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Mr. Editor:—An article in your paper, last week, reminded me of a lecture which I heard some fifty years ago. The discourse was on "The possibilities of the future," and the young man spoke of many things that would or could by some possibility take place. Among others, he described a "Leviathan Machine," that would mow down the hills and fill up the valleys, and make the earth one level floor; then, by some powerful lens, the future man would condense the sun's rays and bake the roads harder than McAdam had ever dreamed of. Well, sir, that was good to stretch the imaginative powers; but what is all that to the discourse delivered in Brooklyn? I never thought for a moment that the time would come when I could be taken to look into the Home of the future, where every trade and profession would be called into requisition! But now I know, having read the sermon.

Think, sir, of old Benjamin Franklin, not at his old press (that is in Philadelphia), but a new, grander machine—perhaps an eight-cylinder, or one of the latest "perfecting" presses. Be that as it may, we are told (and of course the preacher knows) that all of earth's occupations will be very far in advance of the present time. Morse will then, of course, not be connecting continents, but worlds—Mars, Jupiter, and ten thousand others that are off in space, and need to be tied together with the lightning wires. We are told (and who doubts it) that the same tunes will not always be played on the sweet-toned harps; that Haydn and all those great musicians will be as gods, compared to their earthly skill. There is one thing more he has set right,—there will be variety. Notice how soon we tire, even in our pastimes. It has often been in my thoughts,—will it always be the same thing? That point is now set at rest; it will be progress all through time, and of course to eternity.

I notice, too, he makes the world to exist long before Adam's time.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Thomas V. Cator, as chairman of the Prohibition State Committee of New Jersey, has issued a call for a meeting on Sept. 8th.

There are now in the State Prison 860 convicts, 140 of whom can neither read nor write, and the experiment of a night school is to be tried next winter.

Spain is to celebrate the quatre-centenary of the discovery of America by Columbus and invite America to join.

General Crook doesn't scare at the report of an Indian uprising among the White River Utes, but it is well to bear in mind that Crock is not in the habit of scaring at anything. However, if he is sent to operate against the blood-thirsty savages they are bound to be overcome by hook or by Crook—and we pin our faith in this case to Crook.

The United States Sub-Treasury in Philadelphia has redeemed 2,551,411 trade dollars, which is over one-third of the entire number redeemed by the government. The holders of this coin are given until September 3rd to turn it in and receive other money in exchange.

The cranberry crop in New Jersey is a failure this year. If the turkey crop turns out all right, however, Thanksgiving Day will be celebrated as usual.

It is said by some housekeepers that the addition of a little vinegar to the water in which tough meat is boiled will have the effect of rendering it tender.

American fishermen are still having trouble with the Dominion authorities and will continue to have until their rights are vindicated by their Government. If this country had a secretary of state who had any appreciation of the nutritive qualities of the meek and lowly codfish-ball the Canadian pirates would never have been allowed to impose upon Yankee fishermen as they have done.

Delegates from 250 German societies organized a permanent association to fight the enforcement of the Sunday laws in Philadelphia.

Read the Republican.

FARM NOTES.

REPAIRING FARM IMPLEMENTS.—Mechanical ingenuity does not come to every farmer. There are those who are possessed of excellent intelligence and yet who have not enough of mechanical skill to make a respectable milking-stool. Such farmers are from necessity compelled to employ a mechanic for every little job that demands attention. On the other hand, there are those who are possessed of great ingenuity and are skilful in the use of tools. This is a faculty that is not wholly acquired, and yet it can and should be cultivated so far as possible. Every farmer should have a workshop in which little jobs of work can be done on rainy days. This should not only be supplied with a good selection of tools usually required, but also with materials such as are likely to be brought into use. The room need not of necessity be large, but of sufficient size for convenience. It should be systematically arranged so that all tools should have their appropriate places. These should comprise saws, chisels, augers, bitstock, bits, hammer, axe, shop hatchet, planes, wrench, files, and many others which it is unnecessary to mention. In the line of stock there should be a supply of a variety of nails and screws, bolts of various kinds and sizes, tacks, wire and leather, and various kinds of lumber and pieces of wood as would be called into use. With these at hand the farmer can many times save not only a journey to a mechanic, but a bill which, with each addition in the course of the year, would be considerable. Frequently the loss of a nut or the breaking of a bolt necessitates a journey to the blacksmith shop if no supply is at hand; but if the farmer has a supply, he has only to replace the missing or broken part and his work progresses undisturbed. If time is money, then the farmer is benefited in avoiding unnecessary journeys for repairs. At all events, he can if he will spend the time so saved in rest or reading for the improvement of his mind, a thing which is for the advantage of every tiller of the soil. During the winter the farmer should examine his implements and see that all repairs are attended to.

CLEAN CULTURE. A garden without a weed is almost as rare as a mind without an impure thought, and when found it may be considered as the gardeners' paradise. No person of close observation can ride through an agricultural section in August without coming to the conclusion that the farmers, as a rule, let the weeds outgeneral them. The average farmer keeps the weeds down until July, then he thinks his crops will care for themselves, so he ceases to cultivate, and thus permits the weeds to come up in such numbers as to not only injure the crop of the present year but to ripen millions of seeds to injure the crop of the following year. This is poor policy; the farmer who fully understands his business will keep up the war with the weeds until cold weather, and will thus in a few years so clear his land of weed seeds that the labor of cultivation will be reduced more than one-half, and the crops in the absence of weeds will be much larger. If the farmer would be happy he must keep the weeds down, not only in his mind but also among his growing crops, on the borders of his fields, around the farm buildings and the waste places of the farm, and thus prevent any seeds from ripening.

THE Dairyman says that five per cent., and perhaps ten, can be added to the amount of milk obtained from the cows of this country, if the following rules are faithfully followed: 1. Never hurry cows in driving to and from the pasture. 2. Milk as near at equal intervals as possible. Half-past five in the morning and six at night are good hours. 3. Be especially tender to the cows at milking time. 4. When seated draw the milk as rapidly as possible, being certain to always get all. 5. Never talk or think of anything besides what you are doing while milking. 6. Offer some caress, and always a soothing word, when you approach a cow and when you leave her. The better she loves you the more free and complete will be her abandon as you sit by her side.

DON'T forget that the pasture fields should have some attention, at least as well as the grain fields. Weeds, briers and brushes should be eradicated from them just as carefully as from the potato lot. Many farmers would be astonished to know how greatly the pasture yield can be increased by the aid of a little fresh seed and manure occasionally, and the keeping down of all alien growth.

AN exchange says: Have a shelf made at a proper height from the floor, with holes in it large enough to allow buckets to go half way down. Feed either milk or ground feed in buckets and set them in their holes, and the calves can not either turn them over or put their feet in them. There should be a bracket to every calf in the pen, so there will be no crowding and all can get their shares.

THE Corn Miller calls attention to the fact that where two varieties of corn—dent and flint—were grown on the same farm, care was taken at the husking to determine the relative proportion of corn when in the ear and when shelled. The result showed that the dent variety gave eighty bushels of shelled corn per acre and the flint sixty bushels, but when they were dried and weighed for market it was found that the yield of flint exceeded that of dent.

SCIENTIFIC.

The discovery of a new gas is a rare and important event to chemists. Such a discovery has been announced in Germany by Dr. Theodor Curtius, who has succeeded in preparing the long-sought hydride of nitrogen, amidogen, diamide or hydrazine, as it is variously called. This remarkable body, which has hitherto baffled all attempts at isolation, is now shown to be a gas, perfectly stable up to a very high temperature, of a peculiar odor, differing from that of ammonia, exceedingly soluble in water and of basic properties. In composition it is nearly identical with ammonia, both being compounds of nitrogen and hydrogen.

The nitrate of lead is the cheapest disinfectant known that fulfills its intent. It is made by dissolving half a dram of nitrate of lead in a pint of boiling water, then dissolve two drams of common salt in eight or ten quarts of water. When both are thoroughly dissolved pour the two mixtures together, and when the sediment has settled you have a pail of clear fluid which is the saturated solution of the chloride of lead. A pound of the nitrate will make several barrels of the liquid.

We thus describe hermetically sealed batteries. The cell is made of ebonite, and is closed by an ebonite lid with a washer of soft India-rubber. The upper part of the cell is split up into several divisions, in which are placed the carbons and zincs; the lower part contains the exciting fluid. The battery is put into action by reversing it. In the ebonite lid are apertures closed by thin sheets of India-rubber. These allow of the expansion of the gas produced in the battery, without any risk of damage to the ebonite cell, and without the acid being forced up through the vent as is the case in other hermetically sealed batteries.

A new material called nemortolythe has been introduced in the manufacture of paper. It is said to be far superior to plaster or kaolin. It contains from 95 to 96 per cent. of silicate of magnesia, and resembles in its composition asbestos and other silicates of magnesia. It is distinguished by its great purity and its freedom from peroxide of iron, from sulphur and from lime. It is of a brilliant white color, and paper from it takes a very high glaze. It is fibrous, and is therefore susceptible of felting. Those who have used it speak very highly of it.

A new kind of scale consists of a simple balance arm resting on a nickel point, supported by a standard about eighteen inches in height. There are two scales in the balance arm; one denotes the weight and the total cost of the article weighed, and the other the unit of price, which is designated by a sliding weight. From this sliding weight is suspended the scoop or slab to contain the article to be weighed. By this scale the total cost of an article at any point is given immediately upon weighing it.

The fifteen great American inventions of world-wide adoption are: 1, The cotton-gin; 2, the planing-machine; 3, the grass mower and reaper; 4, the rotary printing press; 5, navigation by steam; 6, the hot-air engine; 7, the sewing machine; 8, the India rubber industry; 9, the machine manufacture of horseshoes; 10, the sand-blast for carvins; 11, the gauge leather; 12, the grain elevator; 13, artificial ice-making on a large scale; 14, the electric magnet and its practical application; 15, the telephone.

Ebony is now imitated on wood by simply painting with a 1 per cent. solution of sulphate of copper, and, on this becoming dry, painting the wood over with a liquid consisting of equal weights of aniline, hydrochloride and spirits of wine; the effect of the blue vitriol is to act on the aniline, and form nigrosin, a black which cannot be effected by acids or alkalies. To this a lustre can be added by coating the surface with simple copal varnish.

For a quick filter take a clear piece of chamois skin, free from thin places, cut it of the desired length, wash in a weak solution of sal soda or any alkali to remove the grease, and rinse thoroughly in cold water before using. Tinctures, elixirs, sirups, and even mucilages are filtered rapidly. A pint of the thickest sirup will run through in four or five minutes. By washing thoroughly after each time or using it will last a long time.

Even the blacksmith need not have callous or cracked hands, if he will wash them in soft water in which borax has been dissolved (two ounces to twelve quarts of water), rubbing them well with brown soap and fine sand. The washing must be thorough.

If you should have hiccough try one of the following remedies, every one of which is vouched for by different authorities. Slightly refrigerate the lobe of the ear; clasp the hands with arms raised above the head; press the finger each side under the ear, near jawbone; inhale chloroform until relieved.

The following is a speedy cure for rheumatism: One quart of milk, quite hot, into which stir one ounce of alum; this will make curds and whey. Bathe the part affected with the whey until too cold. In the meantime keep the curds hot, and, after bathing, put them on as a poultice, wrap in flannel, and go to sleep (you can). Three applications should be a perfect cure, even in aggravated cases.

A FARMER SAID.—One thing I don't like about city folks—they be either so stuck up that yer can't reach 'em with a haystack pole, or so blamed friendly that they forget to pay their board.

The Best Tobacco Pipe:—The white earthen pipe, porous and permeable to liquids is put first, because it is a good absorber of nicotine; the metallic pipe is put last, because it allows all the noxious products formed during the combustion of the tobacco to reach the mouth of the smoker. The meerschaum, which immediately follows the clay pipe, deserves its place only on condition that it is not too old. If it is seasoned it is as bad as a wooden or porcelain pipe. The seasoning, of which poets have sung, may be full of charms to the amateur; to the hygienist it simply indicates that the pipe has had its day, and is now saturated with tobacco juice, and that it must be replaced by another one, or be passed through the fire to purify it, as is done in the coffee houses of Holland. Every old pipe, browned with long use, leaves on the lips and tongue an acrid and strong-smelling liquid which irritates the tissues, and corrodes the mucous secretions. When it has reached this condition the finest meerschaum is no better than the meanest scorch throat.

Dr. Frantzel, of Berlin, reporting on the effects of immoderate smoking upon the heart says that smoking, as a rule, agrees with persons for many years, although by degrees cigars of a finer flavor are chosen. But all at once, without any assignable cause, troubles are experienced with the heart, which compel the calling in of the doctor. Common cigars are not so liable to produce these effects as the finer flavored ones. Nor can the charge be laid upon cigarettes, although they produce evils of their own. The troubles seldom begin until after the smoker is over 30 years of age, and most usually attack him at between 50 and 60. While it has not been determined what it is that makes smoking injurious, it appears certain that the effect does not depend upon the amount of nicotine.

The problem, says a scientific writer, has interested many why two pieces of wood sawn from the same section of tree should possess very varied characteristics when used in different positions, as, for example, a gate-post being found to decay much faster if the butt end of the tree be uppermost than would be the case if the top be placed in this position, the reason being that the moisture of the atmosphere will permeate the pores of the wood much more rapidly the way the tree grew than it would in the opposite direction. Microscopical examination proves that the pores invite the ascent of the moisture, while they repel its descent. The familiar case of a wooden bucket is in point, that is, some of the staves appear to be entirely saturated, while others are apparently quite dry. This also arises from the same causes, namely, the dry staves are in the position in which the tree grew while the saturated ones are reversed.

A Birmingham firm is making an oar in which the blade is made from the best sheet steel, highly tempered. It is put forward as being much stronger than the ordinary wooden one, and cannot be broken without undue violence. The handle fits into a socket running nearly the whole length of the blade and forming a backbone of great strength. The oar, being much thinner in the blade than the wooden ones, enters and leaves the water cleaner. The handles are made separately, of ordinary spruce or ash, and if broken can be readily replaced.

Professor Atwood, in his second article on foods in the June *Century,* devotes some pages to exploding and ridiculing the prevailing notion that mental exertion consumes much phosphorus in the brain, and that, consequently, fish is specially good brain food, on account of containing much phosphorus. He denies that fish is peculiarly rich in phosphorus, or that there is any evidence that the brain uses an overproportion of phosphorus, or that there is any more connection between thought and phosphorus than other elements of food.

Paper window glass is now said to be an assured fact. As described: "A window pane is made of white paper, manufactured from cotton or linen, and modified by chemical action. Afterward the paper is dipped in a preparation of camphor and alcohol, which makes it like parchment. From this point it can be molded and cut into remarkably tough sheets entirely transparent, and it can be dyed with almost the whole of the aniline colors, the result being a transparent sheet, showing far more vivid hues than the best glass exhibits."

A new method of securing veneer to its base consists in spreading glue or other adhesive matter between the veneer and the base, passing the two secured parts under a heated roller to melt the glue and cause it to enter the pores of the wood, then finally passing the connected base and the veneer under chilled rollers to harden and set the glue, and prevent the warping or shrinking of the veneer consequent upon the gradual cooling or drying of the glue.

