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VOL. 27.

HAMMONTON, N. J., SEPTEMBER 14, 1889.

NO. 37



Silver

Gold

Steel

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Nickel

We are prepared to fit you with Glasses of almost every style and quality. Broken frames and glasses repaired.

CARL M. COOK, Jeweler and Optician.

Spring has Arrived!

And so have

Spring and Summer Goods
At C. E. HALL'S New Store.

Refrigerators, with Patent Drip Cups. Oil Stoves.
Hardware. Tin and Wooden-ware. Furniture.
Carpets. Rugs. Anti-Rusting Tinware.
Patent Dinner Pails. Table and Floor Oil Cloth.
Curtains and Wall Paper got to order.
Repairing of all kinds in our line done promptly.

C. E. HALL, cor. Bellevue and Central Aves.

GEORGE ELVINS

DEALER IN

Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes

Flour, Feed, Fertilizers,
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N. B.—Superior Family Flour a Specialty.

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All Vegetables in their Season.

His Wagons Run through the Town and Vicinity



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AND
Demorest's Monthly Magazine,
A WONDERFUL PUBLICATION.

Many suppose DEMOREST'S MONTHLY to be a fashion magazine. This is a great mistake. It undoubtedly contains the finest Fashion Department of any magazine published, but this is the case from the fact that great enterprise and experience are shown, so that each department is equal to a magazine in itself. In Demorest's you get a dozen magazines in one, and secure amusement and instruction for the whole family. It contains Stories, Poems, and other literary attractions, including Artistic, Scientific, and Household matters, and is illustrated with original Steel Engravings, Photographs, Water-Colours, and fine Woodcuts, making it the most beautiful Magazine of America.

Each copy contains a PATTERNS Original, entitling the holder to the selection of ANY PATTERN illustrated in any number of the Magazine, and in ANY OF THE ARTS manufactured, each valued at from 20 cents to 50 cents, or over \$3.00 worth of patterns per year, free.

Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, NEW YORK.
The above combination is a splendid chance to get our paper and Demorest's Monthly at a reduced rate. Send your subscriptions to this office.

ELWOOD.

September 10, 1889.

Mr. Editor:—A young man purchased a property here last spring, and in the early summer opened a hotel and boarding-house, furnishing soft drinks, ice cream, etc. A short time since he started a petition for a license to sell intoxicants, and got some signatures, for we have some here who love "the critter." A meeting was called for Friday evening last; quite a respectable number attended, and it was decided to get up a remonstrance against a license. This was circulated and many adults signed it. What the result will be is uncertain. One thing is absolutely sure, a place to sell rum is not needed here. There is wine enough sold, and said to be sold contrary to law; but this I can't say positively, yet claim an opinion.

On Sunday morning we were treated to a genuine temperance address by Rev. G. C. Bush. After reading selections in 23rd chapter of Proverbs, he took for his text, Prov. xx. 1,—"Wine is a mocker." Named several classes, who were mocked by it.—Those who make, sell, drink, and those who administer the laws,—causing them to look with leniency on criminals; showed that most crimes were committed while under the influence of intoxicants; mentioned the recent case at Atlantic City; told of seeing a hotel that had been in existence 150 years; a man who knew its history for 100 years told him that not one who had kept it, had made money by it. The discourse was a good array of facts, and replete with sound argument—given in a plain, common-sense way; closing with a warning against a license to sell rum in our midst, and showing the tendency to make drunkards.

If it is necessary to have a place where boarders can be entertained, it does not follow that it is necessary to sell liquor. If the argument is true that a man can't live without selling rum, must the community buy his rum so he can live? Must they buy that which in every instance does evil, and not good? Better for the community to tax themselves to employ a man to supply the wants of the traveling public, and thus let him earn an honest living by working for wages, than to allow one to rob the people in order to supply his own wants. Is the position

Right.

COAL.

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

Orders for coal may be left at P. S. Tilton & Son's store. Coal should be ordered one day before it is needed.

GEO. F. SAXTON.

H. FIEDLER,
Manufacturer of
CIGARS.
Dealer in

Tobacco, Cigars, Confectionery,
HAMMONTON, N. J.

