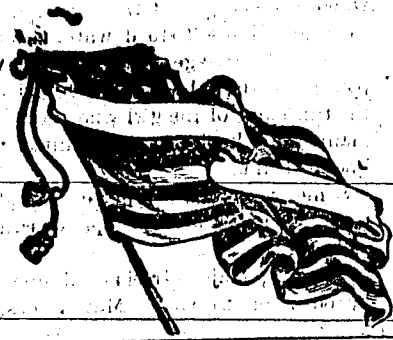


South-Jersey

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Hammononton, N. J., Saturday, September 15, 1883.

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The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the cure of the SICK, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

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The Popular Remedies of the Day.

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Where the usual variety of choice bread, rolls, cakes, pies, and crullers, so well attested to, in quantity and quality, by a critical and a discriminating New England public. Also for this special occasion may be found a full, complete and varied assortment of choice confections. Comprising mixtures, caramels, chocolate creams, bonbons, lozenges, etc. Also a great variety of penny goods for the little folks.

Also apples, oranges, figs, golden and common, dates, raisins, nuts, lemons, coconuts, etc., etc.

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W. D. PACKER.

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TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms include their existence: Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Stomachache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Erection of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Bitterness, Fluctuating at the Heart, Nausea, 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

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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."
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TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECIPES FREE.

Personal from Mr. Wan amaker and personal to

you. If you are one of the thousands passing through Philadelphia, homeward, from sea or woods, mountain or springs, stop over a train, or break your journey for a day and see the store. Come in and leave your luggage at the checking places near almost every principal entrance; look about, rest, and when ready take up your journey with a full knowledge of where the store is, what is in it, how it does things. This will gratify us and you, and may serve us both. Perhaps you saw the store during the Centennial year. To have seen it then was one thing; indeed, to have seen it any year since, is quite a different thing, but to see it now is quite a different thing still. In the Centennial year it was simply an overgrown clothing store, full of men's and boys' garments, and the workmen who out and made the goods. Now the clothing is delegated to its old quarters in the big clothing houses of Oak Hall, at Sixth and Market, and the large establishment adjoining the Continental Hotel on Chestnut Street, and now only a small section remains of what was seen at the Centennial time.

Then there was a single floor, now it is skirted with galleries on all sides; and since they have gone up to the third story, elevators have had to be put in to carry the people up. Then there was no opening through to Chestnut Street, and now ten stores have been taken in the Chestnut Street end so that the block from Chestnut to Market, and from Thirteenth to Juniper, or East Broad, is practically one property. The basement is worth mentioning, too. While the business was going along on the main floor we kept up the floors by stout columns, and for nearly a year dug away the earth that hundreds of carts were removing, to make, from curb-line under the street pavement all round three sides of our house, the most perfect and commodious lower floor that we ever saw. It is light as day by electric lights which do not heat the air. It is dry, and cooled by ventilating machinery. It has eight broad staircases, so that within a few steps of any portion there is quick exit. This is one of the pleasantest parts of the store. The Gentlemen's Wash Rooms and Reading Rooms are here. The new and spacious Toilet Rooms for Ladies are here, and the new section for refreshments is just being completed, here. All this makes up a Department of Public Comfort quite acceptable to those who want the conveniences to rest awhile.

It would be natural for us to speak of the growth of the store, but to do so lays us open to apparent boasting; this is not our purpose; we grow as Topsy grew—“Case she couldn't help it.” People want the service we render, we try to make the service better and better, and make them want us more and more. This is a place where many of the things are gathered that are wanted in every family in the city and country round about.

They are got from the best makers, presented for sale fairly, sold without haggling, sold to be returned if the price or the goods is wrong. Why shouldn't such a place grow?

Men work from sunrise to sunset, ay, spend their lives in getting money so that their families can get things. Isn't it wise to find out the best place to get the things? “It is the best place,” that we have been building at, and we are building at it every day still, and we hope never to be done while there is anything to improve.

You must surely come to see us on this invitation, and then you will know what to say to your friends.

M. R. EDITOR:—The wisest of the pro-slavery men advised their followers to agitate the slavery question as little as possible. To-day, the liquor dealers give the same advice to their friends, the theory being that if the question is agitated, and kept before the people, they will sooner or later demand the enforcement of the right. So with the Sunday question. Though pretty thoroughly discussed, I think it wise to continue its agitation until the matter gets before the people in such a way that they may know what is right, when I think we may hope for a change.

We hear arguments brought forth citing as authority the “New Law-

Giver,” proving this and that as right for the Sabbath. The New Law-Giver (Christ) never commended servile labor upon the Sabbath. He commended and did nothing upon that day but what was demanded by a higher duty than that of bodily rest. His disciples, passing through the corn, plucked and ate. They satisfied their hunger. They did no more. Did they gather corn to sell on that day? He said, if your ox or your ass fall into a pit who would not get him out, even though it be the Sabbath. He healed the man's withered hand on that day. All were merciful acts, and fulfilling a higher duty than bodily rest.

To understand the reason for these acts, and the utterance of these words, we must understand the kind of people the Jews were. We must understand that theirs was a ceremonial religion, the heart was nothing to them; the tradition of the elders, the ceremonies, were all. The Jews had become so strict in the observance of the Sabbath that they would not even defend themselves in

time of war, from the attacks of the enemy made upon the Sabbath day. To overcome this mere ceremonial strictness seems to have been Christ's object in the passages referred to. But can arguments be deduced from here, that will justify berry-picking on Sunday? One man says: “It is a work of necessity.” Is it? If so, it must be shown beyond argument that the berries could not have been picked before Sunday. Sunday picker, answer for yourself these questions: Had you been in a country having a strict Sunday law, one unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, the breaking of which would have cost you your life, would you have picked berries on Sunday? Would you have thought Sunday work a necessity? Would you, as you now say, be so afraid of incurring Divine wrath by “wasting his good gifts,” as to hazard your life? I think you would have had pickers enough so that when Sunday came no berries would be spoiling. If this be the case; if under any circumstances it is possible for all the berries to be picked before Sunday, then it is not a work of necessity. Not having pickers enough is no excuse, for pickers can be had.

Another man says “I will not worship a God who punishes his creatures for gathering the berries on Sunday which he permits to ripen on that day.” We pass over the blasphemy contained in this expression, to show its absurdity. Does not this man eat, drink, and digest food upon the Sabbath? Are not all the natural functions of his body at work as on other days? If so, then is he not (allowing the expression) on a par with the rest of nature. Now, if he performs servile labor upon the Sabbath, he oversteps the bounds. When he can stop the natural functions of waste and repair in his own body upon the Sabbath, then may he labor. Until then, he cannot on the basis of his argument.

Was a day of rest ordained of God? (Ex. xx. 8.) Has said command ever been rescinded? Did Christ rescind it? (Matt. v. 17, 18, 19.)

As berry picking on Sunday is neither a work of necessity nor of mercy, then why pick? Why show such a lack of faith in your God? Why provoke his anger, roused only by his hatred of sin? The God whose laws you defy, and whose wrath you rouse, is the God who gives you rain, sunshine, health, even the very fruit you gather on the day he has hallowed.

Fellow citizens, where will this end? Our Sundays are more and more profaned (not by berry picking alone). God is merciful, ay, and long suffering; but he will not always bear with sin.

“Mercy knows the limit, and turns to vengeance there.”

History bristles with records of His visiting punishment, sudden and sure, upon those who continually defy His ordinances. The power of sending famine, fire, flood, pestilence, are his. The power to destroy you and me is his. Are we nursing wrath that will destroy us or our children? Slight deviation from the pathway of right in one generation has become a terrible evil in the next, to overcome which has cost much human suffering. Is it to be thus with us?

THE LADIES' STORE OF HAMMONTON. TOMLIN & SMITH'S, Corner of Bellevue & Horton St.

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10,000 Grape Baskets

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\$5.50 per 100.

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Normal and Model Schools,
TRENTON.

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TOTAL COST for Board, Tuition, Books, etc., at the Normal School, \$154 for Ladies, and \$160 for Gentlemen; at the Model School, \$210 per year. 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 Catalogue containing full particulars, address
W. HARBROUCK,
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Failing!

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.

The only sure remedy yet found is BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it, and rich, strong blood flowing to every part of the system repairs the wasted tissues, drives out disease and gives health and strength.

This is why BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, malaria, intermittent fevers, &c.

203 S. Paca St., Baltimore, Nov. 28, 1882.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and for several weeks could eat nothing and was growing weaker every day. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, and am happy to say I now have a good appetite, and am getting stronger.
JOSEPH McCRAWLEY.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is not a drink and does not contain whiskey. It is the only preparation of Iron that causes no injurious effects. Get the genuine. Don't be imposed on with imitations.

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Forty State Scholarships as Free: eight to be awarded by the State before Sept. 20th. Full information in Catalogue. Graduates who wish to continue their education at the college, or any other college, will receive a certificate of honor.

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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.

SEA FANCIES.

There is no cloud upon the limpid sky,
No blue of vapor on the sea beneath;
The clear pools on the rock untrinkled lie,
And only stirred, as by an infant's breath,
The salt grass rustles faint and feebly,
The muffled landward echoes, hoarse, far,
Thrill through the moon-suffused tranquillity.
But where the breakers glimmer on the bar
A long, low murmur, like a Summer rain,
Grows deep and organ-toned, then falls again.
The low moon's level wake across the waves
Leaps into splendor where they fall and
In silver-breasted hillocks, shadow-caves
And undulating whiffs, that cheat the eyes
To fancies of strange monsters, and fair
Of mermaids and mermen, crowned with
And soft sea-blossoms from southern coves and
Lifting their dripping bosoms from the
To gaze upon the moonlit world while
And beckon us with many a nod and smile.
And there are voices from the sea-chafed
In dappled clefts and hollow water-worn,
Where pulpy algae trail their jelly locks,
Strange liquid tones, as of a Triton throng,
Blown gurgling through green shallows,
Clear and low,
Soft laughter and the splash of curved
Round lonely islets and inlets long ago.
The faint heard such sounds through
twilight calm.
And—coasting homeward, with hushed
attuned ears to harps of gold.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Silver Dime.

