay on a small strip of wood, and with small tacks nail it down. The stick must be nailed so that the foundation will hang in the centre of the frame. Turn the frame over, wet one finger, and run it along the sheet to break, or rather to bend, the foundation over at right angles. This work should be done in a warm place. A sheet of foundation should just touch the side bars of the frame for a distance of two inches down from the top bar; then it should gradually taper as it nears the bottom, where it should lack about three-eighths of an inch of touching the side bars, and should lack about an inch of touching the bottom bar. These directions for putting foundation in the frames are to be followed where no wires are used, and the frames are about one foot in depth. The hives should stand perfectly level as the foundation naturally seeks a perpendicular position.

Foundation is accepted by the bees as if it were dry, natural comb, and by its use straight worker-comb is secured. In our northern latitudes, all the honey that is gathered must be secured in a space of time not generally exceeding six weeks. At times the honey seems almost to rain down. When bees build comb they must remain idle several hours to secrete wax; then a few dozens or hundreds build comb, while the others wait their opportunity. With broad sheets of foundation, every bee has an opportunity either to draw out the foundation or to bring honey, and the result is surprising.

Farm and Workshop Notes.

An inch of rain weighs over 100 tons per acre of surface.

Manure from grain-fed horses, free from straw, unexposed to weather, will weigh about 4500 pounds per cord.

Three million dollars are paid out for cut flowers annually in the city of New York, two-thirds of which sum is spent for roses.

No brick wall that ever is intended to be painted should be whitewashed. All washes absorb water, and in damp weather lose their color.

Peter Henderson says there are no secrets in horticulture, and every man who pretends to have them is either an ignoramus or an impostor. The laws of growth are the same as they were a thousand years ago.

Paper belting is used with success in the machinery hall of an exhibition now held in Japan. It is stated that the belting made of paper has been tested and found to be much stronger than that made of ordinary leather.

[Carbon tracing paper is prepared by rubbing into it a suitable tissue a mixture of six parts lard, one part beeswax and sufficient fine lampblack to give it a good color. The mixture should be warm and should not be applied to excess.

The ox-eye daisy which whitens whole counties in the more Eastern States is pronounced a "charming thing" by the *London Gardeners' Chronicle*, and that journal states that it adorns railway embankments and other waste places "with great sheets of silver and gold."

The "Shepherd's Manual" says: "At the age of 3 years in the Cotswolds and other forward breeds the fourth and last pair of front teeth appear, but other in breeds they are not present until 3½ and 3¾ years. The sheep is then what is known as "full-mouthed."

Take care that the calves do not fall off in condition at fly-time. Give them some oats and ground feed so that before winter sets in they may have a good start. If the flies bother them too much shut the calves in a darkened shed or stable during the day, letting them out at night only to feed.

The Pockington grape having been before the public since September, 1877, and tested in many localities with equal success, the claims of its friends, that they have a white grape equal in all respects if not superior to the Concord and adapted to succeed in all sections of the country, would seem to be well established.

The raspberry crop along the Hudson will be fully one-third larger than that of last year. Growers who have largely cultivated the Antwerp say that the yield this year is better than it has been during the past five years. The yield of the Native or Highland Hardy is also prolific. The fruit was never finer or richer.

Women as Rulers.

The talents displayed by women as rulers—a position which strangely has been accorded them in all ages and stages of civilization—have frequently excited admiration. It has been reproachfully said, too, that in this position she has been cruel, treacherous and bigoted as man can be; but this only proves that talents, however rare, cannot supply the place of principles in woman or man. But women as philanthropists have accomplished most for their race and won readiest acknowledgments.

Queen Esther's one act, risking her life for the sake of the people, won her a place in history for all time. The Roman matron pleading for the salvation of the doomed city touches every heart. Queen Isabella, the patron of Columbus, through her mistaken judgment, suffered the dread inquisition, yet is remembered for her zealous efforts for what she believed the good of her subjects. Elizabeth, of England because she became a "rock of refuge" to the persecuted for "conscience'sake," has a mantle of charity thrown over many weaknesses, and is "good Queen Bess." Glancing at examples in humbler walks: The very name of Dorcas has become a synonym of benevolence. Not only all England, but America, and the slow German States, were moved by the personal efforts of the large-hearted Quaker matron, Elizabeth Fry, to make lasting reforms and render justice in the interest of outcast, condemned humanity.

Stones that Travel.

In some parts of Australia and in Nevada are found stones that travel. They are almost perfectly round and in many cases as large as a walnut and and of hard and iron nature. When thrown about the floor, table or other surface within three feet of each other, they will commence to travel to a common centre. They will thus huddle up in a bunch like a lot of eggs in a nest. Take a single stone and remove it to a distance of three or four feet, and upon being released it starts off with a somewhat comic celerity to join its fellows. Take it away five feet, it will remain motionless. They are almost always found in comparatively level and barren regions. Scattered in these barren regions are little basins from two feet to a rod in diameter, and in the bottom of these the rolling stones are found. They will be found from the size of a marble to six inches in diameter. The rolling together is on account of the material of which they are composed, which is a substance called lode-stone.

Domestic Economy.

SAGO JELLY.—To one quart of water put six large spoonfuls of sago; the same of sugar; boil to a jelly; stir all the time while boiling; flavor to your taste; put in molds (teacups can be used for molds), and then turn them all out on a large platter, and pour cream or thin custard over them, and around the edge of the dish place a row of fresh geranium leaves and some little bright flower.

LEMON PUDDING.—Put into a quart of milk half a teacupful melted butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of bread-crumbs, yolks of three eggs beaten, the juice and half rind of one lemon grated fine. Stir together well, and bake in a pudding dish to a light brown. Then beat the white of three eggs to a foam, and stir into it a cup of pulverized sugar. Spread it over the top of the pudding and sprinkle a little sugar on. Then bake slightly to a light yellow.

LUNCH ROLLS.—To one quart of flour take one tablespoonful of lard, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, four even teaspoonfuls of good baking powder. Rub the lard into the flour in which the baking powder has been sifted, together with the salt; then add the milk and mix lightly. Roll out and cut with a large round mold, turning one half over the other. Glaze with milk and bake in a medimuly hot oven for twenty minutes or an half hour.

HOW TO COOK EGG PLANT.—Pare and cut the egg plant in thin slices; let it stand for two or three hours in cold water, well salted, which removes a strong flavor and makes it more delicate: when thoroughly drained dip each slice into egg and cream well beaten (two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of cream), then into cracker crumbs. Have ready a large frying-kettle of boiling lard, frying a few slices at a time; they need room, if you would have them delicate crisp. Stewed tomato is very nice with egg plant.

ENGLISH BUNS.—Take one cup of yeast, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, three cups of sweet milk. Mix at night, omitting the butter and sugar; make a very soft sponge; let it stand till morning and then add the butter and a pinch of soda and the sugar; let it rise again until it is very light, then knead lightly and put into the tins. When light enough bake in a moderate oven till the top is a dark brown; while hot rub over the top with a little bit of butter; this makes the crust tender and smooth.

POTTED TOMATOES.—Skin and slice half a bushel of tomatoes. Put them in a stone jar, first a layer of tomatoes, then a heavy sprinkle of salt. Let them stand three days, then take out the tomatoes and put them in another jar, first a layer of tomatoes, then one of onions, sprinkle with mustard powdered mace and cloves and a little sugar. Continue this until your tomatoes are exhausted. Half a bushel of tomatoes will require one pound of mustard, two ounces of cloves, one ounce of mace, twenty-five good-sized onions, one pound of sugar.

DOLLY VARDEN CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three eggs, three cups of flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder; bake half the above in jelly cake tins, and to the rest add one cup of chopped raisins, one-half cup of currants, a piece of citron chopped fine, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and allspice; bake as the other. It is good without the currants and citron. Put together with frosting or jelly. It will take the whites of two eggs for the frosting, and a pound of sugar. Jelly is good to put it together with; then frost if you wish.

TO MAKE A NICE RAGOUT.—Slice cold meat; put it in a stew pan in which an onion, or a spoonful of vinegar; cover closely without water, and when it begins to cook set the stew-pan at the back of the stove for three-quarters of an hour, shaking it frequently. The onions should now be ready to take out the meat, dredge in a little flour, stir it around and add a quantity of gravy, pepper, salt and a small quantity of any sauce or flavoring you may prefer; stew gently a minute or two, then put the meat back to get hot, and serve, garnish with sippets of toast and pickles.

"Honeymoon" is of Teutonic origin and derived from a luxurious drink prepared by the ancients. It was a custom to use it for 30 days, or a moon's age, after a wedding.

Mowing.

In his lightly swinging hips gleaming scythe
Down in the fragrant shower,
And he hums a gay refrain the while
As he turns the winnows over,
And his heart beats time to the old love rhyme—
The song of a happy lover.

The cool wind fans his sun-browned cheek,
Then ru dles the rustling grasses
That softly bend their graceful heads
To every breeze that passes;
And a whirring cloud of locusts loud
Springs up from the scented masses.

He notes the timid meadow lark
Above her low nest hover,
And gently lifts his scythe to leave
The grass uncut above her;
And the livelong day his heart is gay
As the heart of a happy lover.

For walking home with Kate last night,
When the stars were softly shining,
He told the love he long had known,
His arm her waist entwining;
And he knew the bliss of love's first kiss
Last night when the stars were shining.

And so he hums an old love-tune
As he lightly cuts the clover,
And his dark eyes shine with a tender light
While he cons the love scene over;
And the livelong day is heart is gay—
'Tis the heart of a happy lover.

The Stage-Driver's Story.

In '67 Jake Poole was staging the route from Gallatin to Helena, in Montana, driving a four horse coach in summer and a "jerky" in winter, seventy miles a day through the wildest region, and over one of the most dangerous routes in the United States. The country through which this trail ran—for it was little less than a trail—was totally uninhabited, but for the three stage stations, where horses were changed, and which were dugouts, or huts, twenty miles apart. The Indians, although generally friendly, were liable to become enemies at a moment's warning; road agents and outlaws were thicker upon the Gallatin route than any other north of the Union Pacific Railroad, and the route itself ran through precipices, as though originally laid out by mountain sheep. Notwithstanding all this, Jake was a successful driver, made better time, lost fewer mails and express safes, and ran his coach at a smaller expense to the company, than any other man in their employ. But when misfortune did overtake him, it was no light hand that the genius of evil laid upon him, which the following adventure proves:

One muggy morning, in early May, as Jake hauled up in front of the stage office and prepared to receive mails, express and messengers, and passengers, if any there should be for Helena, the Wells Fargo agent called to him from within. Throwing the reins over the foot brake, Pool descended from his perch and entered the office.

The agent shut the door behind him; then drawing near he said, in a half whisper:

"There's fifteen thousand in currency in the safe, to take over to-day."

"All right!" responded Jake. "I've carried more before now and carried it safely."

"But," said the agent, drawing nearer, "Dick's sick and there's no messenger."

"Ah!" said the driver, meditatively; then, touching the revolvers which hung at his belt: "I'll be messenger and coachman both then."

