South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher. **Terms--$1.25 Per Year.**

VOL. 24. HAMMONTON, N. J., AUGUST 28, 1886. NO. 35.

THE WALMER HOUSE,

Central Avenue, Hammonton, N. J.

Open at all seasons, for permanent and trasient boarders. Large airy rooms. First-class table. Verandas and balconies to every room. Plenty of Shade. Pure Water. Stabling for horses. ☞ *Special Rates for Families for the Season.* For terms, address—
(Lock-Box 75) WALMER HOUSE,
Hammonton, Atlantic County, New Jersey.

A New Jewelry Store in Cochran's Building,

CARL. M. COOK,

Of Philadelphia, having rented a part of Mr. Cochran's Drug Store, offers to the people of Hammonton, and vicinity a fine line of

Watches Clocks,

Spectacles Jewelry,

Etc. Etc.

He is a Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler, and will make Repairing a Specialty. **Everything Guaranteed.**

☞ Give him a call. Corner Bellevue Ave. & Second St.

Wagons AND Buggies.

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

One-horse wagons, with fine body and Columbia springs complete, 1½ inch tire, 1¼ axle, for CASH,	$60 00
One-horse wagon, complete, 1¼ tire 1⅜ 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.

A.H.Simons & Co

HAMMONTON

BAKERY.

Bread, Cakes, Pies, Etc. } Delivered at your door every morning, (Sundays excepted.)

Canned and Green Fruits,
Fine Confectionery, etc.

AN ELEGANT

ICE CREAM PARLOR

In Chancery of New Jersey.

To Mary C. Potter, Alice G. Potter, and Arthur G. Potter:

By virtue of an order of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, made on the day of the date hereof, in a cause wherein Arthur W. Potter is complainant and you are defendants, you are required to appear and plead, answer, or demur, to the bill of said complaint, on or before the thirty-first day of August next, or the said bill will be taken as confessed against you.

The said bill is filed for partition of certain lands in the Town of Hammonton, in the County of Atlantic, and in the Town of Berlin, in the County of Camden, of which Valorious Potter died seized: and you Mary C. Potter are made defendant because you have a dower interest, as widow, in said lands; and you Alice G. Potter are made defendant because you have a dower interest as widow of Irving S. Potter in said lands; and you Arthur G. Potter are made defendant because you are one of the tenants in common in said lands.

Dated June 30th, 1886.

A. J. KING,
Solicitor of Complainant.
Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J.
Pr.bill,21.4t.33.

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: **Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION,** and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine **TUTT'S PILLS** have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three **"scavengers of the system,"** producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. **TUTT'S PILLS** cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.

"I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and **TUTT'S** are the first that have done me any good. They have cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man." W. D. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O.

Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

THE ATTENTION of the citizens of Hammonton is called to the fact that

GERRY VALENTINE

Is the only RESIDENT

FURNISHING

Undertaker.

Having recently purchased a

New and Modern Hearse,

And all necessary paraphernalia,

I am prepared to satisfy ALL who may call.

Mr. Wm. T. Hood

Will attend, personally, to all calls, whether day or night. ☞ A competent woman ready to assist, also, when desired.

Mr. Hood's residence, on Second St., opposite A. J. Smith's.

Orders may be left at Chas. Simons' Livery.

JOS. S. CHAMPION

Calls attention to the following facts:

1st. He is the only

FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND Furnishing Undertaker

In Atlantic County, being the only undertaker who makes this his special business.

2. He is the only undertaker who keeps a fine new hearse in Hammonton.

3. He is the only undertaker in Atlantic Co. who is a professional embalmer of the dead.

4. He has all the conveniences and appurtenances for carrying on a large business, and is prepared to respond to all calls at the shortest notice, whether day or night.

5. He leads all and follows none, as he makes this his only study.

6. D. B. Berry, of Hammonton will attend to all orders left with him.

Office, No. 3 Fay's Block, Hammonton, N.J

At 1 o'clock Monday afternoon, Editor Cutting, the imprisoned Texan whose case has become one of international importence, was released. Cut stated that he intended to return to El Paso and take charge of his newspaper. His remarkes concerning his prospects showed clearly that he expected to collect a handsome sum from the Mexican Government by way of redress. He will certainly be a sorely disappointed man if the United States Government accepts his release at the end of two months' imprisonment as a satisfactory solution of the trouble. Speaking of his case, and the way the record was kept, he said: "They kept their records here on loose sheets of paper, which are fastened together at the end of the trial. It being apparent that serious consequences impended, Judge Zubia, at the end of the trial, took the record and went to Chihuahua, where he now is. There the record was fixed up so as to evade, if possible, the points raised by Secretary Bayard. Now, in view of these facts, I don't see that it makes any difference what the record may show; it cuts a very little figure unless it agrees with what the reputable people who heard the case know to be facts. I have no fear that my country will allow me to be outraged in this matter without making a determined effort to release me." The decree of the Court is based entirely upon the fact that Medina, the offended party, had waved his right to a civil suit for damages, the Court holding that this ended the proceedings of the State.

James G. Blaine, than whom no man in his state is more competent to speak, addressed a large meeting at Sebago Lake, Maine, on Tuesday. Refering to the "third party" he said:

The Republican party in Maine from the day of its organization has been pledged to prohibition—enacting the principal statute now in force in 1857-8 and since amending it from year to year as the leading temperance men requested. The changes to make it more effective have averaged nearly one for every year since the original law was passed. The third party in their Convention cheerfully testify that Prohibition has been so well enforced by the Republicans that in their judgment Maine is a quarter of a century ahead of the license states in all that pertains to temperance reform. The Republicans have this year with special emphasis in their State Convention reaffirmed their faith in Prohibition and nominated for governor a pronounced supporter of the law. But all this does not suit the third party Prohibitionists. They desire a party of their own just small enough to have no effect at all, or, if possible, just large enough to throw the state into the hands of the Democratic party, which has been as constant in its hostility to Prohibition as the Republican party of Maine has been constant in its fidelity to Prohibition.

The position and platform of the third party might in fact be abbreviated: Whereas the Republican party of Maine enacted a prohibitory law thirty years ago and has since amended it as a majority of the friends of temperance demanded, and has in consequence advanced Maine in all matters of temperance a quarter of a century ahead of the license states; therefore, be it resolved that we members of a third party of Prohibitionists, will so vote as to defeat the Republican party and turn the Government of Maine over to the Democrats, who have through all these years opposed Prohibition by every instrumentality in their power."

George E. Weber, bicyclist, of Smithville, N. J., died Wednesday, aged 20.

Twenty-fifth Annual

Fair

OF THE

Egg Harbor City Agricultural Soc'y.

Sept. 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, '86

At the Fair Grounds,
St. Louis Ave. and Agassiz Street,
Egg Harbor City.

For space, premium lists, etc., apply to
V. P. HOFMANN, *Sec'y.*

TIRED OUT!

At this season nearly every one needs to use some sort of tonic. IRON enters into almost every physician's prescription for those who need building up.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle. Trade Mark

—THE BEST TONIC

For Weakness, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it HAS NO EQUAL, and is the only Iron medicine that is **not injurious. It Enriches the Blood, Invigorates the System, Restores Appetite, Aids Digestion**

It does not blacken or injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

DR. G. H. BINKLEY, a leading physician of Springfield, Ohio, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is a thoroughly good medicine. I use it in my practice, and find its action excels all other forms of iron. In weakness, or a low condition of the system, Brown's Iron Bitters is usually a positive necessity. It is all that is claimed for it."

DR. W. N. WATERS, 1219 Thirty-second Street, Georgetown, D. C., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the Tonic of the age. Nothing better. It creates appetite, gives strength and improves digestion."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. **Take no other.** Made only by
BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

POSITIVE PROOFS.

In other advertisements we have said that the *Russian Rheumatism Cure* was a specific for Rheumatism, and all its attendant aches and pains. These are simply **Plain Facts.** We now present some **Positive Proofs:**

Could one ask anything more to the point than this from MR. H. EMANUEL, a prominent merchant of Brookfield, Mo., who writes Feb. 26, '86:

"When in Europe, two years ago, I tried hard to buy the receipt of this very remedy. I also told Col. Throckmorton to get it for me at almost any price; but neither of us succeeded. I, myself, suffered with Rheumatism for years and spent hundreds of dollars, but never got any permanent relief until I tried this. Since then, (over two years now) I have not suffered the least. I know it is a good thing. It will take like wildfire. Now I want the agency for five States."

Here is another from nearer home. MR. J. D. WHITE is a leading business man of Bloomsburg Pa. His grandfather, over 80 years old, has been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. Nov. 24, 1885, MR. WHITE writes us:

"Have read your circular. The country is so full of patent humbugs it is hard to make people believe any remedy has merit until it is tried. My grandfather is such a sufferer that he would gladly give for a *single day's relief*, ten times your price for a cure. He will try it anyway, because he don't think your house would keep anything without merit."

Dec. 21, he says: "My grandfather pronounces the Russian Rheumatism Cure a first-class success. He is not relieved one day only, but *altogether.*"

If you doubt either of these statements, write the parties; they'll gladly answer any inquiry. Our space does not permit further testimony. We have plenty of it, however. It makes quite a little book. We send it *free* to all who ask.

As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the price, and addressing the American proprietors.

PFAELZER BROS. & CO.
819-821 Market Street, Philadelphia.
Price $2.50. If mailed 10c. additional. If registered 10c. more.
ONE BOX DOES THE BUSINESS.

COAL. COAL

All wanting the best quality of Lehigh Coal can find it at Scullin's coal yard on Egg Harbor road, near Bernshouse's steam mill. Coal will all be dumped from the cars into the yard, and will be sold in five ton lots at the same rate as car-load lots from other yards. Having a good plank floor to shovel from, instead of the inconvenience of shoveling from the cars, is really worth ten cents a ton to every purchaser.

All coal will be sold strictly for cash on delivery.

Office at Anderson's feed store.

JOHN SCULLIN,
Hammonton, N. J.

Tomlin & Smith

Have received this week a supply of

FALL GOODS

Ladies' and Children's Hosiery (cotton and wool)
CORSETS—Coraline, Duplex, Doctor Warner's Health, and other makes.
GLOVES—new Fall shades.
Veiling, Collars.
Handkerchiefs—the latest styles.
SOAP.—Colgate's, Cachemere Boquet, Glycerine, Honey, and Oatmeal.
DRESS GOODS,—Black and Colored Cashmere.
Dress Trimmings,—Silesia, Drilling, and Cambric.
White Goods, Nainsook, Lawn, and Cross barred Muslin.
Full assortment of NOTIONS.

New Goods Every Week

This paper is kept on file at the office of

AYER AND SON ADVERTISING AGENTS
TIMES BUILDING Chestnut & 8th Sts PHILADELPHIA.
ESTIMATES For NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING at Lowest Cash Rates FREE
Send 10c. in stamps for AYER & SON'S MANUAL.

AGENTS WANTED to canvass for one of the largest, oldest-established, best-known Nurseries in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. Prices low. Geneva Nursery. Established 1846. W. & T. SMITH, Geneva, N.Y.

We call the attention of our customers to our new goods, just received.

Satteens,
Crinkled
Seersuckers,
Batistes:

Also, a large variety of

Trimming Lace & Velvet

Of different colors.

Buttons to Match Goods.

Boys' Percale
Shirt Waists
Now on hand.

Call and See.

E. STOCKWELL.

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.

☞ The REPUBLICAN contains more than twenty-five columns of entertaining reading each week. Thus, in a year we furnish you 1300 columns of fresh news items, stories, etc., all for $1.25.

90 CHOICE BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

Close to SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, POST-OFFICES, and R. R. DEPOTS, in the CENTRE of the Town of Hammonton.

Prices Reasonable, Terms Easy.

Call on, or address,

A. J SMITH, Hammonton, N. J.
P. O. Box 299.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Virtue requires no other recompense than the tribute of self-approbation and respect.

A sinner's time is wasted if he does not repent. A saint's time is wasted if he does not grow in grace.

Hope is like the wing of an angel soaring up to Heaven, and bearing our prayers to the throne of God.

A single bad habit will mar an otherwise faultless character, as an ink-drop soiled the pure white page.

In general, there is no one with whom life drags so disagreeably as with him who tries to make it shorter.

The perfection of human nature does not arise by exemption from temptation, but rather by victory in temptation.

True glory takes root, and even spreads; all false pretenses, like flowers, fall to the ground, nor can any counterfeit last long.

When two start in the world together he that is thrown behind, unless his mind proves generous, will be displeased with the other.

A pound of energy with an ounce of talent, will achieve greater results than a pound of talent will with but an ounce of energy.

Among men of the world comfort merely signifies a great consideration for themselves, and a perfect indifference about others,

If it is a small sacrifice to discontinue the use of wine, do it for the sake of others; if it is a great sacrifice, do it for your own sake.

Many benevolent persons shrink from observation, but are traced by their deeds, as the firefly by its light reveals the place of its retreat.

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.

Envy never affects the persons envied. The effects are felt only by the one who envies him. One walks in sunshine, the other walks in gloom.

As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptations we resist.

So long as we do not harbor evil thoughts, they are not sin; but if we keep them in our minds and make them our own, they will certainly become sin.

As some of the most delicious fruits and beautiful flowers have their parasites and enemies, so some of the most illustrious men and women have their detractors.

The wise man has his foibles, as well as the fool. But the difference between them is, that the foibles of the one are known to himself and concealed from the world; and the foibles of the other are known to the world and concealed from himself.

The greatest loss of time is delay and expectation which depend upon the future. We let go the present which we have in our power, and look forward to that which depends upon chance—and so relinquish a certainty for an uncertainty.

This and that may be right and true, but public opinion says we must not do it. We must act and walk in all points as it describes, or we shall be lightly esteemed; certain mouthfuls of articulate wind will be thrown at us, and this, what moral courage can withstand?

The man who has character gets credit, and the man who has no character gets none. Credit, therefore is a moral premium paid to men for their character, and it is of transcendent importance both to individuals and to communities that are struggling from a low to a high estate.

How independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home! A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but, if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.

If we mix with the world for the pleasure it affords, we shall be likely to be among the first to be reconciled to the freedom and laxity it allows. The world is not brought up to us, but we sink down to the world; the drop becomes of the consistence and color of the ocean into which it falls; the ocean itself remains unchanged.

It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only weeds where a cheerful disposition would cause flowers to bloom. The habit of fretting is one that grows rapidly unless it be sternly repressed; and the best way to overcome it is to try always to look on the cheerful side of things.

Every man, woman, and child ought to have something to do. So closely is our welfare connected with a habit of activity that it would be vastly better to pay for the privilege of working than to be idle. Do not shirk, do not hunt for excuses; "where there's a will there's a way." And let parents consider that daily occupation is as necessary to childhood as daily food.