In the bleaching of ostrich feathers the peroxide of hydrogen is now used exclusively. The plumes are immersed in the solution for two days, and the subsequent operations of washing and drying must be conducted with the greatest care. Silk, ivory, bone, wax and hair are also bleached by a similar method.

It almost seems as though good serviceable paper can be made from every kind of vegetable fibre. Grasses and woods of all sorts, and even peat, have been brought into requisition; while one of the latest introductions is crushed bamboo, which has been given very satisfactory results.

HOUSEHOLD.

IN dinner-table decorations one dominant tone of color seems to remain the fashionable craze, notably pink. "Pink" dinners have become a "thing of beauty" if not a "joy forever." White, yellow and turquoise blue china swans and boats are used for flowers. The latter are ten or twelve inches in length and stand on a glass or plush mat, with leaves of ferns arranged to fall over the sides. Old brass or bronze bowls are filled with brown leaves, yellow and white chrysanthemums. A wooden plateau, circular, oval or in star shape, covered with plush, is often seen beneath these receptacles. Flowers of different classes are seldom mixed now, but each is arranged en masse in its own especial receptacle. Heather is always admired but difficult to obtain.

Ladies possessing mirrors for the table use them with a length of gold or ruby plush laid around it, slightly crumpled to show the lights and shades, but arranged in a few horizontal folds at each end of the table. The dishes of fruit, cakes, etc., are usually at the four corners, with two long, flat boats at each side on the glass; smaller boats of glasses are scattered about. A beaten-brass caldron flower-pot is frequently put in the center of a table, with flowers and glasses put in irregularly; a piece of plush is wrapped around the base, which, in turn, is frequently finished with a border of leaves. A gilded basket of graceful shape may be put upon the table for a center piece; if it has a tall handle it is twined with a creeper and a velvet bow tied on top. Tables of orchids, mauve, yellow, brown and white, are lovely, but costly. All decorations should be kept low on the table, so as not to interfere with the comfort of the company. Long sprays or half wreaths on the table itself are a great success. The red Virginia creeper and old man's beard are lovely for this purpose. Supposing the center to be hidden by lycopodium, place around it long sprays of trailing roses with their own or shaded foliage.

PIE-CRUST.—Sift a pound and a half of flour into a pan; cut three-quarters of a pound of butter into two equal parts; cut one-half of the butter into the flour, and cut it up as small as possible. Mix it well with the flour, wetting it gradually with a little cold water. Spread some flour on your paste-board, take the lump of paste out of the pan, flour your rolling-pin, and roll out the paste into a large sheet. Then stick it over with the remaining half of the butter in small pieces, and laid at equal distances. Throw on a little flour, fold up the sheet of paste, flour it slightly and roll it out again. Then fold it up and cut it in half or in four, according to the size of your pies. Roll it out into round sheets the size of your pie-plates, pressing rather harder on the rolling-pin. Butter your pie-plates, lay on your under crust and trim the edge. Fill the dish with the ingredients of which the pie is composed, and lay on the lid, in which you must prick some holes, or cut a small slit in the top. Crimp the edges with a sharp knife. Heap up the ingredients so that the pie will be highest in the middle. Put no salt into the paste. It tends to make it heavy.

BEEF ROAST A L ORLEANS.—A rolled rib roast is best for this purpose. The night before you mean to cook it put into a broad pan three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, four tablespoonfuls of chopped onion, a dozen whole peppercorns, and the juice of a large lemon. Lay the roast in this, and at the end of two hours turn it over, anointing the sides well with the sauce. In the morning turn it again. When ready to cook it put into the dripping-pan, dash a cupful of boiling water over the top, and as it heats baste with the sauce in which it has lain over night, mingled with hot water and sauce.

STEWED EELS A LA FRANCAISE.—Clean, skin and cut eels into pieces two inches long, lay in a saucepan with a little minced parsley, a sprig of thyme, a teaspoonful of minced onion, a tablespoonful of butter, the juice of half a lemon, pepper, salt, and just enough boiling water to cover them. Cook gently until tender; take up the fish with a perforated spoon, keep hot on a chafing dish while you strain the gravy, thicken it with flour and boil it three minutes. Beat up two eggs, stir into the sauce quickly and remove from the fire before they curdle. Pour over the eels and serve.

MINCE OF CHICKEN AND EGGS.—Chop cold boiled or roasted fowl; mix up with a cupful of drawn butter, season with pepper, salt, a pinch of nutmeg and pour into a bake dish. Set in the oven until a skim forms on top and the surface shakes with the ebullition of the heated heart. Lay as many poached eggs on top as will lie easily in the dish and serve.

BOMBAY TOAST.—Take one ounce of anchovies, wash, bone, and pound them in a mortar with one ounce of fresh butter till reduced to a paste; melt in a saucepan; add the beaten yolk of two eggs and pepper and salt to taste, and spread the mixture on some slices of nicely toasted bread. Serve very hot.

OYSTER TOAST.—Boil one cup of oyster liquor with half a cup of cream, tablespoon of butter, pepper, and salt; pour over some nicely toasted bread, and set in the oven five minutes; then lay broiled oysters on the slices of toast and serve hot.

TO MAKE PASTE FOR PAPER-HANGING.—Use common starch, boiling it the same as though you were going to use it for starching linen.

PICKLED GHERKINS.—Gherkins are young cucumbers; and the only way in which they are used for cooking purposes is pickling them. Let them remain in salt and water for 3 or 4 days, then take them out, wipe perfectly dry, and put them into a stone jar. Boil sufficient vinegar to cover them with one ounce of bruised ginger, a half ounce of whole black pepper, one quarter ounces of whole allspice, four cloves, two blades of mace, and a little horse-radish to one quart of vinegar. After these ingredients have boiled together for ten minutes, pour them, quite boiling, over the gherkins, cover the jar with vine-leaves, and put over them a plate, setting them near the fire where they must remain all night. Next day drain off the vinegar, boil it up again, and pour it hot over them. Cover up with fresh leaves, and let the whole remain till quite cold. Now tie down closely with bladder to exclude the air, and in a month or two, they will be fit for use.

LOBSTER PATES.—Meat of one large lobster or of two small ones, two cups of veal broth, two tablespoonfuls of butter, beaten yolks of two eggs, piece of a lemon, one heaping tablespoonful of flour rubbed up with the butter, salt and cayenne to liking. Puff paste for shell. Heat the broth to a boil, skim, and stir in the buttered flour; put in the lemon juice and seasoning, the beaten yolks, the lobster cut up small, and heat in boiling water ten minutes, stirring now and then. Have ready pate pans lined with pastry baked in a brisk oven, slip out the "shells," fill with the hot lobster mixture, set in the oven three minutes and serve. If you do not care to take the trouble of pastry making in hot weather, buy empty pate-shells from a pastry cook, heat and fill them with the lobster mixture. This is an elegant supper dish as well as an entree.

LEMON WATER-ICE.—Seven gills of water, twelve ounces of granulated sugar, twelve large lumps of crushed sugar, six ounces of pulverized sugar, six lemons and the whites of three eggs. Rub the rind of the lemon upon the twelve lumps of sugar and place into a porcelain-lined saucepan. Add the juice of the lemons, strained, a pint of water and a pint of sirup (made by boiling twelve ounces of granulated sugar with three gills of water until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved). Let all stand for an hour, when mix and strain. Now, add the whites of eggs, whisked to a stiff froth, and six ounces of pulverized sugar. Mix all well together, put into a freezer and freeze.

PEACH WATER-ICE.—Twelve large fully ripe peaches, one pound of granulated sugar, one pint of water, two small fresh lemons, three drops of cochineal, one white of egg. Pare, stone and quarter the peaches and put them into a porcelain-lined saucepan with a simple sirup, made by boiling the sugar and water together until the sugar is entirely dissolved; add the white of egg whipped to a stiff froth, and one peach kernel (blanched). Let all simmer gently till the peaches are pulped, when take out and press through a sieve, adding the juice of the lemons and cochineal. Mix all thoroughly together and freeze in the usual way.

PEACH ICE CREAM.—Twelve good-sized, fully ripe peaches, six ounces of granulated sugar, one pint of water, three-quarters of an ounce of gelatine, one pint of cream and four drops of prepared cochineal. Cut the peaches into halves; take the kernels out and blanch them, and put them with the fruit into a porcelain-lined saucepan, adding a sirup made by boiling the six ounces of granulated sugar with half a pint of water till the sugar is entirely dissolved. Place on the fire and stir until the fruit is reduced to a pulp, when press through a hair-sieve into a porcelain-lined vessel, and add the gelatine, dissolved in a half pint of water, the cream, whipped, and the cochineal. Mix all well together and freeze.

BAKING BEETS.—One of the most satisfactory ways to cook beets is to bake them. When boiled, even if their jackets are left on, a great deal of the best part of the beet is dissolved, and so lost. It will, of course, take a little longer to bake them, but this is no objection. Allow them fifteen to twenty minutes longer for baking; slice and season them as you would if they were boiled. One pleasant way to serve them is to chop them fine after they have been cooked, and season with pepper, salt and butter. Turnips are nice also served in this way.

COFFEE ICE-CREAM.—One breakfast cupful of strong, clear coffee, one breakfast cupful of boiling milk, four ounces of pulverized sugar, one pint of cream and five yolks of eggs. Put the coffee, boiling milk, sugar and the yolks of eggs (well beaten) into a porcelain-lined saucepan and mix all well together. Place on the fire, stirring constantly, till it thickens, when add the cream. Continue to stir over the fire until about to boil, when take off and allow to cool. When cold put into a freezer and freeze.

APRICOT ICE-CREAM.—One dozen fine, ripe apricots, one pint of cream and one pound of pulverized sugar. Scald the apricots and then remove the skin and stones and pulp them through a sieve into a porcelain-lined saucepan. Make the cream very hot, and add this and the sugar to the pulp, mixing very thoroughly, and set aside to cool. When cold freeze in the usual way.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Should Christians Insure?

"Let him appoint officers over the land and take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years."—Genesis 41 : 34.

THESE were the words of Joseph, the president of *the first life insurance company* that the world ever saw. Pharaoh had a dream that distracted him. He thought he stood on the banks of the river Nile, and saw coming up out of the river, seven fat, sleek, glossy cows, and they began to browse in the thick grass. Nothing frightful about that. But after them, coming out of the same river, he saw seven cows that were gaunt and starved, and the worst looking cows that had ever been seen in the land, and, in ferocity of hunger they devoured their seven fat predecessors. Pharaoh, the king, sent for Joseph to decipher these

MIDNIGHT HIEROGLYPHICS.

Joseph made short work of it, and intimated that the seven fat cows that came out of the river are seven years with plenty to eat, the seven emaciated cows that followed them are seven years with nothing to eat. "Now," said Joseph, "let us take one-fifth of the corn crop of the seven prosperous years, and keep it as a provision for the seven years in which there shall be no corn crop." The king took the counsel and appointed Joseph, because of his integrity and public-spiritedness, as the president of the undertaking. The farmers paid one-fifth of their income as a premium. In all the towns and cities of the land there were branch houses. This great Egyptian life insurance company had millions of dollars as assets.

After a while the dark days came, and the whole nation would have starved if it had not been for the provision they had made for the future. But now these suffering families had nothing to do but go up and collect the amount of

THEIR LIFE POLICIES.

The Bible puts it in one short phrase: "In all the land of Egypt there was bread." I say this was the first life insurance company. It was Divinely organized. It had in it all the advantages of "the whole life plan," of the "tontine plan," of the "reserved endowment plan," and all the other good plans. We are told that Rev. Dr. Annate, of Lincolnshire, England, originated the first life insurance company in 1698. No! it is as old as the corn cribs of Egypt; and God Himself was the author and originator. If that were not so, I would not take your time and mine in Sabbath discussion of this subject. I feel it is a theme of vital, religious, and of infinite import, the morals of insurance.

About ten or twelve years ago there was a great panic in life insurance which did good. Under the storm the untrustworthy and bogus institutions were scattered, while the genuine were tested and firmly established, and where does the life insurance institution stand to-day? What amount of comfort, of education, of moral and spiritual advantage, is represented in the simple statistic that in this country the life insurance companies in one year paid seven million dollars to the families of the bereft; and in five years they paid three hundred millions of dollars to the families of the bereft; and are promising to pay—and hold themselves in readiness to pay—two thousand millions of dollars to the families of the bereft!

They have actually paid out more in dividends and death claims than they have ever received in premiums. I know of what I speak. The life insurance companies of this country paid more than seven million dollars of taxes to the Government in five years. So, instead of these companies being indebted to the land, the land is indebted to them. To cry out against life insurance, because here and there one company has behaved badly, is as absurd as it would be for a man to burn down a thousand acres of harvest field in order to kill the moles and potato-bugs—as preposterous as a man who should blow up a crowded steamer in mid-Atlantic for the purpose of destroying the barnacles on the bottom of the hulk.

WHAT DOES THE BIBLE SAY

in regard to this subject? If the Bible favors the institution, I will favor it; if the Bible denounces it, I will denounce it. In addition to the forecast of Joseph in the text, I call to your attention Paul's companion. Here is one man who, through neglect, fails to support his family while he lives, or after he dies. Here is another man, who abhors the Scriptures, and rejects God. Which of those men is the worse? Well, you say the latter. Paul says the former. Paul says that a man who neglects to care for his household is more obnoxious than a man who rejects the Scriptures: "He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel." Life insurance companies help most of us to provide for our families after we are gone; but, if we have the money to pay the premiums, and do not pay them, we have no right to expect mercy at the hand of God in the Judgment. We are worse than Tom Paine, and worse than Voltaire. The Bible declares it—we are worse than an infidel.

After the certificate of death has been made out and thirty or sixty days have passed, and the officer of a life-insurance company comes into the bereft household and pays down the hard cash on an insurance policy, that officer of the company is performing a positively religious rite, according to the Apostle James, who says: "True religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction,' and so on. The religion of Christ purposes to take care of the temporal wants of the people as well as the spiritual. When Hezekiah was dying, the injunction came to him:

"SET THY HOUSE IN ORDER,

for thou shalt die and not live." That injunction in our day would mean: "Make your will; settle up your accounts; make things plain; don't deceive your heirs with rolls of worthless mining stock; don't deceive them with deeds of Western lands that will never yield any crop but chills and fever; don't leave for them notes that have been outlawed, and second mortgages on property that will not pay the first." "Set thy house in order." That is, fix up things, so your going out of the world may make as little consternation as possible. See the lean cattle devouring the fat cattle, and in the time of plenty prepare for the time of want.

The difficulty is, when men think of their death, they are afraid to think of it only in connection with their spiritual welfare, and not of

DEVASTATION IN THE HOUSEHOLD,

which will come because of their emigration from it. It is meanly selfish for you to be so absorbed in the heaven to which you are going that you forget what is to become of your wife and children after you are dead. You can go out of this world without leaving a dollar, and yet die happy if you could not provide for them; you can trust them in the hands of the God who owns all the harvests and the herds and the flocks; but if you could pay the premiums on a policy, and neglect them, it is a mean thing for you to go up to heaven while they go into the poor-house. You, at death, move into a mansion, river front, and they move into two rooms on the fourth story of a tenement house in a back street. When they are out at the elbows and knees, the thought of your splendid robe in heaven will not keep them warm. The minister may preach a splendid sermon over your remains, and the quartette may sing like four angels in the organ loft; but your death will be a swindle. You had the means to provide for the comfort of your household when you left it, and you wickedly neglected it.