Little Phoebe Winlove stood at her
mother's knee, tugging the skirts of
bright colored zephyr in her zealous
efforts to help assort them, and listened
with wide wandering eyes to the con-
versation of the mother and Mrs. Vance,
a neighbor, who had dropped in to
discuss the latest news from Wash-
ington, during the stormiest days of the
civil war.

"Those dreadful battles are killing
off all our men. Goodness knows
what will be done now," remarked Mrs.
Vance, shaking her head mourn-
fully.

"There will be another draft, I sup-
pose," observed Mrs. Winlove.

"Well, when the men are all killed
they will have to draft little girls, so be
careful, Phoebe, or you will be carried
off to the war some day to be a soldier,"
said Mrs. Vance, noticing how wide
Phoebe's blue eyes had opened, and
prompted by that strange instinct to lie,
which so often leads people to weave
gossamers of falsehood and send them
floating through childish minds. Happy
will it be if in after life those slight,
wavering threads do not strike against the
clear eyes and dim their vision to the
truth!

Phoebe said nothing, but shuddered
as her fancy painted the horrors of
being "drafted," and the ladies
continued their conversation, forget-
ting the presence of the thoughtful
child.

For some time afterwards no induc-
ment could get Phoebe to venture out-
side her parents' yard. But one sunny
morning the gate stood ajar, and she
peeped cautiously into the street. It was
quite deserted, and looked very shady
and inviting, and the little girl pushed
the gate open wider and looked anxiously
up and down the woeful vista before her.

"I guess they're all dead now, so I
can't be drafted," "cause there's no one
do it," she murmured, "I'll just run
down to the corner and see if anyone's
living," and pushing back the brown
trees which shaded her eyes, she tripped
down the street. Standing at the
corner she shaded her face with her
arms and peered in-
quiringly across the square. Just at
that moment a blue clad soldier issued
from a door beside her, and with a
look of admiration at the tiny,
serious creature, caught her impulsively
in his arms and kissed the pink
cheeks.

Phoebe shrieked vociferously and
grasped his ears with her chubby hands,
while her tiny feet kicked his chest
most viciously.

"Let me go," she screamed, "you
must let me go! I'm papa's only little
daughter, and he couldn't get along
without me. I can't fight—I won't
fight, so there's no use to draft me."
"Oh, mister soldier, do let me go.
How'd you like to have your little girl
taken away from you?—I'm the only
little girl."

"You are?"

are an infantine Mars. But stop
screaming, do, and leave, at least, a
portion of my ears attached to my head.
You are pulling them out, root and
all. Hush! Come, here's a nice silver
dime, now tell me what is the matter."
"Am't you going to draft me?" she
said, giving a couple of kicks against
his chest, and drawing a long breath,
preparatory to regaling him with an-
other shriek.

"No, of course not. Why do you
think so?" he replied.

"Cause Mrs. Vance said all little
girls would be drafted as soon as all the
men were killed, and they're all killed
now; ain't they?"

"Oh, no!" there are plenty of men
left yet," he answered, reassuringly,
"enough to take care of little girls who
are not able to fight."

"Then what do you want me for?"
she questioned, clutching the dime
tightly and evidently preparing to re-
sume her war-like operations.

"I only want to know who you are,
and to have you kiss me," he answered.
"I am going right away to fight and
may never come back and I want you
to kiss me goodbye."

"Hav'n't you any little girl of your
own?" she inquired, thoughtfully.

"No," he returned, somewhat sadly.
"Then you must be awful lonesome,
I'm sorry for you. My papa says he'd
be lonesome 'bout me."

"I've no doubt of it," said the sol-
dier, releasing her, and smiling into her
grave face. "Now tell me your name
and kiss me."

"My name's Phoebe, and I'll kiss you
'cause you hav'n't no little girl of your
own, you know," she replied, putting
up her rosy mouth with childish con-
fidence.

"Well, good-bye, Phoebe—there, you
dropped your dime. You must keep it
to remember me by—because I have no
little girl of my own to think of me,"
he said, as he bent down and took the
proffered kiss, with a laugh ending in a
sigh.

"I'll keep it and 'member you," she
rejoined, and the soldier strode rapidly
away, while Phoebe ran to relate all that
had passed to her mother, and assure
her that there were lots of soldiers
alive, and little girls would not be
drafted.

Twelve years after this little incident,
a merry party of four young people
were passing out of a theatre, when
suddenly the sharp metallic ring of
silver sounded on the flags of the ves-
tibule.

"Oh, I have broken my bracelet!"
cried one of the ladies—a sweet-faced
and winsome creature—and instantly a
dozen gentlemen stooped and gathered
the scattered coins of which the "ban-
dle" bracelet had been composed.

She received them with smiles and
graceful acknowledgment, and was
about to drop them into the pocket of
her fur bordered cloak, when she said
with a touch of anxiety in her voice:

"The soldier's dime is lost."

"Never mind it, Phoebe," said the
other lady of the little party, "come on."

"Oh, I must find it; I have kept it so
long that I cannot bear to think of
losing it," returned Phoebe, peering
carefully into corners and crevices, but
without being rewarded by its pale
gleam.

"Oh, let it go," said the other lady,
with an air of impatience; "I can't
understand the value you seem to at-
tach to such a trifle."

"I promised to keep it," began
Phoebe, but at that moment, a tall,
bearded man, with a stately military
air, stepped forward, holding the miss-
ing coin to her and said:

"Have I the pleasure of presenting
this to Miss Phoebe a second time?"
She drew back in a startled manner,
and cried:

"You are not—"

"The soldier who had no little girl of
his own," he said, as he hesitated a
moment. "Yes, I am the one, but I am
afraid that my unfortunate lot will
not move your pity as pleasantly as it
did twelve years ago, he added, rather
mischievously.

The sweet face grew rosy, but the
honest blue eyes looked up with a smile
sparkling in them.

"I am glad you came through the war
unharm'd," said the girl, frankly, "and
since I have had this memento so long,
I suppose I may as well keep it?—
Thank you," and with a gracious smile
and bow, she passed on the street, and
with her companions, entered a carriage
for good waiting, and was driven
home.

he is?" thought

Phoebe, as she regretted the haste with
which she had parted from him, while
the soldier himself stood watching the
retreating carriage, vexed and disap-
pointed to think he had not found out
the full name of the girl who had for so
many years kept his silver dime "to
'member him."

Some weeks after Phoebe was at a
party when her hostess approached her
and said:

"Phoebe, Major Gresham desires an
introduction to you. May I present
him?"

Phoebe gave assent, and in a few min-
utes Mrs. Winlove stood beside her
again, saying:

"Miss Winlove, Major Gresham,"
and, looking up, Phoebe found herself
face to face with the tall soldier, whose
face had of late shown often in her
dreams that she would have acknowl-
edged.

The gallant Major soon became con-
vinced that he was sadly in need of "a
little girl of his own," and concluding
that the said girl was no other than
Phoebe, set himself to work to make her
of the same mind.

That he succeeded is evident from the
fact that Mrs. Gresham wears a silver
dime, rimmed with gold, as one of the
"charms" on her watch chain, and de-
clares but for it she would not have been
loved and wooed by the "best husband
in the world."—St. Louis Illustrated
Magazine.

Cilps.

The Buffalo, New York, public schools
have used the same text books for
twenty years.

Some fashionable ladies have maids
who can spell to do their letter-writing.

Galveston is out of water, and one
restaurant bears the sign: Closed till it
rains.

Captain Henry Man, of Maine, says
he has the jaw-bone of Pizarro, the
conqueror of Peru.

The new Northwest—Alaska and
Washington Territory, promises to be
the charcoal-iron region of the near fu-
ture.

Americans are returning from Eu-
rope early this year. Every steamer
on one line from Liverpool has been en-
gaged to September 20.

An organized band of barn burners
is believed to be operating in Southern
Indiana. The farmers are much ex-
cited. Barns are burned almost every
night.

A naval man named Terry rode on
his bicycle from London to Dover, and
there, developing his machine into a
boat, with the wheels paddling, pur-
sued his journey by water to France.

M. Trouvelor, the French observer
of the late eclipse of the sun, agrees
with Professor Swift that a strange red
star, recently observed by the latter
three degrees from the sun, was an in-
tra-Mercurial planet.

An English paper says: Of the 269,
647 owners of land set down in the
New Domesday Book, no less than
37,806 are women. Thus one land
owner in seven is excluded from any
voice in the government of the country.

Hen and Rat.

A California hen, while engaged with
her brood of chickens in plowing up a
neighbor's garden, recently, was
charged upon by a full-grown rat.

The old representative of the "poultry
show" immediately established herself
as a cordon around her flock and awaited
the onslaught. The rodent, somewhat
checked by the bold front presented by
the "garden destroyer," crouched for a
moment, and then made a dart for one
of the chicks. In an instant the old
hen opened her cackle battle and com-
menced battle. She flew at her enemy,
and striking it with her bill, grabbed it
by the back and threw it in the air.

The rodent came down with a thump
upon the back, but before it could re-
gain its feet the hen repeated the per-
formance, and kept it up until the rat
was only able to crawl away a few feet
and in disgrace. After contemplating
her fallen foe for a few moments,
the old hen called her brood around her
and walked off.

An Observation of Life.

How much more graceful, elegant
and superior does the man on the bicycle
look than the man with the wheelbar-
row! But wait until they come into
collision and see which procession turns
up in the most handsome condition.

Taste in Home Economies.

The fashionable material for thin
inner window hangings is fine serom.
Generally a bordering on the inner
side is worked in outline stitch in col-
ored silks or crevels. Margins of deep-
shaded rep or velvet accompany the thin
drapings.

"Double portieres are no longer in
fashion. A single hanging suspended
from rings upon a pole is the fashion
across the doorway or entry to be
concealed, and, when necessary, is
looped up at one side.

Plush still remains in favor for the
border of heavy draperies. A design
is now often painted upon it in oil colors
by means of which the paint is so com-
pletely rubbed in that it appears almost
as if different material had been appli-
quered on.

The preference for tapestry effects
in hangings is resulting in a revival of
old ideas of decoration, and fabrics are
woven in imitation of Gobelin tapestry
which succeed rather in reproducing the
distorted figures and landscapes of an
earlier period than in perpetuating the
spirit of beauty which underlays them.