"But," still continued the other, "there's one thing more," and he leaned forward so that his lips touched his companion's ear. "Copper Tom and his pal, old Jim, are on the road. A man from Cross Trees was robbed by them last night."

Pool whistled long and low, and his hand fell from his pistol butt. "Copper Tom" was the worst road agent in Montana—a desperado with both courage and brains.

"Don't send the rags."

"I must!" said the expressman anxiously. "The order is peremptory; the money must go to-day, messenger or no messenger. Now, will you take it and carry it through?"

Jake laughed.

"I'll take it; that's part of my business. Throw the safe under the seat and give me your pistol, I may want it." and he took the other's revolver from the desk, where it lay and thrust it into his boot-top. "As to carrying through, that's another matter, with no fellows to stop it. But I'll promise you this—if I go through, the safe will!"

The agent grasped his hand and shook it warmly. The door was thrown open, the driver mounted his seat, the mail was stowed beneath his feet, the passenger (an old woman, to be left at the first station) got in, the whip cracked, the horses plunged, the coach lurched heavily forward and, in a shower of mud, disappeared down the steep mountain road.

Though it was May, the morning was cold, and it was not until the sun had climbed well up the eastern sky that the chill thawed out of the air, and by that hour Pool was more than twenty miles upon his journey, with fresh horses in their traces, and an empty coach behind him. He began to brighten with the sun.

"After I get through the Devil's Pass," said he to himself, "Copper Tom or any other man may whistle for me, for from that to Dickson's is as handsome a road as ever a horse struck foot upon, and whoever tries to stop me there, unless he shoots first, will go under the leaders' feet. I intend to make that little seven miles in just twenty-eight minutes without brakes."

And he gathered his reins with a firmer hand, as if already whirling at that mad pace down the mountain side.

"Let's see," he continued, "if nothing goes wrong and the road's all right, I ought to make my last change by 5 o'clock and reach the Pass before 6. I'll strike Dick's before 7, certain. Beyond that the road is too open and too much traveled into Helena to be dangerous. By Jove," he concluded, his heart warming as he struck his heel against the safe beneath the seat, "I don't see where the agents can stop me unless—Good heavens! what if they try it in the very Pass itself? I had not thought of that!"

The man was silent for a moment and his face grave; then, brightening, he shook his reins, loosened his revolvers in boot and belt, and concluded his soliloquy with the remark:

"Well, if they meet me in the Pass, 'twill be about an even thing. If they miss their first shot I'll run 'em down, drive 'em into the canyon, or drop 'em with my pistols. If they don't miss, why then the swag's theirs!"

It was now nigh noon and soon station two was reached, where horses were again changed and where Pool dined upon jerked bear meat, hot bread and black coffee. Strong food, but none too strong for the long ride yet before him.

As he mounted the box and prepared to depart the keeper of the station slipped from his dugout and drew near.

"There's an old pard down the road a bit that'll want a ride. He war here 'bout two hours ago. He'll bear watchin'."

And the rough frontiersman touched the pistol butt which protruded from his open shirt front to emphasize his warning.

Jake nodded.

"Thanks, Tom. I'll keep my eyes open. So long!"

The fresh steeds in harness sprang strongly forward, and the empty coach whirled away.

"It's old Jim, sure," said Pool to himself, as his trained eye searched the road before him. "The old devil wants to ride so that he'll be on hand when Copper Tom turns up in the Pass. I see it all."

The teeth closed with a snap.

"Good," he continued a moment later. He shall ride."

Some five miles were passed, when, in the shadow of a pine that grew near the trail, Jack espied his prospective passenger prone upon the ground, apparently resting. As the coach drew near the man arose slowly:

"Hullo, driver! Kin ye favor an old beggar with a lift? I'm too old to tramp as I used to, an' too poor to pay for a ride. Kin you give me one?"

He stepped forward as he spoke. Poor he was, if tattered garments betoken poverty. Old he surely was, for the withered skin and scanty gray locks, the claw-like hands and sunken eyes could not well be disguised.

Half in scorn and half in pity, yet fully awake to his danger, Jack drew rein and replied:

"Yes." Be lively; I'm behind time now. Where do you go?"

The old man answered, as he struggled to a seat at the driver's side:

"Dickson's."

A touch of the whip and the horses were again upon a trot. Pool eyed his companion and almost unconsciously dropped his hand to his boot top and loosened the revolver there.

"Cold day for May," said the newcomer shivering. 'This yer wind's sharp."

"Yes," responded the other, wondering where about his ragged clothes the scoundrel had concealed his weapons, "it is cold; but you'll find it warmer in the Pass."

"Sure?" said the old man, leering in Jake's face.

"Sure," responded that worthy, his blood chilling with the covert hint in the word; and he urged his horses to yet greater speed.

The grade was sharply descending now, and the road rocky and rough. A mile more and the Pass would be reached. The coach fairly swayed under his rapid motion.

Old Jim was forced to cling to the seat with both hands, in order to avoid being hurled to the ground. This was as Pool desired, and he smiled grimly as he noticed the other's action.

"Yer-a-drivin'-purty-fast!" screamed the gray-headed desperado, the words fairly jerked from him as the coach sprang forward, rocking from side to side. "You'll—hev—to—hold—up—at—the—Pass—I—reckon!"

Jake set his teeth.

The granite walls of the Pass were now just before them, and the roadway descending and steep, ran into the shadow of the coming night and the gloom of the grave-like opening—a narrow path, but little wider than the coach itself.

The roar of the angry river below knelled a never ending warning, as it ran, ragged and torn among the ragged rocks, and the death-like mist that crept up was deep and chill.

"I won't hold up!" and with these words the driver struck his horse sharply, and, snorting, they sprang forward into the Devil's Pass.

At the same instant, half way through the terrible gorge, standing motionless in the centre of the roadway, a beetling wall of rock upon one hand, a chasm of unknown depth upon the other, was seen a man.

Copper Tom was awaiting his quarry.

The old man at Pool's side uttered a cry, and loosening his grip of the seat with one hand he would have thrust it into his breast; but the other leaned suddenly toward him, and pressing a revolver muzzle against his forehead, whispered hoarsely:

"Down with yer hands! If ye stir ag'in I'll kill ye! I know ye, old Jim, an, ye can't catch Jake Pool nor his load this time! Down with yer hands!"

The shuddering rascal's hand fell at his side; his face grew ashen-hued, and his eyes stared before him. They were rapidly approaching Copper Tom.

For an instant as they came, that worthy stood facing them; then, through the fading light he saw the position of his pal, upon whom he had depended—he saw the stern, set face of the driver—he saw the furious horses plunging down upon him—and with a terror-stricken cry he turned and fled!

Could he but reach the lower end of the causeway he might escape—could he but find a single spot to turn aside he would be safe; but it was not to be.

Nearer and nearer thundered the iron-shod hoof behind him, narrower and still narrower grew the fatal road, until there rang a horrible, despairing cry, mingled with the frightened snort of the horses, a dark something bent down before the plunging steeds, rolled an instant before their grinding feet, and then, spurned by the flying wheels, was hurled into the canyon beneath, and the coach sped on.

Half an hour later Jake Pool pulled into the corral at Dickson's ranch, and tumbling a half fainting man from the seat at his side into the arms of the astounded hostlers he said:

"Bind that man and give him to the sheriff! It's old Jim, the road agent! His pard's at the bottom of the gulch in the Pass; this one ought to stretch hemp when the officers get him, and I've driven my last run from Gallatin! There's too much risk about the business for me."

And Jake kept his word. He no longer coaches it, but now keeps public house in Helena itself, where, not long since, at his own snug fireside, he told me this thrilling tale.

Prehistoric Relics.

A most important discovery has been made in Spain. While engaged in working the lead mines in the province of Segovia, seventy miles northwest of Madrid, the miners found an entrance into an immense cavern, in which they found, upon an elaborate deposit and in the midst of stalagmites, five hundred skeletons of men and women. Ten well-shaped and perfect skulls of prehistoric type have been obtained, besides chipped stone and quartz implements and fragments of rude pottery.

Applications come by the hundred to the "Society for aiding young women to emigrate to Canada" since Lord Shaftsbury, who is its chairman, announced that the people there want not merely to employ but to marry girls from the mother country.

Scientific and Useful.

Surgery has made rapid strides recently. The latest triumph was an operation performed by Prof. Theodore Billroth, of Vienna, which marks a new epoch. A cancerous tumor of the stomach, near the pylorus, was excised with its roots. The cancer occupied about a third of the lower portion of the stomach, in a woman 43 years of age, the mother of eight children. After complete removal of the tumor it was necessary to cut out a V shaped portion of the stomach to bring the flaps properly together; after which duodenum or bowel was fitted to the new opening and the whole was secured by 54 stitches, dressed with a carbolized solution and replaced. The operation lasted one hour and a half. The patient speedily recovered.

THE BLOOD.—Never, under any circumstances, rub the limbs downward. The blood in circulation which can be reached by rubbing is all venous or blue blood. It is charged with waste and poisonous materials, and is struggling to get to the heart and lungs for purification. Always rub upward. But few invalids, especially with female difficulties, who will not feel a new life imparted to them when this is tried for the first time. Valves are placed in the veins purposely to resist downward movement, while the stiff arteries near the bone are without them. Clasp the wrist tightly and see what multiple currents of poison start out on the hand while none appear on the arm back of the ligature. A life could be destroyed in a short time by simply rubbing the limbs downward, while you can almost drag the dead out of the grave by rapid, persistent and general rubbing of the limbs upward, if no lesion of vital parts has occurred. In view of this why has it not been so stated in the hundreds of "Directions" for restoration of the apparently dead from asphyxia and syncope—as in drowning and heart disease? Rubbing to and fro simply affects the capillaries, doing little if any good. Artificial respiration is beneficial, but only when it has given impulse to the heart. The best results will be obtained by having as many as four or six persons rubbing the limbs synchronously (all alike—in rythm), while another manipulates the chest and abdomen.

MEDIUM WOOLS.—There is a lack of the medium wools in this country which is always felt, and sometimes very seriously, causing them to be almost constantly relatively higher in price than the other wools. We have run very largely to the fine wools, and of these we are producing more and more every year, or at least are raising more of the fine wool sheep. On the other hand the long wools are increasing constantly, so that in time—perhaps at no very distant day—we shall produce all the long wool we need. But on medium wools we are short, and are compelled to import. We are in need of the fine and long wools which we now produce, and more too, but we want more of the medium in addition to them. We observe from recent publications that in Canada this subject has been brought prominently to the attention of sheep growers. The Canadian manufacturers deplore the lack of medium wools, and say they have great difficulty in securing what they need. One of these gentlemen recently said that he was compelled to import fifty thousand pounds of medium wool from Germany. This wool is very similar to that of the Southdown. It cost thirty-two cents a pound, about the same as is paid for Scotch wool. We do not think that a farmer can make a mistake in the selection of breed, except that climate and surroundings must be taken into consideration, for we can use all the wool we can get. But people are going to see the lack of medium wools, and take advantage of it, and when it is possible and convenient to do so, grow more of it. It will require time to develope the wool industry of the United States into proper proportions, but it will be done.