"O," says some one, "I have more faith than you; I believe when I go out of this world the Lord will provide for them." Go to Blackwell's Island, go through all the poor-houses of the country, and I will show you how often God provides for the neglected children of

NEGLECTFUL PARENTS.

That is, He provides for them through public charity. As for myself, I would rather have the Lord provide for my family in a private home, and through my own industry, and paternal and conjugal faithfulness. But says some man: "I mean in the next ten or twenty years to make a great fortune, and so I shall leave my family when I go out of this world very comfortable." How do you know you are going to live ten or twenty years? If we could look up the highway of the future, we would see it crossed by pneumonias, and pleurisies, and consumptions, and colliding rail trains, and runaway horses, and breaking bridges, and funeral processions. Are you so certain that you are going to live ten or twenty years, you can warrant your household any comfort after you go away from them?

Besides that, the vast majority of men die poor! Two—only—out of a hundred succeed in business. Are you very certain you are going to be one of the two? Rich one day, poor the next. A man in New York got two millions of dollars, and the money turned his brain and he died in the lunatic asylum. All his property was left with the business firm, and they swamped it; and then the family of the insane man were left without a dollar. In eighteen months the prosperty, the insanity, the insolvency, and the complete domestic ruin!

Besides that, there are men who die solvent, who are insolvent before they get under the ground, or before their estate is settled up. How

THE AUCTIONEER'S MALLET

can knock the life out of an estate! A man thinks the property is worth fifteen thousand dollars; under a forced sale it brings seven thousand dollars. The business man takes advantage of the crisis, and compels the widow of his deceased partner to sell out to him at a ruinous price, or lose all. The stock was supposed to be very valuable, but it has been so "watered" that when the executor tries to sell it he is laughed out of Wall Street, or the administrator is ordered by the surrogate to wind up the whole affair. The estate was supposed, at the man's death, to be worth sixty thousand dollars; but after the indebtedness had been met, and the bills of the doctor and the undertaker and the tombstone-cutter have been paid, there is nothing left. That means the children are to come home from school and go to work. That means the complete hardship of the wife, turned out with nothing but a needle to fight the great battle of the world. Tear down the lambrequins, close the piano, rip up the Axminster, sell out the wardrobe, and let the mother take a child in each hand and trudge out into the desert of the world. A life insurance would have hindered all that.

But says some one, "I am a man of small means, and I can't afford to pay the premium." That is sometimes a lawful and

A GENUINE EXCUSE,

and there is no answer to it; but in nine cases out of ten, when a man says that, he smokes up in cigars, and drinks down in wine, and expends in luxuries enough money to have paid the premium on a life insurance policy which would have kept his family from beggary when he is dead. A man ought to put himself down on the strictest economy until he can meet this Christian necessity. You have no right to the luxuries until you have made such provision.

I admire what was said by Rev. Dr. Guthrie, the great Scottish preacher. A few years before his death he stood in a public meeting and declared: "When I came to Edinburgh, the people sometimes laughed at my blue stockings, and at my cotton umbrella, and they said I looked like a common ploughman, and they derided me because I lived in a house for which I paid thirty-five pounds rent a year, and oftentimes I walked when I would have been very glad to have a cab; but, gentlemen, I did all that because I wanted to pay the premium on a life insurance that would keep my family comfortable if I should die." That I take to be the right expression of an honest, intelligent, Christian man.

The utter indifference of many people on this important subject accounts for much of the

CRIME AND PAUPERISM

of this day. Who are these children sweeping the crossings with broken broom and begging of you a penny as you go by? Who are these lost souls gliding under the gaslights, in thin shawls? Ah! they are the victims of want; in many of the cases the forecast of parents and grandparents might have prohibited it. God only knows how they struggled to do right. They prayed until the tears froze on their cheeks; they sewed on the sack until the breaking of the day; but they could not get enough money to pay the rent; they could not get enough money to decently clothe themselves; and one day, in that wretched home, the angel of purity and the angel of crime fought a great fight between the empty bread-tray and the fireless hearth, and the black-winged angel shrieked: "Aha! I have won the day!"

Says some man, "I believe what you say; it is right and Christian, and I mean some time to attend to this matter." My friend, you are going to lose the comfort of your household in the same way the sinner loses heaven, by procrastination. I see all around me the

DESTITUTE AND SUFFERING FAMILIES

of parents who meant some day to attend to this Christian duty. Under the process of adjournment the man gets his feet wet, then comes a chill and delirium, and the doleful shake of the doctor's head, and the obsequies. If there be anything more pitiable than a woman delicately brought up, and on her marriage-day, by an indulgent father, given to a man to whom she is the chief joy and pride of life until the moment of his death; and then that same woman going out, with helpless children at her back to struggle for bread in a world where brawny muscle and rugged soul are necessary—I say, if there be anything more pitiable than that, I do not know what it is. And yet there are good women, who are indifferent in regard to their husband's duty in this respect; and there are those positively hostile, as though a life insurance subjected a man to some fatality.

There is in Brooklyn to-day a poor woman

KEEPING A SMALL CANDY-SHOP,

who vehemently opposed the insurance of her husband's life, and when application had been made for a policy of ten thousand dollars, she frustrated it. She would never have a document in the house that implied it was possible for her husband ever to die. One day, in quick revolution of machinery, his life was instantly dashed out. What is the sequel? She is, with annoying tug, making the half of a miserable living. Her two children have been taken away from her in order that they may be clothed and schooled, and her life is to be a prolonged hardship. Oh, man, before forty-eight hours have passed away, appear at the desk of some of our great life insurance companies, have the stethescope of the physician put to your heart and lungs, and by the seal of some honest company decree that your children shall not be subjected to the humiliation of financial struggle in the day of your demise.

DISHONEST COMPANIES.

But I ask the men engaged in life insurance business whether they feel the importance of their trust, and charge them I must that they need Divine grace to help them in their work. In this day, when there are so many rivalries in your line of business, you will be tempted to overstate the amount of assets and the extent of the surplus, and you will be tempted to abuse the franchise of the company and make up the deficits of one year by adding some of the receipts of another year. Under the pressure many have gone down, and you will follow them if you have too much confidence in yourself, and do not appeal to the Lord for help. But, if any of you belong to

THAT MISCREANT CLASS

of people who, without any financial ability, organize themselves into what they call a life insurance company, with a pretended capital of two hundred thousand dollars or three hundred thousand dollars, then vote yourself into the lucrative position, and then take all the premiums for yourself, and then, at the approach of the State Superintendent, drop all into the hands of those life insurance undertakers whose business it is to gather up the remains of defunct organizations and bury them in their own vault—then, I say, you had better get out of the business, and disgorge the widows' houses you have swallowed.

But my word is, to all those who are legitimately engaged in the business: you ought to be better than other men, not only because of the responsibilities that rest upon you, but because the truth is ever confronting you that your stay on earth is uncertain, and your life a matter of a few days or years. Do not those black-edged letters that come into your office make you think? Does not the doctor's certificate on the death claim give you a thrill? Your periodicals, your advertisements, and even the lithography of your policies warn you that you are mortal. According to your own showing the chances that you will die this year are at least two per cent. Are you prepared for the tremendous exigency? The most condemned man in the Judgment Day will be the unprepared life insurance man, for the simple reason that his whole business was connected with human exit, and he cannot say: "I did not think." His whole business was to think on that one thing.

O, my brother get

INSURED FOR ETERNITY.

In consideration of what Christ has done in your behalf, have the indenture this day made out, signed and sealed with the red seal of the cross.

But I have words of encouragement and comfort for those of my hearers who are engaged in

THE FIRE INSURANCE BUSINESS.

You are ordained by God to stand between us and the most raging element of nature. We are indebted to you for what the National Board of Underwriters and the Convention of Chiefs of the Fire Department have effected through your suggestions, and through your encouragement. We are indebted to you for what you have effected in the construction of buildings, and in the change in the habits of our cities; so that by scientific principles orderly companies extinguish the fire, instead of the old-time riots which used to extinguish the citizens! And we are indebted to you for the successful demands you have made for the repeal of unjust laws—for the battle you have waged against incendiarism and arson—for the fatal blow you have given to the theory that corporations have no souls, by the cheerfulness and promptitude with which you have met losses, from which you might have escaped through the technicality of the law.

I do not know any class of men in our midst more high-toned and worthy of confidence than these men, and yet I have sometimes feared that while your chief business is to calculate about losses on earthly property, you might without sufficient thought go into that which, in regard to your soul, in your own parlance, might be called "hazards," "extra hazards," "special hazards." An unforgiven sin in the soul is more inflammable and explosive than camphene or nitro-glycerine. However the rates may be—yea, though the whole earth were paid down to you in one solid premium—you cannot afford to lose your soul. Do not take that risk, lest it be said hereafter that, while in this world you had keen business faculty, when you went out of the world you went out everlastingly insolvent.

The scientific Hitchcocks and Sillimans and Mitchells of the world have united with the sacred writers to make us believe that there is

A CONFLAGRATION COMING

to sweep across the earth, compared with which that of Chicago in 1871, and that of Boston in 1872, and that of New York in 1835, were mere nothings. Brooklyn on fire! New York on fire! Charleston on fire! San Francisco on fire! Canton on fire! St. Petersburg on fire! Paris on fire! London on fire! The Andes on fire! The Appennines on fire! The Himalayas on fire! What will be peculiar about the day will be that the water with which we put out great fires will itself take flame; and the Mississippi, the Ohio and the St. Lawrence, and Lake Erie, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and tumbling Niagara, shall with red tongues lick the heavens. The geological heats of the centre of the world will burn out toward the circumference, and the heats of the outside will burn down from the circumference to the centre, and this world will become, not only according to the Bible, but according to science, a living coal—the living coal afterward whitening into ashes, the ashes scattered by the breath of

THE LAST HURRICANE,

and all that will be left of this glorious planet will be the flakes of ashes fallen on other worlds. O! on that day will you be fireproof, or will you be a total loss? Will you be rescued, or will you be consumed? When this great cathedral of the world, with its pillars of rocks, and its pinnacles of mountains, and its cellar of golden mine, and its upholstery of morning cloud, and its baptismal font of the sea, shall blaze, will you get out on the fire-escape of the Lord's deliverance? O! on that day for which all other days were made, may it be found that these life insurance men had a paid-up policy, and these fire insurance men had given them, instead of the debris of a consumed worldly estate, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

Pulque Becoming a Tipple.

An enterprising American has put the seductive pulque where it can tickle the northern palate and produce the effects so well advertised by the American ministers resident and envoys extraordinary to the Greaser republic. Who will now give us a sample of the "rarefield air" that should accompany it to throw in the proper tonic result? A friend of mine who owns some of the largest maguey plantations in Mexico gave me the straight tip several years ago on the pulque business, and until he takes it back the julep of "old Virginny" is good enough for me. If he is to be believed—and he sells thousands of gallons of the stuff—it cannot be kept long enough to be exported, and must be consumed in a few days after it is made. But the head that it puts on top of the most robust constitution when it gets in its fine work cannot be equaled this side of the hereafter. Paralysis does not begin to describe the condition of the patient. If the New York article is anything like the native production, it will soon become the favorite tipple of the numerous [illegible] and I know, but won't mention just now.

IN THE CEMETERIES.

Description of the Crescent City's Quaint Graveyards.

"How will we get into the cemeteries?" we ask the friend who has pointed out the car that will take us to three of the most noted. "The gates are always open; there will be no trouble about entering." The car starts; she bows and trips down the street—a dear little lady in widow's dress—to her work in a great office, while we spin along on our holiday jaunt to the place of the dead. A white wall, gnarled oaks, with their sad funeral moss, glossy magnolia trees, with white buds scarcely showing in their tight calyx wrappings of green—that is our first outside view of the cemetery. Then, through the open gate we walk into a place, level, green, moundless. It is one of the older cemeteries, an avenue of superb oaks conducts through its center. The spectral moss rocks back and forth across the shadowy way. It has no rustle, no sound. It seems a symbol of an old yet unforgetting grief; a sign of a sorrow for the dead after it has subsided from tears and sobs.

On the tombs in this cemetery are carved the old French names, with crosses or crests; and on projecting hooks fastened in the cement of the wall hang remembrances so ugly that even loving sentiment cannot make them other than desecrations to the eye; those skeleton wreaths of black, wire strung beads that shine with a mockery of mourning, of those chalky white ones that seem like clowns in a tragedy. How grotesque appears humanity's expression of deepest feeling beside the gray moss that mourns overhead and bright roses that smile from below, where sweet nature's sympathy and consolation mingle in this place of bereavement so tenderly, so tastefully.

Out of this old cemetery we go to a neighboring one, dazzling as this one is somber. Here the moss, and the beads, and the foreign names serve to make one feel out of this world, in a lonesome place apart from one's own. But in the neighboring spot death is beautiful, joyous—never a cemetery that seemed so brilliant, so clean, so clear. There is no sign of the ancient oak; all the trees are glossy of leaf and perfumed—magnolias that rustle and shine, and break out anon in fairest and wildest of flowers. The grass is not wrinkled with graves; it is smooth and clean, stretched out into the sunshine without flower or headstone. The walks are wide, weedless, formed of finely pulverized white shells. Along these white roads, like dwellings along a street, are the family tombs, entirely above ground, each separate, in its own unfenced yard of green.

The tombs are eight to ten feet apart and six or eight from the edge of the road, each approached from the roadway by a narrow marble footwalk. They are of white marble and shaped like small dwellings. They are two or three stories in height; that is, about ten or twelve feet and proportioned neatly; the roof, of marble, is turreted, gothic, domed or pagoda shaped. The effect of these marble houses, close on either side of the avenue, with the little spaces of green between them and the wide, unbroken lawn back of them, the tombs following the curves of the road, and leaving in one sheet the level ground between, give an order and sense of breathing space such as our own graveyards can never have. The marble doors of the palaces of the dead shut within. In the little dooryards are always flowers of the choicest kind, so that the white road, accentuated by the white structures at a uniform distance back from it, is so bordered along its edge by these adjoining flower plants as to make a continuous parterre of color—the only relief in the white and green of the large cemetery grounds. There are no flowers anywhere else. The effect is exquisite—the effect produced by separately massing colors; the curving road, white as untrodden snow, the long lines of brilliant flowers on either side, edged by the wide rows of glistening marble tombs, backed by the green grass and scattering trees, which make the center of the place a park-like expanse.

In another cemetery, a little more tangled than this, and a little less somber than the other, I was attracted by an immense pyramid-shaped structure of rough granite rocks, some twelve or fifteen feet square at its base. It was of unusual size, shape and color, and stood near the entrance portal. I remember that the inscription commemorated the virtues of a dead wife, and depicted the longing of the living consort; it stated how long they had lived together, that they had no child, and were all the world to one another—that the bereaved husband was the last of his race and family, and this tomb held all that was precious to his heart.

A Singular Ornament.