Hangings of one color are popular
for boudoirs and bed-rooms. Soft blues
and pinks or delicate cream-colored
materials are chosen, and are left
completely bare of decoration—with
the exception of that given by silk
cord and tassels used in draping them.

Eccu linen is among the favorite ma-
terials used for draperies. Edgings are
seen on of Turkey-red cloth alternate-
ly with small squares of thread lace
embroidery, and the effect is very pleas-
ing.

Tidies in some houses take the form
of draped scarfs. Scarfs of India mus-
lin embroidered in bullion or serbe
thread are drawn up in the middle
and fastened to the back of upholstered
chairs in such a way that the ends hang
as draperies half way to the seat. The
advantage about these tidies is that as
they are securely fastened they do not
annoy visitors by clinging to their
mantles.

Portieres are often made of two or
three different materials—for example,
in panels or with a border, more or
less deep, of one material and the re-
minder of something different. The
upper panel may be in satin and the
lower in plush with satin bands.

A beautiful hanging of three colors
is made by a selection of whitish-yellow
satin for the upper panel, salmon pink
plush for the centre and deep brown
plush for a bordering. The design, which
is worked in silks in this portiere, rep-
resents an Eastern vase, in which a
spreading branch, covered with peach
blossoms, is placed. The vase is worked
in light blue and the peach blossoms in
their natural colors.

A design of sunflower, with a deep
plush bordering, upon which conven-
tionalized flowers of the same kind are
stilled popular for hangings. The upper
panel is frequently of blue cloth, the
flowers being worked in crevels, and the
lower panel of deep blue plush, the
conventionalized sunflowers upon this
having a black centre and the outer
circle of the leaves being worked in
bright gold flossele.

Mixed materials are now much liked
for window hangings. Generally the
colors are neutral, and the only attempt
at decorative effect is in the very heavy
and handsome fringes which is seen on
the inner edges of such fabrics. At
times the fringe is of a color to har-
monize with the prevailing tone of the
room.

The fashion of using wall hangings is
growing in favor. Entire rooms are
now draped in such a way that walls,
windows and doors harmonize not only
in color but in the material by which
they are concealed. Wall hangings re-
quire to be lined, even if they are of
heavy fabrics, to insure their hanging
perfectly even. If borderings are used
they must be stitched on before the
hanging is fixed upon the wall.

Velveteen is particularly well suited
for hangings, being durable and very
accessible to ornament; if worked in
flossele curtains of this material are ex-
tremely handsome. Velvet is less man-
ageable, and does not answer as well for
applique work, as the frill, when it is
rich, interferes with the set of thestitch-
es.

Draperies for halls and vestibules are
handsomely made of deep-colored plush.
They are usually only sufficiently wide

to fall in graceful folds, and never long-
er than just to touch the floor. It is no
longer fashionable to have long or full
draperies.

It is very usual to have half-draperies
—that is to say, something in the style
of deep valances in doorways. Such an
arrangement breaks the monoton-
y of the opening, and yet leaves the
view into the other apartment unobstruc-
ted.

For heavy draperies border designs
are generally fashionable, for lighter
ones continuous pattern carried over the
whole ground is in favor. Branching
designs are found in both materials, and
where dados are still used a border of
different material is constantly added.

Where dados are introduced, they are
embroidered before being sewed on to the
curtain, and a conventional design of
upright stemmed flowers is the most
popular for their decorations. Where
dados are inappropriate, draperies in
two shades are often preferred. Two
shades of gray material, relieved by
crimson bias introduced where they are
joined, are extremely effective and har-
monize with almost any prevailing
tone in a room. The coloring of the
window hangings is never repeated in
that of the portiere.

Scraps.

The Moscow Gazette publishes the
proceeding of the trial of seven Chris-
tian-Tartars at Kazan, who were re-
cently convicted of reviling and re-
nouncing the orthodox faith, and were
sentenced to exile in Siberia. They ap-
pear to have been the ring-leaders in a
movement, which began soon after the
Turkish war, for the revision of the
whole village to Mahomedanism.

The average longevity in England is
increasing. Not many years ago a
celebrated author denied the existence
of such a thing as a centenarian. The
statistics for 1881 record ninety-one
persons who did not die until they had
completed 100 years and upward. Of
these twenty-five were men and sixty-
six women. The oldest man was 112
years of age; the others ranged between
that and 100. Three of the women
were 107, three 106, two 105, six 104,
five 103, eight 102, and the rest were 100
and upward.

A religious agitation of a very singu-
lar character is manifesting itself
in some counties of the grand duchy of
Finland. The new heretics call them-
selves the "Pure by Excellence," and
protest the superiority and supremacy
of women, who must control the family.
In every house where the new doctrines
are practiced a woman, elected by her
companions, is invested with a sort of
directing power, which gives her the
right to inflict penance and even rigor-
ous chastisement. The new creed re-
quires that all its disciples shall confess
their sins to certain women at least once
a week.

The greatest peep-dip in America is
on the farm of James N. Wells, in the
town of Riverhead, Massachusetts. It
covers five acres, and is so full of eels
that they can be raked out with a gar-
den rake. Two years ago Mr. Wells
put 2000 dozen of eels into the pond,
intending to have them undisturbed for
five years. These have increased to
millions. They are fed regularly every
third day on "horse feet," a peculiar
shell-fish. The eels know when they
are to be fed and the stroke of Mr.
Wells' whip against his wagon calls
thousands of them up to dinner, although
any one else may pound away all-day
without any effect. One of these shell-
fish, fastened to a strong cord and
thrown into the water, may be drawn
out in a few minutes with hundreds of
eels fastened to it.

Simon Ferguson, an illiterate negro
coal miner at the Campbell Creek
mine, West Virginia, told a Mrs. Wil-
liams that he was possessed of devils
and that he was the only man in the
country who could cast them out. As
she had been "dunsey" for some time
she believed him. He then prescribed
pokeroot, smartweed and ironwood,
to which he added grasshoppers, angie-
worms, grub-worms, flies and other
insects. This, being mixed, was placed
in a quart bottle, set in hot water and
steeped for some time. The quantity
taken was a wineglassful every four
hours. She was to have a teaspoonful
of tobacco-smuff blown up her nose
with a pipe three times a day, while her
diet was to be nothing but raw salt
mackerel, fresh from the brine and un-
washed. She took several doses of the
mixture, which stirred the devils up
to such an extent that she had to send
for another doctor to settle them.

Scientific.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS.—An
incredible story is seriously given in
some of the journals about the discov-
ery of a sword which was found in an
aerolite. A certain physician in the
State of New York was attracted by the
very brilliant shooting star which fell
in the bed of the creek near where he
was riding. Subsequent investigation
on the spot where it fell discovered a
sword of peculiar shape, which had evi-
dently been wielded in battle, and which
must have been used by one who would
have been deemed "a giant among the
sons of men" in this world. Of course
the presumption would be that this
sword had fallen into the clay of a river,
which was subsequently metamorphosed
by heat into solid rock. "In the course
of ages a volcano developed under this
rock, which projected the imprisoned
sword into space beyond the attraction
of the planet from which it came. In
the course of time the wandering aerol-
ite in the interstellar space became en-
tangled in the atmosphere of the earth,
and fell into the creek, the impact
breaking and setting free the sword.
This reads like another Cardiff giant
story, but it is very ingenious, and it is
barely possible that some day or other
we may have positive proof of the exis-
tence of life and intelligence of some of
the myriads of planets which inhabit
space. A microscopic examination of
meteoric stones at Berlin revealed the
fact that they contained some sixty vari-
eties of the outershells of coral insects,
which, of course, establishes the fact
that they were attached to coral insects
which lived in warm oceans of salt
water. The water must have contained
lime, and islands must have been on
up-bottom. But that is, so far, the only
trustworthy indication that there is any-
thing on the other worlds approaching
to the same kind of life we have on this.

Felt or thick paper, coat tar and
gravel make a good covering for flat
roofs. It is tolerably fire-proof as to
be applied from outside, but does not re-
main to be done to avoid the present
rapidity of destruction of the roofs of
large buildings by fire within. The
Manhattan market building seemed to
melt down instantly. The Crystal
Palace roof fell about ten minutes after
the fire was discovered. The wooden
mansard roofs on the top of the other
fireproof buildings conducted greatly
to the destruction in the great Boston
fire. The Boston Custom House has a
roof of heavy granite blocks. The Gir-
ard College is roofed with thick marble,
supported on brick arches.

A favorite antidote for rattlesnake
poison in Mexico is a strong solution of
iodine in potassium iodide. Mr. H. H.
Croft has tested some of the poison it-
self with this solution and finds that a
light brown amorphous precipitate is
formed, the insolubility of which ex-
plains the beneficial action of the anti-
dote. When iodine cannot be readily
obtained a solution of potassium iodide,
to which a few drops of ferric chloride
has been added can perhaps be used
as an antidote to snake poison.

M. Regnard, a French savant, has
been lately trying the effect of "blood
diet" on lambs. Three lambs, which
for some unexplained cause had been
abandoned by their mothers, were fed
on "powdered blood" with the most
gratifying results. The lambs increased
in size in the most marvelous fashion,
and attained unusual proportions for
their age. The coats of wool also be-
came double in thickness. Encouraged
by his success with the lambs, M. Reg-
nard is now feeding some calves on
blood.

The editor of the New Genesee Farmer
lately witnessed an experiment of
driving nails into hard seasoned timber
fairly dried. He says that the first two
nails, after passing through a pine
board, entered about one inch and then
doubled down the points of the other six
or eight nails into lard, every one was
driven home without the least diffi-
culty. Carpenters who are engaged
in repairing old buildings sometimes
carry a small lump of lard or tallow
for this purpose on one of their boots or
shoes.

Dr. Skinner, of the Academy of
Natural Science, referring to the cir-
cumstance that butterflies are in the
habit of depositing their eggs upon such
plants as affords the proper nourishment
to the larvæ, i. e., the plants upon
which the caterpillars of a given
species feed, stated that he had observed
the female of a certain species drop her
eggs while in flight, a singular prop-
erty which the speaker verified
through repeated observation. The
eggs thus distributed from a consid-
erable distance above ground fell upon a
mass of grass and violet leaves.