Electrical Induction.

That a bar of iron when converted into an electro-magnet by being placed within a helix through which a current of electricity passes is elongated has been demonstrated by Mr. Joule. Prof. S. W. Robinson, of the Ohio State University, has proved that the inverse of this is true; that is to say, when bars of iron are distorted by mechanical force electrical currents are induced in the surrounding coils; but he finds that most of the other metals besides iron and steel give hardly any or very feeble indications of electrical induction when they are subjected to stress.

Patches of Red Snow.

A Curious Summer Sight in the Holy Cross Region, Nevada.

Prospectors returning from the Holy Cross country, and especially from the head of Cross Creek, report that the ground is covered with red snow. In the almost inaccessible defiles of Mt. Shasta, in California, is the only known place in the United States where it is seen. In polar regions it is a familiar sight, and no traveler there returns without a description of it. The broad fields of everlasting snow that flank the northern coast of Greenland are flaked with the strange blood red, and further toward the poles miles of it stretch as far as the naked eye can reach. The phenomena is due to the presence of minute red animalculæ in the snow. A microscope detects its presence, but how it got there is a difficult question and one that has never been quite satisfactorily answered. The red snow in this region is first seen at the head of Cross Creek, where it may be observed in patches of intense carmine, varying in area from as large as a man's hat to twenty feet in diameter. Taken in the hand and closely examined, nothing can be detected that gives it color, and it melts clear red water, leaving no stain. Further on, in some of the steep gulches with which the country abounds the bottoms are entirely covered with the strange substance. In some places the color is vivid in the extreme, while in others it fades to a faint pink, producing an effect not readily described in words. Old prospectors, who penetrated the region two years ago, say that there was no snow of this description there, and its fall can scarcely have antedated this year. Still higher, and at the very foot of the mountain, the red snow disappears and nothing save the pure white coverlet greets the eye. How the tiny insects that tint the Boreal Holy Cross, is a thing beyond human ken and will be a problem for the scientists of the future to ponder over.

Shad Hatching in Brackish Water.

The Fish Commissioners have decided untenable the position that shad can be hatched in salt or in brackish water. Their experiment was conducted near Robert B. Chalker's pond at Old Saybrook. Mr. Chalker and ex-Fish Commissioner James Rankin had faith in the process. Some two hundred shad were placed in two ponds, and when ripe the eggs and milt—both in poor condition—were placed in the salt water. Death was observed in from four to seven hours. It was then decided to try fish which had not been penned up. A net was put in, and from ten to a dozen were taken at a haul. They seemed to be in good condition, and from them were taken some eggs which appeared perfect, and as good as eggs from shad taken at the natural hatching places up stream. Several ripe females were found and a variety of experiments made. The eggs being stripped from a female into a pan were impregnated with milt from the male, and Mr. Fenton observed the result with a microscope. In only one case were any signs of life noticed, and these were in the eggs of a female but recently captured. Twelve hours or more after impregnation the eye spots of the little fish were visible under the microscope and later the backbone. There was life, but it never advanced beyond this first stage. On examining these good eggs four hours after they were placed in the salt water, the microscope showed that they were covered with minute indentations, like pin pricks, and in seven hours these were more strongly marked. They continued to grow, and finally the eggs burst, and only the shells were left. Thinking that this might be due to the agitation of the water on the surface, eggs were put in a tight covered box, which was sunk to the bottom, but no better success was attained. Mr. Fenton also tried taking the pans to the shore, supposing that the motion of the boat might have caused the difficulty, but another failure was recorded. The brackish water experiment has not been fully tried, but Dr. Hudson said: "I am satisfied that shad will not hatch in brackish water, and I have always held to that belief. I think experiments made in that direction would be no more successful than those made in salt water."—*New Haven Register.*

The phrase "piping hot" originated from the custom of a baker blowing a pipe or horn in the village of England to let the people know he had just drawn his bread hot from the oven.

The Republican.

[Entered as second class matter.]

ORVILLE E. HOYT.
Editor and Publisher.

HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC Co., N. J

SATURDAY, AUG. 27, 1881.

WE FEAR that before another Sabbath dawns, our beloved President will have passed from earth. Thursday night, Dr. Bliss, heretofore the most hopeful of the physicians, said to the assembled cabinet: "So far as human foresight can judge, the President must die, unless an unexpected favorable reaction takes place within twenty-four honrs."

For the Legislature.

We were in hopes that the rumored determination of Hon. George Elvins to decline a re-nomination as member of Assembly, this Fall, would prove untrue. Mr. Elvins won high commendation from all who were in a position to note his course last winter; and his constituents were ready to give him an increased majority at the next election. However, a man's health *should* be consulted before any consideration of honor or profit; and Mr. Elvins feels that his constitution is not sufficiently robust to endure another season at Trenton. It will be remembered that near the close of the last session of the Legislature, our Representative was compelled to take medical treatment, and occupied his seat for many days only because of a solemn sense of duty, while bodily health called for quiet and rest. Mr. Elvins' name cannot be used in this connection, by his expressed command.

In this connection, we will record our endorsement of the sentiments expressed by a correspondent of the *Review*, who says: "E. R. Sproul, Esq., one of Nature's noblemen, who is equally, if not better fitted for the position than any other man in Atlantic County." Many will remember Mr. Sproul's administration as Director of the Board of Freeholders; and a former member said to us: "I never knew so much business to be done in a given time, as was done when Mr. Sproul was in the chair. He kept the members to the point, and prevented the rambling discussion and useless talk which consume so much time." There is a native dignity about the man which inspires respect; and his opinions, when expressed, show such a keen insight into matters under consideration, that men listen. He is the kind of man we want at Trenton at the next session.

Many of those who think Roscoe Conkling politically dead, will be suddenly awakened to the fact that he is not dead, but sleeping. He made a gross blunder, but he has not lost his hold on his friends and they are legion. At the proper time he will awake from his sleep, and none will be so ready to do him homage as will some of those who think they have laid him away. Nothing but death will prevent him rising and exerting the power that is in him. He has repented his late action, as he sees that he stooped to an act of folly; and ere his defamers are aware he will occupy the place some other fellow is making for. *

Many Republicans are greatly exercised about Vice-President Arthur's course, should the great misfortune befall us, to lose our President. This anxiety of mind arises out of the course Mr. Arthur pursued in the late Senatorial election in New York. Mr. Conkling had been Mr. Arthur's friend, and when Conkling needed a friend, Arthur did not forsake him. This is Arthur's offence. To forsake a friend in his hour of need is base ingratitude. Arthur showed his gratitude by sticking to his friend. If he should be forced by the assassin's bullet into the Presidential chair, we have not a doubt that he will make an able, wise, judicious executive, and fill the place with credit to himself and the party that elected him. The fact of his manifesting his gratitude to his friend proves him to be a man to whom we can tie, with firm reliance upon a manly principle so sadly lacking among public men. We have no doubt he would carry out, if possible, every measure sustained by his predecessor. *

Insanity is said to be increasing in England. This is undoubtedly due to the excessive brain-work required by the efforts of Englishmen to reconcile the theoretical advantages of free trade with the painful emptiness of their stomachs.

Bancroft, the historian, is fond of horseback riding. He is also an admirer of Muhlbach.

In another month the often-embarrassing question, "Where you going this summer?" will no longer be asked.

If grown men and women knew how many of their physical ills are due to the gross carelessness of the nurses who attended them in babyhood, no nurse would dare venture out unguarded.

Why is the house of a tidy housekeeper like a motion to adjourn? You give it up? Because it is always in order.—*Lowell Citizen.* Yet at the house of an untidy wife it seems to be always in order to adjourn—to the nearest saloon.—*News.*

Danbury has a baseball nine called the Aquenuckaquewank Club. It has never been beaten, umpires always siding with it rather than get into an argument which would necessitate the dangerous experiment of pronouncing the name of the club.

The venerable mother of ex-Governor Andrew is reported to have said at a recent prayer meeting in Connecticut: "I hear the young men praying for the recovery of the President. I hope he will recover. I believe he will. But I hope these young men will learn the lesson, and vote so that such a sad crime will never be attempted again. I hear that the President has been almost worried to death by office seekers. God ordained that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. I believe that many of these office seekers want office because they are unwilling to submit to God's law."

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

Council meets this afternoon. "What shall the harvest be?"

Rev. A. H. Brown is expected to occupy the Presbyterian Pulpit to-morrow.

Business looks lively at Aitken's shop. Two fires, two smiths and two Alex's.

Have you seen the new comet? It is visible between dark and midnight, a little north of west.

The simplest and easiest way to die is to go to the seashore and try to attract attention by a long-distance swim.

Mr. E. J. Woolley is recovering from his late severe illness, and on Tuesday went to Atlantic City for rest and recuperation.

At St. Mark's Church, to-morrow, services at 8 o'clock A. M., and 4 o'clock P. M., Sunday School at 2:45. At Waterford, services at 10:30 A. M.

The furnaces in each of the three factories at Winslow have been completed, and work will probably be resumed about the first of September.

Judge Byrnes has newly boarded and reshingled his barn. We should think the Narrow Gauge people would pay well to have this barn removed.

The front part of the Old Hammonton School-house now forms an additional room on the rear of Jesse Fairchild's building. Mr. Sturdevant superintended the moving.

We saw, Wednesday evening, among a heavy cargo of various fruits, at the Camden and Atlantic depot, a shipment of fifty-six baskets (about 1100 pounds) of grapes, from J. O. Ransom.

Mr. Rutherford is making his annual pilgrimage to the promised land—that is, to a land where friends promise him that "hay-fever" shall trouble him no more—Northern New York.

Mr. John Miller, on Middle road, not to be behind his neighbors, is preparing to build a front part to his house. Mr. Miller only needs a good house to make his place one of the most attractive in town.

County Superintendent of Schools—Mr. Morse—has appointed a meeting of all the Trustees of Schools in Hammonton, to be held at Central school-house on Tuesday afternoon next, at three o'clock. Let all be present, if possible.

"Three-score and ten years" is the official limit of man's life. Our esteemed friend, Gerry Valentine, reached that point on Wednesday, and yet bids fair to see another half-score years roll by; and we are among the many who hope he may.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hood and niece, Lucy, started for home, Wednesday morning. Miss Laura Valentine intended to accompany them, but at the solicitation of many friends, decided to extend her visit here a few weeks.

Wednesday morning a man approached Will Mortimer, the expressman, and representing himself as an agent for the "Egyptian Wheat," desired to hire a horse and buggy for the day, saying he wished to visit farmers in this vicinity, show his samples and take orders. It being in Will's line of business, he let him take the team; but the agent (?) failed to put in his appearance in the evening, and the only trace obtained was in the direction of Winslow. By Thursday morning's mail, the landlord of the Hammonton House received a postal card, requesting him to tell "the man I got the hors and bugie from," that said team could be found at the corner of Kaighn's Point Avenue and Blackwoodtown Pike, Camden. Will took the noon train up, and returned in the evening with horse and buggy.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Park Association, on Monday evening action was taken towards holding the Sixth Annual Fair,—the time decided upon being Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 4th, 5th, and 6th. The following committees were appointed:

On Buildings and Grounds,—G. Valentine, Thos. Rogers, A. S. Gay.