Mrs. C. M. JORDAN

Has the agency for

Wheeler and Wilson
Sewing Machines

Ladies are invited to call at her residence and see the

New No. 3,

High Arm, Automatic Tension, Noiseless in action, lightest running, and fastest feed of any machine made. Does all kinds of work.—Darning, as well as plain, practical work, on the thinnest muslin to the heaviest work made.

Old Machines Taken

In part payment, for which good prices are allowed.

Machines sold on instalments at lowest cash prices.

Town Ordinance.

AN ORDINANCE relating to the Hammonton Volunteer Fire Company.
Introduced July 27th, 1889.
Passed August 31st, 1889.

WHEREAS, A certain number of citizens have organized a Volunteer Fire Company in the Town of Hammonton, and purchased an engine, hose, and other necessary appliances without entailing any expense on the Town; and

WHEREAS, The said citizens are organized and incorporated as "The Hammonton Volunteer Fire Company," and have tendered the services of the Company to the Town of Hammonton, to be under the control of the Council of the Town of Hammonton;

The services of the said "Hammonton Volunteer Fire Company" are hereby accepted; and therefore it is ordained by the Town of Hammonton, in Council assembled,—

Sec. 1. That there shall be elected by the Council of the Town of Hammonton, at the time of its annual organization in each year, or whenever a vacancy occurs, a Fire Marshal, whose duties shall be as hereinafter provided for by this ordinance.

Sec. 2. And be it further ordained, That the Fire Marshal elected under the provisions of Sec. 1 of this Ordinance shall have command and full control of the members of the said Fire Company, and the engine, hose, or other apparatus or appliances belonging to said Fire Company on all occasions when the services of the said Fire Company may be required, either when drilling or extinguishing fire; and the said Fire Company is hereby required to make provision in its by-laws for the enforcement of the enforcement of obedience to the orders of the Fire Marshal, by appropriate fines or other penalties.

Sec. 3. And be it further ordained, That the Fire Marshal shall have control of all public distorting public nuisance, or other supplies of water, on occasions of emergency from fire or otherwise; and may require said Fire Company to employ any engine or engine requiring repair or alteration, when ordered to do so by the Town Council; and he may also require the members of said Fire Company to attend drill at least once in each year, at such time or times as he may select, giving at least three days notice previous to the time for drilling, by posting a notice on the front of the engine and of the said Fire Co.

Sec. 4. And be it further ordained, That the Fire Marshal shall be a Special Policeman, with authority to arrest or cause to be arrested any person or persons who may obstruct the members of said Fire Company in the performance of duty during fire or extinguishing fire; and he shall have authority to arrest any person or persons who may in any manner interfere with the engine, hose, or other apparatus used in cases of emergency or drill, or who may pass within certain bounds of public nuisance, or other supplies of water, on occasions of emergency, for the purpose of efficiency during such occasions. But nothing in this section shall be construed so as to prevent any citizen from giving his aid on occasion of emergency, when no objection is made by the Fire Marshal.

Sec. 5. And be it further ordained, That in accepting the services of the said Fire Company and the use of the engine, hose, apparatus, or other appliances belonging to the said Fire Company, and placing the same under the control of the Fire Marshal, as provided in this ordinance, the Council of the Town of Hammonton assumes no liability for debts incurred or that may be incurred, or responsibility for damages or otherwise resulting from any act or acts of said Fire Company or any of its members, or for any loss or damage to the said Fire Company by injury or otherwise to the engine, hose, or other appliances belonging to the said Fire Company.

Sec. 6. And be it further ordained, That for any cause found sufficient, the Town Council shall have power to reprimand, suspend, or remove from office the said Fire Marshal.

CHAS. WOODNUTT,

President of Council.

Attest: A. J. SMITH, Town Clerk.

G. VALENTINE
IS THE ONLY
RESIDENT
UNDERTAKER.



W. A. HODD, Assistant.

Ready to attend to all calls, day or night. Can furnish anything in this line there is in the market, at lowest prices. Mr. Hodd's residence is on Peach St., next to C. P. Hill's.

Orders left at Chas. Simons Livery will receive prompt attention.