The Cuban and Mexican ladies use the South American firefly as an ornament. They buy them from the Indians who catch them, drawing them by means of a burning coal on the end of a stick. The ladies shut them up in cages of fine wire, and feed them on bits of sugar cane. They also have to bathe them often to keep them alive. When they wish to use them they sew them up in little gauze bags, which they pin on their skirts or twist in lace neckerchiefs or girdle. Sometimes they put a long pin through them under the chest—it doesn't hurt them—and stick them in their hair with other ornaments, such as humming birds or diamonds.

Each man has but a limited right to the good things of this world; and the natural allowed way by which he is to compass the possession of these things is by his own industrious acquisition of them.

Babbitt's Soap Powder

"1776."

Through an advertising arrangement, we will, for 60 days, sell the above powder

Two Boxes

FOR

Five Cents.

P.S. Tilton & Son.

E. K. CARPENTER,
FIRE,
Life and Accident Insurance
AGENT.
Office, Residence, Coutral Av. & Third St
Hammonton, N. J.

HARNESS.
A full assortment of hand and machine made,—for work or driving.

Trunks, Valises, Whips,
Riding Saddles, Nets, etc.

L. W. COGLEY,
Hammonton, N. J.

For Sale & To Rent.

I have a number of properties for sale ($900 to $3000 each), and having some twenty five tenements I am able to give better satisfaction in location and price than any other parties in town.

I am also agent for what is known as the Clark property, now owned by J. B. Small.

T. J. SMITH,
Hammonton, N. J.

J. S. Thayer,
contractor AND Builder
Hammonton, N.J.

LUMBER
For sale, in small or large quantities.

HEATERS
Furnished and Repaired.

Plans, Specifications, And Estimates Furnished

JOBBING
Of all kinds promptly attended to.

Shop on Bellevue Avenue, next door to Elam Stockwell's store.

Orders left at the shop, or at Stockwell's store, will receive prompt attention.

Charges reasonable. P. O. box 53.

The People's Bank

Of Hammonton, N. J.

Capital, $50,000.

R. J. Byrnes, President.
M. L. Jackson, Vice-Pres't
W. R. Tilton, Cashier.

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R. J. Byrnes,
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MONEY TO LOAN.

Wagons AND Buggies.

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

One-horse wagons, with fine body and Columbus springs complete, 1⅛ inch tire, 1¼ axle, for CASH	$60 00
One-horse wagon, complete, 1⅛ tire 1⅛ axle, for	62 50
The same, with 2-inch tire	65 00
One-horse Light Express	55 00
Platform Light Express	60 00
Side-spring Buggies with fine finish	70 00
Two-horse Farm Wagons	$65 to 70 00
No-top Buggies	50 00

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

ALEX. AITKEN, Proprietor.

N. D. PAGE,
Photographic Artist.
Hammonton, N. J.

Fine Portraits
By the Latest Processes. ☞ Particular attention paid to lighting and posing.

Views of Residences,
Copying, etc.,
Promptly done in the most satisfactory manner. Also,

Life-size Crayons
And large pictures. Frames of all styles at extremely low prices.

JOHN ATKINSON,
Tailor,
Has opened a shop in Rutherford's Block
Hammonton.
Garments made in the best manner.
Scouring and Repairing promptly done.
Rates reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case.

Yes; we Advertise

Because it is Popular!

Yet it pays to let you know about our goods, still, our best advertisements are the goods themselves. This is shown by the packages sold of our Uncolored Japan, Carlton's, Ooolong, Formosa, and English Breakfast Tea. Also, our best quality of Java, Laguira, Maracaibo, and Rio Coffees, and customers calling again to remark, That is splendid tea! elegant coffee! so fresh, etc. Yes, coffee ground to order, while you wait.

What is said of our tea and coffee is re-echoed in regard to our Pork, Lard, Hams, Shoulders, and Bacon. Our Butter is hard to find better, and as to Cheese, why, we always keep "full cream."

We have a good line of Dry Goods and Notions, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars.

Land Lime and Canada Ashes in car load lots, at lowest rates possible.

We expect to do a large business in Coal this year. So send in your orders.

Call and see us; try our goods, and like others say, How cheap for cash

Geo. A. Rogers,
Of Elm, will sell.

The Republican.

[Entered as second class matter.]

HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC Co., N. J

SATURDAY, AUG. 27, 1887.

Our Terms.—Our subscription price to all within the county is One Dollar per year if paid in advance. If not paid within the first two months, $1.25 per year, invariably. To subscribers outside of this county always $1.25 in advance—as we are compelled to wrap papers and prepay postage.

Newspaper Decisions.

Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of fraud.

E. J. Lodge, of Woodbury, has a perfect tomato growing on an egg plant vine.

South Jersey corn cobs are being converted into pipes for New York dudes to smoke.

A Chinese fishing junk at Vallejo, Cal., has a mile and a quarter of line carrying 5300 hooks.

There has been considerable sickness at the South Jersey summer resorts, the result of over-bathing.

John Andersen, a Gloucester bartender, inherited $300,000 from his mother's estate in Denmark.

Returns from Western States indicate no increase in the crop averages on account of the recent rains.

A jug tavern has been located just inside the Gloucester county line, for the purpose of supplying Vinelanders with beer and whiskey.

The oldest lawsuit in Illinois has been on the docket for forty-two years. It began about a $2 hog, and has cost the principals about $7000.

The Hudson River tunnel is now being pushed forward night and day, with three relays of hands, advancing at the rate of three feet per day.

The Maryland Republican Convention nominated Walter B. Brooks for governor and received from John K. Cowen pledges of the support of the Independent Democrats.

Chas. K. Landis has sold to ex-Attorney General Brewster one thousand acres of land on the Vineland tract. It is not known what Mr. Brewster proposes to do with his new purchase.

Heels on the shoes first originated with the Persians. A person of low stature was regarded as an object of contempt, therefore the heel was the happy thought of some one of the unfortunates, thus providing by art that which nature denied.

A San Francisco boy was vaccinated and upon his arm has come the picture of a cow's head. It is about the size of a standard dollar. It is an exact representation of a cow's head, en silhouette. The nose, jaw, and horns are perfect. There is even a speck of white flesh visible where the eye is supposed to be located.

George Vandyke, the lumber king of Northern New Hampshire, fourteen years ago was earning his living by chopping in the woods in Coos County at twenty dollars a month and board. He has recently erected an elegant residence at Lancaster for the use of his mother and sister. He is unmarried, and is 36 years of age.

Pierce College of Business,
Record Building, 917 919 Chestnut st., Philadelphia Penna.
Thomas May Pierce, M. A.,
Principal and Founder.
Morning, Afternoon and Night Sessions.

Ladies and Gentlemen are instructed in technical knowledge qualifying them for the transaction of business and proper management of business affairs.

Business men, merchants, and farmers, who have had doubts as to whether a practical business education could be obtained at a table of the counting-room have been surprised at the thoroughly practical manner in which their sons and daughters have been qualified for business engagements at Pierce College, and are now among its warmest friends.

Ten hundred and fifty (1050) students last year.

Call or write for Circular and Commencement proceedings, containing addresses of Governors Beaver and Higgs, and Rev. Sam W. Small and Rev. Sam. P. Jones. Rev. JOHN THOMPSON, Dean.

Offices, Rooms 5 and 6, Second Floor.

Fresh Hay
For Sale. Also
GOOD PASTURAGE
For horses and cattle. Apply to, or address G. W. ELVINS,
Hammonton, N. J.

Atlantic Commission House,
Dealers in Country Produce of all kinds.
Only house of the kind in Atlantic City.
☞ Good Prices—Prompt Returns ☜
Consignments solicited.
W. H. WRIGHT, Manager,
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DON'T GO HUNGRY
But go to
Packer's Bakery,
Where you can get
The Best
Wheat, Bran, and Rye
BREAD
At the old price of ten years' standing,
FIVE CENTS per LOAF

Breakfast and Tea Rolls,
Cinnamon Buns,
Pies, Crullers
A great variety of Cakes.
Baker's Yeast
constantly on hand.
Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Nuts and Confections, as usual
☞ Meals and Lunches furnished to order, and a limited number of lodgers accommodated.

Wm. Bernshouse,
CONTRACTOR & BUILDER
[Of 32 years' Experience.]

Steam Saw and Planing Mill
Lumber Yard.

Doors, Sash, Moldings, and Scroll-work.
Window-Glass,
Odd sizes cut to order.
Lime, Cement, and Calcined Plaster.

Manufacturer of
FRUIT PACKAGES
Berry Chests
Cranberry and Peach
CRATES.
☞ Odd Sizes of Fruit Crates made to order.

CEDAR SHINGLES
A Specialty,—odd sizes cut to order.
Oak and Pine Wood for Sale,
Cut and Split if desired.
A large quantity of Pine and Cedar Cuttings, for Summer and kindling, $2.50 pr cord. CEDAR PICKETS five and a-half feet long, for chicken yard fence.

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

Plans, Specifications, and Estimates furnished
JOBBING promptly attended to.

COAL.

Best Lehigh Coal for sale from yard, at lowest prices, in any quantity.

Orders for coal may be left at John A. Saxton's store. Coal should be ordered one day before it is needed.

GEO. F. SAXTON.

J. MURDOCH,
MANUFACTURER OF
SHOES.

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

Boys' Shoes a Specialty.

Repairing Neatly Done.

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

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

HERMANN FIEDLER,
MANUFACTURER
AND
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
CIGARS,
Hammonton, N. J.

S. E. BROWN & Co.

We think we are now very well prepared to talk business to you, on

FURNITURE,

as well as

Carpets & Wall Paper

To come right to the point which, perhaps, interests buyers more than any other, we will quote prices;

Chamber suits, painted or stained, $18 to 22
" ash, beveled plate glass, $26.50 to 80
" antique oak, $37.
Bedsteads, solid walnut, $10.
" various styles, $3.00, 3.75, 4.00, 5.00, 6.000, 6.50
Lounges, plain, 4.50
" walnut back, in rep, 6.75
" raw silk or plush, 8.75
Extension Tables, ash, 4.75 to 6.75
" cherry, 7.50
" walnut, 8.50 to 10.
Chairs, common, per set, 3.00 to 3.50
" bent back, oil finish, 4.00
" bent back, perforated, 4.75
" child's rocker, 90 cts. each.
" large easy rockers, 2.25 to 3.00
" dining room, each 75 cts.
Bed Springs, 1.75 to 7.50
Mattresses, 2.50 to 5.00
Marble-top Tables, 3.75 to 7.00
Kitchen, Breakfast, and Dining Tables, 3.00 to 4.00

Carpets & Mattings.

The first lot of carpets gave such good satisfaction that we have greatly increased our stock. We quote:

Rag, 30, 45, 48, and 55 cts.
All cotton, fine, 50 cts.
Part cotton, 60 to 65 cts.
All wool, 75 to 78 cts.
Mattings, 22 to 35 cts.

WALL PAPERS.

16 cts. to 50 cts. pr double roll in stock. Fine gilts, 60 cts. to $1 per double roll. We have an extra nice lot of Borders, and several patterns specially adapted to ceilings.

Our papers give satisfaction every time.

Among the many useful things we have, that are needed at this season of the year, are

LIME

For white-washing, sealed up in cans. Purchase when you come to town, and use when you are ready. A great variety of Wall Brushes, Paint Brushes, Scrubbing Brushes, Dusting Brushes. Stove Brushes Shoe Brushes, etc.

Don't forget that we give special attention to

DRIVEN WELLS.

If we make a new well, we make a good one, or no pay. If we repair an old one, we make it a good well,—or no charges.

S. E. BROWN & Co.,
Hammonton, N. J.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, AUG. 27, 1887.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

☞ Thanks to Mr. F. S. Robbins for melon favors.

☞ Post meeting next Saturday evening, Sept. 3rd.

☞ Mercury stood at 53 Friday morning at six o'clock.

☞ A dozen hitching-posts have been set on the town lot.

☞ They say that this year's grapes are sour. Is that true?

☞ Many friends greeted the Rev. Louis K. Lewis, last Sunday.

☞ Mr. H. T. Pressey has sold his milk-route to Walter Doucet.

☞ S. E. Brown & Co. have covered three roofs with tin, this week.

☞ A cold wave reached us Wednesday night, driving heat and mosquitoes out of sight.

☞ We are pleased to know that Mr. E. J. Woolley is recovering from his recent illness.

☞ Mr. and Mrs. Frank Newcomb and child, of Homer, N.Y., are visiting relatives here.

☞ Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Carpenter had the pleasure of entertaining their son, over Sunday.

☞ Dr. Peebles is billed for a course of lectures, next week, at Middletown, Orange County, N. Y.

☞ Miss Ernestine Stockwell, of New York State, is visiting her brothers—Moses and Elam Stockwell.

☞ The Hammonton Loan Association meeting next Thursday evening, Sept. 1st, in the Town Hall.

☞ Mr. W. R. Tilton, Cashier of the Bank, is to have a house built for his own comfort, on Vine Street.

☞ P. S. Tilton & Son's delivery wagon is now drawn by a lively pair of horses, which make the wheels hum.

☞ Rev. Mr. Day, pastor of a Baptist Church in Schenectady, N. Y., visited Mr. Moses Stockwell this week.

☞ The Winslow Lodge of Odd Fellows contemplate securing a membership in the Odd Fellows' Home at Trenton.

☞ A. H. Simons has a hundred or more empty flour barrels for sale. He has sold many since advertising them, last week.

☞ Regular meeting of Town Council to-night. A claim will probably be presented by L. D. Vaughn for $51,000 damages

☞ Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Tilton went down toward "the shore" last Saturday, where they have many friends to bid them welcome.

☞ Deputy Sheriff Moore says that the criminals now confined in the county jail are the worst batch in the history of that institution.

☞ O. E. Moore has his store fixed up and well-stocked. Call and see him, Second Street, near the avenue. His wagon still travels.

☞ Mr. Cook, the jeweler, is getting up a "clock club," to be conducted like his popular watch clubs. Call at his store for particulars.

☞ Plenty of showers this week,—and most of them very severe, the water apparently tumbling down in blocks. Umbrellas were useless.

☞ Mr. Ephraim Eldridge, a former Hammontonian, father of Mrs. William Bernshouse, died at his home in West Chester, Pa., last week.

☞ Dr. Jahncke manifests a willingness to do a physic an's part in increasing the population of the town. For particulars, see birth notices.

☞ Prof. Morse, County Superintendent of Schools, has returned from "way down East," and will attend the examinations to-day, at Egg Harbor.

☞ Will. Taylor, of Walker Road, has been very sick for three weeks, with typhoid fever, a disease very rare in this section. He is now improving.

☞ Owing to an unlooked-for complication, there will probably be no street opened between Mrs. Samson's property and that of D. S. Tilton.

☞ Capt. Cramer, of Rosedale, has commenced an ejectment suit against Mrs. John Arrowsmith, a tenant, whose husband has left for parts unknown.

☞ The Hammonton Post-Master has now for sale the official "Letter-Sheet Envelopes," a sheet of good paper, so arranged as to fold and seal, leaving a place for the address, and containing a two-cent stamp. It is also perforated, for convenience in opening.

☞ The Williamstown base-ball club have agreed to come over this afternoon and play a game with the Hammonton boys. It will doubtless prove an interesting game.

☞ The Library Association are now making arrangements to re-open their singing classes, which were so popular last winter. The details are not ready for publication.