On Exhibits,—M. Parkhurst, John Scullen, James Patton.

On Horses,—R. J. Byrnes, Alex. Aitken, M. L. Jackson.

On Printing and Advertising,—Dr. Bowles and R. J. Byrnes.

On Bicycles,—G. W. Pressey.

On Licenses,—M. L. Jackson, Geo. Biggs.

It was voted to exclude all games of chance from the grounds.

We shall have somewhat further to say on this subject hereafter.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Scarborough, of this diocese, assisted by some six or more visiting clergymen consecrated St. Mark's Church, Hammonton, on Wednesday morning. The full morning service was followed by a sermon; and this, in turn, by the Holy Communion. The singing, by the Church Choir, assisted by other home talent and visitors from Philadelphia, was excellent. The Bishop's sermon was from the words: "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." He told us why the house just consecrated was truly the house of God; why the deity honored the place with his special presence. He reviewed the history of this parish, complimented the membership upon the work already accomplished; commended them for their decision making this a "free" church. He said that his preference for free sittings, with the rector's salary and all other expenses paid by voluntary subscriptions, was daily growing stronger; that thus the minister could truly say: "Whosoever will * * take of the water of life freely." He urged all to consider the church a sacred place, where levity and mirth had no place; and expressed the hope that many a poor sinner might find this house in reality the "gate of heaven" to him. We were more than well pleased with the Bishop's unassuming, earnest manner. All that St. Mark's needs, now, is a working Rector, which may they soon find.

Prof. Eugene Sherman and wife were in town, Thursday.

Plum's Excursion, Thursday, was composed of sixteen cars.

Orville E. Moore has been on the sick list for a number of days—a severe cold with high fever.

Prof. W. B. [illegible] and family have returned to Smith's Landing, from a summer in Pennsylvania.

Mr. D. Berry, of Boston, came to Hammonton on Thursday evening. He has secured a situation at Smithville.

Rev. E. E. Rogers and wife are expected to return to Hammonton on Wednesday next. A reception is talked of by the ladies.

Mr. D. G. Jacobs is putting another story on the rear part of his house, thus adding a nice sleeping room to his already comfortable home.

Mr. John Risley, present Deputy Sheriff, seems to be the favorite for the Republican nomination for Sheriff. He makes an excellent Deputy.

A young lad, name unknown, was killed Tuesday, in Atlantic City by being thrown from a wagon while the horse was running away. The driver of the wagon escaped injury.—*News.*

As usual, the Sons of Temperance had a grand good time, last Monday evening They always do at their sociables. Recitations, music, and the initiation of six new members furnished entertainment enough for one evening.

We received, to late too use last week, a communication purporting to have been written by a member of the Town Council. We don't *know* the author, but from a statement made therein, we cannot think the signature correct.

Fred Whitmore spent Sunday in Hammonton, taking his trunk on his return to Smithville, Monday. Thus do the young men, one by one, shake off the dust of Hammonton from their feet, as lucrative positions are obtained elsewhere.

Dark as Erubus" were the streets of Hammonton, last Sunday night, especially where shade trees and hedges were high. Numerous collisions occurred between members of the different churches, as they carefully wended their homeward ways.

The little folks are all alive with excitement, for a rarity—in the form of a circus—is billed for Hammonton. We doubt whether any one is better fitted for life's duties by attending a circus; but there are amusements—even in Hammonton—more demoralizing than this.

We have an invitation to attend the funeral services of Alexander J. Regensberg, late Editor of the *Atlantic Democrat*, which occurs at two o'clock this afternoon. Though in ill health for a long time, Mr. R.'s death came suddenly. We tender our heartfelt sympathy to the afflicted family.

An entertainment will be given at the Baptist Church, Elwood, on Friday evening next, Sept. 2, by Miss Hattie Matthews' music class, assisted by a quartette. Miss Matthews' concerts at Smith's Landing have pleased her audiences; and we advise our Elwood readers to patronize this one well.

A correspondent of the *Review*, signing himself "Democrat," says: "But the Democrats this Fall propose to have a voice in the selection of the individual that shall occupy Atlantic County's chair in the State House." Of course they do. They made the same proposition last year, and nominated one of the best men in their party, one who was, and is, respected by all, irrespective of party; but it was of no use. He was in bad company. The only trouble with the Democracy is—they have not votes enough to carry the County; and there is nothing about them, in the way of principles, to attract voters from the Republican ranks.

Some one evidently set fire to the Atsion meadows, last Saturday, and the fire has alternately burned and smouldered ever since. Much hard work has been done to protect the Hammonton Cranbery Company's property, but from reports on Wednesday, we fear the fire reached there. Many Hammonton farmers cut the coarse grass on these meadows every year, for bedding for their horses; and this was a busy week, because the fire was likely to give a very limited time to get off the hay; and on Wednesday Messrs. Edwid Adams and neighbor Ferry found themselves suddenly hemmed in on three sides by the fire, and compelled to abandon part of their cut grass. When they left, the fire was on the "Vineland Company's" meadows, and making for the "Hammonton."

The following named gentlemen have drawn prizes in the drawing for jurymen; and their presence is desired at May's Landing on Tuesday, Sept. 13th, 1881:

ATLANTIC CITY.

Jonathan Allen	William Downs
Stewart H. Shinn	Henry Frambes
James H. Mason	

ABSECON.

Frank C. Hammel	Joel Stillman

BUENA VISTA TOWNSHIP.

Josiah A. Ross	Richard C. Cake
Charles W. S. Cake	

EGG HARBOR CITY.

Francis Wisenborn	John Kraft
William Klein	

EGG HARBOR TOWNSHIP.

Richard Smith	Nathaniel Disbrow
Enoch B. Champion	John Jeffries
John Race	Elisha Ingersoll
Joab Clayton	Gideon Adams
David Scull	Abner Price

HAMMONTON.

George F. Saxton	Ezra Packard
Henry Monfort	James Patton

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP.

Hawthorn Morris	Nicholas Champion
William Veal	Francis B. Glover
James Clark	

GALLOWAY TOWNSHIP.

John M. Mathis	Lewis Somers
Charles Steelman	Israel S. Conover
George W. Matthews	Adolph Johnson
Ashley Cake	William C. Bowen

MULLICA TOWNSHIP.

John T. Irving	James B. Wright
D. U. Brown	Joseph Estlow
William Mershon	Edward A. Nesbit

WEYMOUTH TOWNSHIP.

Benjamin Wetherby	William Campell

A new supply of school books and stationery at E. H. Carpenter's."

Another whiskey fight at Atlantic City, early last Friday morning—between two colored men. One stabbed the other, possibly fatally.

You can get your name in print for one cent. Call at the *Evening News* office, Philadelphia, deposit a copper for Capt. Cook, and leave your autograph. The next issue of the *News* will contain your name, among others.

The concert of Miss Matthews' Juvenile Singing Class, at Smith's Landing, Thursday evening, was well attended, and gave excellent satisfaction. Miss Emma Pressey added many to her long list of friends by her part in this concert.

Who has the key of the lock-up? Hadn't the Council better hire some one to clean out the institution, look to the fastenings, tie a little rope around it, and anchor it to the railroad track? There's a show coming, and a number of thievish hangers-on, which no proprietor can rid himself of, generally follows.

Considerable amusement has been caused, this week, by opening the packages of tea and coffee delivered by Mr. L. Hoyt, agent of the "Great American Tea Co.," of New York. In each pound package is a prize of some sort—cheap jewelry, mostly; but some very neat little articles. The tea and coffee are first-class—worth fully the price paid, and the prizes make no end of fun.

Many of our people, unfortunately, have been badly sold by some sort of mutual life insurance companies, and cannot be persuaded that Orders like "Chosen Friends," "United Workmen," "Knights of Honor," etc., can be honestly conducted, and totally different institutions; hence, so little encouragement was given that no meeting was held on Tuesday evening, as announced last week; and as near as we can learn, the effort to organize a Council of Chosen Friends in Hammonton is abandoned.

At Winslow, a young girl in the family of Mr. George Long was carrying a pan of boiling-hot water, and accidentally tipped it over, spilling the water upon the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Long, a sweet child, aged about eighteen months. Death relieved the little one's sufferings. Mr. Long is well known here, and Mrs. L. is a daughter of Mr. Simpler, of Winslow. Accidents will happen; and when one results so fatally, our hearts ache with sympathy for the bereaved parents. Funeral services on Tuesday last.

Among Nature's laws is one of compensation; and under no circumstances is this law more noticeably enforced than in the liquor business. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, the dealer becomes his best customer, and the florid, bloated face soon testifies to the wonderous efficacy of his "medicine," and he becomes a walking advertisement of its strengthening (?) properties. One look at him should warn the moderate drinker to heed the warning of the little child, who said:

"Beware of the bottle
Beware of the cup;
Or the first thing you know
You'll be bottom side up!

The question of vaccination was brought into public notice, lately, by those taking the School Census, who are required to note when children are not vaccinated. There seems to be quite a wide-spread prejudice against the practice, even among intelligent people. And we don't wonder much; for it is seldom that a physician *knows* of a certainty, where his vaccine matter is derived. He may trust to his druggist; but the latter may have been deceived. We notice in last Sunday's New York *Tribune*, some pertinent remarks from Dr. Welch, of Philadelphia, where he speaks of "spurious vaccination," which is made with a virus sold in some of the drug stores, and which he says does no good, at least. People are waking to the importance of this operation; and we hope our next Legislature will set on foot some method of obtaining the pure virus, and providing a severe penalty for the use or sale of anything fraudulent.

JOHN H. MURRAY, Circus Manager, commenced the Circus business as a general performer in 1848. He formed a partnership with George Holland in Dan Rice's Circus in 1852. They were known as the Roman Brothers. They were noted for style, finish and grace. During the existence of their partnership they always excelled in their specialties. In 1854, Murray and Holland went to California and South America, where they appeared in the various Theatres, and in the last named country often performed their celebrated "Brother Act" between the acts of the Opera. During '57, '58 and '59, they visited England in company with Howe's & Cushing's United States Circus. Friday evening, May 14, 1858, by special command, the United States Circus entertained the Queen at the Royal Alhambra Palace, Leicester Square, London. Mr. Murray directed the entertainment, and besides appearing in the "Brother Act," and "Globe Perch" with Holland, introduced the comic Trick Mules, "Pete" and "Barney," and directed the movements of the educated horse "Black Eagle." *The London Illustrated News* about that time gave a full-page illustration of the Royal Audience and Murray and his intelligent steed. During 1860, '61, '62, and '63, he appeared with the leading circuses of the Continent of Europe, including Rentz's, Carey's, Heeney's, Price's, and Brenow's. On the death of Mr. Holland, Mr. Murray performed with George F. Hutchinson. In 1864 he was a partner with Stone, Rosston & Co's Circus; 1865, Stone, Rosston & Murray; 1868 to 1871, Stone & Murray's Circus. In 1872, Den Stone withdrawing, Mr. Murray became sole proprietor and manager, and continued the same up to and including 1879, also visiting the West Indies Islands and South America in 1876, '77, and '78. He has taken his circus to nearly every part of the world. He ceased the performance of athletic feats in 1871.