Allen Brown Endicott,
Counselor-at-Law,
Real Estate and Law Building,
ATLANTIC CITY. : N. J.

J. MURDOGH,
MANUFACTURER OF
SHOES.

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

Boys' Shoes a Specialty.

Repairing Neatly Done.

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

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

COAL YARD

Having stocked my yard for the winter with the best grades of

LEHIGH COAL

I am prepared to furnish it in large or small quantities, at shortest notice, and as low as any.

Your patronage solicited.

W. H. Bernshouse.

Office in Wm. Bernshouse's office.
Yard opposite the Saw Mill.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION.

I believe PISO'S Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. DOWELL, Editor Enquirer, Edenton, N. C., April 23, 1887.

PISO

The BEST Cough Medicine is PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Children take it without objection. By all druggists. 25c.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION.

New Spring

Satteens,

Prints,

and

Ginghams.

A Fine Assortment,
Just Received,

at

Stockwell's.

AFTER ALL OTHERS FAIL
CONSULT
DR. LOBB
329 N. 15th St., below Callowhill, Phila., Pa.
20 years' experience in all Special diseases. Permanently restores those weakened by early indiscretions, etc. Call or write. Advice free and strictly confidential. Hours 10 A.M. till 10 P.M. and 7 to 10 evenings. Send 2c. Stamp for Book.

A Sad Sea Song.

A sailor man sailed over the sea,
When the billows were soft and low,
And the winds a ballad of ocean gloom
Sang sweetly in gentle flow.

A sailor wife sat out on the shore
And dreamed of a ship on the deep,
But her sailor man saw no more,
For he slept in a sound, sound sleep.

The sailor sailed away and away,
Where the waves were fierce and wild,
And was lost at the break of a stormy day
To his wife and his little child.

The winds were and the waves were
Mild,
At the sea sang a story of life,
A lullaby to the sailor child,
A call to the sailor wife.

A WIFE'S ECONOMY.

Mr. and Mrs. Blossom were new stars of a fine brilliancy but of a small magnitude in the society of Warrensburg. Alexander Blossom and Minnie Blossom had been married for one short year, which time seemed to them just one long summer's day. There were several unmarried people in the town, but Minnie for these were never happy except when they were together, and when they were together never unhappy for a moment. When Alexander came in from business he always instituted a search for the brown-eyed girl who was waiting for him, and when he began to despair she would start out of a certain passage way by a gay laugh and ask him where his eyes were. Of course under these circumstances it was necessary for her to take a good, square look at his eyes to determine if they were the same as ever, and then occurred some of those manifestations which foolish people call foolishness, and which only stopped when the genial housemaid came to announce that dinner was served. Of course, the housemaid did not say, "Dinner is served," but her proclamation was, "Come, now," but the meaning was the same. It was omitted to say that Minnie was very tall, that she was remarkably healthy and deliciously plump. Her lips were as near bursting with fulness as cherries after a rain; her forehead was low, and her eyebrows, heavier than the ordinary maid, her just so much the more magnetic. There was nothing wonderful about Alexander. You will come to know him at once when I say that he received \$100 a month, which he did not earn. However, he firmly believed that in some mysterious way his labor brought large returns to his employers.

With \$100 a month the Blossoms had to live. Fortunately, they had no rent to pay; the market books, under Minnie's care, figured up reasonably, and the domestic was kind enough to demand but \$15 a month. One day Alexander came home from his alleged business looking nice and sweet, and also looking for Minnie. The latter rushed out from the expected place in which she always hid, caught him around the neck, asked him where his eyes were, but a rapturous kiss just below his camera's hair tuft, and cried, "Who do you think?"

The sagacious husband replied that he had seen a splendid brown mouse which had been in that line, and he replied that he didn't know. He also demanded advice as to what it was appropriate to think. Minnie then explained that a letter had come addressed to him, that it looked like wedding cards, that she had—had opened it, and that it wasn't wedding cards after all.

Some men, hearing of a mysterious letter opened by a loving wife, would have experienced a feeling of vague uneasiness. Not so Alexander. He silently weighed the merits of some hasty falsehoods and inquired bravely what the letter was.