A Treasury official at San Francisco
states that \$2,000,000 worth of gold
has within ten years been smuggled in
to ports. Government officials receiving
30 per cent. of the amount. He says
\$1,000,000 worth of the drug can be
brought in at a time.

Copper, at present prices, only costs
twice as much as tin, while, unlike tin,
it does not need painting and is not
worn out in twenty years, being prac-
tically indestructible, circumstances
which ought to lead to its free use for
roofing, the American Architect says.

One of Schenck's.

In ante-railroad times, when most of
the travel between the Ohio river and
the seaboard was in stage-coaches,
western members of congress, in going
to or returning from Washington,
would make a party of six, and charter
a nine-passenger coach, so as to have
more ample accommodations. Every
such party would be made up of per-
sonal and political friends, who would
be pretty sure to have a good time. In
1845 a company of this kind was travel-
ing eastward, consisting of Senator
Johnson, of Louisiana, Crittenden and
Corwin, and Representatives Vance,
Vinton and Schenck, all except Vinton
backwoodsmen by birth and rearing.
Johnson was the oldest, having been
born in 1783, in the wilds of Tennessee,
from which state he went to Louisiana
early in the present century. Schenck
was the youngest, and is now (1883) the
only survivor of the party. He is re-
sponsible for the substance of the fol-
lowing story, which, at seventy-
three, he tells with as much animation
and gusto as he would probably have
shown the day the thing occurred,
when he was only about half that age:

When the stage was in Fayette
county, Pa., it stopped, just at the dawn
of day, to change horses. All the
passengers seemed to be asleep except
Schenck, who put the curtain aside to
take a look at the surroundings, and
seeing a man near by, asked him what
place it was.

"Smithfield," answered the man.
"Smithfield," said Schenck; "why
that's the place where John Rogers was
burned at the stake."

Johnson had got just enough waked
up to take in this dialogue, and, with a
start, he exclaimed, "What's that,
Schenck? Did you say a man was
burned at the stake?"

"Yes," replied Schenck.

"A live man?"

"Yes, a live man—burned—at the
stake—at Smithfield," said Schenck,
with pausing emphasis.

"Is it possible? Why, I never heard
of it before."

"But, senator," gravely rejoined
Schenck, "it's as true as that this is
Smithfield. And what's more, his wife
and children stood by and saw him
burned; and it's a curious thing that it
is to this day disputed how many
children there were. The story goes
that she had with her nine small
children and one at her breast; and it
is to this time a mooted point whether
the one at the breast was one of the
nine, or was number ten."

"Why, Schenck, how on earth is it
that I never before heard of such an
outrageous affair as that? A live man
burned at the stake here! I swear I
never saw a word about it in the pa-
pers."

"By this time" the other passengers
were awake, and comprehending the
situation, kept still, leaving Schenck
to manage his own case.

"Nevertheless, senator," he pro-
ceeded, "that thing occurred at Smith-
field, just as I have stated."

"By thunder!" exclaimed Johnson,
"it's strange that I never heard of it."

"Well, senator," Schenck paused a
little, as if trying to recollect—"upon
my word I can't" on the instant recall
the exact date; but as well as my
memory serves me it must have been—
let me see—about two hundred and
ninety years ago; at any rate, it was
some time in the reign of Bloody Mary
of England."

Then the others could hold in no
longer, and Smithfield heard such a
guffaw as it had never before heard
from a lot of stage passengers. Schenck
says that Johnson didn't join in it,
but was grim for three hours after-
wards; that is, until after he got his
breakfast. Whether he subsequently
became acquainted with the New
England primer is not known.

A Life-saving Match.

How a Flickering Flame Saved from
Destruction the Scotch Express.
"Well, sir," he begins, "there's not
much in it. It's a high fifteen years ago.

The Republican.

[Entered as second class matter.]

HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC CO., N. J.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

Republican State Convention.

The Republican voters of the State of New Jersey are requested to elect delegates to a State Convention, to be held at Taylor Opera House, in the city of Trenton, on the 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and October 1st, 1883.

The object of the convention is to elect delegates to the National Convention, to be held at New York City, on the 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and November 1st, 1883.

The basis of representation under this call will be one delegate for each two hundred registered voters in the last election for Governor in this State, and one delegate for each fraction thereof exceeding one hundred voters; provided that every township or ward shall be represented by at least one delegate.

Townships or wards created since the last election for Governor shall be entitled to due representation, but the number of delegates from the county shall not be thereby increased. In such case the County Committee will make the apportionment to existing townships and wards.

By order of the Republican State Executive Committee, GARRETT A. HUBBART, Chairman.

JOHN Y. FOSTER, Secretary.

Mr. J. Somers Cordery, formerly editor of the REPUBLICAN, and for several years, foreman in the office of the Courier and Freeman, Potsdam, N. Y., has lately purchased the News and Advertiser, Kennett Square, Chester County, Penna. He will remove with his family, and take immediate possession.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the Fruit Growers' Union, a vote of thanks was unanimously tendered to the following, for their valuable assistance at the late Harvest Home: Mr. Wm. Watson, arranging tables; W. L. Seely and his assistants, for music; also to the Committee on tables.

Z. L. MATTHEWS, Sec.

Our statement, last week, that "one of the wheel horses of Prohibition sold his grapes to a wine-maker," has been interpreted to refer to several parties, among them, Mr. H. T. Pressey. We take pleasure in stating that Mr. Pressey, positively refused to sell his grapes for wine-making purposes, and when he did sell them, it was to a man who pledged his word that they were to be packed in baskets and shipped to market. We love to see men consistent, and our object in calling attention to these sales to shame professed temperance men who forget principle when business is under consideration.

We are informed that Mr. J. W. Snyder, for several years in charge of the advertising department for Messrs. John Wanamaker and Wamamaker & Brown, has resigned; but the magnificent advertisements of the firm, which appear in our columns this week indicate that his successor, Mr. S. D. Patterson, has the requisite ability and enterprise to fill the vacancy. As Mr. Wamamaker says, his business what it is to-day, and though the Advertiser aggregate an enormous amount, they pay him a very satisfactory return for the investment. We spare no expense in telling the people what he has for sale, and always at reasonable prices.



Wanamaker & Brown
S. E. CORNER
SIXTH & MARKET
STREETS
PHILADELPHIA
OAK HALL
ORIGINATED THE
ONE PRICE
AND
GUARANTEE
SYSTEM

Oak Hall grows old only in experience. In all else it is younger this Autumn season of 1883 than ever before. The old ways of dealing with our friends—and we are friends with everybody—make trading at Oak Hall simplicity and safety itself, and the creation of the latest styles with the best workmanship makes Oak Hall the final authority on all questions of fashion in Men's and Boys' dress. Oak Hall is the natural trading place for all retail clothing buyers in and about Philadelphia. The boys will find just the stuff for the school-room and the play-ground, and the men for the mill, the shop, or the farm, and for both men and boys we have the largest selection for fine dress wear. We will supply you with all sorts of clothing—honest, reliable, elegant and REALLY cheap. The other sorts we do not keep.



On Thursday afternoon, Miss Margaret Atkinson and Mrs. Otto Wackerhagen, of DeCosta, were driving along Egg Harbor Road, in Mr. W.'s buggy. When near Tilton & Son's shoe-shop, one tire became detached, the consequent motion of the buggy frightened the horses, he sprang forward, broke the whip-lash bolt, and Miss A. endeavoring to hold the horse, was thrown to the ground, receiving injury to her head and a badly sprained right wrist. She was able to take the train home, however, after receiving medical aid. Mrs. Wackerhagen received a severe nervous shock, resulting in unconsciousness and convulsions. She remained at Mr. E. J. Woolley's until Friday morning, and though still suffering, took the train for home.

Miss L. W. Cooley.

Hammoniton Laundry

GARDNER & SHINN, INSURANCE AGENTS, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

THE C. C. C. C. OR TRENTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

S. D. HOFFMAN, Attorney-at-Law

Dr. GEORGE R. SHIDLE, DENTIST

THE OLIVERWALL MEDICAL CO.

COAL

NOTICE

Ladies' Tonic

THE GREAT REMEDY

PAINTER AND PAPER HANGER

THE REPUBLICAN

THE REPUBLICAN

THE REPUBLICAN

The Republican.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

Republican Caucus.

The Republican voters of the Town of Hammonton are requested to meet at M. L. Jackson's office on this (Saturday) evening, Sept. 15th, at half-past seven o'clock, to choose one delegate to represent them at the State Convention to be held at Trenton on Tuesday next.

By order of Executive Committee, ORVILLE E. HORY, Sec.

Miss Ella Goodrich, of Hamilton, N. Y., is visiting friends here.

Mr. Z. U. Matthews is building an addition to his barn.

John T. French has the contract to paint the Baptist church.

Miss Alice Oliver has charge of a school at Atco, this year, commencing on Monday last.

There will be service at St. Mark's Church, to-morrow, at half-past three. Rev. Mr. Loop will officiate.

The "Kangaroo Machine" is what they now call the American Star Bicycle, in Boston.

The new postal notes came into use last week, and we were just wondering who would be the first to send us one on subscription.

Mr. J. Somers Cordery, with his wife and four boys, and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Albert Potter—readers of Hammonton on Thursday evening.

The noon express on the Narrow Gauge Railroad has been withdrawn. No other changes affecting Hammonton have been made.

Will G. Hood returned home, Saturday, his last trip being to Richmond, Va., and the James River. As we write, he is quite sick with malarial fever, but recovering.

Mr. Wolla has purchased a lot of Mr. Anthony, corner of Egg Harbor Road and Fifteenth Street, and is putting up a building, a part of which is to be used as a general store—they say.

About the twentieth of October, that "roaring old comedy," "Handy Andy," will be put upon the stage at Union Hall, by A. Chevalier. Further particulars hereafter.

We have in our office a stalk of corn containing over twenty ears—silked out. Of course we do not claim as many perfect ears; because Nature attempted too much at once.