☞ Mr. B. F. Henshaw spent part of last week in Washington, D. C. He made the most of his time, out of business hours, and looked at more things than he had time to see.

☞ Stockwell's windmill is undergoing alterations which will increase its efficiency and prevent that annoying racket which was made by the wheel occasionally running backward when turned out of the wind.

☞ A number of our young people had a water-melon party at the Park, Tuesday evening. They had a grand time, their only regret being the mysterious disappearance of several melons, causing a short supply.

☞ The Legislature having made the first Monday in September a legal holiday, how about the previous law which compels the Board of Assessors of each county to assemble on that day and apportion the taxes for the coming year?

☞ An Italian had his foot crushed, Sunday morning, at the P. & A. C. station. His hat had fallen under a car, and to reach it he placed his foot on the rail. As he did so, the train started, catching his foot before he had time to remove it. Amputation was found necessary.—*Mirror.*

☞ What's the matter with the Fire Company? The Marshal has twice called out the members for a drill, and not enough appeared to man the engine. How would it do to organize as a company of militia, under the State law? They could still retain charge of the fire apparatus, and the military discipline would add to its efficiency.

☞ Andrew K. Bernshouse has taken up the saw and plane, intending to master the practical part of the builder's business. He has joined his brother Will, at Rosemont, Pa. Mr. B. is giving his boys opportunities which but few young men enjoy, and deserves their life-long gratitude. Bert, having spent a suitable time at the bench, can now be found at the big ledger, behind the office desk.

☞ Mr. and Mrs. Theo. B. Drown were married August 26th, 1854. Last Saturday being the thirty-third anniversary, they summoned home all their children with their families,—Wilbur A. Drown, of Camden, Mrs. Stella Mitchell, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. George King, of Hammonton. It was a congenial company, and a day to be pleasantly remembered by all. Mr. and Mrs. D. are highly esteemed in this community, and we unite with all who know them in wishing them many more happy anniversaries.

☞ Last Saturday evening, about nine o'clock, a passer-by discovered that the Bank office was dark, and very properly notified the officers of the fact. In a few minutes, several of the directors were on their way to the Bank. The subsequent proceedings were entertaining to an outsider. The supposition was that burglars had made an entrance and put out the light; yet several stood outside *with lanterns;* and, so far as our reporter could see, all were in front of the building, apparently waiting for the miscreant to quietly vamose through the back door. The Cashier was absent, and each one present seemed willing for his next neighbor to make a closer inspection of the premises; and when a young man did approach the door, he found himself inhaling a peculiar smoke, which *might* have been caused by powder or dynamite; and after several had cautiously approach'd near enough to get a sniff, all with one accord called for volunteers to unlock the door and enter the building. Silence reigned. Things *did* look peculiar, and we don't wonder that no one seemed anxious to run his head against a possible black-jack, or tender his body as a depository of pistol balls. But when the necessity became apparent, Will. M. Galbraith was found courageous enough to lead the way, and did so, being greeted only by darkness, silence, and a stifling smoke from the office lamp, which had evidently been left turning too high, had bursted the chimney, filled the room with smoke, and then gone out. It takes a brave man to march straight into the face of an un nown danger, with no reward in prospect, and only a sense of duty to urge him on. That is the metal from which true heroes are made.

☞ Mrs. Annie Evans will sell by auction, at her residence, Eleventh St., on Monday next, Aug. 29th, at 2 P. M., all her household goods. Capt. Jewitt will be auctioneer.

☞ The real estate and personal property of the late Hon. Wm. Moore was sold at auction last Tuesday, and brought $15,020.61. Sixteen shares of the "Hammonton Cranberry and Improvement Association" were bought by John R. Wilson, for $3 per share.

☞ St. Mark's Church, twelfth Sunday after Trinity, Aug. 28th. Holy Communion, 7:30 A.M. Morning Prayer Litany and Sermon at 10:30. Short Evening Prayer and Sermon, 4:30 P.M.

☞ List of unclaimed letters remaining in the Post Office at Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, Aug. 27th, 1887:

Miss Gertie Sanderlin.
Mrs. James Kenlston.
Mr. George Hamilton.
Jos. B. Able.
Miss Lulu White.

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

CYRUS F. OSGOOD, P. M

☞ The announcement is made that a number of Philadelphia capitalists have formed a syndicate to build an elevated gravity road in Atlantic City, from the Inlet down along the beach to the southern end of the island. It is proposed to so construct the road that the round trip from the Inlet can be made in thirty-five minutes. The road is to be called the "Atlantic City Belt Line," and its projectors expect to complete it by June next.

Married.

TILTON—JOSLIN. At the residence of the bride, on Saturday, Aug. 20, 1887, by Rev. J. W. Morris, Capt. D. STEELMAN TILTON and Mrs. HESTER JOSLIN, all of Absecon, N. J.

Capt. Tilton is well known here, and we tender the congratulations of his many friends.

Births.

NEWTON.—In Hammonton, to Mr. and Mrs. Willis E. Newton, a son,—Friday, Aug. 19th, 1887.

ANNESTA.—In Hammonton, Wednesday, August 24th, 1887, to Mr. and Mrs. John Annesta, a daughter.

WUOTTO.—In Hammonton, on Thursday, August 25th, 1887, to Mr. and Mrs. Cataldo Wuotto, a son.

Pennsylvania State Fair.

The thirty-third annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society will be held at the Fair grounds, Philadelphia, September 5th to 7th inclusive.

The exhibition will be unusually comprehensive, and will embrace manufactures, machinery, implements, apparatus, produce, live stock, and miscellaneous displays from every branch of industry. The premium list aggregates $30,000, and this with the magnificent facilities offered by the new grounds will insure a fine display. The grounds are located at Germantown Junction, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, with direct communication from every portion of the Pennsylvania System.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to the Fair ground from all stations on its main line and branches, September 5th to 17th, good to return until 20th, at reduced rates.

EDGED TOOLS of all descriptions—from a mowing-machine knife to a pair of scissors—sharpened, at the mill foot of Hammonton Lake.

GEO. W. ELVINS.

E. H. Carpenter, groceries, confectionery, fruit, etc., opposite the Baptist church.

TREES AND PLANTS.

I shall have a large assortment of Apples, Pears, Peaches, Cherries, and Quinces; also, a fine stock of Shade Trees, Roses, Shrubs, Vines, etc., for Fall planting, which will be sold at very low prices. W. H. FRENCH,
Old Hammonton.

☞ A cabinet organ for sale—good tone, good order. Inquire of
LEWIS HOYT, Main Road.

Farm for Sale.—14 acres in Elwood—one mile from station, with house and considerable fruit. Price, $400. For all particulars, inquire of
FRANK BOWES, Hammonton.

☞ Wm. Rutherford, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Insurance placed only in the most reliable companies. Lowest rates to all. No two-thirds clause, no black-mailing. Address, Hammonton, N. J.

Wackerhagen Farm, Basin Road, Hammonton, for sale,—20 acres, house and barn. Inquire of
CAPT. A. SOMERBY.

Empty Flour Barrels

For Sale, at

A. H. SIMONS'

Bakery.

A. H. PHILLIPS,

1628 ATLANTIC AVENUE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

FIRE INSURANCE.

OUR SOLID COMPANIES

SPRINGFIELD, of Springfield, Mass.
WILLIAMSBURGH CITY, of New York.
UNITED FIREMEN'S, of Philadelphia.
AGRICULTURAL, of Watertown, N.Y.
GIRARD, of Philadelphia.
GUARDIAN, of London.
ROYAL, of Liverpool.
ROYAL, LON. AND GLOBE, of London.
LIFE, of Newark, N.J.
THE MERCHANTS', of New York.
SAINT PAUL, of St. Paul, Minn.
STANDARD, of New Jersey.
INSURANCE CO. OF N. AMERICA.

Assets Represented, over One Hundred Million Dollars

The Weekly Press and the Republican a year for $1.25 cash

Boots and Shoes.

D. C. HERBERT,
Dealer in all kinds of
All kinds of Boots, Shoes, Rubbers,
Brick Store, Bellevue Ave., : Hammonton, N. J.
Custom Work and Repairs neatly and promptly done.

Hypocrisy.

Nothing is more honorable than to have courage enough to execute the commands of reason and conscience. If we maintain the dignity of our nature and the station assigned us, we will be proof against poverty or pain, and able to stand adversity under all shapes with decency and resolution. Such men never assume a cowardly and servile humor, that would disguise their inward feeling under a vizor. A generous heart never belies its own thoughts, but shows all that is good and manly in itself.

There is nothing more like an honest man than a rogue, whose best outfit is hypocrisy. He delights in the most sublime speculations, as it costs nothing to have them magnificent and is both the archer and the mark, always aiming at his own praise or profit. A writer gives this advice: "Always judge your fellow passengers to be the opposite of what they strive to appear." A military man is not quarrelsome, for no one doubts his courage; a clergyman is not straightlaced, for his piety is not questioned; a woman that is all smiles and graces may be a vixen at heart, and the stranger who is obsequious and over civil without apparent cause, is generally treacherous.

> "An open foe may prove a curse,
> But a pretended friend is worse."

Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue. It often wears the livery of religion, and is cautious of giving scandal. It has been remarked "Wherever God erects a house of prayer, the Devil always builds a chapel there," and the examination often finds him with a large congregation. When any good thing arises, there comes up an ugly carricature of it, sidling up against the reality—under mimicking its wisdom, or overacting its folly, and with half the world all this passes for genuine.

> "O what may man within him hide,
> Though angel on the outward side."

Many people live ironical lives, and by their histrionic efforts, succeed in trimming sail to suit the wind; if they cannot turn it, they turn their mills, and set them so, that no matter how the wind blows, their grist is sure to be ground.

We should personate only ourselves; it is hard to act a part long, for when truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return and will in the end betray herself. Men never affect to be what they are, but what they are not. A writer says: "Swim smoothly in the stream of thy nature, and live but one man." To single hearts, doubling is discruciating; such tempers must sweat to dissemble, and prove but hypocritical hypocrites. Their simulation must be short. Since sincerity is thy temper, let varacity be thy virtue in words, manners and actions.

A Great City of Dead Animals.

"What becomes of the dead animals in a large city?" asked an official in the health office recently. "I can tell you what becomes of those we have to deal with. They are shipped to a rendering establishment thirty miles south of the city, where they are skinned, cooked, dried and ground into guano. These works are located in a sort of wilderness just over the Indiana line. The place is called Globe station, but with the exception of the huge building in which the rendering is done there is not a structure for miles around. No passenger trains run past this immense animal crematory for the reason that the stench hanging around the neighborhood would nauseate an ordinary person.

The dead animals reach the works late at night. Upon their arrival a man goes around yanking off the shoes on the horses' feet and cutting off their tails and manes. The dogs, cows, cats and horses are then taken to the steaming room, where the frost is taken out of them, after which they are skinned. The meat is taken off their bones and cast into a great vat, where it is boiled to a pulp. From the vat the meat is taken to a drying room, where it soon hardens. It is then ground up and sold as one brand of guano. There is nothing about a dead animal that is not turned to profit. The skin of the horses is sold for saddle coverings and boot leggins, while the larger bones of the noble animal are purchased by manufacturers of cutlery. The manes go to the shoe-makers and the long, glossy tails are made up into livery stable switches. The small bones of all animals are ground up into fertilizing material, which is preferred to either blood or meat guano for the reason that it contains more lime.

"It costs the city $7,500 a year to dispose of its dead animals. The owners of the beasts receive no money for the 'stiffs,' as they become the property of the city the moment they are removed from the buildings in which they died."

—The public revenue of all Australasia amounted in 1884 to £22,285,000, and the public expenditure £20,659,000. The public debt at that time was £97,944,000, the value of imports £64,353,000, and of exports, £44,336,000. In the same year shipping representing 10,886,000 tons entered and cleared out of the various ports, irrespective of mere coasting-trade.

Love Me Little, Love Me Long.

Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song;
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still I would not have thee cold,
Nor too backward or too bold;
Love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste.

If thou lovest me too much,
'Twill not prove as true as touch;
Love me little, more than such,
For I feel the end,
I'm with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent,
To be steadfast friend.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live,
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive
While that love endures.
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth
As now, in my May of youth,
This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through pers'ever;
Give me that, with true endeavor
I will it restore.
A suit of durance let it be
For all weathers; that for me
For the land or for the sea
Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or Summer's heat,
Autum's tempest on it beat,
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel.
Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give or woo in vain—
So to thee farewell!

HIS MATCH.

Everybody said that Orphies French was crazy to think of marrying Hector Hunter. In the first place he was too old. (He was thirty-five and Orphies only eighteen.) In the next he was a widower with four children; (Orphies being an only child was unused to children;) and lastyl, he was the crossest-grained, most miserly man that ever existed. Every one in Hillswood knew him. They knew he had been the means of his wife's finding an early grave; and now he wanted to break Orphies' heart; pretty, dimpled, brown-eyed Orphies, the pride of the village, and the admiration of all.

How she came to choose a surly, selfish man like Hector Hunter was a wonder to everybody. It was well known that blue-eyed, sunny-faced Charlie Chester stood ready to lay down his life for her sake, and that James Singleton had offered himself at least three times. Either would have been considered a good match, and yet it was quite evident that Hector Hunter was the man she loved, as she had been known to watch beside him day and night when he was ill, and refuse all food till she was sure he was out of danger.

Yes, Orphies did love him. She was engaged to him, too, and that sunny morning in June was to witness her bridal. She was to be married in the little church where she had been baptized, in the presence of those who had known and loved her from a child. So what was really nobody's business was everybody's business, and proved the topic of conversation throughout the entire village. All her girl friends pitied her; all her male acquaintances envied Hector Hunter. All the matrons bewailed her fate; all the sires hinted that the bridegroom was a lucky man.

Finally came the organ peals, then the solemn service—for it was solemn—and then pretty Orphies went down the aisle leaning on the arm of her sour-looking husband as smilingly as if her path was strewn with roses, and her future as clear as a lake at even, when the glory of the setting sun rests upon its bosom.

"I can't afford to take a wedding trip, Orphies," Mr. Hunter had said the night he slipped the engagement ring on her finger, and listened to the shy "yes" whispered under the apple tree which grew back of her pleasant home. "It costs a good deal to live nowadays. The children need clothes, and 'twill take a five dollar bill right out of my pocket to pay the minister. You won't care, will you? You had just as soon settle down as a sensible woman, hadn't you? That's the way my first wife did."

And Orphies said "yes, she'd do anything he liked," like the dear little thing she was. So as soon as her gray-haired pastor had made her Mrs. Hector Hunter, she walked quietly across the village common to the large, gloomy looking house built on its edge, and closed the door in the faces of those looking after her with a world of commiseration in their eyes.

"She'll regret this act of hearn, or my name isn't Miranda Highflyer," said one narrow-minded spinster to another.

"She'll look like a wilted rose by the time she has lived three weeks with those children," said Miss Dean, the village dressmaker, to her customer, Mrs. Flint. "I know all about them. I once made a dress for the first Mrs. Hunter, and I had a grand chance to see some of their actions."

"We've lost pretty Orphies forever," said gray-haired Farmer Slocum. "Rude hands have picked our sweet-briar rose, and there is none other so fair."

"We are going to have Orphies French for a stepmother," said the Hunter children, pressing up to the window which commanded a view of Hillswood common and church. "She's awful pretty, but it's a mystery how she ever came to marry father."