At no time in the history of Murray's Circus has it been so large and great as the present season. It is the first time he has carried a Menagerie, which is said to be a large and costly one. He will exhibit his Combination of Shows under three large and commodious canvasses, covering nearly two acres of ground, at Hammonton, Tuesday, Aug. 30. For a full list of attractions with his show, look for the advertisement which is in another column.

A proposition is on foot among a number of enterprising gentlemen to organize a company with a view of building a railroad from Absecon to North Atlantic City and Leeds Point. They believe the project is feasible and would be quite profitable, because it would open railroad communication along the shore a considerable distance which is now deprived of such facilities. From Leeds Point it can be extended to North Atlantic City with little trouble.

A telegram was received at Winslow Saturday announcing the sudden death of Miss Gussie Burnedue, granddaughter of the late Hon. A. K. Hay, which recently occurred in Paris. She, in company with Miss Squire, was taken there by the latter's mother but a few weeks ago to be educated, in which far-off land she died shortly after Mrs. Squire's departure for home.

Wm. Jones sank a well on —— Seeley's place, over toward "New Jerusalem," forty-eight feet deep. A good job, and ought to be good water.

Lassooing A Wildcat.

Now, let it be understood than when Dr. Carlson said: "Jump in Harry, and stop a week at my ranche," the aforesaid Harry had no thought of cats—wild, tame or otherwise. A pleasant drive of twenty-eight miles brought us to the famous Bluff Creek ranche, where the great heathen missionary, Rev. John Glenn, is resident pastor and distributor of food, raiment and German mineral water to the footsore, the weary and the thirsty. Two miles from the Parson's the range of the Doctor "takes holt." After crossing this we "observed in the distance a solitary horseman," who on closer observation proved to be one of the doctor's henchmen. While talking cow to him, a tremendous wildcat, fully four feet long, jumped up in front of us and started for the brush, but the rowels were already in the flanks of Charle's horse, and at break-neck speed, the lariat curving its graceful but certain coils above his head, went pursuer and pursued. When within twenty-five feet of his catship the lariat was thrown, and, uncircling like the weird chain of a magician, landed the fatal noose around Loudon's neck. Never was a cat of any description in a tighter embrace, horse at full run, the rope fastened to the horn of the saddle, and the game making unwilling jumps of twenty to thirty feet This, however, only lasted a few hundred feet, when the cat, catching the rope with its teeth, snapped it as if it were a tow string. Charley, finding that his line was empty and his hook gone (as a fisherman would say), returned to look at the dead quadruped. Dead! "He was not dead, but sleeping." For with a yell and two bounds he clears at least forty feet, and fastening one set of claws in Charle's leggins and the other in the hip of the horse, he seemed to insist on a ride and a square meal. But for the presence of mind of the rider and his luck in having a three-pound loaded, with which he mashed the animal's skull, we rather apine he would have been the best mounted wild cat in the cattle regions of the West.

The Story of a Beard.

During a soiree given at the Winter Palace, in St. Petersburg, in the reign of the Czar Nicholas, some forty years ago, the conversation happened to turn upon luxuriant growths of hair, and a Governor of a distant province remarked that he had frequently noticed, in the chief town of his Government, a venerable Jew whose countenance was adorned by a beard of extraordanary length and beauty. "How I should like to see him!" ejaculated a lady, smiling winningly at the narrator. "Your Highness' least wishes are commands," replied the Governor; and that very night he dispatched a courier to the provincial capital with a peremptory order that the Hebrew should be forwarded to him without delay. On receipt of this command, the local authorities at once caused the Jew to be conveyed post haste to St. Petersburg. His protestations of innocence were ignored. When, after traveling for more than a fortnight, he reached his destination, the police officials, learning from his escort that he had been sent thither at the express order of the Governor, assumed that he must be a criminal of the deepest dye. Accordingly they thrust him into a dungeon, having first caused his hair to be clipped close and his beard shaved off, in conformity with prison regulations. By this time several weeks had elapsed since the conversation above alluded to had taken place, and the lady's whim had been forgotten alike by herself and the Governor. As, therefore, no questions were asked about the luckless Hebrew he remained immured in his cell, and might have spent the remainder of his days there had not his relatives, wealthy traders, bestirred themselves to obtain his release. When they succeeded in directing official attention to his case, it came out, to the infinite amusement of the Russian court, that his beautiful beard, the motive of his martyrdom, had long since to exist, and with it the necessity for his further sojourn in St. Petersburg. He was, therefore, set at liberty, grimly congratulated upon his "lucky escape" and solemnly warned "never to do it again."

Moderation is the silken string running through all virtues.

The red flag is a signal of danger. If you doubt it wave one in the face of a mad bull.

"The Public Lands of the United States."

The public domain of the United States, acquired by cession from the several States and by treaty from France, Spain, and Mexico, Texas, and Russia, amounts to 2,894,235.91 square miles, or about 1,852,310,000 acres, and its cost was, in round numbers, $322,000,000, of which sum the government has received back about $200,000,000 for land sold. Down to July, 1880, the government of the United States had disposed by sale, of about 17,000,0000 acres; by act of donation, 3,000,000 acres; in bounties for military and naval service, 61,000,000 acres; for internal improvements, 7,000,000 acres; by grants of saline lands to States, 560,000 acres; for town sites and county seats, 150,000; by patent to railway companies, 45,000,000; canal grants, 4,000,000; for military roads, 1,300,000; by sale of mineral lands (since 1861), 148,000; homesteads, 55,000,000; scrips, 2,900,000; coal lands, 10,750; stone and timber lands [act of 1878] 21,000; swamps and overflowed lands given to States, 69,009,000; for educational purpose, 78,000,000; under timber culture act, 9,350,000; graduation act of 1854, 25,000,000; mineral and timber lands are now our most valuable assets. The pasturage lands are of normal value apart from the mineral underlying them. Our remaining public lands, exclusive of Alaska, were in June, 1880, estimated as follows: Timber lands, 85,000,000 acres; coal lands, defined, 5,530,000; precious metal bearing lands, 64,000,000 acres, but this area will be increased as the pasturage and timber lands are explored; lands in Southern States, agricultural, timber, and mineral, 25,000,000; lands irrigable from streams, 30,000,000; pasturage, desert, including certain lands in Indian reservation, and barrens, 565,000,000. The above is exclusive of Alaska.

The survey and disposition of the public domain received earnest attention from the foremost minds of the young republic—from Thomas Jefferson, Nathan Dane, James Madison, Alexander Hamilton, and other eminent statesmen of their day. Sales of lands were first made in blocks of townships and of eight sections, but soon in tracts of 640 and 160 acres, and later of 120, 80, and 40 acres.

The pre-emption act of 1841 was a progressive step, giving a preference to actual settlers, also permitting them to pay for their lands with cash or warrants. But the most important of all our land laws was the homestead act of 1862. Down to June 30, 1880, there were 469,782 entries made under this act, embracing 55,667,059 acres, and patents were issued in 162,337 cases, for 19,265,337 acres. The operation of the homestead act produces no revenue to the government, the fees and commissions being but little, if at all, in excess of the cost of survey and disposition; but the nation receives a compensation of more value than money in having our more remote possessions settled by an industrious population, forming the nuclei of prosperous commonwealths,

The canal grants of public lands beginning in 1824 under President Monroe were of vast benefit. The policy of awarding railroad grants, began in 1850 and ended in 1874. It has been variously criticized; but whatever mischief it has done in creating tyrannical monopolies, it has undeniably led to, and hastened along, the opening of vast tracts of country whose settlement, was but a dream twenty-five or thirty years ago. It has been found impossible to limit the right of bargain and sale in the matter of real estate, and consequently extensive tracts come under one management, but the absence of the custom of entail and primogeniture and the exercise of manhood suffrage, may be depended on to prevent the concentration of landed property in the hands of capitalists from being a national calamity.

In nine cases out of ten the land bounties for military and naval service benefited persons other than those intended by law. The proceeds of the public lands the last two years, have been only seven cents per acre above expenses. The land legislation of the past has been shaped largely by political considerations. The Whigs and the Republicans passed the pre-emption laws of 1841 and the Republicans enacted the homestead laws of 1862. Texas was admitted into the Union without being compelled to surrender her public lands, but the general government subsequently bought large tracts of the State at a comparatively high figure. Since 1848 the public mineral lands have yielded $1,420,041,532 in gold, and $460,422,260 in silver, and the government has received from the mineral lands about half what is expended for the protection of them and their inhabitants. Timber, saline, mineral, and coal lands are subject to special laws which do not require purchasers to be actual settlers. All other lands can be entered under the pre-emption, desert, timber culture, or homestead acts. In theory the limit to a single settler is 160 acres, but practically a settler may take from the public domain as follows: Under the homestead act, 160 acres; under the pre-emption act, 160 acres; under the desert land act, 640 acres; under the timber-culture act, 160 acres—total, 1,120 acres.

The present system of laws is inadequate for the proper disposal of the public domain. The General Land Office of the Department of the Interior should be strengthened in clerical force, and the forms simplified. The attorney of the department should be a man in sympathy with the hardships of frontier life. Most of the remaining public domain is a common over which herders, wood-cutters, lumbermen, and prospectors roam at will. The laws should be so framed as to make it easier and simpler for them to obtain a definite share, which may be done by the abolition of useless forms and restrictive clauses. Settlements lately have taken the form of colonization, and a colony homestead law should be enacted to facilitate such movements. The pasturage or grazing lands should have laws for their sale and disposition. Definite ranges should be marked out and the evil of over-pasturing regulated. The laws for the protection of public timber lands should be more stringent; but it is probable that nothing short of private ownership will protect such lands properly. The price of coal and other mineral lands should be reduced, and if a precious or useful mineral is discovered after the issue of a patent such should belong to the owner without restriction. The passage of a title should end all controversy.

What the Baby's Name was to be.

The wife of Jacob Squires, a resident of a distant "outport," where schoolmasters were scarce, applied to the parson for the baptism of her baby—the tenth it turned out to be, for our fishermen, as a rule, are blessed with large or, as they expressively put it, "heavy" families. The good lady explained that her "skipper" had gone to Labrador and had left express orders that on the arrival of No. 10, if a girl, she was to be christened by the name of "Hyena." The parson was startled and shocked at the idea of labeling an infant with such a dreadful name and told the mother that she must have made a mistake, and that it would never do to give the name of a beast of prey to a Christian child. Mrs. Squires persisted in saying that there was no mistake, and that she dare not diverge from the order of her skipper. After much persuasion he induced her to defer the baptism till the skipper's return. On his arrival he called on the parson and explained that his "old woman" had made a mistake and that he had directed the baby to be christened, not "Hyena" but "Joseph Hyena." The parson pondered a moment and then the mystery cleared up. "Oh! I see it; Josephine you want to name your child." "That's it, exactly, parson," said Jacob, "but you see we couldn't rightly get our tongues around it when we saw it in print. We can call her Josey for short, bless her little heart, so Joseph-Hinney be it."