Mr. C. S. Newcomb, of New York State, with his little son, is in town, on business. He will probably bring his family next Spring and take possession of his farm, on Middle Road.

Mr. Villard showed us a sunflower which measured, when picked, eighteen inches in diameter. Wouldn't that pay look well in some "aesthetic" young lady's belt?

This rain-storm lasted until Thursday, and was just the kind urgently needed. Even now, late sweet potatoes and some other crops will be benefited, as delightfully warm weather has succeeded the rain.

Rev. J. J. Joralegon, formerly of this town, left his charge at Medford in early summer, on account of ill health. He went to Troy, Pa., where he died Tuesday, Sept. 11th. We have no further particulars.

The position of teacher in the New Columbia school was unexpectedly made vacant, last week, by the resignation of Prof. J. P. Sheehan, who was offered a much more desirable position (financially considered) at his former home, Jersey Shore, Penna.

An adjourned meeting of the Hammonton Alliance will be held in the Sunday School room of the Presbyterian church, next Monday evening, Sept. 17. Business of importance. Let every member attend. Z. U. MATTHEWS, Sec.

The long dry spell was broken on Saturday night last, by a very welcome shower; and again on Tuesday rain fell. It is too late to benefit fall crops materially, but strawberry plants were dying for want of water, and all vegetation will be benefited.

The tax-rate for Hammonton, this year, will be \$1.24 on each one hundred dollars. Last year it was \$1.00,—that is an improvement which will meet with universal approval. The school tax for the greater portion of the town will be 37 cents on \$1.00,—somewhat less than in the Central District last year. It is not yet known how the school tax will be in the outlying portions of the town, which are tributary to Philadelphia and New Jersey districts. There will be no State tax this year. Altogether, (what) will be lower than last year.

The twenty-second annual fair of the Agricultural Society of Egg Harbor City will be held on Sept. 22nd to 25th inclusive. Liberal premiums will be offered in the Agricultural, Mechanical, Floral and Ladies Departments, with competition open to all. A grand display of native wines and an imposing fruit pyramid will be among the chief attractions. During the exhibition the process of wine making will be shown, and there will be excellent music and a great variety of entertainments. The Festival Ball will take place on the evening of the 24th in Singer Hall. Excursion tickets including admission to the fair will be sold by the Camden & Atlantic Railroad from Sept. 22nd to 25th inclusive as follows: From Philadelphia, \$1.00; Haddonfield, 90 cts.; Medford, \$1.25; Hammonton, 45 cts.; Absecon, 50 cts.; Atlantic City, 60 cts., and proportionate rates from other stations.

From the RECORD.

The community of Egg Harbor City has been enlarged recently by emigrants from the old country.

Elmer Steelman, of Steelmanville, and Miss Anna Parker, of Philadelphia, were united in matrimony recently by Rev. Mr. Garrison, of Linwood.

About the hour of ten, Thursday evening, September 6, just as Capt. Robinson, the proprietor of the Rockingham House, at Pleasantville, was about to retire for the night, the building was discovered to be on fire, and although strenuous efforts were made to save the building, it was soon completely demolished. The inmates barely succeeded in escaping with their lives, one receiving slight burns about the hip. Nothing was saved except a few papers. The fire was first discovered under the front porch, where the children of the house were in the habit of playing. No cause can be assigned to the origin of the fire, but it is believed to be the work of an incendiary. The loss on the building and stock will amount to \$6000, besides all their clothing, etc. It was insured for \$3000.

From the JOURNAL.

Cranberry picking commenced in earnest on Monday. The Weymouth bog it is expected will yield over 5,000 bushels.

The West Jersey Presbyterian meets in Viselaud on the evening of Tuesday, the 25th inst.

The criminal business for the Grand Jury was very heavy this term. Over fifty cases.

Camden Democrat: A case was tried before Justice Bennett last Saturday involving a matter of \$500 damages. The parties to the suit were Bernard Albrici, who lives near Hammonton, and Isaac Braddock, a cranberry grower of the same neighborhood. Albrici claims that the defendant, Braddock, overthrew his awnings some time ago, which backed the water up close to the premises occupied by himself, that in consequence his family became sick, his land was injured by water, twenty bushels, or so of potatoes which he had in his cellar were rotted, and that other damages to his horses and cows resulted therefrom to the value of \$500. A jury of twelve men was empaneled and the case was argued by John W. Wescott, of Haddonfield, for the defendant, and Charles King of Hammonton representing the plaintiff. A number of witnesses were examined, the testimony of whom substantiated the facts of the sickness of Albrici's family and the miring of his animals—though the latter was said to have occurred frequently before the flooding took place—also, that Braddock reversed the dam as soon as he heard of the discommoding Albrici. The jury awarded the plaintiff \$100. It is said Braddock will appeal.

From the MERCUR.

Mr. G. P. P. Hill starts for Cape Cod this week, on business.

Mr. N. B. Dana and family move to Radnor, Penna., on Saturday.

Mr. Bernhouse had seven turkeys taken on the other night, which makes twenty-one that have strayed from the fold.

Trowbridge's cranberry bog looks very fine, and if nothing happens to the berries, there will be a larger crop than ever.

The game of ball last Friday between our boys and the "Rockies" of Atlantic City, resulted in a victory for the latter, with a score of 13 to 2.

Married.

VEIT-GRIMES. At the residence of Mr. G. P. P. Hill, corner of Fairview and Third St., Hammonton, Sept. 14, 1883, by Rev. E. B. Rogers, Mr. William Veit and Miss Elizabeth Grimes, both of Hammonton.

PETERSON-FORD. In Hammonton, on Saturday, Sept. 1st, by C. P. Hill, Justice of Peace, Mr. William Peterson and Miss Elizabeth Ford, both of Pleasantville.

The Republican.

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Mr. Z. U. Matthews is building an addition to his barn.

John T. French has the contract to paint the Baptist church.

Miss Alice Oliver has charge of a school at Atco, this year, commencing on Monday last.

There will be service at St. Mark's Church, to-morrow, at half-past three. Rev. Mr. Loop will officiate.

The "Kangaroo Machine" is what they now call the American Star Bicycle, in Boston.

The new postal notes came into use last week, and we were just wondering who would be the first to send us one on subscription.

Mr. J. Somers Cordery, with his wife and four boys, and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Albert Potter—readers of Hammonton on Thursday evening.

The noon express on the Narrow Gauge Railroad has been withdrawn. No other changes affecting Hammonton have been made.

Will G. Hood returned home, Saturday, his last trip being to Richmond, Va., and the James River. As we write, he is quite sick with malarial fever, but recovering.

Mr. Wolla has purchased a lot of Mr. Anthony, corner of Egg Harbor Road and Fifteenth Street, and is putting up a building, a part of which is to be used as a general store—they say.

About the twentieth of October, that "roaring old comedy," "Handy Andy," will be put upon the stage at Union Hall, by A. Chevalier. Further particulars hereafter.

We have in our office a stalk of corn containing over twenty ears—silked out. Of course we do not claim as many perfect ears; because Nature attempted too much at once.

Mr. C. S. Newcomb, of New York State, with his little son, is in town, on business. He will probably bring his family next Spring and take possession of his farm, on Middle Road.

Mr. Villard showed us a sunflower which measured, when picked, eighteen inches in diameter. Wouldn't that pay look well in some "aesthetic" young lady's belt?

This rain-storm lasted until Thursday, and was just the kind urgently needed. Even now, late sweet potatoes and some other crops will be benefited, as delightfully warm weather has succeeded the rain.

Rev. J. J. Joralegon, formerly of this town, left his charge at Medford in early summer, on account of ill health. He went to Troy, Pa., where he died Tuesday, Sept. 11th. We have no further particulars.

The position of teacher in the New Columbia school was unexpectedly made vacant, last week, by the resignation of Prof. J. P. Sheehan, who was offered a much more desirable position (financially considered) at his former home, Jersey Shore, Penna.

An adjourned meeting of the Hammonton Alliance will be held in the Sunday School room of the Presbyterian church, next Monday evening, Sept. 17. Business of importance. Let every member attend. Z. U. MATTHEWS, Sec.

The long dry spell was broken on Saturday night last, by a very welcome shower; and again on Tuesday rain fell. It is too late to benefit fall crops materially, but strawberry plants were dying for want of water, and all vegetation will be benefited.

The tax-rate for Hammonton, this year, will be \$1.24 on each one hundred dollars. Last year it was \$1.00,—that is an improvement which will meet with universal approval. The school tax for the greater portion of the town will be 37 cents on \$1.00,—somewhat less than in the Central District last year. It is not yet known how the school tax will be in the outlying portions of the town, which are tributary to Philadelphia and New Jersey districts. There will be no State tax this year. Altogether, (what) will be lower than last year.

The twenty-second annual fair of the Agricultural Society of Egg Harbor City will be held on Sept. 22nd to 25th inclusive. Liberal premiums will be offered in the Agricultural, Mechanical, Floral and Ladies Departments, with competition open to all. A grand display of native wines and an imposing fruit pyramid will be among the chief attractions. During the exhibition the process of wine making will be shown, and there will be excellent music and a great variety of entertainments. The Festival Ball will take place on the evening of the 24th in Singer Hall. Excursion tickets including admission to the fair will be sold by the Camden & Atlantic Railroad from Sept. 22nd to 25th inclusive as follows: From Philadelphia, \$1.00; Haddonfield, 90 cts.; Medford, \$1.25; Hammonton, 45 cts.; Absecon, 50 cts.; Atlantic City, 60 cts., and proportionate rates from other stations.

From the RECORD.

The community of Egg Harbor City has been enlarged recently by emigrants from the old country.

Elmer Steelman, of Steelmanville, and Miss Anna Parker, of Philadelphia, were united in matrimony recently by Rev. Mr. Garrison, of Linwood.

About the hour of ten, Thursday evening, September 6, just as Capt. Robinson, the proprietor of the Rockingham House, at Pleasantville, was about to retire for the night, the building was discovered to be on fire, and although strenuous efforts were made to save the building, it was soon completely demolished. The inmates barely succeeded in escaping with their lives, one receiving slight burns about the hip. Nothing was saved except a few papers. The fire was first discovered under the front porch, where the children of the house were in the habit of playing. No cause can be assigned to the origin of the fire, but it is believed to be the work of an incendiary. The loss on the building and stock will amount to \$6000, besides all their clothing, etc. It was insured for \$3000.