Backbiting is a cowardly practice. If you have anything against a person you should go to him personally with it. He may have explanations to make, which would set the matter in an entirely different light. If he has been as much out of the way as you think he has, by kind efforts you may bring him back to God. But by talking against him behind his back, you can do him no good; you may do him hurt, but you will do yourself more.

He (a few weeks after marriage)—"Now, in making that improvement in our house, we might use to advantage a part of that $20,000 you said you were going to give me after the wedding." She—"Well, dear, as soon as you place the $60,000 you told me you had in the bank to my credit, as you promised me you would, I'll give you a third of it."

NO ELEPHANTS WANTED.

The Present Condition of the Curiosity Market.

"The elephant market is overstocked." This is the alarming statement made by Dr. Oscar Kohn, and he ought to know what he is talking about. He went into the show business twenty-eight years ago with the great and early Barnum, and has had something to do since then with every circus, side show and museum from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., and from Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico.

Thousands of ladies and little children who used to visit Barnum's Museum, at Ninth street and Broadway, will remember the white-haired, white-bearded, jolly-faced and gold-spectacled old "doctor" who used to sit at the gate and take tickets. That was Oscar Kohn. Every fat woman, fat boy, giant and giantess, dwarf, living skeleton, baby Venus, tatooed man or girl, leopard boy, what-is-it, two headed woman, armless man or woman, four-legged chicken, five-legged cow, musical oyster, and every other curiosity on the face of the globe knew and loved him.

Recently he sat in a small office in the old building at the southeast corner of Ninth and Broadway, New York, opposite to the corner whereon Bunnell's Museum once stood, and seemed to be a very busy man. The walls of the office were hung with circus posters. It is the place where Bunnel reads letters from his agents who are searching for living curiosities and wild animals throughout the world, Bunnell has no museum in New York city. He has one in Buffalo and another in New Haven. He supplies other museums throughout the country with curiosities. When the reporter first entered the office and asked Dr. Kohn whether he had anything new in curiosities, the doctor hung his head in shame as he replied "There is nothing new. It is the same old story."

"How about wild animals," asked the reporter, "are they in demand?"

"Well, was the answer, "a good lion or tiger is always in demand."

"How about elephants?"

The doctor laughed until he was tired. It was then that he said: "The elephant market is over-stocked." He added: "Why, there are more elephants in this country than showmen know what to do with. Barnum has thirty of them up in Central Park, and he would be glad of an opportunity to sell them. If you want an elephant, I can get one for you at a very low figure."

"How about giraffes?"

"Well, its too bad about giraffes. The poor fellows don't live very long in this country. If one of them should last for two years he would be a rare old bird. I remember when Barnum first purchased two of them. He paid $10,000 a piece for them, and they were drowned while on their way to New Orleans In those days giraffes were carried about in glass cases. They are very delicate birds, but Barnum drives them about the streets now just the same as though they were elephants."

"Where is the tattooed Greek?"

"He's stone blind and is living in England. He made a great deal of money while here and hoarded it away. Oh, he was the greatest of them all. Now I can furnish you tattooed men and girls just as fast as you want them. I can give you a whole regiment if you want one."

"Where is the two-headed colored woman who used to sing in the museum?"

"She's down South on a farm. We can't get her out for less than $600 a week now."

"What has become of O'Brien, the Irish giant, who married a giantess in Pittsburg?"

The giantess gave birth to a young giantess recently. Mother and daughter are doing well, and the old man is feeling pretty well himself?"

Then the doctor talked of the old familiar freaks which graced the museum from time to time. Some of them are at Coney Island or in the Bowery, but the majority of them are scattered over the country.

Various Causes of Forest Fires:

The most frequent cause for such fires is from careless tourists and sportmen, who on leaving a camp to make sure that the fire is put out, will kick the embers about, thinking that by thus separating the half burnt brands the fire will soon go out. So they will, perhaps, nine times out of ten; but the tenth time a whirling gust of wind may carry a spark of coal where it will kindle a blaze, or one of the brands may have some soft, punky place in it where the fire will nestle for days, and bide its time. But old backwoodsmen, the writer thinks are not so apt to take things for granted.

In northern Maine and New Hampshire he said, tourists would throw away cigar stumps. The backwoodsmen can't afford cigars, and as a rule smoke their pipes out, because they don't find tobacco or the money to pay for it very abundant.

Before breech-loaders or cut wads become so common, many bad fires were started from gun wads made of loose paper. The cut wads now used do not hold fire long. Of course, with metal cartridges there is no danger.

Locomotive sparks are a very frequent cause when a railroad runs through a large forest.

—Mme. Govuli, aged one hundred and fourteen years, and formerly maid of honor at the Court of Emperor Paul I., was buried recently in the cemetery of Smolensk, Russia. Behind the hearse walked with firm step the younger sister of the deceased, aged one hundred and thirteen years.

—Italian railroads, it is said, reduce by 65 per cent. the fares of all dog-bitten persons who go to consult Pasteur, at Paris.

THE PEPPERMINT KING.

An Account of a Unique Industry in Wayne County, N. Y.

Along the banks of the Garnagua River, which flows through the southern portion of Wayne County, may be seen at this season of the year large fields of green-colored plants, about eight inches in height, extending over an extensive area. To a botanist *mentha piperita* is the name by which it is known, but to the world in general it is peppermint. In this comparatively small patch seven-eighths of all the peppermint in the world is raised. The low, mucky land is ploughed in the spring. It is then laid off in furrows 18 inches apart, and sets, portions of old plants, are planted closely together in a row. This done, early in April. The roots are transplanted every other year. It takes about eight square rods of roots as they lie upon the ground to plant an acre. The roots that are planted this year, after the crop is gathered, will be transplanted in every other row for next year's crop. The first year's crop is always the best, because the plant is then freest from weeds. Usually they are allowed to run only two years, after which the ground is ploughed under. When the plants have grown to about two and a half feet in height they ripen. The harvest begins usually in the last of August. It is cut like clover, with a cradle, and raked into cocks, when it is allowed to wilt a little before it is taken to the distillery. The process of distillation continues until the last of October. The plant is brought from the fields in large wagons and tightly packed in steam-tight vats. The steam is let into the bottom of the vat, and the oil from the plants thus volatilized. The oily vapor and steam pass through a condensing worm into a receiver, where the oil, being lighter than water, is dipped off and is then put up in tin cans holding twenty pounds and taken to the refinery of H. V. Hotchkiss, of Lyons, where it is refined and put into twenty-one-ounce bottles, eighteen bottles in a case, labelled and shipped to all parts of the civilized world.

Mr. Hotchkiss is justly styled "the peppermint king." "The average crop per year in Wayne County," he said, "is between 80,000 and 100,000 pounds, and yields on an average about twenty pounds to the acre in a good season. This year the crop will be much smaller than usual, owing to the late planting, necessitated by floods which occurred early in the spring. Although there is an increase of acreage over last year the crop looks poorer than it has for many years. Seven-eighths of the whole crop in the world is raised in Wayne County, and that principally in the towns of Lyons, Arcadia, Palmyra, Sodus and Walcott. A large proportion of the oil is exported. Our principal buyers in Europe are William H. Cole & Co., London, England; David Taylor & Son, London; Ernst Bostch, Hamburg, and M. Gompertz, Paris.

"Oil of peppermint has many uses. It is used for medicinal purposes in general; is an important agent in cholera. It is also used in flavoring confectionery and in perfumes, essences and peppermint cordials, the latter being a favorite drink with Europeans "It is used as a household medicine all over the world, and for children's complaints is unrivalled."

"How much of the oil do you handle?"

"More than three-quarters of the crop raised in this county, and more than any other dealer in the world. I have been in the business since 1839 and had a varied experience. In 1679 the yield was the largest ever known, aggregating 160,000 pounds. This year it will be hardly one-third of that.

"The market is now at a standstill, owing to the uncertainty of the growing crop. Last year's crop is nearly all marketed. The average price paid for the last three months has been from $3.75 to $4 per pound for the crude oil. In 1879 it was down to $2. I have known the market to jump $1 per pound in a single day.

"One farmer last year brought into our refinery a common sleigh-load, which, when measured, was found to be worth $4,000. You can see from this how much money there is in peppermint."

Mongolian Child Venders.

In Nankin and Kai-fun children from 6 to 12 years of age are sold out by tens of thousands. Not hired out or transferred—but sold for a small sum of cash, in consideration of which the progenitor, by a tacit understanding, renounces all parental rights, even the right of inquiring into the fate of his offspring. The purchasing trafficker may be the middle man of a well-to-do childless couple, or the agent of a wholesale tea-planter, or a coolie-breeder, raising and training slaves for a foreign market. For the equivalent of 3 pounds sterling any commission pedler will undertake to "adopt" the same number of young Mongols in the name of any employer, and at very short notice. The authorities might object to a formal and public purchase, but the meaning of the adopting transaction is well understood and connived at.

It is a lesser evil, and few parents ask any questions. Rather than see their children starve they will resign them to any fate—with one exception; the orthodox Buddhists seem to have evinced occasional scruples in delivering up their youngster to proselytizing missionaries, whom they suspect of all sorts of damnable practices. But even such scruples can be readily outweighed by a few extra dollars

The grand constituents of health and happiness, the cardinal points upon which everything turns, are exercise for the body and occupation for the mind.

VOTING IN ENGLAND.

The Method By Which Members of Parliament are Selected.

The polls are open on election day from 8 o'clock a. m. until 8 o'clock p. m., and the presiding officer, with his clerk or clerks, is on duty at the polling station all that time. The returning officers of the borough sit in the vestry hall at the parish church, and the sheriff in the shire hall, to receive appeals from persons who may have changed their residences since the register was compiled, or who for some other technical reason are not allowed by the presiding officer to cast their ballots. The polling station is a large room, divided across by a strong railing, with a gateway in it. The rear part of the room is further divided by a railing at right angles to the first. In the rear of the room are tables at which the electors write their ballots. They are divided one from the other by high board divisions reaching to the ceiling of the room, so that a man at one table can neither see nor be seen by a man at the next. On the other side of the room and behind the second railing sits the presiding officer with his clerk, while in front of him stands the ballot box and book.

Shortly before 8 o'clock in the morning of election day a policeman takes his stand at the gate. There the presiding officer and his clerk bring in the ballot box, still sealed up, and the package of papers. Each candidate is entitled to have a "personation agent" at each polling station, and in the presence of these agents the seal of the ballot box is broken and the box shown to be empty. The box is made of tin, is about a foot and a half high, and a foot square. On the top it has a slit about one and a half inches long and a fraction of an inch wide.

In the sealed package of papers are, first a complete printed copy of the register of the borough; second, that portion of the register which contains the names of the electors entitled to vote in that polling district; third, a book containing the ballots; fourth, a book containing fifty ballots printed on colored paper, to be handed out under the objection of the "personation agent" of either candidate. There is also a stamp with which to stamp each ballot as it is given out. The average register has leaves about as large as those of an unabridged dictionary, and is about one-third as thick as that necessary book. Each page is divided into five columns; in the first appears a number, in the second the voter's name. Then in the third comes his residence, his occupation in the fourth, while the property on which he votes is described in the fifth an last column. The ballot book is like a large and thick check book, the ballots being the checks. They are about as large as the regular small blotting papers. Each ballot is numbered, a corresponding number being printed on the stub which remains in the book. The names of the candidates are printed on the ballot, a large blank space being left opposite each.

Above each table where the electors write their ballots hangs a notice printed in large letters, setting forth what the voter may and may not do. When these notices are put in place and the books laid out on the table, the presiding officer and his clerks take their places, and at 8 o'clock the polls are declared open. The would-be voter passes by the policeman on guard at the gate, who allows only one person to enter the enclosure at a time. He goes first to the table, and gives his name to the presiding officer, who finds it in the register.

"What is your residence," asks the presiding officer. The voter gives it.

"Your occupation?" continues the officer: and when the answer corresponds with the statement in the register, he asks the voter to describe the property on which he claims a right to vote.

Not until all the questions are answered in accordance with the printed form does the presiding officer offer the voter a ballot paper. From the register he takes the voter's number, and writes it in ink on the stub of the ballot book, immediately below the number of the ballot, which is printed on the stub. Then he tears out the ballot paper, marks it with his stamp, and hands it to the voter, who goes over to one of the tables. There pens, ink and blotting paper are provided. There, as he is directed by the printed notice above the table, he marks a cross against the name of the candidate for whom he is voting, blots his ballot, folds it, and, returning it to the table by the railing, holds it up and drops it into the ballot box. Having done this, he makes room for the next voter.

In case any objection is made by the agents of either candidate, and the voter insists upon casting his ballot, the presiding officer gives him a ballot paper from the small ballot book. The procedure is the same as though the man were about to cast an unchallenged vote, but his ballot is thrown aside when the votes are counted and the objections to it considered later before it is counted. If any voter is unable to read or write, it is the sworn duty of the presiding officer to go with him to the table, tell him the names of the candidates, and place the cross opposite the name that the voter wishes, and he must never reveal the name of the candidate selected.

The polls are closed at 8 o'clock in the evening, after having been open twelve hours. The presiding officer is expected to be present all the time; he is allowed to be absent not more than thirty minutes during the twelve hours, and for those thirty minutes he must appoint a deputy. Immediately on the close of the polls the ballot box is sealed up, all the papers and books made into a parcel, all ballots spoiled by voters placed together and sealed, and an account made of every piece of paper used in the polling booth during the day. The presiding officer and his clerks, with the agents, then take the box and packages to the shire town of the county, where he swears to his returns and where the votes are counted.

HOOKS AND EYES.

The Ingenious Machines Used in Their Manufacture.

For more than a dozen years the manufacture of hooks and eyes for women's and children's dresses may be said to have been dead, buttons having superseded them. But there are indications that hooks and eyes are again to come into use, at least to a considerable extent. If this should prove to be the case, it will gladden the hearts of some who have preserved their machinery from the scrap heap. Thirty years ago the State of Connecticut had manufactories within her territory that produced these little articles to the value of $122,000 annually, at fifteen cents a gross. Previous to 1830, or thereabout, hooks and eyes were made by hand and sold at $1.50 per gross.

The machines for making hooks and eyes are quite ingenious, those for the hooks being capable of making ninety per minute and those for the eyes one hundred and twenty per minute. That for making the hooks takes the wire from a reel through a straightener, cuts off the wire to the exact length, when a blade strikes the piece in the middle of its length, and two side blades moving simultaneously bend the wire double, laying the two halves of its length close together and parallel. Then two pins rise, one on each side of the ends of the wire, to form the eyes of the hook, and two semi-rotating pushers bend the ends round the pins, making the eyelets for sewing the hook on to the fabric. The unfinished hook is still perfectly flat, when a horizontal pin and a vertical bender working upward, curve the double end of the hook, and a presser flattens the end to a "swan bill."