A Durable Whitewash.

The *Scientific American* gives the following as a durable whitewash: For one barrel of color wash, half a bushel white lime, three pecks of hydraulic cement, ten pounds umber, ten pounds ochre, one pound Venetian red, quarter pound lampblack. Slake the lime; cut the lampblack with vinegar; mix well together: add the cement and fill the barrel with water. Let it stand twelve hours before using, and stir frequently while putting it on. This is not white, but of a light stone color, without the unpleasant glare of white. The color may be changed by adding more or less of the colors named, or other colors. This wash covers well, needing only one coat, and is superior to anything known, excepting oil paint.

The signature of "Boz," used by Dickens, was adopted from "Moses," pronounced through the nose—a nickname of his younger brother.

The Duilio.

A Visit to the Great Italian Ironclad—A Veritable Monster.

On the evening of the 10th, the storm being at its height, I stood on the noble covered portico of the villa watching the sinister spectacle, when far out on the water there passed dimly before me what seemed a phantom ship, half fortress and half vessel. She carried only a single mast bereft of sail, and on either side two huge round towers like the watch-towers of an ancient castle. We learned that she was nothing less than the formidable Duilio, the heaviest and largest ironclad afloat, the special pride, and justly so, of the young Italian navy.

This tremendous engine of war, like the Thunderer, of the British Navy, which I recently visited in this port, is fully ironclad. She was launched in 1876, but how different now from then! Then a simple hull—an immense empty box that towered over the sea like a mountain—now fully armed and equipped, with her engines, her telephones, her electric wires, her torpedo boats, and her four immense Armstrong guns. Each one of these monsters is of 100-ton calibre, the Duilio being the only vessel afloat which carries such guns. They are located in the towers, half projecting therefrom. In their vast mouths the body of a man enters and disappears. The breech looks like the cupola of a small court house. The charge of powder is conveyed in a sack the size of a 200-pound wheat sack; the ball is the size of one of those barrels which contain Jamaica rum; each charge has its own cart, and the vessel contains 130 charges. The breech of the cannon contains a chamber with half a barrel of water, which is uncorked after each discharge, and serves to cool the piece. It is as if a giant should take a sip of water to slake his thirst. The loading is done by machinery, and the firing also. The latter is effected from the upper bridge, there being in the hollow iron mast—the one mast which we remarked on the night of the 10th—a chamber from which the whole vessel is commanded, a vast organ under the hand of the player. Admirable is the facility with which the great structure is governed. She turns upon herself with the ease of a yawl, and answers every movement of the helm as if she were a common bark, instead of a miracle of iron-fenced power and diabolical destruction.

You should have seen us as the Admiral ship gave the signal of departure when the Duilio, with all hands at their places, orders given and executed as quietly as in a lady's drawing-room, gently shook her iron sides, and, wheeling about like a dancing girl, put her nose in the sea and sailed from the port. The Admiral ship just ahead—a position which she held only because the Duilio, under orders, kept the third point of the triangle by lighting only five of her ten boilers and going at half speed—tossed and rolled perceptibly in the still heavy swell of the sea, while we might truly say we walked the waters as if they were terra firma. The motion was scarcely noticeable.

Castellamare is but half an hour's sail from the mole at Naples. As we neared her small but busy port the vessels fell into line with the Russian fleet and one or two English ships already on the ground (or rather water), and the Duilio, swinging around with her prow to the wind, let go her anchor. The operators in the dockyard, as soon as they saw her—the child of their first love, so to speak, she being the first great naval vessel in Italy—raised a formidable cheer of delight. There was no holding them. They dropped picks and axes, stay-ropes and sledges, and plunging into boats by scores paddled briskly out to salute the Duilio. To see these little black boats loaded to the water's edge rowing around the white sides of the marine monster (for the Duilio, like the Thunderer, is painted white, as if she were an angel instead of demon), eagerly inspecting her outfit, her rigging, what part of her great cannons was visible from their station, excitedly discussing her qualities, proud of her power, proud of her sixteen knots an hour speed, and even of her coquettish white dress: to see all this was to have an idea of the intense heartiness, the whole-souled enthusiasm which the Italian, and especially the Neapolitan, artisan puts into his work whenever that work has any heroic or artistic endeavor to which his ardent nature can attach itself.

While we leaned over the parapets watching this unique spectacle, the *saraunesque*, a heavy iron door in the poop of the Duilio, was run up as if by magic, and out of the very bowels of the monster steamed a tiny torpedo boat, carrying the commandant and his staff ashore. It was like the lowering of a drawbridge in a fortress for a sally. The wildest applause greeted this unlooked-for sight. I afterward inspected the arrangement, which seems admirable. There are two steam torpedo boats floating in a portable basin or lake in the stern of the vessel. When the boats are to go out two heavy iron doors in the sides of the stern open. The basin is on a level with the sea, and the boats carrying their crews, issue as it were from a grotto or cavern. Having accomplished their task, they return, are received again into their floating basin, the *saraunesques* close, and the great vessel, kangaroo like carries away in safe custody her littleones. It reminds one of the forceful simile: "As a hen doth gather her chickens."

Fishing in Lapland.

The water is very clear at Hammerfest, in Lapland; you may see everything that goes on among the fish. A few feet down you may see the young cod snapping at your hook, if you have one; a little lower down the coalfish, and the huge plaice and the halibut on the white sand at the bottom; in other places the starfish, as large as a plate, and purple and green shellfish of all sizes. The plaice is taken in the following manner: In calm weather the fisherman takes a strong, fine cord, to which he has fastened a heavy spear-head, like a whale harpoon. This he holds ready over the bow of the boat, while another person paddles it forward slowly. When the fish is seen at the bottom the boat is stopped and the harpoon is suddenly dropped upon him, and thus the fish is caught. In two hours the fishermen will get a boat-load. The halibut are caught with hooks. They sometimes weigh five hundred pounds, and if drawn up carelessly will overturn the boat. In many of the mountainous districts the rivers swarm with trout, the habit of which is to conceal themselves beneath the boulder rocks in the bed of the stream, venturing out only to feed at night. Men, each with a heavy hammer, will enter these waters, and strike one or two blows on the stones, when the fish run from their lurking place partly stunned, and are easily caught.—*Sea World.*

A Strange Departure.

Edward Lemon, a young artist, attempted suicide in Minneapolis a few days ago, but was resuscitated. He went into the office of the *Republican*, at Neillsville, Wisconsin, on Friday, and told editor Hoffman, a friend, that he had concluded to finish the job. Showing a bottle of laudanum, he said that he was going to do it right there, and wanted Hoffman to sit with him, watch the effect and write it up in good shape. "It won't take long," said he, "as I have two ounces of laudanum in me already." Hoffman treated the matter as a joke, made an excuse to go out, and sent for a doctor, upon whose arrival Lemon angrily left. Meeting Hoffman soon afterward, he followed him to his office, saying: "You gave me away before, but I have concluded to come back and die with you." He was followed by several friends, who did not believe his story. One of them asked: "What shall we say in writing up this affair?" "Oh," replied Lemon, "say that I died in the hope of a blessed immortality, and put in something about the golben stairs. You know how to do it." At this moment the poison he had swallowed began to take effect, and he fell back in his chair, livid and helpless. Everytning that physicians could devise was done to save him, but he died in a few hours.

Land in London.

Land in some of the best parts of the city of London proper, or the district east of Temple Bar, and in which the chief money transactions take place, is worth, according to a recent sale $2,500,000 per acre. The piece disposed of comprised 3,270 square feet, or about one-twelfth of an acre, and brought $216,000, which is over $65 a foot.

Wanted to see the show: Madame to one of her friends: "You have seen the comet, have you not?" "Not very well, I have been going to bed early these last three or four nights. But this evening I intend to sit up and have a good look at it." The maid servant who happens to be in the room: "Oh, madame, then is it going through this street?"

"Third Single, Charing Cross."

The Metropolitan, alias the Underground Railway, is not, as a rule, a place in which one would expect to find a romance; and yet I take it, the following little episode, in which I played a small part, is as near a romance as possible for our prosaic, matter-of-fact, workaday London.

My duties compel me to make considerable use of this same Underground Railway, vulgarly known as "The Sewers," and being perfectly indifferent to appearance, I invariably travel third class, for the same reason as the historic poor curate, "because there is no fourth." One day, I forget whether it was a Saturday half-holiday or not, I had to go from the Mansion House to Kensington, and, in consequence of the crush at the booking office, I had to wait several minutes before I could get my ticket. I noticed just in front of me an elderly female in black who from the general appearance of her back I should have taken to be a pew opener; but when she turned her head I saw a face that must at one time have been very beautiful. It retained its almost perfect features, a straight, sensitive nose, bowed lips, soft gray eyes and marble forehead, but marred by lines of trouble, care—almost want. It came to her turn at the booking window, and in a musically soft, almost pleading voice she asked for "a third single to Charing Cross"—a voice that vibrated in a tender minor key, yet clear and distinct. Her ticket was slapped down; she gently pushed a few coppers to the booking clerk, who snatched them up in his usual impetuous manner. She moved off. I took my ticket and followed her. She interested me. I think Pope says: "The proper study for mankind is man; and, as under this heading I presume he includes woman, I determined to study her. Her movements were quiet and most graceful, contrasting strongly with her dress, though in harmony with her face and voice. I got into the carriage after her, and had leisure time to watch her. She seemed troubled, her eyes moistened and she involuntarily clasped her hands. Twice I thought she was going to cry, but each time, with an evident effort, she controlled herself. She took a handkerchief out of a little bag she carried (I hope she did not call it "a ridicule,") and dried her eyes, trying to look cheerful, but [illegible] was not much good; the tears would [illegible]me, and she could not get rid of that [illegible], far-away look. When we got to Charing Cross she rose to go out. The train moved on and I had lost her, but I still seemed to see those soft gray eyes looking out in the dreary blackness; and, although I had only heard her voice at the booking office, it still rang in my ears, that gentle minor cadence.

I noticed something white on the seat opposite—it was a letter—just in the corner where she had sat. She must have pulled it out with her pocket-handkerchief. Could I return it? Was there an address? No. Only a common sheet of note-paper, with the inscription, "Dearest Mother." I do not know whether I ought to be ashamed of it or not, but I read the letter. I hardly think that there is any need to reproach myself, because any good that may have come to her since has certainly come through my reading it. This was what I read:

"Dearest Mother: It seems a year since I last wrote to you, although I know perfectly well that it is only [illegible]ek; the days pass so quickly and [illegible] hours so slowly. There is nothing [illegible]w to tell you; we have been acting [illegible]e same round of pieces as when last I wrote, and my parts, such as they are, have been just the same. Oh, if I [illegible]uld only make my way! if I could [illegible]ly get out of the supers; if I had [illegible]y two lines to speak, how glad I [illegible]uld be. Everybody says: You [illegible]st wait, dear; Rome was not built [illegible] day; have patience. I know so [illegible] it wants time, but I do long [illegible]uch for the good time coming. I [illegible]k hard, and am punctual, exact, [illegible] I hope obedient; but, mother dear, [illegible]ifficult to be patient. Of course, [illegible]ve suffered all this yourself. [illegible]ou not often told me, in your [illegible] days, how many parts you [illegible] in a week? but then yours [illegible]ways speaking parts, were they [illegible]at makes so much difference. [illegible] all the leading lady's parts [illegible]d, though I know it is wicked, [illegible] so wish she would be ill for a [illegible]ot seriously, but just a little—[illegible] might come forward and take [illegible] How glorious that would be. [illegible]readfully healthy and ro[illegible] amount of work seems to [illegible] have now been over two years on the stage and have never spoken a word yet, but I must not complain any more or I shall make you miserable, and I do not want to do that, mother. I hope you get the ten shillings a week that I send you is it enough? I think I could spare half a crown more if I did not wear gloves in the street; but I know you like me to look ladylike, so I afford this little extravagance. Do you have my advertisement regularly in the *Era*? I am afraid it is not much use, and I know it costs money; but I want to get my name known. I must leave off now, as I must go to the theatre. Good-by, mother darling. Love and a thousand kisses from your affectionate daughter.