From the JOURNAL.

Cranberry picking commenced in earnest on Monday. The Weymouth bog it is expected will yield over 5,000 bushels.

The West Jersey Presbyterian meets in Viselaud on the evening of Tuesday, the 25th inst.

The criminal business for the Grand Jury was very heavy this term. Over fifty cases.

Camden Democrat: A case was tried before Justice Bennett last Saturday involving a matter of \$500 damages. The parties to the suit were Bernard Albrici, who lives near Hammonton, and Isaac Braddock, a cranberry grower of the same neighborhood. Albrici claims that the defendant, Braddock, overthrew his awnings some time ago, which backed the water up close to the premises occupied by himself, that in consequence his family became sick, his land was injured by water, twenty bushels, or so of potatoes which he had in his cellar were rotted, and that other damages to his horses and cows resulted therefrom to the value of \$500. A jury of twelve men was empaneled and the case was argued by John W. Wescott, of Haddonfield, for the defendant, and Charles King of Hammonton representing the plaintiff. A number of witnesses were examined, the testimony of whom substantiated the facts of the sickness of Albrici's family and the miring of his animals—though the latter was said to have occurred frequently before the flooding took place—also, that Braddock reversed the dam as soon as he heard of the discommoding Albrici. The jury awarded the plaintiff \$100. It is said Braddock will appeal.

From the MERCUR.

Mr. G. P. P. Hill starts for Cape Cod this week, on business.

Mr. N. B. Dana and family move to Radnor, Penna., on Saturday.

Mr. Bernhouse had seven turkeys taken on the other night, which makes twenty-one that have strayed from the fold.

Trowbridge's cranberry bog looks very fine, and if nothing happens to the berries, there will be a larger crop than ever.

The game of ball last Friday between our boys and the "Rockies" of Atlantic City, resulted in a victory for the latter, with a score of 13 to 2.

Married.

VEIT-GRIMES. At the residence of Mr. G. P. P. Hill, corner of Fairview and Third St., Hammonton, Sept. 14, 1883, by Rev. E. B. Rogers, Mr. William Veit and Miss Elizabeth Grimes, both of Hammonton.

PETERSON-FORD. In Hammonton, on Saturday, Sept. 1st, by C. P. Hill, Justice of Peace, Mr. William Peterson and Miss Elizabeth Ford, both of Pleasantville.

John Wanamaker's Store, Philadelphia.

These are the First Days of the

Fall Business,

already the hum of activity begins.

We launch the busy season with

Some

Special Things

that prove to be strangely low. A few of these have been in store some days, but, to give everybody a fair chance, we held the announcements until the return of people from their holidays.

A good lot of first-rate Jerseys at \$2.25. These are all black. The colors are \$2.50.

A Black Dress Silk at 75 cents, that until recently was always \$1.00.

A fine Black Rhadama, 22 inches wide, at \$1.50.

Half-wool Black Dress Goods at 12 1/2 cents, which is just half-price.

All-wool stylish Plaid Suits, 42 inches, at 50 cents. We sold the same yard wide, at 45c.

Another lot of 65-mil Cashmere at \$1.00. Robes at one-third off of a quality of Lupin's usual price.

A very few much-admired robes at one-third off of a quality of Lupin's usual price.

These lots of Shoes that are amazingly desirable for the prices:

250 pairs Women's—185 pairs Women's—141 pairs Women's Straight Goat Button, French Kid Button, Front Lace Walking, \$4.35.

172 pairs Women's—152 pairs Women's—131 pairs Women's Straight Goat Button, Kid Slippers, \$1.25.

112 pairs Women's—102 pairs Women's—80 pairs Women's Kid Ties, \$2.00.

110 pairs Women's—100 pairs Women's—80 pairs Women's Kid Ties, \$2.00.

China and Glassware we hardly dare to risk saying anything about, as the lots announced are nearly always sold out in a few hours of the day they are presented. Watch the city daily papers for the announcements, and if these lots are sold when you come do not be disappointed, as we have new lots in every day or two.

In Furniture. Young couples should see the new Ash Suite of Bed Room Furniture for \$25. The same goods in Cherry for \$28.

Our Works at present turn us out only four suites per day of these goods, so that first come, first served. Nothing like this has ever been done in Philadelphia before.

A fine frame Body Brussels Carpet at \$1.25 that we are willing to endorse as a good thing.

We are not permitted to give the makers' names. The goods are new this season, and fifty patterns at least to choose from.

The first Fall Offering of Ladies' Robes are of ample material, in nice varieties, dark, rich hues, and the patterns are on the latest order. The effect is much the same as a full equivalent, as though an expensive Cashmere Shawl were made into a robe, as is often done—the expense being but a small one.

Also, a few Wrapper Patterns, Persian, with Oriental effect. The olive, old gold, and rich, dark hues, are subdued in a broad border of consistent but curious formation, ten to eleven yds. each. \$2.00 per yard.

There are other lots equally interesting, and new things daily arriving.

Samples of Dress Goods sent by mail; a "Postal" will receive immediate attention.

John Wanamaker

Thirteenth St.

My overland

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Personal.

The King of Greece is at Wiesbaden. Professor David Swing is fifty-two years old.

Ex-Governor Stanford, of California, is in London.

Professor Bell, is preparing a bibliography of electricity.

Dry Goods Clafflin, of New York, now seventy, is climbing the Catskills.

Anna Dickinson's manager says that she is best appreciated in the West.

Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky, has issued 845 pardons during his administration.

General Beauregard is summering at Wisconsin lake. He says he believed in Mississippi letters in 1861.

Peter Landlord, and Roland P. Jephthah Davis are traveling through New England with a retinue of wagons and servants, and a marquee tent which once belonged to the Prince of Wales.

Among prominent English people coming to America are the Earl of Cork and Harcourt, master of the buck-hounds; the Earl and Countess of Carnarvon; the Earl of Lathom, Lord Douglas Gordon, Mr. Bryce and Horace Davey, M. P. for Christ church.

Mr. Millard's painting of Henry Irving, which he will present to the Garrick Club of London, is described as most admirable portrait. It is half-length and represents the actor in profile clad in ordinary morning dress, looking toward the left of the spectator.

The Duke of Norfolk, with all his immense wealth, is obliged to retrench. He has given so much money for religious purposes and spent so much at Arundel and other places, that he has been obliged to dismiss 300 work-people and cut down his household expenses. He is a very insignificant-looking man for a premier duke.

Mr. St. John, the ex-governor of Kansas, is thought to be the worst fisherman in the country. He went trolling for pickerel at Silver Lake N. Y., the other day, but talked with a companion constantly until their return to the shore. "He was leaving the lake to a boy said: 'Look here, Mister Man, there's a pickerel on your line you forgot to pull in.' The pickerel weighed four pounds.

A. B. Fox, of Gowanda, N. Y., is six feet two inches high, and weighs 250 pounds. His wife is six feet tall and weighs 200 pounds. He has five brothers and six sisters, not one of them being less than six feet tall, and the lightest one weighs 200 pounds.

Paying For His Whistle.

Not many years ago, when a lofty building was on the point of completion, the mason was in the habit of whistling to the laborer who attended him whenever he wanted a fresh supply of mortar, and as the scaffold on which he wrought was rather small, this occurred very often during a day's job. A joiner, who was fitting in a window immediately underneath, noticed that answer dutifully to every call from the mason, and thought of playing a trick on him by imitating the whistle, and thus he brought him a bowlful of mortar when there was no room for it. The mason told Pat that he had no whistle, so he had no other alternative than to trudge back with the load. This having occurred the third time during the day, Pat thought he would watch to hear where the whistle came from. He had not watched long with hod on his shoulder when he heard the identical whistle underneath where he stood, and leaning over, he saw the head of the joiner protruding out of the window immediately below. Pat, without more ado, emptied the hod right over the whistler's head. The joiner yelled and spluttered while attempting to clear himself from the adhesive mass, and in the midst of his confusion, heard Pat above shouting at the top of his voice, "Whistle when you want some more mortar."

Since 1864 the warhorse of "Stone-wall" Jackson has been on the Morrison farm near Charlotte, N. C. He has been at the residence of Mr. Jackson, at the National Military Institute, and was so long in the hands of the Union army.

Emperor Selim II.

His Excesses in Eating and Drinking and His Disorderly Life.

In person he was said to have resembled in early life his Russian mother, the famous Boxlania, whose imperious temper he had inherited without her vigorous understanding. His disorderly life had, however, long ago effaced all traces of her transmitted beauty. Excess both in eating and drinking (for he was said to remain sometimes for whole days and nights at table, and to drink a bottle of spirits every morning by way of aiding his digestion), had bloated his cheek and dulled his eye. He was, however, a little proud of his crimson complexion, and dyed his hands and face to a blood color.

To the Western stranger, who was led through the wide courts of the Seraglio, between long ranks of janissaries, terrible and silent as death, to the barbaric pomp of his presence chamber, or who beheld him riding at noon to mosque, glittering with gems, among his gilded and jeweled cavaliers, the little, fiery-faced infidel, with his beard dyed jet, his blackened eyelids, and his huge turban must have appeared the very personification of the fierce and wicked heathen tyrant of chivalrous romance.

If his brief reign belong to the splendid period of Turkish history; if it produced some of the chief monuments of Mohammedan legislation and added several Arabian provinces and the royal isle of Cyprus to the dominions of the Crown; if the Sallany Mosque, whose airy domes and delicate spires so nobly crown the city of Adrian, equals, or perhaps exceeds, the temples left to Constantinople by Solyman and Justinian, the glory of these achievements is due, not to the indolent monarch who soiled the throne with the foulest vices, but to the unexhausted impulse of a better time, and to that able band of renegades and soldiers of fortune trained in the school of Solyman—quick-witted Greeks and Italians, bold Albanians, patient Bosnians and Croats—who bared their genius and valor for the gold of the sultan's Turk.

Health Hints.

How to Preserve and Restore Health.