"You know the young folks so well, Orphies, that there is no need of an introduction," said Mr. Hunter, as his young bride kissed one rosy face after another, and sat down in his dead wife's rocking chair with the youngest on her knee. "When you are rested we will go over the house and take a look at things; then we will have some dinner. I dismissed the housekeeper to-day, as I knew we should not need her after you came. Her month was up, and as a penny saved is a penny earned, I let her go. Rosa Belle is large enough to help you about the house. She is fifteen, and as tall as you are. I guess you'll pull together first-rate."

Pretty Orphies looked at her step-daughter questioningly.

"I hope so," she said, quietly. "Yes," kissing her, "I am sure we shall."

That kiss won Rosa Belle.

"Arthur," she said to her twelve-year-old brother the moment the door closed behind her new mother, "take heart. I do believe there is a change coming. The second Mrs. Hunter is very sweet and smiling, but I shouldn't be surprised if father had found his match. She doesn't say a great deal, but there is a look in her eye which makes me feel funny."

"He'll tame her before long," answered Arthur with a knowing shake of the head. "She'll have to knock under the same as the rest of us. I wonder if he'll let me go out on the common to-night? The boys are getting up a base-ball match. Tom Jones was here this morning, and made me promise I'd come. The Skinflints are going to play against the Ironsides, but I'll bet on the—"

"You needn't bet at all," interrupted Rosa Belle, tying on her apron and bustling about the poorly spread table in the room adjoining. "This is father's wedding day, and it isn't at all likely he'll let you go off. Come, Kathie, peel those potatoes for me. Then set the chairs up, and tell the *folks dinner is ready.* I wish I had something better to offer her," she added, looking ruefully at the platter of fried pork in the centre of the table, flanked on either side by a dish of apple-sauce and a huge loaf of wheat bread.

"I wish we had silver forks and glass goblets like Hattie Andrews' folks," said Kathie, hurriedly removing their ugly brown jackets, and tumbling them into the blue earthen dish which Lettie brought from the closet.

"Well, if Mrs. Hunter is as hungry as I am, she won't think of anything but her dinner," exclaimed Arthur, bringing up the chairs with a good deal of noise. "That apple-sauce is scorched, Rosa Belle; I smell it. Father won't relish that."

"Well, I can't help it," answered the girl in a discouraged tone. "He needn't have sent Martha off just at this time."

"It's all right, dear," said a pleasant voice behind her, and Orphies slipped into her seat the head of the table. She had changed her wedding dress for a simple calico, and a white apron was tied about her trim waist. "Martha was getting old, Rosa Belle. We want a younger maid-of-all-work. Never mind the forks, Kathie; I have some better ones in my trunk. Hector, it strikes me this dining-room is rather small," looking about the dingy, poorly furnished apartment. "Can't it be enlarged in any way? You must see Dunham about it at once, as it must be attended to before warm weather sets in. Dog-days are so trying in Hillswood."

"My dear Orphies"—Mr. Hunter turned two severe eyes on the dimpled face opposite—"it would cost a mint of money to enlarge this room."

"Not so very much," said Orphies, composedly. "We had ours done at home. I think papa said the cost was only one hundred and fifty dollars."

"Only one hundred and fifty dollars!" cried Mr. Hunter, staring at his young wife as if he thought her crazy. "Why, my dear Orphies, you speak as if money grew on bushes, and could be picked as easily as berries. Besides, I never heard the first Mrs. Hunter complain that this room was close."

"Poor thing!" said Orphies, pityingly, "perhaps she didn't dare to. What were you saying, Arthur? A base-ball match on the common? Why, that's delightful! Don't stay at home on my account, I beg of you. Go and enjoy yourself while you can. Were I a boy I'd go with you. As it is, I will sit by the window with papa and watch the game. Oh, Hector, I forgot to tell you! Florence Freeman was married yesterday, and who do you think the bridegroom was? Oh, you would never guess, so I might as well tell you. It was Percy Whitman, and such a display as was made. Not at all like our humble union."

"Why didn't you take him, then?" growled Mr. Hunter, whose feelings were somewhat "riled" by the proposed change in his house. "He wanted you at one time, didn't he?"

Orphies laughed gleefully.

"I didn't want him," she said. "I had rather have you than a dozen Percy Whitmans."

And then, springing up, she threw her arms around her husband's neck, greatly to the children's astonishment, and, if the truth be told, to his own as well.

"We will need some wood for the morning, Hector," said Orphies that night, as her husband was preparing to exchange his boots for the comfortable slippers he had commanded Kathie to bring him.

She had found so much to do, and had entered so heartily into the duties awaiting her, that her wedding-day had passed very much the same as those spent under her father's roof.

"Father never chops the wood," ventured Rosa Belle, seeing the look of surprise on her parent's face. "Mamma always did it, and when she died, I looked out for the kindlings."

Orphies gave the batch of dough she was kneading a vigorous turn.

"That isn't a woman's work," she said, with a determined shake of her head. "Come, Arthur, help papa in with the wood, please, and then we will hear all about the base ball match. Hurry, Hector, dear. No, no! Arthur isn't strong enough to cut those great logs. That is your work. He will bring it in as fast as you get it ready, and baby and I will come and see that you do it properly."

Catching the little one in the round, white arms bare to the elbow, and dotted here and there with patches of flour, Orphies danced out into the wood-shed, followed by the grumbling Hector and the amused children.

"Didn't I tell you father had found his match?" whispered Rosa Belle over the basket she was helping her brother to fill. He never did this in his life, and yet he doesn't say a word. I'm glad she's come."

"If she keeps on as she has begun, I'll stand a chance of getting out to play once in a while," answered doubting Arthur. "I had just a jolly good time this afternoon, thanks to her, and if I never get another I can look back on that."

Orphies had been married a week when people began to look for open war; but if there was any, the young wife kept it to herself. To be sure, life was not all sunshine, but she had expected a few rainy days would creep in. She had married Hector Hunter in spite of the reputation he bore. She knew all about his disorderly home and neglected children. She had heard of his harsh treatment of his wife, and his meanness as a citizen, and yet she gladly took him for better or worse. Why she had done so, no one knew, but probably Orphies did, for in spite of the apparent dreariness of her lot, she was as sunny, sweet-tempered and happy in her new home as she had been in her old.

Still she was not blind to the crabbedness of the man she had married. She knew he needed disciplining, therefore the reins she held were tight; but as she always took good care to handle them with gloves, he failed to notice anything strange.

True to her word, Orphies went to work to enlarge the old-fashioned dining-room. She had painters and carpenters, masons and plumbers, till Mr. Hunter was beside himself with rage, and threatened to go away if that state of affairs continued.

Orphies calmly listened to all his speeches; and when the room was finished to her satisfaction, pulled his easy chair into the most comfortable corner, brought out a new pair of slippers and foot-stool, then presented him with the bill and the most charming kiss in the world. Strange to say, he paid the former without a word, and returned the latter with interest.

Still holding her tight but invisible rein, and atoning for her harsh measures by the most loving caresses, Orphies at length succeeded in subduing her unruly steed and getting him to bend to the yoke. But her ideas of improvement did not end with the enlargement of the dining-room. A new two-story ell was added the following spring. The parlor was refurnished, and a grand piano for Arthur's special use brought from the city.

"My children shall be taught to love their home," said the determined little mother, when her husband battled against what he called a foolish piece of extravagance. "Rosa Belle is quite old enough to go into society. Young Tomlinson is partial to her, and I had rather have him feel free to call where I can have a chance of judging of his character than to endeavor to meet her on street corners or at the village post-office. Books and music have an ennobling influences over the young. and I had rather have Arthur master of the piano than of the billiard table. In order to keep our boys and girls we must exert ourselves to please them. Give them husks at home, and they will seek the wheat elsewhere."

To this speech Mr. Hunter replied in curt, but decisive words. He guessed he was the master of his own children, and, as to having his house filled with company from morning till night, he would not. It was out of the question. He couldn't afford it. Gas was expensive, and the wear and tear of carpets and furniture was something to be thought of.

But after following Rosa Belle about from corner to corner a few evenings, and breaking up a few private interviews with young Tomlinson, after listening to Arthur's boyish bets over a game of billiards, and breaking up Kathie's intimacy with the girls employed as "cash" in Blind & Co's. store, he gave in, and quietly put all responsibility on his wife.

Though young in years, Orphies was a wise little woman. Never as much as "I told you so" passed her lips. Calmly accepting the burden, she carried it along as she had intended to do when Fate gave her Hector Hunter for a husband. And the man whom all the village had feared on account of his crabbedness said never a word. Books, papers, music and paintings found their way in his home. His house was always open to the young, the old always welcome to the warmest place beside his hearth.

When Rosa Belle's engagement with young Tomlinson became public, and people congratulated him on his enterprising son-in-law, he smiled quietly. When Arthur came home from college loaded with honors, he blushed with pride; and when Kathie received her diploma, and was pronounced capable of taking a high rank as public school teacher, he hugged himself with satisfaction.

Though always thoughtful and considerate of his young wife, he was never known to acknowledge her superiority by word of mouth. Man-like, he refused to give her her due, and the only praise she ever received for her toil and care was from the lips of her son Arthur the day he was admitted to the bar.

"I tell you, Tomlinson," he said to that interested brother-in-law, "all I am I owe to my plucky little step-mother. My father probably meant well, but I should never have reached the place I occupy to-day if he hadn't met his match."

London Beggars.

Perhaps the most obstinately persevering solicitors, who accept no denial and are stolidly insensible to rebuff, are the squalid females with a couple of children, one generally in arms, and both, if report speaks truth, in most cases hired for the day. Their stock in trade usually consists of a few faded flowers—lavender in autumn—or half a dozen pencils, and, as they invariably frequent the streets where the absence of shops deprives their victim of any possible place or refuge, a lady walking without an escort, especially when carrying a bag or portemonnaie, has no chance with them. Others, somewhat more respectably attired, are provided with baskets containing an assortment of cuffs, collars or knitted gloves, according to the season, and lie in wait for any carriage that may chance to stop while a card or message is being delivered, accompanying the display of their wares with the never failing professional whine. Some years ago, passing along Grosvenor street, I noticed a brougham standing in front of a house near Bond street, in which sat a lady, evidently awaiting the return of a friend who had just gone in. At the door of the carriage a stout, red-faced female had taken up her post, and notwithstanding repeated refusals on the part of the occupant, persisted in thrusting her basket through the open window, until the lady, annoyed by her importunities, sharply pulled up the glass.

"Did you ever see the like?" indignantly exclaimed the disappointed harp with a strong Milesian accent. "Is it shutting the window in me face ye're after? Sure and may the gates of h—l be the revarse to ye!"

Street prowlers of the male sex may be classed in two distinct categories, the pertinacious and the quietly respectful. To the former belong the hulking young fellow with a bunch of groundsel in his band, by way of protest against being "run in" by an over-officious 'bobby"; and the seedy individual who sidles mysteriously up to you with the request that you will "spare a copper for a poor man," keeping pace with you for 100 yards or so, and bestowing uncomplimentary epithets on your hard-heartedness in the event of a refusal.

Those Old Time Straw Hats.

One seldom sees now the Panama and Manilla straw hats which were so much in favor in my boyhood; some of them were of very fine workmanship, and they were kept as carefully as family jewels. and lasted about as long. There was a certain individuality given to individuals and classes in the community by their straw hats in those days; the East India and South America merchants had their finely plaited Panama or Manilla hats, and clergymen wore hats of dark colored straw with wide black bands, which comported with the rest of their clerical attire. I wish our fashions in head-gear did not run so into ruts, although I am glad to note that some men of distinction keep out of them. There is a certain esteemed judge of our supreme judicial court who, as soon as the court adjourns in summer, puts on his light colored gossamer felt hat, which can be crushed into a handful, and he looks extremely comfortable in consequence. A friend of mine who put on such a hat a month or more ago was rallied by an acquaintance on wearing a "billy cock" hat before the adjournment of the supreme court, which, by the action of one of its members, had created a precedent as to the time at which such hats could properly be worn.

The Shrewdness of Monkeys.

In a house on the Boulevard Napoleon of Toulouse a woman locked up her monkey in a desk and went out shopping; on her return she missed three napoleons, a gold five-franc piece and a franc in silver. There was no trace of a burglary. Very much bewildered by these losses the good woman was deep in reflection over the matter when she heard a roar of laughter from her neighbor's garden. "Oh, the thief!" cried several persons at once. "Where has he stolen this?" The dame descended instantly, ran out and said: "Oh, my money, messieurs where is the thief?" He is up a tree madame," pointed up to a monkey on a high branch above them, "but here is the money." The monkey, who certainly would be an invaluable assistant to a burglar, had been seen to climb into the window of one of the good lady's rooms, had unlocked a drawer, found the money and concealing it in his jowl had brought it to his master. I find that no less an authority than Buffon declares that a female chimpanzee who went out to service at Loango, made the beds, swept the house, and so far assisted in cooking as to turn the spit. Monsieur de Grandpe, an officer of the French navy, tells of another chimpanzee, on board a French man-of-war, which assists the cook and turns the capstan and furls sail as well as any of the sailors. In China monkeys help in the tea picking, and Lord Monboddo used to gravely contend that apes could talk readily enough, but that their superior cunning told them to hold their tongues lest they should be put to hard work.

Who Knows?

I grant her fair—aye, passing fair,
As lovely as a budding rose;
But is there soul behind that face,
A beauty 'neath that outward grace?
Who knows—who knows?

Does light of love beam from those eyes?
The love that in her bosom glows?
Or is the light that lingers there
Delusive, though it shines so fair?
Who knows—who knows?

Does that fair form of a fairer charm,
A tender, loving heart inclose?
A heart whose tendrils, like the vine,
Would round the heart that loved it twine?
Who knows—who knows?

And should life's sky be overcast,
And gathering clouds around thee close,
Should fortune frown and false friends flee,
Would that heart still cling close to thee?
Who knows—who knows!

Or is she, can she ever be,
As fickle as the wind that blows
And veers, as if it were at play,
Trifling with all who own her sway?
Who knows—who knows?

But why a prey to doubt remain?
Why halt 'twixt hope and fear?—propose.
She may be waiting till you dare
To crown with love that beauty rare,
Who knows—who knows?

THE GENTLEMAN BEGGAR.

One morning, many years ago, I called by appointment on Mr. John Balance, the fashionable pawnbroker, to accompany him to Liverpool in pursuit for a Levanting customer—for Balance, in addition to pawning, does a little business in the 40 per cent. line. It rained in torrents when the cab stopped at the passage which leads past the pawning boxes to his private door. The cabman rang twice, and at length Balance appeared, looming through the mist and rain in the entry, illuminated by his perpetual cigar. As I eyed him rather impatiently, remembering that trains wait for no man, something like a hairy dog or bundle of rags rose up at his feet and barred his passage for a moment. Then Balance cried out with an exclamation, in answer apparently to a something I could not hear. "What, man alive! slept in the passage! there, take that and get some breakfast, for heaven's sake!" So saying, he jumped into the hansom and we bowled away at ten miles an hour, just catching the express as the doors of the station were closing. My curiosity was full set; for although Balance can be free with his money, it is not exactly to beggars that his generosity is usually displayed; so when comfortably ensconced in a coupe, I finished with:

"You are liberal with your money this morning; pray, how often do you give silver to street cadgers? because I shall know what walk to take when flats and sharps leave off buying law."