"Mary Lesler."

The letter was headed: "Theatre Royal, Northboro," and dated two days back. It was an excellently worded, well written, sad and clever letter. Poor girl! Why did she wish for so much? Perhaps she was one of those poor, deluded ones who look upon the stage as a sure road to fame and fortune; fame she had not, or I should have heard of her name; fortune, as was evident from her letter, she had equally little of. Could I help her? Only in one way; I knew the manager of the Theatre Royal, Danebridge I had been of some use to him a short while ago, and he had won a lawsuit through my assistance; he had said at the same time that if I could make use of him in any way he was always at my service, and I determined to apply to him. I wrote at once, stating the case, asking him to help her if he could, and told him not to make use of my name, as she would not know it, In a few days I got an answer, in which Mr. Boyce said he knew the name of Lester very well; there had been in the old days a Mrs. Lester, a very beautiful woman, whom he had known very well, but of whom he had quite lost sight. For the mother's sake he would engage Miss Lester for a minor part in the forthcoming pantomime at Danebridge. Would I come down and spend Christmas with him and assist at the debut of my protege?

I accepted his invitation and thanked him for his trouble, and, having plenty of work to do, the time slipped by very quickly, so that I found myself on Christmas eve packing up my portmanteau, without having once given a thought to Miss Mary Lester or her beautiful mother. I had timed myself to catch the 4.40 train from Euston, and, having time to spare at the station, I looked out for a carriage. I got into the smoking compartment, and we soon moved off. There was only one man in the carriage, sitting opposite me; he looked like a rich and educated ploughboy: his features were provincial, but he was well dressed, and when he spoke his voice was loud, but more or less cultivated. I put him down as the traveled and universitied son of a brewer; and his slightly horsey proclivities, were shown by his horseshoe pin, tight trousers, and the *Sportsman* in his hand. He asked me for a light, and we began a conversation on various topics. He seemed to be a well-informed man, but very young, not so much in age, perhaps—I should say he was about five-and-twenty—as in speech and ideas; he had evidently studied the world from some outside point, and, although he had acquired some few of its refinements, he had also exaggerated its effects. After some little time I fell almost asleep, and while dozing in the corner with my eyes half closed I noticed my opposite neighbor take a photograph out of his pocket, kiss it violently, wipe its face clean with his handkerchief and put it carefully away again. I am afraid I smiled rather loudly at this, but tried to cover my amusement with a yawn. I made some intellectual remark about the weather, and we began talking again. My friend seemed very anxious to indulge in revelations of his private affairs, and pestered me with family matters, in which I could not take the slighest interest. He lived at Danebridge; his father owned all the land thereabouts.

"Awful rich man, the governor, doncherknow? Made it all boiling down hogs into lard over in the United States. I'm a born American, real Yankee, but I have always lived in England. I like England, doncherknow? I'm going to marry an English girl—no! I oughtn't to say that, though. I haven't asked her yet; I've only known her a month. I'm awfully in love—head over ears, doncherknow?"

He went on babbling in this amorous strain for some time, finishing up by asking me if I'd ever been in love. I told him that I did not feel myself bound to answer him. He continued:

"Well, look here; do you know any actresses—professional ladies, you know?"

"Yes, I know a few."

"Do you know?—no, I mustn't ask you yet. But, look, here, d'you think there's anything wrong, any disgrace, you know, in marrying an actress?"

"Certainly not; why should there be? There are as good ladies on the boards as off."

"Oh, I'm awfully glad; because I'm in love with an actress—at least, she wants to be one. She's going to act in the Danebridge pantomime."

"Really? I suppose I must not ask her name?"

"Well, I'd rather not tell you—yet. The fact is, I don't want my governor to know of it, you understand, not yet, at any rate."

"Certainly. I'm getting out at Danebridge, so I dare say we shall meet again. Good night."

"Ta ta. Au playseer."

And so we parted. My friend Boyce was waiting for me on the platform. He looked as hale and hearty as ever, reminding me more of a well-to-do farmer than of a theatrical manager. In fact, he tried to act up to the part, inasmuch that he spoke about the crops, the harvest and the land as though he knew more of them than drops, flies, traps and such-like managerial adjuncts. He gave me a vigorous hand-shaking, and in two minutes we were trotting along the straight white high-road in his dog-cart, behind a dappled quadruped which he delighted in calling "my little gray mare."

"Well, I suppose you're rather glad to get away from London for a few days, eh? You want some fresh air and a change of scene. You must go in for Christmas plum pudding to-morrow. You've no idea what a difference there is between a London plum pudding and a country one. They don't know how to grow them up in town. They don't sow early enough, and they put on too much manure."

I asked about the pantomime—whether it would be a success.

"It's splendid—never had such a thing before. You'll be really surprised. We're going to knock the London houses all into little bits. Such dresses, such scenery, all brand-new. We shall have the house crammed every night."

"And what about Miss Lester?"

"Well, I'd better not say anything about her just yet. Wait until you see her; she's dining with us to-morrow evening. I dare say she'll come out on the night. She hasn't done much at rehearsal, but I suppose she will do better when she sees the light and the audience and gets excited. Fine figure, good voice. You know her, I suppose?"

"No, I've never seen her; and she does not even know my name. Don't say anything about me to her. I want to see what she's like. I only take an interest in her from that letter that I wrote you of."

"All right. It must have been a very nice letter, judging from the way you acted on it, without knowing the lady. Here we are at home. Jump out, and I'll take the trap round to the stable."

I went in and found the whole family assembled. We had a very pleasant evening. The children had a Christmas tree; then we all burnt our fingers at snapdragon; and finally we told ghost stories with the gas turned down and the fire salted, burning a ghastly blue. Next morning being Christmas day I did not hurry up. In town it is my misfortune to have to breakfast at a, to me, inconveniently early hour, so that, when holiday making, I indulge in a few hours extra embracement in the arms of Morpheus. I got up next morning just in time to go with Billy Boyce and his family to church. The service was good and the sermon tolerable. The usual Christmas decorations were about, including evidently new bonnets on the heads of the leading ladies of the congregation. After the service was over we went out into the churchyard, and, the family having gone on in front, I remained with friend Boyce, he wishing to speak with some friends, I hoping to get a glimpse of Miss Lester. It was a quaint old churchyard, very full of graves, mostly old, green and moldy, here and there a bright patch of red or white flowers or a sadly new tombstone. All round ran an old stone wall, overgrown with moss and ivy. Just behind the wall was a thick band of very dark fir trees. Three flat stones were let into the side of the wall as steps, and a narrow pathway led through the firs to the high road, thence a thin white strip stretching "over the hills and far away."

I was leaning against the wall watching the sun throw orange beams of shining gold through the dark fir-tree stems. Boyce was talking to a serious, gray-headed old man, dressed in black, whom I took for the sexton, but subsequently found out to be the clown. All at once I heard a voice just at my elbow say: "Would you allow me to pass, please?"

I stood back and helped a lady over the wall, knowing at once by the voice that it could only be Miss Lester. Their voices were very much alike—hers and her mother's—the same intonation, the same soft, pleading accents; and I felt rather than saw that there must be also the same quiet gray eyes. I had hardly time to notice anything else before she was over and through the first—I only saw that she was tall, well-made, walked well, and was quietly dressed.

Bill Boyce, (or, as he was called on the boards, "Double B") came up and we walked back. I told him that I had seen Miss Lester, and he asked how I had recognized her. I explained the similarity of voice, but he seemed more amused than interested.

"So you admire the mother, do you? Well, you're not the first. She was gloriously beautiful in her young days—the best Lady Mac. as to looks, that I've seen; not a bit like this young one. But, look here, you must not get in love with the daughter now, because I have every reason to believe that her heart, if not her hand, is already engaged. She has 'flopped her young affections on to an eligible bachelor,' as the Yankees say."

"Who is the happy man?" I asked.

"You'll see him this evening. He is a good fellow; rather rough, but he has got lots of cash, which is a decided advantage in this money-grubbing age."

We passed a quiet afternoon, and, on coming into the drawing-room just before dinner, I found Miss Lester already seated on the sofa next to Mrs. Boyce. I was duly introduced, and we began talking. Of course I at once began to compare her with her mother, mentally. They were like, and yet not alike—the same features, the same eyes, but a different expression, though perhaps not more than the difference in age would warrant; the mother old and sad, the daughter young and merry. Yes; Miss Lester seemed very merry, laughing and talking at a great rate, though it struck me that her gayety was just a little forced. She spoke well, but seemed a trifle flighty—hardly the girl, I thought, to write the letter I read, and mean it.

Altogether I was disappointed—not so much in looks as in behavior. She seemed just a wee bit "barmaidish," if I may use the expression. Still, if she could act that would make up for a great deal, for an actress has always a certain individuality about her (or is it, perhaps, the want of it?) that raises her above the standard of a merely pretty, talkative woman.

The door was opened and Mr. Leyland was announced. Who should appear but my friend of the railway—the amorous and confidential young man who loved the actress, which actress was, of course, Miss Lester. He expressed great surprise at seeing me, ejaculating sundry "By Joves!" and "Did you ever, doncherknow?"

As soon as he had convinced himself that I was evidently not in love with the object of his adoration, he began to show her great attention, and all through dinner he paid her the most ridiculous compliments, which she seemed to relish as a savory accompaniment to roast turkey with chestnut stuffing. After dinner the same thing continued; and I was not a little glad when Miss Lester went home, under the convoy of her admiring swain.

The next day was all excitement in preparing for the evening's pantomime. As a complete stranger to that mysterious region known to us outsiders as "behind the scenes," I took a great interest in all that was going on, getting myself several times inextricably mixed up among the pantomimical paraphernalia, to the general inconvenience of the actors, as is the usual way with strangers in those regions.

In the evening I selected a seat at the side of the stalls, in preference to going behind, for, though it may be undignified to confess it, I have an infantile admiration for pantomime, and have loved a different Columbine every year as long as I can remember.