"An invitation to join the Warrensburg Social Club," said Minnie, "and I have been thinking of it all the afternoon." So she had, in her womanly way she had been thinking what dress she would wear. "Isn't it nice?" she cried. "Now say we can go."

"Of course we can go."

The unguardedness of this answer was essentially masculine. Women, on the contrary, always begin by refusing, and afterward allow themselves to be argued into anything whatever.

"Then you must get a dress suit," said Mrs. Blossom.

These were, indeed, strange words. They conveyed the revolting idea of the fashionable Alexander had nothing in dress more formal than cutaways or Prince Alberts. How, then, had he been married? The explanation throws light on a very dark paragraph in Mr. Blossom's life—his dress suit had been pawned; and worse, the time of redemption had expired.

"I can't go," said Minnie, resigning himself to go with a large F.

"That's it," cried Minnie, delighted; "I've been figuring it all up, and you can go." If he ran into the next room, and in one second returned with

a sheet of legal cap bearing very illegal looking figures. "Now look at this!" Alexander looked, and I have to record that he was not shocked. The figures and their method were about as nearly like those of an ordained bookkeeper as Mr. Blossom's own.

"We've got to be economical for two months, you see," said Minnie. "There it is, all on paper."

The indisputable document ran thus: Grocer, 50; June, \$15; butcher, \$15; coal, \$8; everything else, 10; altogether, \$78—\$78 out of \$100 leaves \$22—\$22 in two months, \$110.

"One of these suits doesn't cost more than that, does it?" she asked, confidently.

"Costs \$75," replied the gloomy Alexander.

"If I manage to get a \$75 dress, \$40 would be plenty."

Alexander shook his head. "But the club meets early in the evening," persisted Minnie. "Couldn't you get one that would do—ready made, or something?"

Alexander was pained. It said she trusted she did not speak in earnest.

"Dear!" cried Minnie, in despair, "what can we do? We can't take boarders, and you can't be a book agent. I wish somebody would leave us some money."

"So do I," murmured Alec, with feeling.

"I know what," cried Minnie, with sudden brightness.

"Don't you ask your father for money," said Mrs. Blossom sternly.

"I don't intend to."

Alexander seemed to think she might have been a little more willful on this point. But he tried to look much relieved, and issued another command that she was not to go in debt. He pronounced to the world the disgraceful truth that it had been constructed by a dressmaker.

The next day, when Mr. Blossom came home and instituted the search for Minnie, she did not leap out at him from her old untidy of hiding place. She was in her room and crying.

"What's the matter?" asked Alexander. She did not reply at first, but she kept her head from him, but when she had been brought up to the proper state of sympathy and alarm she cried a little more bitterly than before, and quite unconsciously relaxed her grasp on a piece of crumpled paper. Alexander divined that this dingy scrap was the source of her trouble.

"It contained atrocious writing executed in red ink, and looked like the work of a dynamiter. But it was not so brief. It began: 'Mrs. Blossom to Mrs. Darden, Man's Dress Suite,' and after eighteen or twenty lines of tripping, I nings, buttons, extra cloth, making, etc., culminated in 'total \$75.' Under this 'total' Minnie had written in trembling figures what she owed the tailor, \$75, and then made a 'total' of her own. The dress suit had cost her \$75."

"You hate me," she sobbed; "you'll think you've married a simpton."

Alexander was not distinguished for a keen insight into human nature, but with so beautiful and appealing a creature as Minnie in tears who would not know the proper chord?

"Simpton!" he cried, and distrustful of the power of the simpton, he gently whisked her about the room, "you want a simpton on your fiancée?"

"You shall have it," said Alexander, but did not seem to attract by simply turning her over somewhat dimpled hand. Simpton, forsooth, you are a money grubber! Take me to the theatre, and I will give you a thing or two afterwards. Eh? What do you think of that?"

Minnie, flying from tears to smiles, foolishly thought Alexander more adorable than ever, and that evening at the play, although it was a very fatal tragedy, they successfully maintained the highest spirits. But better than all, when the story was related to Minnie's father, he knowing how to strike the right chord—immediately presented her with a large check—as a guarantee for her future conduct. I will give you the money when you want it.