The eye is formed in another machine, but by means of similar appliances. Brass wire is used for silvered hooks and eyes and iron wire for the black or japanned goods. The silver coating is made by mixing an acid precipitate of silver with common salt and the cream of tartar of commerce to produce a paste. Certain proportions of this paste and of the brass hooks and eyes are placed in a tumbling barrel, and by attrition and affinity the brass and silver unite. The articles, as they come from the tumbling barrel, are of a lusterless white, but are polished by being placed in cotton cloth bags with bar soap and rubbed with hot water under the the vibrating arm of a washing machine.—

The Seine Washerwomen.

The French Ministry have decided to drive the washerwomen from the Seine, and they are likely to have a much livelier time with them than they had expelling the French Princes. A Berlin letter says:

The Government has now determined to get rid of the Seine washerwomen and of the washing-ships moored along the banks of the river. There are over fifty of these huge barges, which are made use of throughout the year by no less than 38,000 washerwomen. The Government has been impelled to order their removal by the fear that as all the drinking water at Paris is drawn from the Seine, disease and bacilli might be engendered by the washing of so much dirty linen therein. The women, however, are up in arms. They refer the Government to some old charter of rights and privileges granted them two centuries ago by King Henry IV., of glorious memory, and threaten that if the measure is persisted in they will all march in procession to the Ministers armed with the battoir, which they use for beating the linen. They also declare they will resist by force any attempt on the part of the authorities to board their ships. According to the latest intelligence received from Paris, Gen. Boulanger is conferring with the Minister of marine as to the possibility of a combined movement on the part of the land and sea forces, while the Minister of Public Works has been consulted as to the possibility of temporarily diverting the Seine into another channel and thus stranding the enemy's fleet.

The Game of Chess.

Many tales are told of the invention of the game of chess. The Hindoos say that it is the invention of an astrologer who lived more than 5,000 years ago, and was possessed of supernatural knowledge and acuteness. Greek historians assert that the game was invented to beguil the tedium of the siege of Troy. The Arab legend is that it was devised for the instruction of a young despot by his father, a learned Brahmin, to teach the youth that a king, no matter how powerful, was dependent upon his subjects for safety.

We should esteem virtues, though in a foe; and abhor vice, though in a friend.

—A young woman of Ithaca has nearly one thousand silk worms suspended in paper cones, and all spinning industriously.

Dawn.

The legions of stars that had watched
wearily,
Crept out of sight;
Up rose the helm of the advancing Day,
And fast fled the Night:

A fresh wind blew from the edge of the sea,
From the gates of the East,
That plashed the tide on the feet of the
land,
And in the light increased.

And the glittering tips of a myriad spears
Shot up from the sea,
With guidons and pennants and lances of
light,
A splendor to see.

A hundred flags were upheld in the sky,
And unfolded there—
Banners of light that glimmered and
gleamed
In the morning air.

Then from the glowing East uprose
The kingly Sun,
And the sea grew gold as a stool for his
feet
To rest upon.

THE TEST OF TRUE LOVE

"Miss Revere, ma'am, is in the drawing-room."

Mrs. Hartley rose to obey the summons—a graceful, middle-aged matron, with pleasant blue eyes, and a voice whose softness came from the gentleness of her heart. She rather dreaded to deliver the message which her husband had left for Miss Revere, the reduced heiress, who was so diligently seeking woman's hardest acquisition, "something to do," but she knew there was no evading the unpleasant task, so she went bravely forward.

A tall, slight girl, with golden hair, wax-like complexion, and dazzling, china-blue eyes, was sitting on the sofa, gazing dreamily out into the street—a girl whose heavy black robes seemed to weigh down her delicate form. Mrs. Hartley was a little surprised. She had so often heard of Ella Revere, and had hardly expected to see so quiet and shy a creature.

"You are Miss Revere?" she began, hesitatingly. "Mr. Hartley was obliged to go out, but he desired me to tell you that he was very sorry there was no copying to be done in his office."

Ella's cheek flushed, and a look of disappointment came into her wistful eyes. Mrs. Hartley's kind heart bled for the young thing.

"I am very sorry," she said.

"So am I," Ella answered, folding her shawl around her as she rose to go. "I am very much in need of some employment."

"I thought you were living with your cousins, on Lexington avenue?" ventured Mrs. Hartley.

"No," said Ella. "I perceived at once that I was a burden and an incumbrance there. I have one room in a small boarding-house now."

And this from Ella Revere, who had been mistress of a marble-fronted palace, with a retinue of servants to attend her will, and a fortune almost like Aladdin's lamp!

"Miss Revere," commenced Mrs. Hartley, "if you will not be offended, my brother is an editor, and he was speaking of the women who set type in his office; they are well paid, and, although it is scarcely a very aristocratic employment for a woman——"

"Do you suppose I could get a place through Mr. Tregarvan's influence?"

"There is a vacancy, I know."

"Will you please give me his address? I do not know anything of his business, but suppose it can be learned by any one who is resolute and patient."

Mrs. Hartley wrote the direction on one of her visiting cards.

"Thank you, Ella said. "I must do something or starve; and the latter," she added, with a little forced laugh, "is not a pleasant alternative."

So Miss Revere obtained a situation as type-setter at so many dollars per week, in the office of *The Weekly Amazonian*, and day by day she might be seen tripping lightly along the street to her work, no matter whether the air was blue-and-gold with February sunshine, or thick with flying sleet. Ella Revere's waterproof cloak was thick, and so were her lusty shoes, and the consciousness that she was really earning her livelihood lent roses to her cheeks and elasticity to her step.

Thus matters were when John Armitage and Sylvius Bellmont returned from Europe in the Minotaur—two young men who, scarcely a year ago, had been among the most eager worshippers at Miss Revere's gold-paved shrine. That was the first remembrance that occurred to Mrs. Hartley's mind as she met them at a *soiree* the next evening after their arrival.

"Oh, Mr. Armitage, I am so glad you have returned," she said eagerly; "and you, too, Sylvius. That beautiful Miss Revere—you remember her?"

"The gold-haired Cleopatra?—of course I do. What of her?" demanded Bellmont, while Armitage listened in silence, but with eyes that betrayed a still deeper interest.

"Why, the trustees of her fortune have failed, or proved recreant to their charge, or something—I never could understand it, but Mr. Hartley can tell you all about it, I dare say—and she's left without a penny.

"How romantic!" said Bellmont, lightly. "Of course some rich old uncle will turn up, or some modern Don Quixote will rush to the rescue."

"Not a bit of it. Miss Revere is reduced to actual want."

"Why, where are those rich cousins of hers that made their money in the hide and leather business?" asked Sylvius Bellmont.

"Ella had too much self-respect to remain long the guest of those who regarded her as a burden," answered Mr. Hartley.

"Gone out as a governess then, eh?" languidly hazarded Bellmont.

"No, she is at present employed as a type-setter in the office of my brother, Mr. Tregarvan."

"A type-setter!" Sylvius elevated his lofty nose slightly. "I can commiserate reduced aristocracy when it endures in silent dignity, but when it takes to type-setting, or goes out to day's work, it loses all the hallowed associations of decayed positions."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Hartley. "Why don't you say at once that you don't care a straw for poor Ella now that she had lost her money."

The warm-hearted little lady walked away contemptously as she spoke, and Mr. Bellmont turned red and thought that really Mrs. Hartley had grown very brusque and disagreeable since his absence in Europe.

But John Armitage listened with the deepest of interest. He had loved Ella Revere, as truly and deeply as man can love woman; but she had always given her sweetest smiles and most winsome glances to the more witty and fascinating Sylvius Bellmont. Moreover, he was but a young lawyer beginning life, until a recent bequest from some distant and eccentric relative had placed him in the possession of a handsome competence, and the brilliant heiress had seemed a prize as far beyond his humble aspirations as the diamond shines beyond the pebble. But now the aspects of life had changed.

He went to bed that night and dreamed of Ella Revere's oval face, shadowed by heavy masses of auburn-gold hair, and lighted up by those marvellous blue eyes, which shone and glittered at the slightest mental emotion, like jeweled sapphires.

Miss Revere was going to her daily work at the accustomed early hour, the next morning, when she met Sylvius Bellmont, who had sauntered round the corner from his boarding house to get an early newspaper. Ella's cheek flushed—her tell-tale eyes sparkled as she held out one cotton-gloved hand.

"Sylvius! Oh, Sylvius, how glad I am to see you!"

Mr. Bellmont instinctively retreated—he colored scarlet, and put both hands ingloriously into his pockets.

"Ahem—of course—happy to meet you, Miss Revere, and all that, but I'm in something of a hurry this morning, and——"

Miss Revere drew back her hand as if some noxious reptile had stung it, ann erected her tall, slight form, as haughtily as if she had been a queen.

"I will not detain you any longer, Mr. Bellmont. Good-morning."

And she passed on with burning cheeks. After all it was only another one of life's bitter lessons. She should have learned them all, after awhile, and then it would be easier.

As Ella was fastening on her shawl to leave the office that afternoon, just, "on the edge of the evening," as country folk express it, the printer's boy, commonly called by a name uneuphonious to polite ears, came jumping up stairs, two steps at a time.

"Miss Revere, there is a gentleman down stairs asking for you."

"Did he give any name, Sandy?"

"No, miss. I told him you'd be down d'reckly, and he said, 'Very well, he'd wait there by the door.'"

Ella Revere went down stairs, marveling within herself as to whom her visitor could be. She gave a start as she recognized the familiar countenance of John Armitage.

"Mr. Armitage!"

"Yes, Miss Revere, it is I. Are you sorry to see me?"

"Sorry! Oh, Mr. Armitage, when I have so few friends left!"

She looked so pleadingly into the young man's dark handsome face, that he could feel his heart thrill within him.

"So you are a type-setter!" he said, after a moment or two's silence.

"Yes. Do you, too, despise me for attempting to earn a livelihood for myself?"

Ella spoke almost haughtily—she had learned to be acutely sensitive above herself in regard to these things, and was almost tempted, at times, to set the world at defiance.

"Despise you! Never! I respect the motive of honorable independence—I admire the courage and enterprise which dictated your conduct."

Ella's eyes brightened—it was very pleasant to receive this cordial approval from lips.

"Ah," she said you are unlike some of my friends. I chanced to meet Mr. Bellmont this morning, and his greeting was colder than the winter atmosphere that surrounded us."

She tried to laugh, but the annoyance was very perceptible in her voice. Mr. Armitage colored and bit his lip.

"Bellmont is an insignificant little puppy," he said.

"I agree with you," responded Ella, calmly.

"And yet, Ella, there was once a time when you preferred Sylvius Bellmont's attentions to mine."

"That was before I had learned the value of my various friends and their professions."

Mr. Armitage stopped and tried to catch a glimpse of Miss Revere's face beneath the folds of her thick vail.

"Ella," he said, "I wonder how it would be now??

"How it would be now? I don't understand you."

"Whether, if I were now to tell Miss Ella Revere how long and earnestly I have loved her, she would turn scornfully away from me. I've a great mind to make the experiment."

"Suppose you try," laughed Ella, half mischievously, yet with an unwonted tremble in her voice.

"Ella, will you give me the right to work for you—to call you my wife? Do you think you can learn to love me, my own little Ella?"

And she only answered.

"Yes!"

Sylvius Bellmont met John Armitage on the way home, that night, at an hour suspiciously close on midnight.

"Hallo, old fellow," he began, "why didn't you come to the parsons to-night? "The little Cuban heiress watched the doorway the whole evening, and went away looking as black as a thunder cloud. You're letting the golden opportunity slip by, Jack, my boy. By Jove, I only wish I had your innings."

"You are welcome to them. I do not care a particle for your Cuban girl."

"But it's a cool hundred thousand, John."

"Nevertheless, I shall not enter the lists."

"Are you crazy?"

"No."

Then what's the reason you are so indifferent?"

"I am engaged to Miss Revere!"

"To Ella Revere! Why, she hasn't a cent' and sets type in old Tregarvan's office."

Armitage turned upon him with a look of bitter disdain.

"Belmont, I am not a fortune hunter, thank Providence. Ella Revere is a treasure in herself—a noble, independent girl, worth a dozen empty-brained heiresses, and I am more than rich in her love. And I will furthermore trouble you to use her name a little more respectfully unless you want to be kicked down stairs."

Sylvius Bellmont did not desire any such consummation to their interview, and expressed his apologies as promptly as possible.

"Oh, yes, of course," he said awkwardly, "you always were a knight-errant sort of a fellow, and I'm sure I admire Miss Revere very much."

Ella Revere was married from Mrs. Hartley's with jolly old Mr. Tregarvan to give her away, and no *trous seau* worth mentioning; but nevertheless, she was the happiest bride that ever the sun shone on, and certainly looked as pretty as love's own radiance could make her.

"I've lost my best type-setter," said old Mr. Tregarven, "but I don't grudge her to you, Armitage. After all, one can get plenty of tolerable type-setters, but good wives aren't so abundant in the market.

Lynched by Cowboys.

When the Cowboys were two days out from Musselshell Dakota they came upon a humble cabin, around which were picketed a score of stolen animals. None of the party knew the man who came to the door, and his protestation that he was a square settler found some credence at first. He was of middle age, with grizzly hair and whiskers, and had an easy and listless bearing. He stood in the doorway of his cabin eying his visitors sharply, but making no move and giving no evidence of great concern. Failing to answer satisfactorily the questions that were put to him, and not being able to explain his possession of the stolen stock, he was informed by his visitors that they believed him to be a thief, and that they were after just such men as he. He shifted his position from one side of the door to the other, and leaning heavily against the frame, said:

"What I have told you is nevertheless true. I bought the horses. I have lived here two years, and have seen lots of you fellers. I never stole a horse."

The boys parleyed a while. They knew most of the horse thieves by sight, if not by name, and not one of them had ever seen this man before. Some of them were in favor of letting him go, but others said this was a business trip and the evidence was conclusive enough. He had a lot of stolen horses, and the probability was that he helped steal them. He was a good enough thief to begin with, some one said. If the man, standing carelessly at his door, had watched them closely, as perhaps he did, through his half-closed eyes, he could have seen a rope in one man's hands, and another man climbing a tree which growing only a few feet from his door, spread its branches over the roof of his weather-blackened home. The cowboys dismounted. The rope was thrown over a limb. The man in the tree jumped down leaving a dangling noose. Two of the lynchers stepped to the open door, and took the man by either shoulder and led him unresistingly down the little beaten path. One threw his old slouch hat off, and the other put the noose about his neck, drawing it tight, while three or four men having hold of the other end of the rope stepped off one or two paces until the cord was without a kink.

"If you have anything to say," remarked one of the cowboys, "now is the time."

The man looked them full in the face for an instant, and then, raising his eyes slightly to the long mountain ranges in the distance, as if peering beyond their ragged peaks, he replied:

"I have nothing to say."

"Hoist away there, then!"