Physicians say that ginger ale is a poor substitute for water, because the capsaicin it contains irritates the lining of the stomach and produces dangerous inflammation.

A BLOW AT SODA DRINKING.—A serious blow has been struck at the soda water fountain in an eastern city. A public analyst has examined samples of water from a dozen fountains, and found that all but one contained lead and copper—some in dangerous quantities. It has all along been suspected that danger lurked in the foaming cup of sweetened water which has been the delight of the maiden and the bane of her impecunious young man, and now that it has been authoritatively demonstrated that the wildly exhilarating beverage is but mineral poison, disguised by syrup and chemically prepared "flavoring," the impecunious young person aforementioned will—immediately—add the fizzy drink to the list of potables which must not be touched, tasted, handled nor purchased.

OYSTERS AS FOOD.—Dr. J. H. Hanford, in the *Golden Rule*, thus combats the prevailing notion that oysters are peculiarly nutritious and easy of digestion. "That is a strange idea so prevalent in some communities, that oysters are highly nutritious and easy of digestion. It is true that the raw oyster digests in about the same time as cooked beef, while stewing adds twenty per cent. to the required time, for the reason that they are rather rich in albumen, like eggs, always rendered more indigestible by thorough cooking. In the matter of muscle food, oyster fall below that of pork, having about one-half of that of herring, halibut and trout, just one-half of that of southern corn, not one-half of that of beans and peas, being far inferior to beef. Still they have long been popular, from the fact that some noted physician, who had studied his taste more than his subject, once decided in their favor, supposing that fondness is about the same as wholesomeness. As these, with all fish, become early putrescent in hot weather, they are objectionable after having been out of the water for any considerable time."

IN HOUSES.—If the air is sweet there is apt to be no consideration of the danger which may still lurk in the atmosphere in gases and organic impurities whose natural odors are masked by something stronger. When foul gases cannot be detected by the nose, defective drains will not be repaired, much less example from sewer gas is to bar it out of the house; and when this can be so easily and so positively done, it is fairly criminal that it should not be done. As to foul air, there need be none in a house except such as comes from the breath, and caused by the excretions of the skin; this may be, also, easily and quickly removed by a simple ventilation through a grate or stove. There need be no refuse within the four walls of a house, nor, indeed, near it, without the walls, if people would respect the plain requirements of decency. As to "fungus germs"—whatever they may be—dry walls, dry foundations and rooms will prevent their growth. As to disinfecting agents, disinfection in the sense of destroying the germs of disease means the destruction of human as well as germ life. No vapor will destroy the germs, or poison, of small pox, scarlet fever or diphtheria, which can be transported by sewer gas, that will not also destroy the person who breathes it.—*Chicago Sanitary News.*

A Student's Duel.

Hearing that there was to be a student's duel, we planned to gratify our curiosity in seeing what has been so much written about. Taking a carriage, we rode across the river, up the side of a mountain and down a narrow gorge to a public house. We went in and ordered some refreshments and chatted for half an hour, when a white-capped student passed. I accosted him and earnestly made known our wants in the language of Goethe and Schiller. He gave me a long and earnest answer, not a word of which could I understand. At last a waiter who spoke English came, and we sought her in ten minutes to a room with a window. The combat took place in a window. We waited about an hour, and as our patience grew exhausted, she returned. "Through the window we could see two men confronting each other, with their hands extended straight over their heads. Their left arms were tied behind their backs and goggles over their eyes. The men were padded everywhere except their heads, which were left uncovered. At the appointed signal they began cutting at each other with lightning-like rapidity. Neither seemed to try to ward off the blows of his opponent. As soon as one was cut the seconds ran between them and knocked up the swords. The doctor examined the wounds, staunching the blood and the fight was resumed, and went on until the doctor decided that further fighting would endanger life. It was the most beastly tomfoolery I ever saw. The hurt inflicted was not enough to satisfy a man seeking redress for a real or fancied insult, but was too severe for play. I could see no display of skill nor any particular manifestation of courage.

Religious Sentiment.

SAVING "HATEFUL" THINGS.—What a strange disposition is that which leads people to say "thatful" things for the mere pleasure of saying them. You are never safe with such a person. When you are feeling very kind, and pleasantly, still will pop some underhand stab which you alone can comprehend—a sneer which is masked, but which is too well aimed to be misunderstood. It may be at your person, your mental failing, your foolish habit of thought, or some little secret of faith or opinion confessed in a moment of genuine confidence. It matters not how secret it may be to you, he will have his finger at it; nay, since the wish is to make you suffer, he is all the happier the nearer he touches your heart. Just half a dozen words, only for the pleasure of seeing a cheek flush and an eye lose its brightness; only spoken because he is afraid you are too conceited. Yet they are worse than as many blows. How many sleepless nights have such mean attacks caused tender hearts. How often have they wakened with aching eyes and head, to remember that speech before returned and escaped the Indians, after which they scuttled all the canoes on the island but one, and in this escaped down the Merrimack, and finally reached Haverhill. This was such an exploit as made the actors immediately famous in that bloody time. The Massachusetts General Court gave Mrs. Duston twenty-five pounds and granted half that amount to each of her companions. The story of their daring deed was carried far to the Southward, and Governor Nicholson, of Maryland, sent a valuable present to the escaped prisoners.

It is to be feared that the great reason why more is not attempted for Christ is our want of faith. We are doubtful of our own power to work, and worse than this, doubtful of our Lord's willingness to bless our efforts. If we could attain to Paul's standing; "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," we should not allow our power to be untied or rust. With the gracious promises which our Lord has made of blessing and success there is no excuse for inactivity.—*Weekly Dispatch.*

The Hired Boy.

Keep a warm place in your heart and a kind word for the hired boy. He may not be the kind of a boy you like; he may be rough, even rude, but for the house, an eye-sore at the table; but all that, be kind. It is true he is an insignificant person, as his unkempt hair and ill-fitting clothes testify. But under the tattered coat can be hid a bright intellect, and under the tattered jacket can beat a warm heart. The hired boy of to-day may be the farmer of the future, when perhaps your happy children are friendly menials. I am speaking to farmers' wives now, and from experience. It matters little to the hired boy what the rough farmer may say, or what tasks he may have to perform. As a hired boy I have pined in tears with big-hearted wives who, like mothers, have over-looked his faults and whose kindness had made him docile, and as a hired boy I have parted in anger with heartless women who never gave a kind word nor a square meal. One has the blessings of a friendless stranger, the other, his curses, but the reluctant forgiveness of a mature man.

The Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the West is to send a petition to the Queen of England and Empress of India petitioning her to abolish child marriage in India. The petitions will have many thousand signatures.

A Famous Escape.

The most famous of all the escapes of New England captives was that of Hannah Duston, Mary Neff and a boy, Samuel Leonardson. These three were carried off, and many others in 1697, in the attack on Haverhill. Mrs. Duston's infant child having been killed by the Indians. When the captives had separated, the party to whom the two women and the boy were assigned encamped on an island in the Merrimack river. At midnight, the captives secured hatchets and killed ten Indians—two men, two women and six children—one favorite boy, whom they meant to spare, and one badly wounded woman escaping.

After they had left camp the fugitives remembered that nobody in the settlement would believe, without evidence, that they had performed so redoubtable an action; they therefore returned and escaped the Indians, after which they scuttled all the canoes on the island but one, and in this escaped down the Merrimack, and finally reached Haverhill. This was such an exploit as made the actors immediately famous in that bloody time. The Massachusetts General Court gave Mrs. Duston twenty-five pounds and granted half that amount to each of her companions.

The story of their daring deed was carried far to the Southward, and Governor Nicholson, of Maryland, sent a valuable present to the escaped prisoners.

Poker in Thompson Street.

It was a poker party in Thompson street, and a big jack-pot had been opened. There were evidently big hands out, and bets and excitement ran high. "Looker hyer, Gus, whuffer 'yo' risedad pot?" exclaimed Mr. Tootler Williams. "Nebber 'yo' misad 'yo' call, 'yo' isn't afraid 'yes, 'yo' call—dat's all!" retorted Gus, sullenly. "I won't call! I rise 'yo' back," said Mr. Williams, whose vertebrae was ascending. "I rise 'yo' agin," retorted Gus. And so they went at each other until chips, money and collateral were gone; then Williams concluded to call. "What 'yo' got, niggab, dat 'yo' do all dat raisin' on? What 'yo' got, nobow?" Gus laid down his hand—ace, king, queen, jack and ten of clubs. "Is dat what 'yo' inquired, beginning to seize up the pot. 'No, dat's not good!" said Mr. Williams, reaching down in his bootleg. "What 'yo' got, den?" said Gus. "Ise got two jacks at him fixedly. 'Ise got two jacks at a razzar.' 'Dat's good,' said Gus.

The Trouble with Modern Heroines.

Indeed, it is the serious-minded heroines who behave worst in their love affairs. The calm manner in which they argue the point out with their parents, always getting the best of it in their arguments, as well as in fact, is enough to make the father of past fiction turn in his grave. This trait is, after all, the most alarming to us—who are approaching the age when the "heavy father" is more interesting than the young lover. For the heroine of fiction is, let us remember, the ideal woman of the period, the mold of form with which our young women naturally compare themselves. Her example will outweigh with them all the exhortations of their guardians, and for them, therefore, there is the pleasant prospect of seeing the attractive qualities described produced in their daughters and wards.

Henry James' Appearance.

At the Boston train when we were entering the town a person of rather robust size, wearing a bluish gray suit and with blackish side whiskers, began to speak to a lady in the most awfully awful West End of London style. The first word he got out of his mouth was invariably a stutter, and he stumbled on as if tripping at his sentences. When he had passed out my friend remarked to me: "Whom do you suspect that to be?" Said I: "It might be Lord Mandeville, or it might be his valet." "No," said he, "that is Henry James, the author."

THE OLD READING CLASS.

I cannot tell you, General, how oft it comes to me. That fatherly old reading class in District Number Three.

That row of electionists who stood so straight in line.

And charged the standard literature with amiable design.

We did not spare the energy in which our words were clad.

We gave the meaning of the text by all the light we had.

But still I fear the ones who wrote the lines we read so free.

Would scores have recognized their work in District Number Three.