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Time rattled on and brought the night of the club's first meeting. The Blossoms' acceptance had been duly sent, and Alexander had been complacently informed that a dress suit would be provided. He trusted to his wife's implicit belief, not that in two months she would create a wonderful novel, as ladies so easily do on other novels—but that she would pursue the more useful and perhaps more womanly plan of calling on her father. Men are so tardy in conceding to their wives other than domestic virtues. But one man was about to have his mansion for ladies' use, and the important matter of calling on her father. Mr. Blossom came dancing down stairs in "something" the gifted dressmaker "had patched up out of nothing," and consequently faded her dependent to "come up and get ready." He went. The bundle was brought out for him to open. It was a regular tailor's box (such as Minnie's catfishes) and had on the collar of the coat was the glorifying name of a New York tailor. Minnie, of course, had obtained the name of her father and sewed it on with her own fat hands.

Alec, with a full heart, donned the

REMARKABLE MEMORIES.

How Some Persons Have Wonderful Gifts in That Direction.

The varieties of memory are as remarkable as its vagaries. There is, for instance, so wide a range between Niebuhr, the great statesman, and a certain divine that one can scarcely recognize the same faculty in each.

Is said of Niebuhr that he remembered everything he had read at any period of his life; and it is said of the reverend doctor that he forgot he had been married within an hour or two of the interesting event. John Wesley had a remarkable memory, and at eighty-five even it was still vigorous. Andrew Fuller could repeat a poem of five hundred lines after hearing it read once or twice, could recite verbatim a sermon or speech, and unerringly the names of the shop signs from the Temple to the end of Chapside, with a description of the principal articles displayed in each shop window.

Before the days of short-hand reporting "Memory Woodall" used to attend the House of Commons, and after listening to a debate, would reproduce the whole, without taking a single note.

The same power was possessed by William Pitt, the husband of Mrs. B. During the novel, both Macaulay and Sir Walter Scott had prodigious memories, yet neither of them could compare with Hieronimus of Middleburg, who knew by heart the works of Virgil, Cicero, Juvenal, Homer, Aristophanes and the two Plinys. If this was an example of "rote" only, we have in Mezzofanti, the celebrated linguist of Bologna, one of the most striking instances on record of what, by way of distinction, we may call intelligent memory. He was described by Lord Byron as "a walking polyglot, a master of languages, and a brain of parts of speech." At the age of fifty he was thoroughly versed in fifty languages.

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Alec, with a full heart, donned the

HEADACHE AND HAIR.

A Barber Tells How to Cure the Former and Preserve the Latter.

Yes, it is a mistake to change the way or style of combing your hair. A man should decide early in life which way he is going to arrange his hair or beard, and keep it that way for life. It is wrong to cultivate a "pompadour" in summer time and wear the hair plastered on the head the rest of the year.

The speaker was a tall, fair, florid youth of some 24 years of age; the locality was a smoking room in the house of Mr. Horace Ashton, the well known surgeon and lecturer on the hair, to be precise, was 5 o'clock on a dull November evening.

"You see, the first of all encouraged it, and led me," he continued, "and I married to be very glad to see it. It was married to me (she is only Time's step-mother, you know), and then, when my big brother came, he told me to dance so much with me, and that in short, it wasn't to be. It was a horrible shame; don't you think so, Horace?"

"It sounds rather unkind," but Mrs. Ashton doesn't really want to marry Miss Fowler."

"Oh, yes, he does. He admires her immensely to begin with, and then she'll have \$5,000 a year. He'd marry a girl for \$2,000 more. You know what he'll do, he doesn't care for Time, he doesn't care for anyone but himself, whilst—"

"But I don't quite see what I am to do, what part I am to play, or how I can serve you by coming to this supper party to-night."

"He did not mean to be unsympathetic, but he was very tired, and he had heard so often how much, how very much, this young reader, Hon. Chamberlain, cared for the beautiful Miss Fowler."

"Well, I want your opinion and your advice, which you cannot give until you have seen the first hair. I'll try to take particular notice of Mrs. Fowler, and to tell me what you think of her. She is years and years younger than her husband, and some people would say to the desired end, but I don't think you proceeded to inform me that he had only brought me in two letters—blue ones, if you would care to read them. You see, you are clever and I'm not, Challenger is an older son and a vicious, and I'm a younger, and does not come of age until she is 25, and she says I'll kill her to wait so long, and—"

"All right, I'll come to the supper, then, you are so anxious about it."