The boys who had hold of the rope pulled steadily and all together, raising the man by the neck about two feet from the ground. Then, fastening their end of the rope to the trunk of the tree, they mounted their horses and rounded up the stolen animals. They camped that night near there, and the next morning they rode by the little house whose former tenant was hanging lifeless in the shade of the big tree. The door was still open as he had left it. One of the party dismounted and entered. He found an old stove, a bed neatly made, a few books, and two or three old daguerreotypes.

"If he was a thief he was a queer one," they all said, "but he was a thief, of course, or how did he get the horses?"

From this point the boys took a northerly direction, and in the course of a week came upon a house known to be a rendezvous of thieves. As they rode up they received a very different reception from the one they had at the hands of the silent man down the trail. Four rifles were thrust through a window and discharged almost simultaneously. The attacking party returned the fire instantly, and with such telling effect that the guns in the house were soon silenced. Presently the door was opened and a voice was heard asking for a truce. The man was made to throw up his hands, and another came out in a similar attitude. There had been four of them, but two had been killed by the first fire of the cowboys, who, widely scattered, had all aimed at the open window. The two men who surrendered begged piteously for their lives. They admitted that they were thieves, but pleaded that they were unable to make a living in any other way. Neither was over 30 years old. When they saw preparations making for their execution they promised to go with their captors and point out the hiding place of a big gang near the mouth of the Musselshell. Finding this unavailing, they begged to be shot instead of hanged. The scene was a trying one, but it was soon over. They were tied by the back side by side on the same tree, and their dead companions were laid on the ground beneath them. About thirty stolen horses were recovered in this vicinity.

Pushing on to the mouth of the river, guided to some extent by the information given by the thieves just lynched, the boys soon came upon a herd of horses, many of them bearing brands. After consultation, it was agreed that they were probably near a big camp, and that it would be wise to move with great caution. Every man was instructed to keep a close watch on every suspicious object, and it was agreed that under no circumstances was a shot to be fired unless the presence of the thieves was actually revealed. It was toward sunset, and the boys scattered in reconnoitring parties of two or three, each armed with a rifle, two revolvers, and a knife. Three or four remained behind to guard the stock. After dark the scouts began to come in. The first comers had found nothing, but others had located the robber camp and made a fair estimate of its strength. The boys estimated that there were twenty or thirty of the robbers, all desperate characters, who would rather have a pitched battle than not. After a long council it was decided that the wisest course would be to wait until sunrise and then stamped the camp. It was the unanimous opinion that if the raid could be made before many of the thieves were awake it would be the best policy, but that if this was found to be out of the question, they must be taken at breakfast. There was not much sleep in the cowboy camp that night. All hands were up examining their arms and tightening their saddles long before dawn. Just at daybreak they moved cautiously toward the robber camp. As they approached it the stolen horses neighed as if recognizing old friends, but there was no sign of human life. When they were near enough to make an observation, three or four of the boys dismounted and went ahead. They returned presently with information that some of the thieves were bestirring themselves, but that most of them were still asleep. It was hastily decided that this was the time to strike, and all hands with loud shouts dashed into the camp. The surprise was perfect. Very few of the robbers could reach their weapons, though many ran, and, mounting horses in the corral, made their escape. The boys covered seven with their revolvers and rifles and captured them, the others getting away. Several of them were pursued for a short distance. The seven men taken comprised some of the most notorious outlaws on the border including Downly, Jake Felix, Jim York, and Nosey Bartel. They knew their fate and met it unflinchingly. Trees were numerous at that point, and each man had one to himself. They were hanged one at a time, Nosey Bartel, the last one, making a short speech somplimenting the boys on the ease and grace with which they had performed their duties.

"I have seen men hanged before," he said, "but never so gentlemanly as this. You do a very slick job."

When the last of these wretches was dangling in the air it was decided that a party should be sent back with the recovered horses, more than a hundred of them, and that the others should push on in pursuit of the fugitive thieves. It is believed that they have gone to Woody Mountains, and information from that quarter is anxiously awaited.

Mark Twain and His Room-mate's Boots.

Mark Twain and Dan De Quille roomed together in early Comstock days. One morning Dan missed his boots, and after a vain search he suspiciously inquired of Mark, who was lying in bed lazily smoking a clay pipe: "Mark, I can't find my boots; do you know anything about 'em?"

"Your boots?" complacently replied Mark. "Well, yes; I threw them at that blasted cat that was yowling around the house last night!"

"Threw my boots at the cat!" howled Dan, in rage. "Why didn't you throw your own boots?"

"Dan," said Mark, after a reflective puff or two, "Dan, if there is anything I hate it is a selfish man. I have observed of late that you are growing selfish. What difference does it make whose boots were thrown at that cat?"

Meanin' goes but a little way!' most things, for you may mean to stick things together and your glue may be bad, and then where are you?

HINTS TO JOURNALISTS.

A Veteran Makes Some Suggestions for the Rising Generation.

Carry a large note book at all times. Take it out of your pocket ostentatiously in places as often as possible, and make a show of writing in it. A pocket stuffed with very long, pointed pencils will add to your impressive appearance.

When you go to interview a man always ask him the questions most calculated to be offensive. It is not news you are after, so much as it is to appear in a humiliating position before your readers.

Always make it appear that everybody you interview is simply delighted with the opportunity to talk to your particular newspaper. If he kicks you down stairs do not let that interfere with your pursuit of picturing him as fairly wild with enthusiasm over the chance of being interviewed by you.

In case of being engaged in working up a particularly disagreeable story, if you are offered ten dollars to keep anybody's name out of the paper, indignantly refuse and you may get twenty.

If a man says to you "Please do not print that part of the story, because it would be severely injurious to me," promise him faithfully to do as he asks. Then print it. A journalist's first duty is to do injurious things.

If you have to go to a public dinner always wear your day clothes, and, if possible, go in muddy boots. Newspaper men should always be distinguishable from the common herde and muddy boots at a public dimer will usually fix it.

If somebody offers you a bottle of wine to carry home in your pocket, take it. The offer goes

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Hammonton, N. J.,
ARE AGENTS FOR
Atlantic County,
FOR
The Leffel Improved
Iron Wind Engine
The Strongest and Lightest Running Engine in the World.

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 door—Small's Block,
Hammonton, : : N. J.

Cedar Shingles

Having my Mill in full operation, I am now prepared to furnish the best quality of
Cedar Shingles,
in any quantity, and at the lowest possible prices.

A. S. GAY,
Pine Road, Hammonton.

A large lot of Cedar Grape Stakes and Bean Poles for sale, in the swamp or delivered at Elwood or DaCosta Station.

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.

The Republican.
[Entered as second class matter.]

HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC Co., N. J

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1886.

LOCAL MATTERS.

☞ D. W. Jacobs offers for sale three large building lots, nicely located, corner of Grape Street and Valley Avenue.

☞ We have a sample copy of the New York *World's* new History of the United States. It is on an entirely new plan, very convenient for reference. Call and see it, and remember that we will furnish the book, with the weekly *World* one year (to our paid-up subscribers) for ninety cents.

☞ Mrs. Burgess, wife of Capt. W. M. Burgess, died at two o'clock on Monday morning. She had not been well for a long time, but had worked hard for one of her age, all summer. On Sunday she was about the house as usual, but about midnight was taken worse, and died in two hours. Funeral services on Wednesday, conducted by Revs. Gilmore and Zelley.

☞ Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, nominee of the Prohibition party for Governor, Wm. H. Morrow, of Belvidere, and other prominent speakers, will address a prohibition mass meeting at Smith's Landing, in the grove back of Salem M. E. Church, on Tuesday next, Aug. 31st, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and 7:15 in the evening. All are cordially invited to be present, especially ladies. Supper, refreshments, etc., can be obtained on the grounds.

☞ We were deprived of a garden this year, and the fruit trees which we have heretofore depended upon are now being injured by others; but we have not been allowed to scarcely miss them. Friends have come to our aid, and kept us quite well supplied with apples, pears, tomatoes, etc. We acknowledge favors this week from Misses Cora and Lulu Hopping, Miss Helen Miller, Messrs. Geo. Johnson, Gerry Valentine, H. Seely, and others.

☞ It is not unpleasant to receive letters like the one from which the following it taken. It is from a Hammonton lady, who is spending the summer elsewhere:

I enclose the money for another year's enjoyment of your paper. I am specially interested in those poultry paragraphs and notices of new settlers. * * Everybody is too busy to write, and the paper is more eagerly watched for here, I am sure, than anywhere else.

A gentleman who was away for a few weeks, said to us, after his return: "I tell you, it seemed good to see the REPUBLICAN while away; it was better than a long letter from home."

☞ Vick's *Monthly Magazine and Floral Guide* for August gives illustrations and descriptions of many new and improved plants for the Spring and Fall flowering.—very beautiful and desirable. In this connection it says:

"The gardener's life is one of constant forecasting, far more so than the uninitiated suppose. In spring he is preparing for autumn, in summer and fall for winter and spring. His operations to-day bear a relation to weeks or months hence that the novice fails to notice. The spring-blooming bulbs, that bule a few months since were so bright and cheerful after a dreary, ice-bound winter, will very soon demand attention,—will need to be put into permanent winter quarters for development."

Thanks.—I tender sincere and hearty thanks to those (one and all) who labored so hard to save my stock during the fire, on Saturday last. I cannot repay you, but I feel more deeply grateful than mere words can express. D. C. HERBERT.

CARD.

Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, I *did* report to the insurance company the erection of an oven on Mr. Black's place, lately burned down, and insured by me. I resort to no blackmailing. I do business right here, where *all* know me.

Insure AT HOME! I represent *only* the very safest companies, and the rates equal *to all*, and that *the lowest*.

WM. RUTHERFORD,
Insurance agent, Hammonton, N. J.

☞ Ocean tickets *to* and *from* all parts of Germany, Italy, and Great Britain.
WM. RUTHERFORD,
Hammonton, N.J.

The green-glass manufacturers have formed a compact not to resume operations in the factories on September 1 owing to the action of the glass blowers, who have resolved to abolish the apprentices sytem.

20 Acres of Corn
For Sale
As it stands, in large or small quantities, to suit purchasers. Also,
100 Acres of Land,
Near Hammonton, in exchange for a Mortgage and grubbing.
Inquire on Main Road, near Ancora, or
DR. M. M. WALKER,
Germantown, Phila.

Senator Evarts was severely injured by being thrown from a carriage while driving with friends at Windsor, Vt.

MONEY!
Wanted, thirteen hundred dollars ($1300) for seven years, on first mortgage on a twenty-acre fruit farm. Inquire at the REPUBLICAN Office.

☞ The next meeting of the County Board of Examiners, for the examination of teachers for the third grade certificates will be held at Egg Harbor City on Saturday, Aug. 28th.
S. R. MORSE, *Co. Supt.*

FOR SALE.—A large eight-room house and seven acres on Fairview Ave., with good barn and all conveniences. A horse, wagon, and farm tools for sale with the place, or separate. Inquire of John T. French, at his Paint Works, of the undersigned, on the premises, or at 409 East Girard Ave., Philadelphia.
F. W. BOOTH.

Work.—Miss Ella I. Horton will be at Wm. Sturtevant's residence every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, at two o'clock, to give out and receive crochet work. Can be seen at home on any other day.

Work to be returned on Saturday—pay-day every Wednesday.

100 Acres of good land for sale in Hammonton, part under cultivation, one half mile from the railroad. Will sell cheap, and divide it up to suit. Apply at the REPUBLICAN office.

Farm for Sale.—Thirty acres, all well fenced, with a twelve-room house, barn, sheds, etc., and a good orchard. Or will divide it. Apply at REPUBLICAN office. A bargain.

Twenty Acres of unoccupied land for sale, on Eleventh Street—convenient to Hammonton Station. Price very low, for cash. Apply at the REPUBLICAN office.

House.—A neat, new, five-room house for sale, on Peach Street, Hammonton,—heated throughout. Inquire at the *Republican* office.

A Farm.—The Bakely farm, on First Road, Hammonton, is for sale. Nineteen acres of good land, with a comfortable house and other conveniences. Terms reasonable. Apply on the premises, or at the REPUBLICAN office.

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.

☞ We will still furnish the REPUBLICAN and the *Weekly Press* one year for One Dollar and Twenty five Cents. Such of our readers as desire to take advantage of this offer must pay up all arrearages to date, plus the $1.25.

☞ Regular meeting of Atlantic Division, Sons of Temperance, in the Masonic Hall, first and third Monday evenings in each month.

FOR SALE.—A 10-Acre Farm, with good house, barn, and outbuildings. Fine apple orchard, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, grapes, etc. ¾ acres Cranberry land. A live man could make $1000 a year. See or address
DAVID FIELD, Hammonton, N. J.

THREE Large Building Lots for sale, on Grape Street, Hammonton.
Apply to D. W. JACOBS,
Cor. Valley Ave. and Grape St.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $100 a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

NEW JERSEY
State Normal & Model School
TRENTON.
Fall Term commences Monday, Sept. 13
TOTAL COST for Board, Tuition, Books, etc., at the NORMAL School, $154 for Ladies and $160 for Gentlemen; at the MODEL School $200 per year. Buildings thoroughly—heated—by—steam. The Model School offers to both young Ladies and Gentlemen superior advantages in all its departments, viz: Mathematical, Classical, Commercial, Musical, Drawing, and in Belles Lettres. For Circulars containing full particulars, address
W. HASBROUCK, Principal,
Trenton, New Jersey.

Established in 1860.
THE
NATIONAL REPUBLICAN,
Washington, D. C.
Daily, except Sundays. Price, $6, per year, in advance, postage free.
Weekly National Republican
Devoted to general news and original matter obtained from the Department of Agriculture and other Departments of the Government, relating to farming and planting interest.
An advocate of Republican principles, reviewing fearlessly and fairly the acts of Congress and the National Administration. Price, $1 per year in advance, postage free.
E. W. FOX,
President and Manager.

The SOUTH JERSEY REPUBLICAN and the *National Republican*—two weekly paper, one year for $1.75—the only paper in Atlantic County that can make this offer.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

GEO. A. ROGERS,
ELM,
Has just received a
Carload of Bran,
Of excellent quality, and sells it as low as any one.
Cracked Corn, Meal, Middlings, Corn, Oats, and Hay.

Choice Groceries.
Headlight Oil, 150 test, 14c. pr gal.
New York State Butter, fresh and sweet.

FLOUR
Is our Specialty. If you are particular about your flour, call on Rogers and be suited with something nice.
Pure Spices,
And such Teas & Coffees!
Yes! My! and so cheap, too! Makes it just the place to buy.

Shall we speak of our Dry Goods, Notions, Confectionery, Tobacco, and Cigars, etc.? No, for we had rather have you call and see them yourselves.

Wilkinson's Ammoniated Superphosphate
Has given perfect satisfaction this year. It does our heart good to hear them talk about it.
Send for circulars.