Balance, who would have made an excellent parson if he had not been bred to a case-hardening trade, and has still a soft bit left in his heart that is always fighting with his hard heart, did not smile at all, but looked as if squeezing a lemon into his Saturday night's punch. He answered slowly: "A cadger—yes, a beggar—a miserable wretch he is now; but let me tell you Master David, that that miserable bundle of rags was born and bred a gentleman; the son of a nobleman, the husband of an heiress, and has sat and dined at tables where you and I, Master David, are only allowed to view the plate by favor of the butler. I have lent him thousands and been well paid. The last thing I had from him was his court suit, and I hold now his bill for £100, that will be paid, I expect, when he dies.',

"Why, what nonsense you are talking! You must be dreaming this morning. However, we are alone, I'll light a weed, in defiance of railway law; you shall spin that yarn, for, true or untrue, it will fill up the time to Liverpool."

"As for yarn," replied Balance, "the whole story is short enough; and as for truth, that you may easily find out if you like to take the trouble. I thought the poor wretch was dead, and I own it put me out meeting him this morning, for I had a curious dream last night."

"Oh, hang your dreams! Tell us about this gentleman beggar that bleeds you of half-crowns—that melts the heart even of a pawnbroker."

"Well, then, that beggar is the illegitimate son of the late marquis of Hoopborough by a Spanish lady of rank. He received a first-rate education and was brought up in his father's house. At a very early age he obtained an appointment in a public office, and was presented by the marquis at court and received into the first society, where his handsome person and agreeable manners made him a great favorite. Soon after coming of age he married the daughter of Sir E. Bumber, who brought him a very handsome fortune, which was strictly settled on herself. They lived in splendid style, kept several carriages, a house in town and a place in the country. For some reason or other, idleness, or to please his lady's pride, he resigned his appointment. His father died and left him nothing; indeed, he seemed at that time very handsomely provided for.

"Very soon Mr. and Mrs. Molinos Fitz Roy began to disagree. She was cold, correct—he was hot and random. He was quite dependent on her, and she made him feel it. When he began to get into debt he came to me. At length some shocking quarrel occurred; some case of jealousy on the wife's side, not without reason, I believe, and the end of it was Mr. Fitz Roy was turned out of doors. The house was his wife's, the furniture was his wife's and the fortune was his wife's—he was, in fact, her pensioner. He left with a few hundred pounds ready money and some personal jewelry and went to a hotel. On these and credit he lived. Being illegitimate he had no relations; being a fool, when he spent his money he lost his friends. The world took his wife's part, when they found she had the fortune, and the only parties who interfered were her relatives, who did their best to make the quarrel incurable. To crown all, one night he was run over by a cab, was carried to a hospital and lay there for months, and was, during several weeks of the time unconscious. A message to the wife, by the hands of one of his debauched companions, sent by a humane surgeon, obtained an intimation that 'if he died, Mr. Croak, the undertaker to the family had orders to see to the funeral,' and that Mrs. Molinos was on the point of starting for the continent, not to return for some years. When Fitz Roy was discharged he came to me limping on two sticks, to pawn his court suit, and told me his story. I was really sorry for the fellow, such a handsome, thoroughbred looking man. He was going then into the west somewhere, to try to hunt out a friend. "What to do, Balance,' he said, 'I don't know. I can't dig, and unless somebody will make me their gamekeeper I must starve, or beg, as my Jezebel bade me when we parted.'

"I lost sight of Molinos for a long time, and when I next came upon him it was in the Rookery of Westminster, in a low lodging house, where I was searching with an officer for stolen goods. He was pointed out to me as the 'gentleman cadger,' because he was so free with his money when 'in luck.' He recognized me, but turned away then. I have since seen him and relieved him more than once, although he never asks for anything. How he lives, heavens knows. Without money, without friends, without useful education of any kind, he tramps the country, as you saw him, perhaps doing a little hop-picking or hay-making, only happy when he obtains the means to get drunk. I have heard through the kitchen whispers, that you know come to me, that he is entitled to some property, and I expect if he were to die his wife would pay the £100 bill I hold; at any rate, what I have told you I know to be true, and the bundle of rags I relieved just now is known in every thieves' lodging as the 'gentleman cadger.'"

The story produced an impression on me. I am fond of speculation and like the excitement of a legal hunt as much as some do a fox chase. A gentleman, a beggar, a wife rolling in weath, rumors of unknown property due to the husband; it seems as if there was picking for me amidst this carrion of pauperism. Before returning from Liverpool I had purchased the gentleman beggar's acceptance from Balance. I then inserted in the *Times* the following advertisement: "Horace Molinos Fitz Roy. If this gentleman will apply to David Discount, Esq., solicitor, St. James' he will hear of something to his advantage. Any person furnishing Mr. F.'s address shall receive £1 1s reward. He was last seen, etc." Within twenty-four hours I had ample proof of the wide circulation of the *Times.* My office was besieged by beggars of every degree, men and women, lame and blind, Irish, Scotch and English, some on crutches, some in bowls some in go-carts. They all knew him as the "gentleman," and I must do the regular fraternity of tramps the justice to say that not one would answer a question until he made certain that I meant the "gentleman" no harm.

One evening about three weeks after the appearance of the advertisement my clerk announced "another beggar." There came in an old man leaning on a staff, clad in a soldier's gray coat all patched and torn, with a battered hat, from under which a mass of tangled hair fell over his shoulders and half concealed his face. The beggar, in a weak, wheezy, hesitating tone, said: "You have advertised for Molinos Fitz-Roy. I hope you don't mean him any harm; he is sunk, I think, too low for enmity now, and surely no one would sport with such misery as his." These last words were uttered in a sort of piteous whisper.

I answered quickly. "Heaven forbid I should sport with misery; I mean and hope to do him good as well as myself."

"Then, sir, I am Molinos Fitz-Roy!"

While we were conversing, candles had been brought in. I have not very tender nerves—my head would not agree with them—but I own I started and shuddered when I saw and knew that the wretched creatures before me was under 30 years of age and once a gentleman. Sharp, aquiline features, reduced to literal skin and bone, were begrimmed and covered with dry fair hair; the white teeth of the half open mouth chattered with eagerness and made more hideous the foul pallor of the rest of the countenance. As he stood leaning on a staff half bent, his long, yellow, bony fingers clasped over the crutch head of his stick, he was indeed a picture of misery, famine, squalor and premature age, too horrible to dwell upon. I made him sit down, and then sent for some refreshment, which he devoured like a ghoul, and set to work to unravel his story. It was difficult to keep to the point; but with pains I learned what convinced me that he was entitled to some property, whether great or small there is no evidence. On parting I said, "Now, Mr. F., you must stay in town while I make proper inquiries. What allowance will be enough to keep you comfortably?"

He answered humbly, after much pressing, "Would you think ten shillings too much?"

I don't like, if I do these things at all, to do them shabbily, so I said: "Come every Saturday and you shall have a pound." He was profuse in his thanks, as all such men are as long as distress lasts.

I had previously learned that my ragged client's wife was in England, living in a splendid house in Hyde Park gardens, under her maiden name. On the following day the earl of Owen called upon me, wanting £5000 by 5 o'clock the same evening. It was a case of life or death with him, so I made my terms, and took advantage of his pressure to execute a coup demain. I proposed that he should drive me home to receive the money, calling at Mrs. Molinos', in Hyde Park gardens on our way. I knew that the coronet and liveries of his father the marquis would insure me an audience with Mrs. Molinos-Fitz-Roy.

My scheme answered. I was introduced into the lady's presence. She was, and probably is, a very stately, handsome woman, with pale complexion, high, solid forehead, regular features, thin, pinched, self-satisfied mouth. My interview was very short. I plunged into the middle of the affair, but had scarcely mentioned the word husband, when she interrupted me with, "I presume you have lent this profligate person money and you want me to pay you." She paused, and then said: "He shall not have a farthing." As she spoke her white face became scarlet.

"But, madam, the man is starving. I have strong reasons for believing he is entitled to property, and if you refuse any assistance I must take other measures." She rang the bell, wrote something rapidly on a card, and, as the footman appeared, pushed it toward me across the table with the air of touching a toad, saying: "There, sir, is the address of my solicitors; apply to them if you think you have any claim. Robert, show the person out, and take care he is not admitted again."

So far I had effected nothing; and, to tell the truth, felt rather crestfallen under the influence of that grand manner peculiar to certain great ladies and to all great actresses.

My next visit was to the attorneys, Messrs. Leasem & Fashum of Lincoln's Inn square, and there I was at home. I had had dealings with the firm before. They were agents for half the aristocracy, who always run in crowds like sheep after the same wine merchants, the same architects, the same horse dealers, and the same law agents. It may be doubted whether the quality of law and land management they got on this principle is equal to their wine and horses. At any rate, my friends of Lincoln's Inn, like others of the same class, are distinguished by their courteous manners, deliberate proceedings, innocence of legal technicalities, long credit and heavy charges. Leasem, the elder partner, wears powder and a huge bunch of seals, lives in Queen square, drives a brougham, gives the dinners and does the cordial department. He is so strict in performing this latter duty that he once addressed a poacher who had shot a duke's keeper as "my dear creature," although he afterward hung him.

Fashum has chambers in St. James street, drives a cab, wears a tip, and does the grand haha style.

My business lay with Leasem. The interviews and letters passing were numerous. However, it came at last to the following dialogue:

"Well, my dear Mr. Discount," began Mr. Leasem, who hates me like poison, "I'm really very sorry that poor, dear Molinos—knew his father well; a great man, a perfect gentleman; but you know what women are, eh, Mr. Discount? My client won't advance a shilling; she knows it would only be wasted in low dissipation. Now, don't you think (this was said very insinuatingly)—don't you think he had better be sent to the workhouse; very comfortable accommodations there, I can assure you—meat twice a week, and excellent soup; and then, Mr. Discount, we might consider about allowing you something for that bill."

"Mr. Leasem, can you reconcile it to your conscience to make such an arrangement? Here's a wife rolling in luxury and a husband starving!"

"No, Mr. Discount, not starving; there is the workhouse, as I observed before; besides allow me to suggest that these appeals to feeling are quite unprofessional—quite unprofessional."

"But, Mr. Leasem, touching this property, which the poor man is entitled to?"

"Why, there, again, Mr. D., you must excuse me; you really must. I don't say he is; I don't say he is not. If you know he is entitled to property, I am sure you know how to proceed. The law is open to you, Mr. Discount—the law is open—and a man of your talent will know how to use it."

"Then, Mr. Leasem, you mean that I must, in order to right this starving man, file a bill of discovery to extract from you the particulars of his rights. You have the marriage settlement and all the information, and you decline to allow a pension or afford any information; the man is to starve or go to the work-house."

"Why, Mr. D. you are so quick and violent. It really is not professional; but you see (here a subdued smile of triumph) it has been decided that a solicitor is not bound to afford such information as you ask to the injury of his client."

"Then you mean that this poor Molinos may rot and starve, while you keep secret from him at his wife's request, his title to an income, and that the court of chancery will back you in this iniquity."

I kept repeating the words "starve," because I saw it made my respectable opponent wince.

"Well, then, just listen to me. I know that in the happy state of your equity law, chancery can't help my client, but I have another plan: I will go hence to my office, issue a writ, take your client's husband in execution; as soon as he is lodged in jail I shall file his schedule in the insolvent court, and when he come up for his discharge, I shall put you in the witness box, and examine you on oath, 'touching property of which you know the insolvent to be possessed,' and where will be your privilege communication then?"

The respectable Leasem's face lengthened in a twinkling, his comfortable, confident air vanished, he ceased twiddling his gold chain, and, at length, he muttered:

"Suppose we pay the debt?"

"Why, then, I'll arrest him the day after for another."

"But, my dear Mr. Discount, surely such conduct would not be quite respectable."

"That's my business; my client has been wronged, I am determined to right him, and when the aristocratic firm of Leasem & Fashun takes refuge, according to the custom of respectable repudiators, in the cool arbors of the court of chancery, why, a mere bill discounting attorney like David Discount need not hesitate about cutting a bludgeon out of the insolvent court."

"Well, well, Mr. D., you are so warm—so fiery. We must deliberate; we must consult. You will give me until the day after to-morrow, and then we'll write you our final determination. In the mean time send us a copy of your authority to act for Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy."

Of course I lost no time in getting the gentleman beggar to sign a proper letter.

On the appointed day came a communication with L. and F. seal, which I opened, not without professional eagerness. It was as follows:

"In re Molinos Fitz-Roy and Another.

"Sir—I answer to your application on behalf of Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy, we beg to inform you that under the administration of a paternal aunt who died intestate, your client is entitled to £2500 8s 6d., 3 per cents; £1500 19s 4d., 3 per cents. Reduced; £1000 long annuities; £500 bank stock; £3500 India stock, besides other securities, making up £10,000, which we are prepared to transfer over to Mr. Molinos Fitz Roy's direction forthwith."

Here was a windfall! It quite took away my breath.

At dusk came my gentleman beggar, and what puzzled me was, how to break the news to him. Being very much overwhelmed with business that day, I had not much time for consideration. He came in rather better dressed than when I first saw him, with only a week's beard on his chin; but, as usual, not quite sober. Six weeks had elapsed since our first interview. He was still the humble, trembling, low-voiced creature I first knew him.

After a prelude, I said, "I find, Mr. F., you are entitled to something; pray, what do you mean to give me in addition to my bill, for obtaining it?" He answered rapidily, "Oh, take half; if there is £100, take half; if there is £500, take half."

"No, no, Mr. F., I don't do business in that way; I shall be satisfied with 10 per cent."

It was so settled. I then led him out into the street, impelled to tell him the news, yet dreading the effect; not daring to make the revelation in my office, for fear of a scene.

I began hesitatingly, "Mr. Fitz-Roy, I am happy to say that I find you are entitled to * * * £10,000!"

"Ten thousand pounds!" he echoed; "£10,000!" he shrieked; "£10,000!" he yelled, seizing my arm violently. "You are a brick. Here cab! cab!" Several drove up—the shout might have been heard a mile off. He jumped in the first.

"Where to?" said the driver.

"To a tailor's, you rascal!"

"Ten thousand pounds! ha, ha, ha!" he repeated hysterically when in the cab, and every moment grasping my arm. Presently he subsided, looked me straight in the face, and muttered with agonizing fervor:

"What a jolly brick you are!"

The tailor, the hosier, the bootmaker, the hair dresser, were in turn visited by this poor pagan of externals. As, by degrees, under their hands, he emerged from the beggar to the gentleman, his spirits rose; his eyes brightened; he walked erect, but always nervously grasping my arm; fearing apparently, to lose sight of me for a moment, lest his fortune should vanish with me. The impatient pride with which he gave his orders to the astonished tradesman for the finest and best of everything, and the amazed air of the fashionable hair dresser when he presented his matted locks and stubble chin to be "cut and shaved" may be acted—it cannot be described.