"Then you'll be there by 11:30?"

"Good."

And, true to his word, at the hour named Mr. Ashton presented himself at the door of Capt. Fowler's residence, 25 Berkeley square. He did not look forward with much pleasure to the evening's entertainment.

"A hopeless case," thought Horace, as he gazed upon the matter which reached home and alarm my legion of friends in America. I will give a brief account of myself. It was on the 14th of July, and, of course, a great national holiday. Paris was filled with excitement. Paris was full of cheering humanity. There was, but did not seem to attract by simply turning her over somewhat dimpled hand. Simpton, forsooth, you are a money grubber! Take me to the theatre, and I will give you a thing or two afterwards. Eh? What do you think of that?"

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Blends.

The woman has behaved so badly, so shiftily, those green-eyed women are always shiftily."

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"He did not mean to be unsympathetic, but he was very tired, and he had heard so often how much, how very much, this young reader, Hon. Chamberlain, cared for the beautiful Miss Fowler."

"Well, I want your opinion and your advice, which you cannot give until you have seen the first hair. I'll try to take particular notice of Mrs. Fowler, and to tell me what you think of her. She is years and years younger than her husband, and some people would say to the desired end, but I don't think you proceeded to inform me that he had only brought me in two letters—blue ones, if you would care to read them. You see, you are clever and I'm not, Challenger is an older son and a vicious, and I'm a younger, and does not come of age until she is 25, and she says I'll kill her to wait so long, and—"

"All right, I'll come to the supper, then, you are so anxious about it."

"Then you'll be there by 11:30?"

"Good."

And, true to his word, at the hour named Mr. Ashton presented himself at the door of Capt. Fowler's residence, 25 Berkeley square. He did not look forward with much pleasure to the evening's entertainment.

"A hopeless case," thought Horace, as he gazed upon the matter which reached home and alarm my legion of friends in America. I will give a brief account of myself. It was on the 14th of July, and, of course, a great national holiday. Paris was filled with excitement. Paris was full of cheering humanity. There was, but did not seem to attract by simply turning her over somewhat dimpled hand. Simpton, forsooth, you are a money grubber! Take me to the theatre, and I will give you a thing or two afterwards. Eh? What do you think of that?"

Minnie, flying from tears to smiles, foolishly thought Alexander more adorable than ever, and that evening at the play, although it was a very fatal tragedy, they successfully maintained the highest spirits. But better than all, when the story was related to Minnie's father, he knowing how to strike the right chord—immediately presented her with a large check—as a guarantee for her future conduct. I will give you the money when you want it.

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Time rattled on and brought the night of the club's first meeting. The Blossoms' acceptance had been duly sent, and Alexander had been complacently informed that a dress suit would be provided. He trusted to his wife's implicit belief, not that in two months she would create a wonderful novel, as ladies so easily do on other novels—but that she would pursue the more useful and perhaps more womanly plan of calling on her father. Men are so tardy in conceding to their wives other than domestic virtues. But one man was about to have his mansion for ladies' use, and the important matter of calling on her father. Mr. Blossom came dancing down stairs in "something" the gifted dressmaker "had patched up out of nothing," and consequently faded her dependent to "come up and get ready." He went. The bundle was brought out for him to open. It was a regular tailor's box (such as Minnie's catfishes) and had on the collar of the coat was the glorifying name of a New York tailor. Minnie, of course, had obtained the name of her father and sewed it on with her own fat hands.

Alec, with a full heart, donned the

Blends.

The woman has behaved so badly, so shiftily, those green-eyed women are always shiftily."

The speaker was a tall, fair, florid youth of some 24 years of age; the locality was a smoking room in the house of Mr. Horace Ashton, the well known surgeon and lecturer on the hair, to be precise, was 5 o'clock on a dull November evening.