READ! THINK!
Champion Bread
Of the World!
SOLD BY
J. D. Fairchild
ONLY.
Will hereafter be
5 cents per Loaf.
Come one and all, and have a feast

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.

Jones & Lawson
CONTRACTORS AND
BUILDERS
Hammonton, N. J.
Plans, Specifications, and Estimates furnished.
JOBBING promptly attended to.

Read the Republican.

RUTGERS COLLEGE,
New Brunswick, N. J.
1 hour from New York, on Pa. RR.
Year begins (examinations for admission) Sept. 23, '86
Sloan Prizes for best (classical) Entrance Examinations: 1st, $100 ($100 cash); 2nd, $250 ($50 cash).
16 Professors; no Tutors. Classical Course full and Thorough. Additions to Scientific Apparatus. Ample provision for elective work in History, Physics, & Chemistry during Junior and Senior years. French and German Text-Books used in History and Natural Science.
SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT
The New Jersey State College to Promote Agriculture & Mechanic Arts.
40 SCHOLARSHIPS FREE!
Given by the State to
Deserving Young Men.
Apply to the County Superintendent of Education, or to the President of the College.
A practical Scientific School of high grade. Two courses of four years each, "Engineering and Mechanics" and "Agriculture and Chemistry."
Thorough work with constant field practice in Engineering and Surveying. Careful laboratory work in Chemistry, with full apparatus for each student. A well-equipped Astronomical Observatory, for students use. Full course in Draughting.
French and German taught with a view to their practical use.
Special students in Chemistry and its applications, if properly qualified, are received in the Laboratory.
In every part of the State graduates are filling useful and profitable positions. For catalogue, or any information, address "Liberty-in Rutgers' college."
MERRILL EDWARDS GATES,
Ph. D., LL. D., President.

LORD & THOMAS, NEWSPAPER Advertising, 45 to 49 Randolph St., Chicago, keep this paper on file and are authorized to make contracts with ADVERTISERS.

Harness!
Light and Heavy (hand made) always in stock,
☞ Orders and Repairing promptly attended to.
L. W. COGLEY.

A. J. SMITH,
NOTARY PUBLIC
AND
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Bills of Sale, and other papers executed in a neat, careful and correct manner.
Hammonton, N. J.

J. S. Thayer,
contractor & 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.

W. Rutherford,
Hammonton, N.J.,
Conveyancer, Notary Public,
Real Estate and Insurance
AGENCY.
Insurance placed only in the most reliable Companies.

Deeds, Leases, Mortgages, etc.,
Carefully drawn.
OCEAN TICKETS
To and from all ports of Europe, made out while you wait, at the Companies' lowest rates rates.
Office, in Rutherford's Block.

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.

Rare Chance for Agents
We have just issued from the press a volume which sells at sight. Any intelligent person can earn three to ten dollars a day, and often much more, with the
New Ladies' Medical Guide,
By Drs. Pancoast and Vanderbeck. A Counsellor and Friend, absolutely indispensable to mothers and daughters! The structure and functions of the Reproductive Organs illustrated and explained clearly and fully by the highest authority in the United States. All diseases of women and children, with symptoms and treatment, etc., etc. Over 120 illustrations and 700 pages. Price, only $2.00. The largest, cheapest, and only authentic, reliable, and satisfactory work of the kind. The success of our canvassers is unparalleled! Ladies accomplish much good, and make money very fast selling this book. Circulars and terms free, or a sample copy by mail on receipt of price. Address
JOHN E. POTTER & Co.,
Publisher.
617 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Penna.

The Republican.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1886.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

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.

Fire! Fire!

At one o'clock last Saturday morning dwellers in the vicinity of Hammonton Station were aroused by that horrible cry of "Fire!" In a very few moments a crowd had collected about, and saw that A. H. Simons' bakery (building owned by Wm. Black) was doomed. Willing hands soon removed every possible article of stock and fixtures; but the progress of the flames was altogether too rapid to allow the removal of much from the second story, occupied as a dwelling by Mr. Grubb, and his household goods were almost a total loss. The building was entirely destroyed, and the great brick oven was so damaged that it fell with a crash.

In the meantime, workers endeavored to prevent the spread of the fire. On south side, about thirty feet distant, M. L. Jackson's market buildings were kept thoroughly wet, and sparks extinguished where they fell, until the danger was past. It was a close call.

On the north side, D. C. Herbert's shoe store was scarcely ten feet from the burning building, and Mrs. Cogley's harness shop, though a separate building, was virtually under the same roof. In the second story of the former dwelt Mrs. Ireson Warner and daughter; over the latter were Dr. J. A. Waas' neat dental rooms. It was soon manifest that all efforts to save these buildings would be in vain, and their contents were speedily removed,—nearly everything being saved by the host of anxious workers,—men and boys, women and girls all doing what they could. These two stores (built only two or three years ago, and an ornament to the avenue) were entirely consumed.

During this time, a force was working to save the store and dwelling of Jesse D. Fairchild, a very pretty one-story building separated from the harness shop by a six-foot alley. The roof and sides were covered with carpets, which were kept saturated with water. The side of the burning building was propped up, toward off the heat, and the outside dashed with water, to preserve this shield as long as possible. We never saw more earnest or effective work done at a fire, and felt grateful when this labor of love was rewarded by complete success. Mr. Fairchild's only loss was damage to stock and furniture by hasty removal.

Altogether, the scene was one to be remembered. Though saddened by the loss, we felt cheered to see the hundreds who, forgetting all selfish interests, ignoring personal discomfort, thinking not of saturated clothing and weary bodies, worked heartily to save the property of their neighbors and prevent further destruction. Men of all classes found there a level, where the only strife was to do the most for their fellow-men. The minister, doctor, merchant, laborer—all worked side by side, and all felt the same sense of duty done.

LOSSES AND INSURANCE.

So far as we can learn, the losses and insurance are as follows:

Wm. Black, loss on building, $1,200. Insured in the "Queen," for $800.

A. H. Simons, insured in the "Springfield," bakery building, fixtures, and stock, $800, which probably nearly covers his loss.

D. C. Herbert, loss on his building, $1,100; insured in the "Royal," $800. Loss on stock, $125, fully covered.

Mrs. L. W. Cogley, loss on building, $1,200, insured in the "Girard" $800. Loss on stock, $—, insured for $500 in the "German American."

Mr. Fairchild's stock and furniture were damaged by sudden removal, but were insured.

Mr. Grubb's and Mrs. Warner's loss are difficult to estimate, and they have no relief from insurance.

Dr. Waas' loss was very small, mostly caused by removal.

None of the losers seem disheartened, and all took immediate steps to continue business. Simons & Co. dispense bread and etc. from Rutherford's building, and are at work preparing to rebuild their oven. Mr. Black intends to put up a much larger and better building. Mr. Herbert has his stock neatly disposed in the store formerly occupied by Mr. Carpenter, and is yet uncertain about rebuilding. Mrs. Cogley is preparing to rebuild on a larger scale, and in the meantime will be found in M. D. & J. W. DePuy's building. Dr. Waas has opened an office in his residence, on Horton Street. Mr. Grubb will open a new bakery in Small's building, next to Murdoch's shoe store.

Of the origin of the fire no one knows anything. It evidently started from the oven, but how? Mr. George King and a boy first saw the flames, which were then confined to a small portion of the bakery. They tried to force an entrance, thinking they would be able to extinguish the fire themselves. By the time help reached the place, it was too late. Probably the whole inside of the work-room was on fire when first discovered.

ORGANIZE!

May the lesson of the fire be speedily learned, before a more serious loss is occasioned. We want, first, an organization, with a chief whom all are bound to obey. Then will come the question of apparatus. It would cost but little to procure a truck and set of ladders, a half-dozen hooks, the same of axes, half a hundred pails, and a building on the town lot, to house them. Our men are willing to work, but they need intelligent direction; and this time it took too long to scour the neighborhood for tools with which to work. Organize at once!

☞ Last Sunday morning, at 7:48, Engines No. 18 and 505 met on the single track at the curve just east of the Ancora station. Who is responsible, no one seems to know. 18 had been down to Atlantic with copies of *The Press*, and had just time to reach the Ancora siding to meet 505; but the latter, with an excursion train of seven cars, was two minutes ahead of time, and knowing nothing of 18, a collision followed, resulting in the more or less serious injury of Engineer Pine and six passengers. A telegram was sent to Hammonton for surgical aid. Drs. Snowden, North, and Bieling responded, and were first on the ground, and attended the wounded. A constant stream of visitors wended their way to the scene of the accident, drawn thither by reports that from eight to fifteen persons had been killed, and a large number injured. Both locomotives were badly wrecked, a smoker and one passenger car were in a badly damaged condition, and several other cars need repairs. We learn that all the wounded are doing well.

On Sunday night, near midnight, a second collision occurred, under precisely similar circumstances, at Berlin, between a special express from Atlantic City and a train of empty passenger cars from Camden. Happily, only two were injured, and they but slightly—engineer Simons of the down-train, and a passenger from Philadelphia.

Wanted,—a double-track railroad from Philadelphia to Atlantic City; and the company that builds it will draw the lion's share of business.

☞ Dr. Bieling, the Homeopathic Physician, has located permanently in Hammonton, and is ready to attend all calls, in the town or at a distance. Chronic cases a specialty.

$1000
One thousand dollars wanted for ten years—first mortgage on real estate. Inquire at the REPUBLICAN office, Hammonton.

☞ As usual, the late fire brought out some ludicrous incidents, not the least so being the sight of a man (we don't know who) endeavoring to extinguish the fire with a stream from a garden force-pump, set into a pail of water. It seems needless to say that he did not succeed.

On the roof, one of the workers (not the largest man in town) found a particularly large pailful of water too heavy to pass up at arm's length, so tipped a little, just a little too much, and doused most of it onto a minister's back, and from him it struck a heavier weight in the back of the neck—just where his collar might have been. Perhaps it wasn't cold all the way down.

Some one thought he'd carry out the dentist's chair, and lifted confidently; but it didn't come. He called out, "Doc, it's screwed to the floor!" and wasn't convinced to the contrary until three men just barely raised it.

One of the boys left his coat in a safe (?) place, and when the excitement was over, found that the place and the coat were in ashes. Another one did the same, and found his coat, minus the "narrative," but was comforted with the assurance that "it will do to patch your pants."

☞ Fremont Packard was among the visitors this week.

☞ Mr. Faunce and family returned on Monday evening, looking well.

☞ Miss Eva Moore, of Haddonfield, visited Hammonton friends this week.

☞ Born,—on Saturday, August 21st, 1886, to Mr. & Mrs. D. Lake, a daughter.

☞ Mrs. E. S. Packard started, on Monday morning, to visit her parents, in Maine.

☞ Mr. D. F. Lawson is building a house for himself, on Prospect Street. It will be a beauty.

☞ Capt. Henry Valentine, of Massachusetts, spent the week with his parents, sister, and daughters.

☞ Tomlin & Smith have issued circulars announcing a heavy reduction in prices, to close out business.

☞ Mr. S. E. Brown has bought the hardware business of Messrs. M. D. & J. W. DePuy, and will probably take possession to-day.

☞ The Baptist Sunday School had a fine day for their picnic, Wednesday. The attendance was unexpectedly large, plenty of boats were provided, and all enjoyed themselves.

☞ Mr. W. H. French brought us samples of Linnæus rhubarb raised by him, the stalks measuring three feet in length and large in proportion, the leaves two feet wide.

☞ St. Mark's Church, Tenth Sunday after Trinity, Aug. 29th, 1886. Litany and Celebration Holy Communion, 10:30 A.M. Sunday School, 3:00 P.M. Evening Prayer and Sermon 4:00 P.M.

☞ Rev. Asher Moore, Mrs. Wm. F. Bassett, and Mrs. Carrie G. Whitmore attended the Universalist State Convention at "Good Luck," near Tom's River, Ocean County, returning on Thursday evening.

☞ We heard a friend speaking, the other day, of an employer not a thousand miles from here, who furnishes beer to his employees. Sells it? Oh, no! but the price happens to be deducted from their wages, next pay-day. We don't know who this is; do you?

THANK YOU.—Words are cold, but in some cases are the only means of expressing warm feelings. I desire thus to tender sincere thanks to all who assisted in removing my stock from the burning building, last Saturday morning.
A. H. SIMONS.

☞ Rev. N. W. Wickward, Pastor, announces an all-day meeting in the grove adjoining the church at Westcoatville, on Sunday, Sept. 5th. The best preaching talent in Camden will take part. Hours of service, 10 A. M., 3 P. M., 7:30 P.M. The public are invited.

☞ Vick's *Magazine* says: "In looking over the whole field, it is evident that fruit-growing for market, as a pursuit, is now as greatly extended as it will bear, and that many engaged in it are at most only making a living and holding on, hoping for something better in the near future."

☞ Miss H. L. Bowdoin will return to Hammonton, to resume her class in music—piano and organ—on the first of September. For all who are in earnest, and wish to take lessons regularly, she anticipates forming a special class, offering a very unusual inducement in reduction of prices.

☞ The Grand Army Post Band are to have a festival next week, on Friday and Saturday evenings, Sept. 4th and 5th, at Union Hall. Vocal and instrumental music on the programme. Ice Cream, lemonade, cake, fruit, etc., for sale. Proceeds to be used for the benefit of the Band. Everybody invited.

NOTICE.—A thousand thanks to the gentlemen of Hammonton for the kind and heroic manner in which they saved my valuable dental instruments on the night of the fire. I hope that I will be able to show my appreciation in some other way in the near future.
DR. WAAS.

☞ Little Sadie, daughter of Will. R. and Mrs. Jennie Tilton, died about one o'clock Thursday afternoon, aged nearly twenty-two months. One of the most winsome little ones we ever saw, every one who knew her grieves because of her death. But what a happy, painless, deathless life she has now begun. Funeral services this (Saturday) afternoon, half-past two, at the house.

☞ List of unclaimed letters remaining in the Post Office at Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, Aug. 28th, 1886:

Leonardo Altimento. Mrs. Dora Mescrolo.
Michele Alfieri. Hermann Meres.
Vincenzo Bellabuono. Scepanie Masini.
Attiero Bielio. Raffaela Mariano.
Giuseppe Colcia. Pietro Melfi.
Rocco Cicchitta. John Murrow.
Angelina Divisata. Antonia Posca.
Antonio Dispaulo. Giovanni Nauciuo.
Girachino Distefano. Rosario Squilla.
Guiseppe Depanola. Custode Toteschi.
Francisco Delamentis. Miss Minnie Wood.
Mrs Saleua Frambes. Miss Wright.
Vincenzo Falcone.

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please state that it has been advertised.
ANNIE ELVINS, P. M.