By the time the external transformation was complete and I sat down in a cafe in the Haymarket opposite a haggard but handsome, throughbred-looking man, whose air, with the exception of the wild eyes and deeply browned face, did not differ from the stereotyped men about town sitting around us. Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy had already almost forgotten the past. He bullied the waiter and criticised the wine, as if he had done nothing else but dine and drink and scold there all the days of his life.

Once he wished to drink my health, and would have proclaimed his whole story to the coffee room assembly in a raving style. When I left he almost wept in terror at the idea of losing sight of me. But allowing for these ebullitions—the natural result of such a whirl of events—he was wonderfully calm and self-possessed.

The next day his first care was to distribute £50 among his friends the cadgers, at a house of call in Westminster, and formally to dissolve his connection with them; those present undertaking for the "fraternity" that for the future he should never be noticed by them in public or private. I cannot follow his career much farther. Adversity had taught him nothing. He was soon again surrounded by well-bred vampires, who had forgotten him when penniless; but they amused him, and that was enough. The £10,000 were rapidly melting when he invited me to a grand dinner at Richmond, which included a dozen of the most agreeable, good-looking, well-dressed dandies of London, interspersed with a display of pretty butterfly bonnets. We dined deliciously, and drank as men do of iced wines in the dog days—looking down from Richmond hill.

One of the pink bonnets crowned Fitz-Roy with a wreath of flowers; he looked—less the intellect—as handsome as Alcibiades. Intensely excited and flushed, he rose with a champagne glass in his hand to propose my health.

The oratorical powers of his father had not descended to him. Jerking out sentences by spasms, at length he said, "I was a beggar—I am a gentleman—thanks to this——"

Here he leaned heavily on my shoulder a moment and then fell back. We raised him, loosened his neckcloth—

"Fainted!" said the ladies.

"Drunk!" said the gentlemen.

He was dead.

FASHION NOTES.

—In a young girl's dress of plain and fancy striped silk the lower skirt has stripes so set as to make two flounces; full drapery, the back having a stripe down the edge as trimming; a plain coat body over full vest, with stripe down the middle; collar and cuffs of stripe; revers of velvet. This is very stylish and becoming for a slender girl.

A very pretty narrow-striped gingham is made with the lower skirt in side plaits; the body is in slip fashion, with a shirred front at the neck; a band around the lower edge of the overdress; the collar, the waist trimming, cuffs, sleeve trimming and belt are of fancy striped goods.

Another has the lower skirt of narrow striped goods and jacket of wide stripe, with revers, collar and cuffs of plain; rest of narrow stripe; a full sash passes around the waist under the jacket and ties in a large bow at the back.

A very unique dress is of plain and plaid surah. The plaid is made up bias; the skirt is in wide side plaits, the waist full, falling over the skirt in front in blouse fashion; long coat body of plain goods, with extra points of velvet, very narrow at the top and widening to a point below the waist; standing collar, with bow at the side, and plain cuffs.

In a tiny girl's dress of cashmere the body and skirt are in one piece, with shirring at the waist, surah sash with fancy ornament at the side; wide collar and cuffs of embroidery.

A princess dress of surah is made with full fronts; the skirt in front trimmed with a fall of lace, velvet yoke and wide velvet cuffs, full sleeves; ribbon sash tied in front.

Another dress is of plain and striped summer silk and lace; sides and back of skirt of plain silk in wide plaits; front of lace, which extends to the throat, making a full vest; cut-away body and sleeves of striped silk; velvet belt, drawn loosely around the waist and fastened with a clasp, velvet shoulder-knots, collar and cuffs of striped goods made up bias and with velvet bows.

—The most fashionable of amusements this summer is yachting, and the numerous shipwrecks which marked the beginning of the season have in no wise cooled the enthusiasm of those who love to sail on blue waters under sunny skies. Yachting toilets are therefore quite the order of the day, and a subject of too deep an interest to our fair readers for us to neglect.

The difficulty in composing a costume of this style is to avoid falling into undue eccentricity. The usual thing is to wear the sailor costume with either the jacket or redingote, according to the weather, and the yachting hat of fancy straw, with the long blue gauze veil covering head and face.

But there are prettier models more novel, and with a dash of fancy tempered with good taste. For instance, a skirt of white vigogne, trimmed with wide navy-blue worsted galloon. The tunic, of the same vigogne, is simply draped; on the right it leaves the skirt uncovered very high up, and is trimmed with a revers of blue serge. The jacket is white, with large buttons of blue passementerie. It opens over a chemisette of blue serge, and is tied across with ribbons of blue moire, upon which is inscribed the name of the yacht. The costume is completed by a white serge cap, with flat brim, and a blue band round the crown. It is pretty and comfortable, and uncommon, without eccentricity.

Another is of blue serge. The skirt, plaited without any drapery, opens on the left side over a panel of white and blue striped fancy woolen material cut on the cross. Blue jacket over a striped chemisette cut on the straight; short striped tabs over the shoulders. Instead of buttons, large circles as big as crown pieces are made of white braid twisted round and round. There are two rows of those, one on each side. The head-gear is a white cloth cap with broad cloth brim edged with braid and a wide fancy galloon round the crown.

Of course, these costumes, specially, composed for yachting, can also be worn as toilets for the beach. The same may be said for croquet or lawn-tennis dresses. For these, white woolen materials are preferred, a plaited skirt and a jacket, or chemise-russe. For lawn-tennis we have noticed a tunic of buff net-work very prettily draped over a skirt of Havana cloth. At the foot of the skirt a band of buff cloth is embroidered with the emblems of tennis, balls and battledores. By way of ornament to the cap and tunic, grelot fringes of the color of the balls.

☞ The REPUBLICAN and the Philadelphia Weekly PRESS one year for $1.25.

Now is your time. Bring in your cash. We don't offer chromos or other premiums, but give you the benefit of this special arrangement.

Come now—don't wait.

Farms & Residences
In Hammonton,
Placed in our hands
For Sale.

A very desirably located lot, 50x150 feet, on Bellevue Ave, near the Presbyterian Church. Cheap, for cash.

Also, two nice lots on French Street, near Horton,—just the place for a residence. Price is low. These three are the property of J. C. BROWNING.

The Lewis Hoyt farm, on Main Road,—5 acres, 8-room house, very convenient, splendid location, cheap.

Thirty acres near R.R. station, 4000 pear trees, 1200 apple trees, and other fruit, two fine building sites. Easy terms.

The Capt. J. C. Almy place,—Twenty acres on Bellevue Ave., large house, barn, sheds, etc. Part of the land can be divided into building lots, and will be in demand. This would prove a good investment.

The William Colwell farm, 14 acres, on Third Street—runs to the C. & A. Railroad. Ten acres in pears, balance in other fruits. An eight-room house, good barn, shop, sheds, hot-beds, etc. Paid a good profit last year, and is increasing in value.

For particulars, inquire at the REPUBLICAN Office.

The Virginia Republican Committee has decided not to call a State Convention, but has issued an address to the people.

Floods have nearly destroyed the rice crop in South Carolina and there will be no work for the negro hands until January.

It has been discovered that Democratic state officials cleaned out the Indiana Treasury by wrongful payments of interest.

The Grand Army expect to parade 50,000 members at their encampment in St. Louis next month.

The War Department has as yet received no official information concerning the reported Indian outbreak in Colorado. And that is just what people are complaining about.

The gains and losses in Kentucky on the last presidential vote look suspiciously alike, the Republican gain being 8841 and the Democratic loss being 8342.

Much excitement has been caused at Ottawa by reports of seizures of Canadian sealing vessels by United States cruisers in the waters of Alaska.

The War Department at Washington is still of the opinion that the Ute troubles can be settled without bloodshed.

Gladstone has a cold, but, hoarse as he is, one blast upon his bugle-horn—dry as it is—were worth 10,000 Tories.

One of the leading railway journals says that "wooden bridges must go." And, in fact, they are going, but too often they don't go until the loaded excursion train runs on them.

SALE FOR TAXES.

For the Tax of 1885.

TOWN OF HAMMONTON.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a warrant issued by N. Heartwell, Esq., to make the taxes laid on unimproved and untenanted lands, and on lands tenanted by persons not the lawful proprietors, who are unable to pay their tax, in the Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic, the Collector of said town will, on WEDNESDAY, the

7th day of September

Next, at the hour of 2 o'clock P.M., at the office of the Town Clerk, sell the timber, wood, herbage, and other vendible property found on the premises, taxed to the under named persons, to make the taxes and costs annexed to their respective names:

The Costs in each case will be 36 cents.

NAMES.	BLOCK.	LOT.	ACRES.	TAX
Andrus, Geo. Est.	10	21½	5	1 00
Ballinger, Dudley	17	41	9	1 99
Barstow, J. M.	1	59	10	1 49
Broadock, E. & I. A.	6	part 6	4	1 00
Brown, L. W.	19	13	10	2 26
"	19	16	10	1 26
Clement, Samuel	17	—	23	3 97
Cochran, Benjamin	9	39	10	1 59
Evans, David, Est.	17	...	6	2 50
Fidell, Eli & Chas.	17	25	9½	1 00
Gleason Est.	13	part 66	1½	1 00
Houck, Wm.	8	part 6	1½	10 40
Hemphill, Robert	—	46½	10	1 18
Hopkins, Chas. P.	16	—	20	50
McCormack, Edw.	4	19	2	1 00
Miller, Geo. F. Est.	1	22, 28½, 29	45	8 93
Nell, Thomas	19	—	3	43
Rubicam & Sellers	2	63, 67	40	2 00
Vineland Cranberry Co.	19	34	100	3 97
Wharton, James	16	2	16	1 69
Woolston, W. H.	—	—	5	2 99

ORVILLE E. HOYT,
Collector.

Dated August 4th, 1887.

Camden and Atlantic Railroad.

Saturday, June 25, 1888.

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At.Ac. a.m.	At Ex. a.m.	Exp. p.m.	Sat'y Exp. p.m.	Exp. p.m.	Exp. p.m.	Acco. p.m.	Exp p.m.	SuExc a.m.	S.Exp a.m.	Su.Ac. a.m.	S.Exp. a m.	Su.Ac. p.m.
Philadelphia	8 00	9 40	2 00	2 15	2 50	4 00	4 30	5 00	7 00	7 30	8 00	8 30	4 00
Camden	8 10	.....	2 10	2 25	3 00	4 10	4 40	5 10	7 10	7 40	8 10	8 40	4 15
Haddonfield	8 30	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	4 58	.....	7 26	.....	8 32	8 54	4 30
Berlin	8 54	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	5 21	.....	7 41	.....	8 58	.....	4 52
Atco	9 00	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	5 26	.....	.....	.....	9 04	.....	4 58
Waterford	9 06	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	5 35	.....	.....	.....	9 10	.....	5 06
Winslow	9 18	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	5 45	.....	.....	.....	9 29	.....	5 17
Hammonton	9 25	10 30	.....	.....	3 40	.....	5 52	5 50	8 05	.....	9 37	9 28	5 23
DaCosta	9 32	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	6 13	.....	.....	.....	9 42	.....	5 26
Elwood	9 41	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	6 20	.....	.....	.....	9 51	.....	5 33
Egg Harbor City	9 52	10 50	.....	.....	.....	.....	6 34	6 15	8 21	.....	10 01	9 43	5 40
Absecon	10 13	.....	.....	.....	4 15	.....	6 51	6 35	8 42	8 55	10 22	.....	6 16
Atlantic City	10 25	11 15	3 30	3 50	4 25	5 30	7 03	6 40	9 00	9 05	10 31	10 05	6 18

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At.Ac. a.m.	Expr. a.m.	Exp. a.m.	Acco. p.m.	Exp. p.m.	Expr. p.m.	Exp p.m.	Su.Ac. a.m.	Su.Ex p.m.	Sunday p.m	Expr. p.m.	S Ac p.m.	SEx p.m.	SEx p.m
Philadelphia	9 05	9 50	12 00	6 20	7 20	11 20	—	9 50	6 00	7 05	9 20	7 35	9 35	11 20
Camden	8 58	—	11 50	6 11	7 10	11 12	—	9 39	5 53	6 50	7 53	9 10	7 22	9 23	11 00
Haddonfield	8 43	—	—	5 52	—	—	—	9 24	—	6 40	—	8 51	7 07	—	—
Berlin	8 21	—	—	5 30	—	—	—	8 58	—	—	—	8 30	6 42	—	—
Atco	8 16	—	—	5 26	—	—	—	8 53	—	—	—	—	6 34	—	—
Waterford	8 08	—	—	5 19	—	—	—	8 46	—	—	—	—	6 27	—	—
Winslow	7 59	—	—	5 08	—	—	—	8 37	—	—	—	—	6 08	—	—
Hammonton	7 52	8 54	11 12	5 02	6 18	—	—	8 27	5 11	—	—	8 00	6 02	—	—
DaCosta	7 47	—	—	4 57	—	—	—	8 21	—	—	—	—	5 56	—	—
Elwood	7 40	—	—	4 48	—	—	—	8 13	—	—	—	—	5 48	—	—
Egg Harbor City	7 31	8 40	—	4 37	6 01	—	—	8 05	—	5 53	—	7 32	5 40	—	—
Absecon	7 12	8 27	—	4 15	5 45	—	—	7 43	—	5 40	—	7 17	5 20	—	—
Atlantic City	7 ..	8 17	10 30	4 02	5 35	9 45	—	7 30	4 3	5 30	6 30	7 00	5 05	8 00	9 45

* Stops only to take on passengers for Atlantic City.

† Stops only on signal, to let off passengers

§ Stops only on signal, to take on passengers

The Hammonton accommodation has not been changed—leaves Hammonton at 6:05 a.m. and 12:35 p.m. Leaves Philadelphia at 11:00 a.m. and 6:00 p.m.

On Saturday night, the Atco Accommodation, leaving Philadelphia (Market Street) at 11:30, runs to Hammonton, arriving at 12:55, and runs back to Atco.

On and after Oct. 16th, 1885.

Trains will leave as follows for ATLANTIC,—From Vine Street Ferry,—Express week-days 3.30 p.m.

Accommodation week-days, 8.00 am, 4.30 pm. Sundays, 8.00 am and 4.00 pm.

LOCAL TRAINS FROM PHILA.

For Haddonfield from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 7:00, 8:00, 10:00 and 11.00 am., 12 00 2.00, 4:30, 6.00, 6:30 p.m.

From Vine St. only, 7:50, p.m.

Sunday trains leave both ferries at 8 am., 1.00 and 4:00 pm.

From Pennsylvania Railroad Station, foot of Market st, 7;30 am., 3;00, 5:00, 10,20 and 11,30 pm week days. Sundays, 9;00 am, 5 30 pm.

For Atco, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8;00, and 11 am, 4;30, 6:00 pm. Sundays, 8;00 am, 4;00 pm. From foot of Market St. 11;30 pm, on week-days,

For Hammonton, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8;00, 11 am, 3.30, 4.30, 6;00 pm.; Sundays, 8:00 am, 4;00 pm. On Saturdays only, 11:30 pm

For Marlton, Medford, Mt Holly and intermediate stations, leave foot of Market Street, week days, 7;30 am, 3;00 and 5;00 pm. Sundays, 5:30 pm. From Vine and Shackamaxon St. ferries, 10 am week-days. For Medford and intermediate stations, from foot of Market St. Sundays, 9:00 am.

A. O. DAYTON, Superintendent. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.