Well, in due time Miss Lester came on, and though she had an unimportant part, she was, I grieve to relate, a dead failure. She could not sing, and she evidently had forgotten her few lines: "Mein Leiberhen, was willst du noch mehr?" Mr. Leyland, from the solitary grandeur of a private box, threw her a bouquet, but even this failed to revive her memory or animate her movements; the only part she did well was her exit. She had to hurry off in the last scene, presumably to call down the goddess of plenty to furnish the transformation scene, and she rushed off very well; judging from my own feelings she must have been very glad to get the performance over. After it was over Billy Boyce told me it was all arranged—in fact, it had been arranged before the performance began—he knew she would not be a success, and had another girl to "understudy" her dozen lines. Mr. Leyland had proposed the evening before, and she would now, as the wife of a country squire, naturally retire from the stage, of which she had been so great (?) an ornament.

About three months later, when back at work, I saw the announcement of her marriage in the paper, and, as in the natural course of events, the beautiful mother would be no longer in want of the good things of this life. I think my little mission was accomplished, and I may flatter myself that it came from the sweet intonation of the four little words:

"Third single, Charing Cross."

One of the Most Famous Bank Robberies on Record.

When Jonathan Edwards was preaching the doctrine of original sin in the quiet and peaceful town of Northampton, Mass., says the Detroit *Free Press*, he probably little dreamed, in spite of his doctrine, that in less than a century and a half one of the most skillful and daring robberies would be committed in that town, forming "a celebrated case" in the annals of crime, throwing first suspicion upon the bank managers, some of whose ancestors, in all probability listened to the famous New England divine.

The bank itself, a massive building, is the receptacle of the surplus money of the rich and thriving population in the Connecticut valley. Indivdual securities, trust funds, cash, bonds, running up into the millions were deposited in its solid vault. To unlock the outer door of the vault several keys are required, and these keys were distributed among as many bank officers. Inside of the bank also the obstacles to burglary seemed insuperable. There were two inner doors, each with its combination of four sets of figures; there was a new and solid safe with double doors, each also with its combination of four figures; finally, a watchman stationed within the bank kept guard until after 4 o'clock each morning. People believed in it, as the Israelites believed in the ark of the covenant. What, then, was the consternation of this community when one morning it was announced that securities and cash, to the extent of a million and a quarter dollars, had disappeared!

The originators of the daring robberies were three famous "cracksmen" who had already succeeded in breaking open several banks and plundering them of their riches. But, the bank-safe constructors getting ahead of them, they persuaded Edson, one of the workmen, employed by the Herring Safe Company, to join the gang. It soon after happened that the locks of the Northampton Bank were out of order and Edson was sent to make the repairs. Intrusted with the keys, he made false ones from wax impressions and persuaded the bank officials that it would be safer to intrust all the combinations with the cashier, Whittlesey.

All being in readiness, the robbers, at 1 o'clock in the morning, January, 1876, visited Whittlesey's house, bound and terrorized him and his whole family, he being ordered at the point of the pistol to surrender the numbers of the combinations. He gave wrong numbers. But the thieves were more cunning. After taking down the numbers and proceeding to converse on other subjects, they suddenly ordered him to repeat the figures. He could not recall them, and was pounded, kicked and choked until he furnished the correct ones. After the watchman had left the bank at 4 o'clock in the morning, the robbers proceeded thither, opened the vaults, took away the booty and escaped from town.

It took twelve hours to open the locks, which the robbers had damaged.

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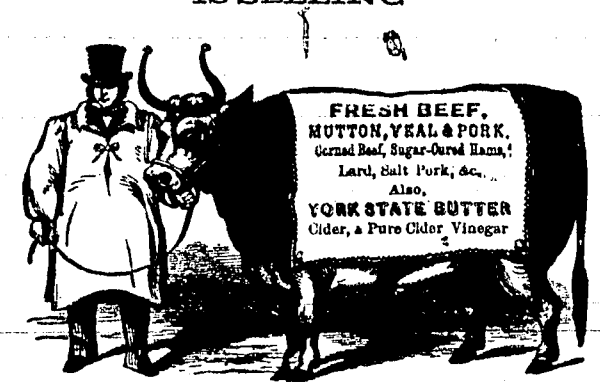

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$5,000 Reward to be distributed equally among the first 500 club agents who send us clubs of not less than five subscribers, after June 15th and before September 1st.

$5,000 Reward in addition to the first $5,000 to be distributed among the 100 club agents who, during the same time, send us the *largest number of subscribers*, not less than twenty in number, the amount to be distributed proportionately to the whole number of subscribers which each of the 100 club agents may send us.

The names of the subscribers must in every case be forwarded to us. The first $5,000 named will be distributed as specified as rapidly as the orders are received, and the remaining $5,000 will be distributed promptly on Sept. 1st. The names of the persons receiving these rewards will be printed, with the amounts received by each, and the list sent to all the club agents entering into competition for them. Subscribers must be *actual purchasers for individual use*, to entitle the club agent to the rewards under this offer, and not booksellers or agents who buy to sell again.

Persons desiring to raise clubs may send to us at once for sample volumes, if they desire, in the various styles of binding, paying us 75 cents for the volume in cloth, $1.00 for the volume in half Russia, sprinkled edges, and $1.25 for the volume in library sheep. Orders for the full sets will be filled by us with the utmost promptness, within our ability to manufacture, beginning not later than July 10th, orders being filled in the order of their receipt by us.

Specimen pages of the "Library of Universal Knowledge" will be sent free upon request. Descriptive catalogue of our large list of standard publications, with terms to clubs, and illustrated pamphlet describing book-making and type-setting by steam, will be sent upon application. Remit by bank draft, money order, registered letter, or by express. Fractions of $1.00 may be sent in postage-stamps.

AMERICAN BOOK EXCHANGE,

JOHN B. ALDEN, MANAGER. 764 Broadway, New York.

"The Very Best SHOW on the Road."—New York Sun.

HAMMONTON, TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1881.

ONE DAY ONLY.

THE ONLY SHOW COMING THIS SEASON!

—THE—

JOHN H. MURRAY New Show

CIRCUS, MENAGERIE, MUSEUM and AQUARIUM!

in all its unrivaled splendor, with a company of

100 Principal Performers.

23 GLITTERING AND GORGEOUS CAGES

Filled with the Choicest and Rarest Animals on the Earth, including the famous and awe inspiring

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What is it? What is it?

The only one ever seen by man.

COST $10,000.

The Mastodon Boque Torgue, from the South Sea Islands. Imported at a cost of $20,000. The Museum embraces a mammoth collection of New and Startling Curiosities from all parts of the world.

The Grand Free Street Procession

Will start at 10 A. M. and pass through the principal streets.

A Magnificent

Aquarium on Wheels, containing many rare and beautiful specimens of the **Finny Tribe.**

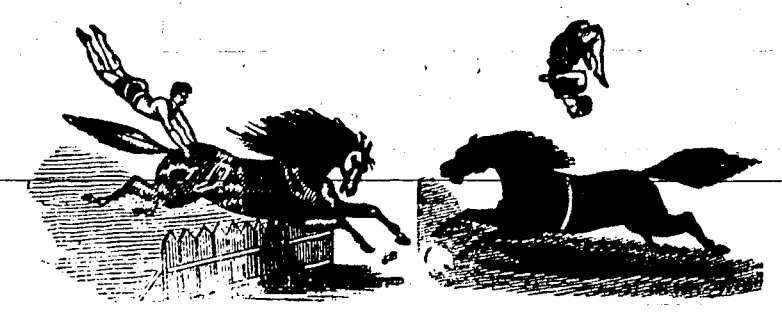
The gorgeous coach of the Thrice Lord Mayor of London, "Dick Whittington," a veritable antique relic of the Old World—cost $5,000—may be seen in the Grand Street Pageant.

J. H. MURRAY'S Marvelous Stud of Trained Liliputian

12 PONIES. 12 PONIES. 12 PONIES.

2 TWO GRAND FREE EXHIBITIONS! 2

On the grounds, at 11 A. M., and 1 P. M.



A Monster Train of 23 R. R. Cars required to transport this combination of Shows!

REMEMBER! THE PRICE OF ADMISSION

to the great shows is only **50 CENTS.** Children, half price.

Keep Your Eye on Day and Date!

TUESDAY, AUGUST 30th.

Doors open at 1 and 7 P. M. Commences one hour later.

Egg Harbor City, August 31st.

Atlantic City, September 1st.

TURKISH, RUSSIAN —AND OTHER— **BATHS.**

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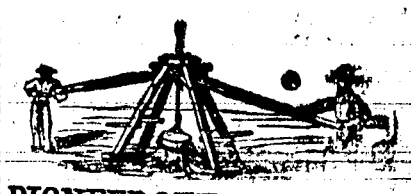

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Having reserved the right to manufacture and sell this *Favorite Machine* in the counties of Camden, Burlington, Ocean, Atlantic and Cape May, I hereby give notice that I am prepared to fill orders at following rates:

NO. 1 MACHINE, - $65.00.
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These Machines are Warranted to be the BEST in the market.

For particulars send for circular.

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JAPANESE PERSIMMON TREES 4 ft to 6 ft in 12 choicest kinds. Dried specimen fruits received last season from Japan would when fresh from the tree, have weighed 16 ozs. with the flavor of a rich Smyrna fig.

Should these, like the shrubs and Superb evergreens introduced from Japan, prove hardy as authorities have already pronounced them to be, we may look forward in this instance to an acquisition of the highest commercial importance as a fruit and tree of great magnificence.

NEW PEAR.

Triomphe de Lyons, a late variety whose fruit is the largest known.

Also large general stock of fruit, shade, rare evergreens, shrubs, hedge, budding, and greenhouse plants, all of which will be sold at about half price by

J. BUTTERTON,
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FOR SALE!

Now is the time for me to sell. Will you buy? I offer you a two-story house, with two well-rented stores, and dwelling above, in the business part of the town. A first class garden, set with fruit trees and grape vines.

I want to make a new residence by selling the old. Call, or adress,

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MILLVILLE MUTUAL Marine & Fire Ins. Co.

This Company have disposed entirely of all its STOCK PLAN BUSINESS, and having been **RE-ORGANIZED,** has decided to in the future do a

Strictly Mutual Home Business.

Having succeeded in paying ALL ITS LIABILITIES, and securing an

Actual Net Available Surplus of Over $30,000,

the Directors feel that they can offer to all who desire insurance not only as LOW RATES and UNQUESTIONABLE SECURITY, but much greater probability of immunity from assessment for years to come, than other Companies since this surplus is large enough to pay all probable losses on the policies now in force until their expiration, without any dependence on receipts from new business—a condition of things that can be shown by but very few companies in the State. The present Directors pledge to the Policy Holder an

ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT

and a

Careful Supervision of the business

and will continue in the future, as in the past, to act on the principle of

PROMPT PAYMENT OF HONEST LOSSES

without seeking to EVADE them on technical grounds.

Hereafter, no notes will be subject to renewal, until they are a year old.

We would call especial attention to

Marine Department

OUR LOW RATES and FAVORABLE FORMS OF POLICIES.

Any information cheerfully given by officers of the Company or its Agents.

F. L. MULFORD,
R. J. HOWELL, Sec'y.