Stylish Millinery, Dry Goods,
Notions, etc., CHEAP!
Wholesale & Retail,
L. H. Fay
405—407 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

The Hammonton Boot & Shoe Store
☞ Next door to the Harness Shop ☜
Is now re-stocked with
A SPLENDID LINE OF GOODS
Which will be sold as cheap as anywhere.
Gent's Calf Shoe, in Button or Lace, for $2.75 and $3.00
New work of all kinds made to order. Repairing promptly done and as cheap as anybody. D. C. HERBERT.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Those Home-Cured Hams,
"Best in the World,"
At Jackson's,
Are going like hot cakes. Try one
Every one warranted.

Use the "Painter's Delight"
Manufactured by
John T. French,
AT THE
Hammonton Paint Works,
☞ Made from Strictly Pure Materials, and Guaranteed the Best Paint now sold.
Send for Sample Card and Circular

GEORGE ELVINS
DEALER IN
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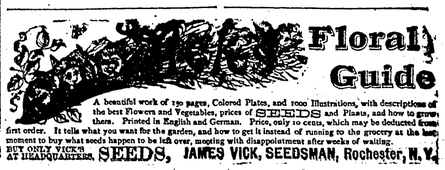
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Echoes.

Rest and Unrest—'tis strange that we,
Who lie apart as pole from pole,
Should sway with one strong sovereignty
The secret issues of the soul;
Strange that ye both should hold the keys
Of prisoned tender memories.

It may be when the landscape's rim
Is red and slumberous round the west,
The spirit too grows still and dim,
And turns in half-unconscious quest
To those forgotten lullabies
That William closed the infant's eyes

And maybe, when the city mart
Roars with its fullest, loudest tide,
The spirit loses helm and chart,
And on an instant, terrified,
Hies fled across the space of years
To notes that banished childhood's fears.

We know not—but 'tis sweet to know
Dead hours still haunt the living day,
And sweet to hope that, when the slow
Sure message beckons us away,
The past may send some tuneful breath
To echo round the bed of death.

NAMESAKES.

"Close the shutters, Kitty. What a terrible night it is, to be sure. The rain is coming down in floods."

A merry peasant ground, stiff and ugly under the most favorable circumstances, looking like a desert in the wind and rain, was just visible.

"Why, Aunt Bell," said the girl, pausing with one hand on the shutter, "there is a name scratched on this pane of glass. I never noticed it till this minute."

"What is the name?" asked the old lady, half asleep by the fire.

"Kinloch, Scots Greys, 1816," read the young girl, "and then 'Kitty' written very badly just below."

"Kinloch! Kitty!" said Aunt Bell, starting up with a sudden interest. "Why, that must be the same man!" Then she sank back again, murmuring, "Ah, Kitty, there was love in those days, and romance, too."

"Is there no love now?" said Kitty, coming to her aunt's side and kneeling down on the hearth rug.

The ruddy flames and glow from the fire lit up the girl's chestnut hair, fair complexion, and bright hazel eyes. Aunt Bell gazed lovingly down at the piquant little face and said:

"Now and again we meet some of the right kind, but would you like to hear the story of that namesake of yours, Kitty?"

"Very much."

"Well, fifty years ago, as you know, I was a girl of 16, and was invited to spend the summer months with my aunt, who had had one of the finest houses in this county of Kildare.

"Several regiments were stationed at the camp and at a neighboring village, so you may imagine the girls of the party and I anticipated a gay time. Oh, those summer months! I grow young again as I think of them! The rides across the Curragh in the fresh morning air, when in parties of ten or fifteen we would gallop for miles on the stretches of breezy turf; the handsome officers who played hide-and-seek with us in the evening hours all over the big house, starting out of corners and chasing us breathlessly down the slippery oaken corridors. Then, tired out, we would stroll into the garden, and under the trees sing, we would be songs, flirtations, and whispered confidences, and promises made by the score and never fulfilled. What a mad, merry time it was! The merriest and handsomest of all was a young Scotch Lieutenant, Kinloch. His mother was Irish, and had bequeathed him her beauty and propensity for joking.

"And now for Kitty, the heroine. She was the daughter of a gardener who lived about a mile from my aunt's house, and of all the distractingly pretty girls that have made men do silly things I am sure Kitty was one of the prettiest.

"I can't do her justice; but I can tell you she had the Irish blue eye; a complexion like milk, hair of the silkiest chestnut, curling in rings all over her brow, and a slender, upright figure, the envy of all our girls. One day, as a large party of us were talking under the trees, Kitty passed us with a basket of fruit. Kinloch for the first time noticed the girl, and seemed struck dumb with amazement. He stood at a little distance, and kept his eyes fixed on her. It was love from that very moment, and every one noticed it. All the young men swarmed about the girl's basket and began helping themselves. She expostulated, but they put her off. Said one:

"Sure, Kitty, and you would like us to have the best, I'll be bound."

Another said:

"Mahone, one kiss from that cheek with the flush of the peach upon it will save you from these rascally thieves, for I will right them all for such a favor."

"But Kitty would not be bribed, and seemed about to resign herself to the loss of her fruit, when Kinloch shouldered his way into the group, and giving the last speaker a friendly push, cried:

"Leave the girl alone, Grant, please." Then he turned to Kitty, saying, "It is very heavy for your little arms, and there will come no one stealing the fruit now, I'm thinking."

"Thank you," said Kitty, gratefully, and walked along by his side.

"That is the first time I have seen my lady allow any one to fetch and carry for her," my brother said.

"There is no gainsaying Kinloch, then, for he always gets his own way in what he wants, Harry," I said.

"Especially when it has to do with pretty girls," sneered Grant.

"Treason!" we all shouted in a breath. "Kinloch is the same to us all."

"Of course; but are you not all pretty girls?" said Grant.

"We laughed, and did not deny the soft impeachment; and so the momentary breach was healed.

"That was the time we noticed Kitty coming up to our house with her fruit. We were quite sure nothing we could have said or done would have prevented her. We were not quite so sure about Kinloch, who, ever since that little episode, had wandered about like a distressed lover. One day we met Kitty in a lane, and I said to her:

"How is it you never come our way now?"

"The girl blushed.

"Father prefers to take up the things himself," she murmured; for which painfully apparent fib we forgave her.

"The days passed on and Kinloch, who had before been the life of our expeditions, was now generally absent. Where he had been was evident, for we often caught a glimpse of chestnut hair shining through the trees, or the old picturesque red shawl draped over Kitty's head and shoulders, her round, dimpled arms appearing just below.

"Kinloch's regiment had been ordered away to another part of Ireland, and, one morning, a few days before he was to go, we begged for his company on a picnic we had arranged to have with one or two other families.

"Thanks, very much," but I'm afraid I shall be too busy," he said.

"Oh, but you must come! We all counted upon you," we said.

"But I—I have so many things to do to-day."

Here he stopped and blushed.

"We girls were devoured with curiosity, and some of the men had a perceptible sneer on their faces.

"He has got to say farewell to his lady-love," suggested Philip Grant.

"Kinloch turned on him with blazing eyes. We all kept back. They were no globes of fire.

"Confound it, sir, and suppose I have! What is that to you?" he cried.

"We all stared at Philip; he was very white, but he shrugged his shoulders and wisely forbore to answer.

"Kinloch's temper calmed down as rapidly as it had risen.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, girls, but I must beg to be excused," he said gently; and bowing, he walked off.

"We watched his upright, manly figure striding along till he disappeared, and then we all looked at each other and sighed.

"A clear case," said one girl.

"Head over heels."

"What will he do?"

"How can he marry her?"

"Kitty can take care of herself."

"But I'm sure she is in love; she never has been before."

"He will go away and forget her."

"He gave his bridle rein a shake,
Said, Adieu forevermore, my love,
Adieu forevermore."

"Never! Nothing of the kind will happen. I'm sure he will marry her," I said.

"That night Kinloch made his way to the gardener's cottage. His face was pale, but he had a determined look at the corners of his mouth; he carried his head well thrown back, and stepped lightly along.

"The girl had just set her father's supper before him, and had gone out to rest in the garden and enjoy the still beauties of the night. The air was fresh and the full moon was burrying through the star-spangled course. The reeds in the neighboring streams rustled and shivered in the breeze, and the night moths bumped against Kitty's white kerchief in their way to the fatal candle in the window. The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"Why do you weep, Kitty?" said a voice at her side.

"The girl buried her face in her hands and sobbed afresh.

"You are going away," she said.

"Yes; I am going away, but you will come with me, Kitty, for you love me," said Kinloch.

"Come back in ten years, Kinloch. I will be true to you and wait till then. I will try and improve myself—make myself more worthy of your love.

"Keep as you are, Kitty; remain unchanged," said the young man, jealously, "lest when I come back again I shall not see in you the last look that I took away with me, my life, my love!" he murmured passionately, and then kissed her sweet brimming mouth, and folding her in one last embrace he left her.

As she went into the cottage a large moth sailed in before her, flew up into the alluring brightness of the candle, and dropped dead on the table.

"Kitty, my girl," said the old man, pointing significantly to the insect, "Don't be as silly as that thing. Its eyes were dazzled, and it had no strength to resist the fatal fascination."

"Father, you may trust me," said the girl, bending down and kissing the grey hair.

Here Aunt Bell stopped.

"Is it interesting? Shall I go on?"

"Oh, do! Did he come back?" said her niece.

"Well, the years passed on, and the girl was looked and teased and had many offers of marriage, but she was firm and would listen to none. At last the young fellows grew weary of their fruitless attempts at love-making, and the greater part left her alone. A few, more unkind, would ask when she expected her young gentleman home, and taunted her in cutting speeches and insinuations.

"Nine years went by, and then came the battle of Waterloo when officers and men went down together in hundreds. Still no word from Kinloch, and Kitty's heart, which had never failed in its lightness nor her step in its speed, now sank and faltered for the first time.

"Early in the next year—in fact, on New Year's night—the officers gave a ball, and every girl and young man for miles around was invited. Girls were in great demand then, and I went down to my aunt's house especially for that night. I was anxious to see Kitty myself and to find out how the years had passed over her head.

"You think, perhaps, 26 was rather old to be called a girl—do you, Kitty. Well, I felt almost as young as when I was 16, and quite as ready to enjoy a dance or a flirtation, I assure you.

"Kate Daly—that was her name—went to help the ladies unshawl themselves, and to be ready with needle and thread when the unhappy damsel with torn skirt or flounce should require her assistance. She was then 23, and the young, girlish beauty had developed into the most lovely of women. Only when her face was at rest, and you saw the suspicion of an anxious heart upon it, would you have guessed her age. She wore a pale, tea rose tinted gown, with ruffles of lace of her own making at the neck and sleeves.

"It was a wild and stormy night without, just such a one as this, but it only served to enhance the brightness and animation of the scene within. The dancing of the light-heeled shoes and the silvery laughter rose higher than the roar of the wind, and the tinkling wine cups drowned all sound of rain. Suddenly there was a lull; we stopped dancing; a chill blast swept round us; we turned and saw a silent figure standing in the doorway.

"He was tall and handsome, but his large black cloak, carelessly thrown over his shoulder, was dripping with the rain and making a large puddle on the floor. His legs, booted and spurred, were mud up to the hips.

"Just at that moment the clock struck 12, and the year 1816 had broken. Some of the nervous girls screamed and ran behind their partners. Was it an apparition? Was it an ill omen for the coming year?"

"I seem to frighten you, friends. Does nobody know me?"

"Kitty at that moment was bringing in a jug of iced claret at another door. She heard the voice and turned round trembling, with a wild cry:

"Kinloch, Kinloch, I knew you would come back!" And amidst a crash of breaking glass—for she let the vessel slip from her hands—she sprang to his side, and disappeared in the folds of his great cloak.

"How splendid, Aunt Bell!" said her niece, drawing a deep breath; "but if she married him then I don't see why she should not have done so before."

"Ah, but she was a wise girl; she knew it would test his constancy, and prove if he really loved her. A young man's love at 21—as she knew so well—would not be his choice at 31."

"What became of them, aunt?"

"Oh, they married and traveled about a great deal, and finally both died out in India within a few months of each other. There was one son, and I believe he is in the army, also. Come, Kitty, I shall go to bed, and not wait any longer for your father."

"There is a new lieutenant coming in Mr. Perry's place," said her niece, as she bade her good night.

"The young men are not what they used to be," sighed the old lady. "Some little whipper-snapper, "I'll be bound, with feet that would fit in your slippers. Good-night, Childie!"

Kitty went down stairs and pondered over the story of the beautiful Kate Daly and faithful Kinloch. She went to the window and undid the shutter. She pictured to herself the young man as he came to the window and scratched his name on the glass, and then, taking the girl's hand in his, slowly guiding it just below. She leaned on the sill of the window seat and tried to realize each scene in the little drama. There, under that very door, stood the tall, black-robed figure they had all shrunk away from in the midst of their mirth.

What! was she dreaming. What stood there at that moment? A figure darker than the gloom of the room. The rain poured in rivers outside, the wind whistled round the house. The figure came farther into the room. She saw by the misty light that he was a tall man with a dark cloak over his shoulders, booted and spurred, with mud up to his hips. She felt as if the whole scene was to be played over again, but she looked in vain for the pretty girls with their puffed sleeves and short waists, their flowing curls and high-heeled shoes. Kitty, where was she? And here she blushed to herself in the darkness. There was a Kitty, but not that one.

The man came up to the window, evidently thinking no one was in the room. The girl shrank back as the wet cloak brushed against her cheek.

"Kinloch!" she said, half doubting whether the figure would answer, for she could hardly tell yet whether she was dreaming or no.

"Who spoke my name?" he called out, glancing round.

"I did," said Kitty, feeling very abashed, almost at his elbow.

He glanced down, drawing away his wet cloak.

"I am sure I beg your pardon; I thought the room was empty. I must have come into the wrong quarters. Arriving so late I must have mistaken the block. I hope you will forgive such an intrusion."

Kitty's castles in the air all fell to the ground with a crash. How commonplace. He was only the new lieutenant after all; but he did not appear the whipper-snapper her aunt had prophesied.

"Then you are not Kinloch?" she said in a disappointed tone.

"My name is Kinloch," he answered with a pleasant smile.

"My aunt was telling me about this Kinloch," and Kitty tapped the frame with her finger "I will tell you the story some day, if you like; but you came into the room just as she said your namesake did, dressed in the same way and everything. But there! I suppose you are not even a relation?"

"He was my father," said the young man quietly; "so no wonder we are something alike." It was now his turn to say in a disappointed tone. "But your name is not Kitty, I'm sure."

"Yes, it is," she said eagerly, then paused; a sudden red flush rushed over her face. At least, no—it is——"

"But she could not deny it, for it was Kitty.

"These are our namesakes; shall we write ours below them, Kitty?"

"Some day—perhaps."

INTERIOR OF MEXICO.

Home Life Among the Peons—Their Dwellings and Habits.