"You see, the first of all encouraged it, and led me," he continued, "and I married to be very glad to see it. It was married to me (she is only Time's step-mother, you know), and then, when my big brother came, he told me to dance so much with me, and that in short, it wasn't to be. It was a horrible shame; don't you think so, Horace?"

"It sounds rather unkind," but Mrs. Ashton doesn't really want to marry Miss Fowler."

"Oh, yes, he does. He admires her immensely to begin with, and then she'll have \$5,000 a year. He'd marry a girl for \$2,000 more. You know what he'll do, he doesn't care for Time, he doesn't care for anyone but himself, whilst—"

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"The people of the country are
 a menace on crime, and it will
 lift and increase the sum-
 mably small-of the people's
 pleasures.
 "The Lady Hates.
 "The dirt. Every morning she
 campaign against dirt,
 wherever it hides itself.
 "The dirt. It hates it just as
 it is seen by no eyes but
 she does where the lady
 an see it. She hates it in
 the garret, in the back-
 cupboard, in the shed. She
 where it is covered in lea-
 powders itself upon hard
 the form of dust.
 "Every woman detests dirt,
 be seen by the prying eyes
 but a lady has no eyes but
 where it is never seen. She
 mess for its own sake, and
 at all costs.
 "The eye of a lynx in finding
 the guilty and careless. Other-
 and can make her think as
 when it is not. She knows
 he sees it. She describes it
 and comes down upon it with
 like a wolf upon the fold, or
 an angel with feather,
 does not approve of feather,
 as she remarks, set the
 in the air, only to settle
 the future as soon as best
 she can. She is not content un-
 gathered the dust, and
 out of the window into the
 that is where it belongs,
 to the lady, the severity of
 things, it returns to vex her
 and, and rouse it to renewed
 the following day.
 "The disorder, though not as in-
 the does dirt, and she has
 the peculiar idea of what dis-
 she hates disorder, never-
 generally has a place for
 even though she does not
 everything in its place.
 "The lady is a general lover of
 of any interiors are complete
 the tendency to chaos
 as all creation.
 "The shelves, those drawers,
 where, at this moment,
 the things are all so nice
 in neat parcels, labelled,
 camphor, where neither
 rupt nor boy break through
 out!
 "The curious, too, she is upon the
 curious? How she detests
 that savors of the uncivil-
 miliar, the omission of the
 advances which go so far to
 dignify human life! She
 rather disapproves of a
 er, then there is little
 but coming to an untimely
 cause, since a true lady
 a discount. — *YOUTH.*
 "Women are Doing:
 "The living near West Sanece,
 as a well-cultivated flower,
 fifteen acres, with four.
 "She sometimes clears
 from the sale of her flow-
 ers. She is a great lover of
 business for women, but the
 best field for it, and if she
 over again she would go
 "The independent of the Scientific
 ys that what is the first:
 which suffers from the
 the chinny bag. She has
 ver, a fair-sized piece of
 it, ruined by it. The pest
 in dry, hot weather; in a
 can do no harm. It fol-
 that any means which can
 about the great
 must will prove inimical to
 the clearing up of refuse,
 ing of the ground have a
 effect. Some farmers, he
 detected their fields quite
 outside invasion by some
 an grass around the outer
 at a rod in width.
 "The Possibilities. — A slab
 covered granger covered
 clock store after dust the
 ing, and, with a bevilled
 this where a man kin git
 "The said the clerk
 said the granger, "What be
 worth?" pointing to an or-
 cate piece of time record-
 on the shelf.
 "The said the clerk, "It is a
 time piece. It is worth \$300
 3 years without winding."
 "The gasped the granger.
 "The said without winding! Say,
 long would the blamed
 she was worth up?"
 "The PROVE USER. — Stran-
 counter, to bank teller,
 gave me Canadian mon-
 100 bill.
 "The teller politely — "Sorry, sir,
 bills have just left us, and took
 ada bills we had when he
 "The E, 6 years old — "Mamma,
 married?"
 "No, my dear."
 at right has Hark to grow
 when they are eating their
 "The OUTIN. — Boy, putting down
 in you visit, mum, for me
 the big bag to the hotel?"
 how long do you want me
 "The I got to be a man."
 "The you afraid of thunder
 Daisy?"
 "The yes, dreadfully."