In the terras callentes (hot lands) the children often go naked, and the grown people wear no more clothing than their partial civilization demands. The flat roofed adobe house, the palm-covered cane hut or a cave in the hillside serves all the purposes of an earthly habitation for those whose lives are passed within them. But here in the cooler part of the Republic—a mile and a half above the level of the sea—nature has so elevated the country and lowered the temperature that clothing is a necessity. There is sufficient rain to penetrate the flat roofs and drown out the cave dwellers, hence we find the people living above ground and under inclined roofs. Thus they have advanced by the sheer necessity of their external surroundings but where nature has not acted with a compulsory force they still remain in a condition that is scarcely above that of the lower animals in some respects. The houses are built of stone, brick and adobe. They have dirt floors and shed roofs which are covered with mud mortar about six inches deep. They seldom have windows or any other provision for light and ventilation except the door. We often find a large family living in one of these rooms. When the evening comes a family circle is formed around a few ancient earthen mugs and jars which are set on the dirt floor; from these they take their scant and simple meal; after which a round of cigarettes are smoked, then the door is barred, the flickering tallow candle is blown out, and while the unsavory fumes of the smoking wick is permeating the entire room the last one retires to rest in this dungeon home, a home then darker than the blackest night, as unsavory as the dungeon of the doomed and almost as sickly and deadly as the black-hole of Calcutta.

We see these creatures on their knees every day and with outstretched arms they beseech their lot and beg of God in his mercy to grant them more blessings, after which they employ what little mental and physical force they possess in rejecting those which have already been granted. "What fools these mortals be."

Their diet consists of the various fruits of the tropic, with goat's meat, goat's milk and tortillas (corn cakes) made of salt and water. The meal is ground by hand between stones similar to those used by ancients. In place of stoves and iron cooking utensils, they use elevated fire places and earthen jars which serve for ovens and charcoal fires. The knowledge of cooking among all classes of women is as meagre as the means used, hence the breakfast biscuit white loaf bread, pies, preserves and puddings of the United States are never seen in Mexico.

Their Dress.—The women wear shawls over their heads in place of hats and bonnets and the fashion never varies. The skirts are small and they wear tight shoes with very high heels. Among the lower class plain-cut, bright red dresses are often worn, but among the higher classes a combination of bright colors is preferred.

The men of every class have a passionate fondness for dressed-sheep, goat, or deer skin suits. These are often fringed, painted and embroidered with silver. The pantaloons are often striped down the side with rows of buttons and buckles and the wide-brimmed sombrero is often adorned with silver stars, tassels and a few rounds of heavy silver cord around the crown. The peons wear very low-crowned, wide-brimmed straw-hats, and in place of coats they wear heavy woolen blankets winter and summer. Though I am now in the torrid zone—and to-day—in midsummer, yet I see no signs of blistering or sunning themselves with their blankets wound around them up to the nose. Mothers are passing with their babies wrapped up out of sight and the men use sandals in place of shoes or boots. A few are dressed as we find them in the United States. Thus it is the old and the new, the high and the low are all seen at one view.

The Flying Fish.

There has been much discussion about whether the flying fish really flapped its wing fins like a bird. Engineer Baird, of the navy, throws light on the subject in a late number of Science. He assures us that this curious bird-fish really does beat its wings, and that it can change its direction in the air. It has been supposed that its flight was more of a jumping than a flying. Engineer Baird's observation shows that this is an error.

In the Cape Verd Island region there are numbers of a very large flying fish, in which the beating of the fins, like a bird's wings, are plainly visible. A school of flying fish will keep together nearly as well as a flock of ducks.

The fish usually starts to windward in its flight, and then changes is direction. It can be observed most advantageously from on board a ship, and it was here that Engineer Baird made his observations. The light in the air seemed to dazzle the fishes' eyes. When alarmed they dart quickly forward by wagging the tail fin. If, then, a scooper be placed in front of them they will jump into it.

FASHION NOTES.

—Shades of gray are very stylish for gloves to wear on all ordinary occasions as well as with demi-toilet.

—English crapes in all colors are seen on bonnets and plastrons. Small capotes are made of this crape in green, ruby and gray. White bonnets are much worn by young ladies with full-dress toilets. They are trimmed with cream, beige or light pink. Small capotes are the style for full-dress purposes. Sometimes they have no strings, and form a small puffed piece on the head no larger than a flower. Hats grow larger and larger, and the apparent size is increased by tulle puffs and flounces of lace falling from the edge all around. When to a hat thus adorned is added a mass of flowers or ribbon veiled with lace, the size of the whole is enormous. By a sort of compensation the bonnets are unusually small. They are made, by preference, of crape, to match the rest of the costume. Gray kid gloves, with heavy gray or black stitching, are elegant, but in hot weather long silk ones matching the costume are more worn, and as the thermometer rises these will give way to muslin when comfort and convenience are consulted.

—A peculiarity of the present fashion is that while the neutral tones are seen, such as undecided greens, and blues, and reds, that look as though faded by the sun, bright and showy colors are very numerous, their full share of favor. These varying styles are so admirably handled by skilful dressmakers that it is difficult to decide which will be preferred. At present both are adopted, and ladies of fashion that have an extensive wardrobe have these contrasting toilets for use on different occasions, according to fancy. They bring into use the various tones of light green, such as mignonette and Nile green, and bright shades of yellow, such as orange, Indian yellow, jonquil and the different tones of lemon, and they are as much worn as red. Suits in yellow are usually covered with some kind of lace, in ecru, black or seal brown, or with beaded net-work. The parts of the dress that are not covered with lace or net-work have arabesque embroideries, usually in various shades of reddish brown. Old mauve is unquestionably gaining ground, both for dresses and bonnets. For skirts and waists it is employed under lace or some material in openwork.

—Among toilets of light summer fabrics many lace dresses are worn by Parisian ladies. These have either waists to match or waists made of velvet and ottoman in dark shades. The skirts are draped with ribbon bows, which are sometimes fastened under fancy metal clasps. Bows of ribbons are again in constant use. Embroidered and beaded trimmings are usually in panel style. They are worked on the underskirt, and the tunic is opened on either side to show the work. The other side of the tunic is raised near the back, puffing in full small plaits, and then falls either straight or in waves. Many aprons are also to be seen. Some of these form part of the tunic, and are raised very high in the sides. Others are square and trimmed with either galloon or lace. The latter are only employed over plaited skirts, with the skirt falling straight down the back. Another way of arranging a dress is to make a panel terminating in the tunic. This tunic opens over the front of the skirt, is separate from the back puffing, and is fastended to it by cordlings or flaps. If cordings are employed then there are also dropping ornaments, and with the flaps there are handsome buttons. Great importance is at present attached to these buttons, as they give a stamp of originality to many costumes. They are in most peculiar colors, and of very artistic workmanship. They are very prominent this summer in linen and foulard suits and in traveling cloaks.

—Some summer dresses of cotton goods and foulards are in Pompadour stripes, very low-crowned, wide-brimmed straw-hats, and in place of coats they wear heavy woolen blankets winter and summer. Though I am now in the torrid zone—and to-day—in midsummer, yet I see no signs of blistering or sunning themselves with their blankets wound around them up to the nose. Mothers are passing with their babies wrapped up out of sight and the men use sandals in place of shoes or boots. A few are dressed as we find them in the United States. Thus it is the old and the new, the high and the low are all seen at one view.

A Memory.

She was so tranquil, yet smiling and,
So airy in grace, so precocious and wise,
I thought her sufficiently fair to be one
Of the angels of God, in an earthly disguise

But I missed her at last, and one morn
while the dew
Yet jeweled the green of the sod and the
spray,
I walked to her home, down the dingle we
knew—
There pallid and ill on the pillow she
lay.

She faded—ah, me! when the wood-flower's
breath
Fled away, when her roses wreathed
lattice and door,
She sank to the strange, rigid slumber of
death;
We called to her, wept—she could
waken no more!

Thou fondly-loved haunt of my earlier
years,
Thy joy in my bosom no longer can stir;
Yet, seen through this mist of my gathering
tears,
Thou art dear, thou art dearer for memory of her!

SHORT OF CASH.

Phillip Gilbert Hammerton says: "Let me observe, to begin with, that although the pursuit of wealth is not favorable to the intellectual life, the inconveniences of poverty are even less favorable to it."

Let me observe, to begin with, right you are, P. G.; right you are.

One Sunday in London, it struck me that it wouldn't be a bad idea to go down to the office on the Strand and finish up some correspondence that was long over due. I would be assisted by the quiet and freedom from interruption that I was certain of on that day, so about 11 o'clock I went to the Hammersmith railway station and found it closed. The London railways are in the habit of closing down during church time although they run trains the rest of the day to make up for this spasm of Sunday observance. I had forgotten this freak on the part of the railway people and so took a 'bus instead.

If that railway station had been opened this would not have been written, for the price of a return ticket was more than the amount I had in my pocket. I would have remembered that I had left my purse in the pocket I wore on week days, and would have gone back for it.

Now, a seat beside the driver on a Hammersmith 'bus on a fine morning is something not to be despised. You go along through Kensington and past Hyde park and into Piccadilly, and so to Charing Cross and the city. It is about as interesting an hour-ride as you can wish to have.

"Where for, sir?"

"Charing Cross."

"Sixpence, please."

"Sixpence, is it," and I dived down into my pocket and up came the nimble sixpence. That reticent coin, however, never told me that all it left there was just two pennies and one half-penny. After the silver piece had passed into the hands of the 'bus conductor we rolled merrily along, and I had no idea that I would soon be called to face the pange of direst poverty.

I wrote away in the office until the bells tolled 2, and feeling the necessity for a square meal, I went into a cafe that was generally crowded on week days, but was almost empty on Sunday. I don't know why I ordered such a sumptuous dinner—probably because I felt a certain satisfaction at having accomplished some work that should have been done long before—but, be that as it may—I ordered a "blow-the-expense" dinner, and only felt sorry that I had no genial friend with me to share it.

When the waiter brought me the bill I glanced at it and put my hand down the trousers pocket, and on the right. Net result, 2½d. I searched all my pockets in the vain hope that they might yield the unexpected cash, that a careless man leaves around his clothes. Net result—same old tuppence ha'penny.

"Waiter, would you have the kindness to ask the proprietor to step this way?"

"Proprietor, sir? Yessir, certainly, sir. Nothing wrong I hope, sir?"

"Nothing whatever. Merely wish to express my gratification."

The proprietor came up smiling and rubbing his hands one over the other. Now I particularly distrust a man who smiles and rubs his hands, and I said to myself "I'm going to have trouble with this man."

"Good afternoon. I wanted to say to you that rarely have I enjoyed a dinner as well as the one I have just finished."

"I am very glad you are satisfied, sir. We try to please our customers, sir. Hope you will come again, sir."

"As things look at present I rather think I'll have to. But what I wanted to see you particularly for was—I hope I'm not detaining you too long?"

"Oh, not at all sir—not at all. Sunday's a very light day with us, sir."

"Then that's all right. Well, as I was saying, I thought I'd try a chestnut on you if you had the time."

"A chestnut, sir?"

"Yes, in America we call an old story or an old joke a chestnut. Whenever an enemy gets off what he thinks a good joke we simply remark 'chestnut,' and that crushes him."

"Ah, I see, sir; very good, sir."

"Well, this chestnut, you've perhaps heard before. Everybody has in America. A fellow put up at a first-class hotel, ordered a fine dinner and the best of wine. Having dined exceeding well he called for the landlord. 'Landlord,' he said, 'I suppose lots of dead beats come to your house?'

"'Well, a few.'

"'What do you do when you find a man has no money—is a dead beat, in fact?"

"'Do? Why I kick him out.'

"At this the guest rose, went to the door, and looking over his shoulder at the landlord said:

"'Kick.'

"It was a few moments before the landlord comprehended that the fellow had no money, but when the fact was clear he vigorously kicked him into the middle of the street."

"Very good," cried the cafe proprietor. "Very good indeed. I never heard that story before."

"Oh, that's not all the story. Six month after the fellow appeared at the same hotel.

"'Don't you remember kicking me out?' he said to the landlord. 'Well, that's all right. I don't bear any grudge. Made $100,000 since then. Come, you shall dine with me this time. I dined at your expense last time.'

"So they had a grand dinner and the best champagne in the house. The landlord apologized several times for his former rudeness, but the traveler insisted that he did just right—would have done the same himself under the circumstances. Finally, as the last bottle was drained, he said to the landlord:

"'Hope you enjoyed your dinner.'

"'Oh, immensely.'

"'All right, then. Kick again.'

"That's the end. Beat him twice, you see. Now, that's where he had the advantage of me. I have merely got ahead of you to the extent of one dinner."

"How's that, sir."

"What do you do with a fellow who can't pay?"

"Give him in charge of the police," said the proprietor, eyeing me severely.

The chestnut was beginning to work on him.

"Then he has to do any kicking that's done himself. Well, I haven't the money to pay for this meal. Will you trust me until this time to-morrow?"

I expected there would be a fuss, but there wasn't. I presume the native honesty stamped idelibly on my face told him he would lose nothing. I felt very grateful to him and we had a glass of champagne on it on Monday.

I went back to the office and worked till nightfall. I had dined so well that I thought I would never be hungry again, but when I had got out into the cool night air I found that I needed a lunch. I wanted to keep a penny so that if the railway clerk refused to give me credit for a Hammersmith ticket I could buy a third-class ticket, and at least get on the train. So my available resources were 3 half-pence. It surprised me to learn that I could make a good meal on that sum. There was a shop in the window of which sizzled a great number of sausages over a gas stove. I went in and made inquiries. I found that for 3 half-pence I could have sausage and mashed potatoes or fried fish and mashed potatoes. I was not hungry enough to risk my precious life on cheap sausages, so I took the fish instead. Both fish and potatoes were excellent.

The next thing was to beat my way back to Hammersmith. I asked for credit at the ticket window, and was politely and with reasonable firmness refused. I somehow received the impression that it was not by giving credit the District railway paid its dividends. I stepped back and waiting a few moments, joined the procession at the window, and when once more in front of the clerk I slammed down my penny, saying:

"Westminister. Third. Single."

With equal promptness the ticket was thrust me and with it I passed the barrier, and so got on the Hammersmith train.

I entered a first-class carriage with a third-class penny ticket. I had three fellow-passengers. As it was Sunday night the chances were that no ticket-inspector would trouble us. If he did, I felt that I was lost. There was a white card in my pocket. First-class tickets on the Underground are white. I resolved to take another step in crime, so I tore a bit of the white card to about the size of a return half of a ticket. This I put in my vest-pocket—for emergencies.

Sure enough at Victoria station a polite inspector swung himself into our compartment.

"Tickets, gentlemen, if you please."

Four thumbs and four fingers went indolently down into four vest-pockets and brought up four bits of white paper.

"Thank you, gentlemen."

The door banged shut. The country was saved. I would here like to call the attention of any young man desirous of getting on and prospering in a career of villainy and deception, to the advisability of acting as near as possible like the honest act under similar circumstances. I pulled out the bit of bogus paste board in just the same manner I had hundreds of times showed genuine tickets—neither delaying or hurrying. If I had pretended to be asleep or to have lost my ticket or tried any such ruse I would at once have aroused the man's suspicions, and once that was done the game would be up. Until a false move was made on my part, the inspector performed his duties with a certain automaticness, if I may term it. Those of you who expect to reach Newgate—to plagiarize my friend Artemus Ward—will see the philosophy of it.

To the ticket-taker at Hammersmith I said:

"I have traveled from Charing Cross here. I have no ticket except the one that I gave me on the train. How much do I owe you?"

"He named the sum—9 pence I think."

"I have no money. If you send a porter with me to my rooms I will pay the fare and also make it square with him."

The porter came along with me, and so ended my day of poverty.

Thus it is that I agree with Mr. Hammerton—that the inconveniences of poverty are not exactly favorable to intellectual life.

The Goat.

The common or domestic goat was originally a native of the highlands of Asia. Naturalists generally regard it as having descended from an animal found in the Caucasus Mountains and the hill country of Persia, called in the Persian language, the paseng. Its legs are longer than those of the common goat, and its horns are very much larger. It is not always easy to distinguish between the species and varieties of goats. The common goat has existed as a domestic animal in the Oriental countries from the very earliest times. From there it spread all over the world, manifesting a remarkable adaptability to climate and circumstances. In this diversity of surroundings, a great diversity of breeds has appeared, such as the Angora goat, the Syrian goat, the Cashmere goat the Guinea goat of Africa, and many others. No quadruped, except the dog, has shown such susceptibility of variation. These differences show most markedly in the quality and quantity of the hair, and in the relative abundance of the two coats, the long, silky outer covering and the softer woolly hair beneath it. Goats are found wild in mountainous countries only; they are very sure-footed on narrow ledges or rocks, and show great strength and ability in leaping. They also prefer as food the leaves and branches of shrubs and the herbs found on mountains to the herbage of the richest pastures. Among the Greeks and Romans the goat was sacrificed to Bacchus because of its tendency to injure grapevines by eating its young tendrils and leaves. The goat is not found wild in extreme Northern countries, but when under domestication thrives as well within a shed in the Northern district of Scandinavia as in the hottest parts of Asia and Africa. All the species of the goat are natives of the Old World. The Rocky Mountain goat, so-called, of North America, really belongs to the antelope family.

Bricks of Solid Gold.

The Emperor's throne at San-hai is to have its foundation and pedestal made of gold bricks, and consequently the sub-prefect of Sochow has sent to Pekin 3,000 pieces or gold bricks for the purpose, under the escort of a wei-yuen. The taotai of Tung-chow is now in charge of them, and the wei-yuen has informed the board of works of their safe arrival. A deputy will soon be appointed by the board to examine them. It is said that these bricks are of the ordinary size, and that they are of solid gold.

It is never too late with us so long as we are still aware of our faults and bear them impatiently; so long as noble aspirations, eager for conquest, stir within us.

CONGRESSMEN'S HABITS.

Senators and Representatives Who Indulge in Smoking, Chewing or Snuffing.

I was surprised one day in the White House to see Senator Edmunds take out a package of fine cut chewing tobacco and put a good-sized quid into his mouth. I thought that must be due to the order said to have been issued by the President prohibiting smoking in the White House. But upon inquiry I found that the report about such an order having been issued was a fiction. Smoking goes on in the White House the same as ever. It was due to the force of habit that Mr. Edmunds took out his tobacco pouch, as he is an inveterate chewer. On inquiry I found that of the seventy-six Senators fourteen chew tobacco, and fifty-eight use it in one form or another, while of the three hundred and twenty-five members of the House only a few abstain wholly from tobacco. Over half the Southern members both smoke and chew. In the Senate those who chew tobacco are Beck, Call, Edmunds, Fair, George, Harris, Hearst, Jones, of Florida, Logan, McPherson, Morrill, Saulsbury, Vance, Voorhees, Whitthorne and Wilson, of Maryland. Nearly all of them smoke also. Mr. Wilson uses snuff, as does "the patriarch," Brown, of Georgia. Captain Bassett, the venerable door-keeper, is an expert on the question of snuff, and he purchases it in quantities and furnishes it to those Senators who use it.

Senators Morrill and McPherson do not chew tobacco except in the form of cigars; that is, they cut up cigars for the purpose, and one cigar serves either of them for several days. Mr. Harris takes his in the form of plug, from which he can be seen in the Senate occasionally biting off a "chew." Mr. Vest was formerly a confirmed smoker and chewer, but after a severe illness and on advice of a physician he is said to have abandoned the use of tobacco. The other Senators who do not use tobacco in any form are Aldrich, Blair, Colquitt, Dawes, Dolph, Hoar, Jones, of Nevada, McMillan, Miller, Mitchell, of Oregon, Morgan, Pike, Plumb, Teller, Van Wyck and Payne. Mr. Ingalls smokes on rare occasions. Mr. Hale, after the exhilaration of a good dinner, indulges in a cigar. Mr. Collum once in a while at a dinner party or on some other social gathering smokes a cigar, and then complains for several days of the bad effect. Mr. Hoar formerly used tobacco, but he has abandoned the habit. Mr. Blair puts tobacco, liquors of all kinds and other evil things behind him. Mr. Eustis has the distinction of being the only member of the Senate who smokes cigarettes. As he spends much of his time in the cloak-room smoking he must consume many cigarettes in the course of a day. Mr. Cockrell confines his smoking to his own house, where with a clay pipe with a bamboo stem two feet long he apparently takes great comfort. Mr. Evarts only smokes after dinner. As he eats only two meals a day never taking any luncheon at the capitol, he does not smoke there. Though Mr. Evarts only eats twice a day, and is physically the most slender member of the Senate, he has the reputation of having a good appetite. A story is told of his attending a public dinner with the dyspeptic Mr. Hewitt, who remarked after scanning the bill of fare: "I don't see anything on the menu that I can eat," to which remark Mr. Evarts replied: "I don't see anything on the menu that I can't eat."

THE INTELLIGENCE OF DOGS.

Some Remarkable Examples of Canine Sagacity—A Conclusion.

Quite a remarkable paper on the dog's intelligence from the pen of a well-known French savant appears in The Popular Science Monthly. From its title: "What May Animals Be Taught," the writer's object, may be readily understood, which is to show a radical difference between the human and animal intelligence: He combats the theory generally accepted at the present day, that the dog's intelligence, however much it may differ from man's in degree, is the same in kind. Thus he says:

"If, while sitting at my table, I say to my son: 'Will you be so good as to bring me my slippers?' he will understand me. If, my the same thing to my dog, in the same tone and without moving, he will not understand me. I shall have to express myself in a particular tone of voice. He will understand: 'Mouston, bring the slippers!' or, 'Mouston, slippers!' or 'Mouston, bring!' But he will not understand the cool, calm request that is sufficient direction to my boy. Provided I make the accustomed gesture, the dog will obey, though I use the wrong word; and he will not obey, though I use the right word, if I speak in an indifferent tone as if to some one behind the scenes."

Now with all respect to the sagacity of this very clever writer, we beg leave to differ with him on the point raised, and with others who hold to the same theory. Their contention, is that the action of the dog in the case cited and in all similar cases, is the action of an automaton or machine, made to run as it is directed without any discourse of reason.

That the dog will not understand as the boy does, the "cool, calm request," unless it is accompanied by some gesture or peculiar tone of voice to indicate what it wanted, we deny. Take for instance the historical case of the dog near Detroit, which was left on shore, while his master was on board a steamboat anchored in the middle of the river. The dog makes an effort to reach him by swimming toward the boat; but the current carries him down a considerable distance below where the steamer is anchored. As soon as the dog sees this, he immediately swims back again, and going higher up the shore, again strikes out for his master; the current carries him for the second time still below the boat, but not so far below as before. The third time he swims out, starting at a point still further up the river than when he started the second time. Thus he repeats the experiment several times more, being careful each time to start out a little higher up the stream than before, thus making allowance for the rapidity of the current in carrying him down stream, until finally he comes abreast of the steamer, and is taken aboard.

If the mental processes which the dog went through in making these successive experiments were not those of reason, and of reason precisely like that which a human being employes, what in the name of reason were they? And how can they be explained on any pretense or principle of automatic action?

Again, take the movements of the noble St. Bernard, which, a few years ago, accompanied his master through the principal cities of the United States, selling some sort of patent medicine. Many a time we have seen his master issuing orders to the dog in a low tone of voice and with his head bent down, as if to avoid giving instructions by any peculiarity of tone or any movement of the body. The orders were like these: "I want you to go to that wagon across the street, where the driver sits with his whip in his hand, and take a seat beside him;" or: "Go to that post down the street, where they hitch horses, and see if you can stand on it."

Immediately in each of these cases, and in others like them, the dog would deliberately obey the instructions given him, without his master raising his eyes, or indicating by any peculiarity of tone or gesture what he wished. And nothing could be more comical than to see the huge animal mount the post, and after, perhaps, repeated efforts, plant his four feet in an upright position on the top, with scarcely room enough for all four, without putting one on top of another.

No human servant, however well drilled, could have obeyed the commands more punctually or precisely; and none could have performed the dog's feat. There is then no difference between the kind of intelligence shown by the dog and his master, however great the difference is in degree.

A New Parasite Discovered.

At a meeting of the Toronto Natural History Society recently, the president, Mr. William Brode, read a paper on a new parasite which he has discovered. He has found it on spear grass, timothy and June grass, and produced samples of these grasses which had been affected by the pest. In the popular mind the effects of this insect have been confused with blight and the weevil. He had found them near the joints of the grass. After some difficulty he had mounted several specimens. In one case he had an excellent opportunity to examine it. Though it was invisible to the naked eye yet under the microscope he could plainly distinguish its legs and sucking apparatus. It was a true mite and had no wings. In the age in which he calculated they lived one of these could travel not more than six feet, and as it could not fly he inferred that it must derive all its nourishment from the grass. His supposition was that the parent entered from the top and deposited the ovaria joint; that the brood thrived by sucking the juices of the grass, which shrunk and became weak and thin. He had not been able to observe sufficiently the parts and species of the grasses which were affected, and urged upon those of the members who possessed microscopes the importance of making a study of the parasite.

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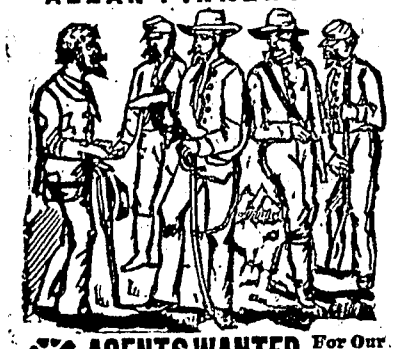

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Ætna, assets, :	$9,013,517	
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Philadelphia,	e 8 00	9 30	2 00	2 15	2 50	4 00	4 30	5 45	0 45	7 30	8 00	8 30	4 30
Camden,	8 10	9 40	2 10	2 25	3 00	4 10	4 40	5 55	6 55	7 40	8 10	8 40	4 40
Haddonfield,	8 28	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	4 57	d6 10	f7 12		8 32	.....	5 00
Berlin,	8 54	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	5 24	.....	f7 32		8 58	.....	5 28
Atco,	9 00	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	5 20	.....	.....		9 04	.....	5 36
Waterford,	9 06	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	5 40	.....	.....		9 10	.....	5 46
Winslow,	9 18	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	5 52	.....	.....		9 29	.....	5 5[illegible]
Hammonton,	9 25	.....	.....	.....	3 50	.....	6 ...	6 47	f8 01		9 37	9 23	5 [illegible]
Da Costa,	9 32	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	6 05	.....	.....		9 42	.....	6 [illegible]
Elwood,	9 40	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	6 12	.....	.....		9 51	.....	6 14
Egg Harbor City,	9 50	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	6 25	7 04	f8 21		10 01	9 45	5 50
Absecon,	10 10	.....	.....	.....	c4 20	c5 30	6 48	7 20	f8 42	9 ...	10 22	.....	6 40
Atlantic City,	10 20	11 05	3 35	3 55	4 30	5 40	7 ...	7 30	9 ...	9 10	10 35	10 10	6 53

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At.Ac. a.m.	Expr. a.m.	Exp a.m.	Exp p.m.	Acco. p.m.	Exp. p.m.	Expr. p.m.	Su.Ac. a.m.	Sunday p.m	Exp. p.m	Exp. p.m	S Ac p.m.	SEx p.m.	SEx p.m	Su.Ex p.m.
Philadelphia,	9 05	8 35	9 40	12 05	6 20	7 20	11 35	9 50	6 95	7 05	9 3[illegible]	7 35	8 05	9 20	11 35
Camden,	8 58	8 28	9 20	11 58	6 11	7 14	----	9 44	5 59	----	9 2[illegible]	7 27	7 59	9 10	11 27
Haddonfield,	8 43	----	----	----	5 53	----	----	9 24	----	e646	----	7 17	----	8 51	----
Berlin,	8 18	----	----	----	5 34	----	----	8 58	----	----	----	6 42	----	8 30	----
Atco,	8 11	----	----	----	5 20	----	----	8 53	----	----	----	6 34	----	----	----
Waterford,	8 02	----	----	----	5 22	----	----	8 46	----	----	----	6 27	----	----	----
Winslow,	7 47	----	----	----	5 12	----	----	8 26	----	----	----	6 08	----	----	----
Hammonton,	7 34	7 41	----	11 13	5 05	6 22	----	8 2[illegible]	e511	----	----	6 02	e711	8 01	----
DaCosta,	7 30	----	----	----	5 01	----	----	8 22	----	----	----	5 56	----	----	----
Elwood,	7 21	----	----	----	4 52	----	----	8 13	----	----	----	5 48	----	----	----
Egg Harbor City	7 11	----	8 32	----	4 41	6 05	----	8 05	----	----	----	5 40	e655	7 30	----
Absecon,	6 92	7 10	----	h10 40	4 20	5 50	----	7 43	----	----	----	5 20	----	7 17	----
Atlantic City,	6 40	7 00	8 07	10 30	4 05	5 40	10 00	7 30	4 30	h54	8 ...	5 05	6 30	7 00	10 00

* 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.
Parlor Cars on all Express Trains.

The Hammonton accommodation has not been changed—leaves Hammonton at 6:05 a.m. and 1:35 p.m. Leaves Philadelphia at 12:00 a.m. and 6:00 p.m.

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From Vine St. only, 7:30, p.m.
Sunday trains leave both ferries at 8 a.m., 1.00 and 4:00 pm.
From Pennsylvania Railroad Station, foot of Market St, 7;30 am, 8;00, 5:00, 10,30 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 p.m.
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.

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