Outside the snow was smooth and clean—the winter's black-laid dust.

The storm it made the windows speak at every sudden gust.

Bright gleams of light threw us pleasant words when travelers would pass.

The maple trees along the road stood shivering in their old-fashioned reading class of District Number Three.

We took a hand at History—is altars, spires and flames—

And gave our little world the most important names.

We wandered through Biography, and gave our little world the most important names.

And with some subjects fell in love—

In Romance and Philosophy we settled many a point.

And made what poems we assailed to creak at every joint.

And many authors that we love, you with us will agree.

Were first time introduced to us in District Number Three.

You recited Saannah Smith, the teacher's sore distress.

Who never stopped at any pause—a sort of day's express?

And did young Sylvester Jones, of inconsistent faith.

Who stumbled on the easy words and read the hard ones right.

And Jennie Green, whose doleful voice was always clothed in black.

And Samuel Hickey, whose words induced the plastering all to crack?

And Andrew Tubbs, whose various moods were quite a show to see.

Alas! we cannot find them now in District Number Three.

And Jasper Jencks, whose tears would flow at each pathetic word.

(He's in the price list business now, and his them hard, I've heard).

And Benny Bayne, whose every tone he murmured as he read.

(His tongue is not so timid now, he is an auctioneer).

And Lanty Wood, whose voice was just endeavoring hard to change.

And leaped from house to ferociously shrill with mostering air.

Alas! they're both in higher schools than District Number Three.

So back these various voices come, though long the years have grown.

And sound uncommonly distinct through memory's telephone.

And some are full of melody, and bring a sense of cheer.

And some can smile the rock of time, and summon forth a tear.

But one sweet voice comes to me, when ever I get a gleam.

And sings a song, and that is yours, O peerless Genevieve.

It brightens up the olden times, and throws a gleam of light.

A silver star amid the clouds of District Number Three.

—*Will Carleton, in Harper's Magazine.*

Two Hearts So True.

"Little Blossom, you make it so hard for me to say good-bye to you."

"When?"

"The innocent, surprised, inquiring face—renewing was indeed difficult for John Burrows. He touched a dimple in her cheek, and then a curl of her hair, as he might have touched flowers on a grave, perhaps.

She shook back the silly wrinkles impatiently.

"When, John?"

"He looked on her face a moment without a smile, pretty as she was."

"Nelly, sit down here for a moment."

They sat down on the pretty crimson couch before the fire. Seeing trouble in his face she put her hand in his and he smoothed out the little rose-leaf member upon his broad palm, more than ever confident, as he looked at it, that he was right.

"Nelly, you know I love you."

"Yes," with a blush, for he had never said it before.

"And I am very sorry."

"Why?" after a pause of bewilderment.

"Because you are a delicate little flower, needing care and nursing to keep your bloom bright and I am going to a hard, rough life, among privation, fever and malaria, which will try even my powerful constitution, and where you must not go."

"You are going to the far West?"

"Yes. My mother must have a home in her old age. She is strong now, but life is telling on her. You know all that she has been to me?"

"Yes, she has been a good mother. But you shall take me too, John."

She won her way into his arms against his will.

"You will take me, too?"

"No, Nelly, I don't tell you that you made it so hard for me to say good-bye to you?"

"John, what could I do without you?"

He took the little, caressing hand down from his face.

"Don't make me weak, Nelly. Do you think that it is nothing to me to leave my little violet—the only woman I ever loved—for a hard, cold life, and unceasing 'oil' I cannot marry for ten years yet, Nelly?"

"And then I shall be thirty years old."

"Yes, married and with little children, seeing at last that your old lover, John Burrows, was right."

"He rose to his feet."

"John!" in terror.

"Yes, I am going, Nelly. Little one—you look so much like a woman now, with your steadfast eyes—hear me: I do not foresee that you love me—that I should love you. You were a little school girl when I saved you from drowning last summer, and your saucy little face floated away down the river and was lost. I came here to see Gregory, not you. I could not help loving you; but did not think until to-night that you cared so much for me, Nelly. But, child, you will forget me."

"Never!"

"He went on:

"Nelly, I shall hunger for you day and night, more and more, as time goes on and I get older, lonelier, more weary. But I shall never hope to see you again. Now give me your hand."

She gave him both. He raised them to his lips, but before she could speak again he was gone.

Shivering violently, she went to the fire and stood there trying to warm herself. She understood it all now—his strangely elaborate arrangements for a trip to New York. He had known that he was not coming back when she had begged him to bring her his photograph from the great metropolis, but was going on—into the dim distance. This was why he had not promised.

It was getting late—she was so cold—she had better go to bed. She would not go into the parlor to bid her father and aunt and Gregory good night; so she crept silently up to her own room. There the very weight of grief upon her lulled her to sleep.

But when she awoke her grief sprang upon her like some hidden monster who had lain in wait for her all night. Her mind terrified her. Why should she not die? Why should she ever rise from that bed?

But when they called her she sprang up, hastily dressed and went down stairs, and they were too busy talking to notice that she did not know what she was doing. But, by and by, when her brother reached for some more coffee, and observed that "John Burrows and his mother went to New York on the first train this morning," she tried to rise unconcernedly from the table, and fell in a dead faint on the carpet among them.

When Nelly came to she was undressed and in bed, and Aunt Mary was darning stockings at the foot.

"Oh, let me get up, Aunt Mary! I don't want to lie here!"

"Now, Nelly, be reasonable! You are sick."

"Oh, Aunt Mary, I'm not!"

"Nelly, if you will lie still to-day I'll let you have the old box of curiosities in my room to look over. Will you?"

"I don't know."

Aunt Mary went for them. Nelly shut her eyes, and let the wave in all its bitterness surge over her once, when Miss Golding came back, bringing a box of old mahogany, black and glossy with time.

"There"—setting it on the bed.

With a wintry little smile of thanks she lifted the cover. The old mahogany box contained strange things. Pictures on wood and ivory, illuminated manuscripts, webs of strong lace, antique ornaments, ancient embroideries, great packages of old letters, sealed packets of unfamiliar perfume, ancient brooches of red gold, finger-rings of clumsy-set gems tied together with faded ribbons, a knot of hair fastened together with a golden heart, the silver hilt of a sword, and lastly, a tiny oil portrait of an old man, done in chalk upon a kind of vellum and enclosed in a frame of tarnished brass.

"Who is this that is so ugly, Aunt Mary?"

"That, they say, is my great grandfather, Nelly."

"What is it painted on—this queer stuff?"

"Well, it is a kind of leather, I believe. They used to write on it in olden times."

"He is uncommonly ugly, isn't he?" said Nelly, wearily.

As she spoke the little case fell apart in her hands. A yellow, folded paper was revealed. She opened it and saw that it was written upon.

"Why, bless my soul, what have you there?" exclaimed Miss Golding, rising up in a strange alarm.

"She snatched it from Nelly's hand. 'It can't be the will!' she cried.

Nelly looked on in dumb surprise. Aunt Mary read a few words, and then rushed away in wild agitation to the library where her father was sitting. Nelly could hear them talking, the two; then her brother came, and the old housekeeper was called from the dining room; and so much confused talking she never heard before. By and by they all waited upon her in a body.

"Nelly," said her father, sitting down upon the foot of the bed, "you are an heiress."

"This is old Grandfather Golding's will!" exclaimed Aunt Mary, flourishing the bit of paper.

"It seems to me he was very eccentric," Gregory condescended to explain.

"He was very rich and had some handsome and some grandsons who promised to be harder, and he fell out with the whole set, who were waiting for him to die. He declared that no money of his should encourage the young people's excesses; a little poverty would help the family, and the fourth generation would appreciate his money and probably make good use of it."

"When he died no will could be found, and though there was a famous struggle for the property, it went into the hands of trustees, through the oath of the lawyer who drew up the will, and there it has been, descending from one person to another and accumulating in value, until you and I, Nelly, are as rich as Croesus."

"How, Gregory?"

"Ain't he the fourth generation? Father was the only child, we his only children; all the back folks are dead, and it slides down to us on greased wires. Hurrah for Grandfather Golding!"

"Is this true, father?"

"Yes, my dear. The property is chiefly in Leeds, England. The housekeeper who came over last summer, you know, happens to know all about it. It is in safe hands and our claim is indisputable."

"What did Nelly do? The little goose! Instead of flying off in thoughts of carriages, and dresses of cloth, of gold and a trip to Europe, she buried her face in the pillows and murmured under her breath: 'Oh, John! Oh, dear, dear John!'"

And it was no castle in the air. Three months proved that Nelly Golding was the mistress of gold untold almost. And then a little note went to Kansas, saying:

DEAR JOHN: I am waiting for you with a fortune. Will you come for me now? NELLY.

And he came instantly; and though some might have sneered at his readiness, the heart of the wife was always at peace.

She knew that John Burrows loved her truly. Grandfather Golding's money built up a commodious Western town—paved streets, raised rows of shops, erected dwelling houses, founded banks, libraries and churches; and Nelly finally lived "out West." But she had opportunities of seeing pioneer life, and she said: "John was right; I should have died in a year had I lived in poverty."

How He Helped Them Over.

Two of our belles while walking out the other day came to a ditch near the railroad grade at Montclair which they did not know how to get over. Seeing a young man coming along the road they appealed to him for help, whereupon he pointed them toward a startled stevedore and yelled out: "Shake it!"

The way those girls crossed that ditch was a sight to behold, and the young man lives.

The signal station on Pike's Peak, 14,156 feet high, is the highest building in the world inhabited the year round.

Women in India.

The Degradation. Put Upon the Wife and Widow.

On the day of her wedding she is put into a palanquin, shut up tight and carried to her husband's house. If the bride has been the spoiled pet of her mother-in-law, now she is the little slave of her mother-in-law, on whom she is to wait, whose commands she is implicitly to obey, and who teaches her what she is to do to please her husband; what dishes he likes best, and how to cook them. If this mother-in-law is kind she will let the girl go home occasionally to visit her mother.

Of her husband she sees little or nothing. She is of no more account to him than a little cat or dog would be. There is seldom or never any love between them, and no matter how cruelly she may be treated she can never complain to her husband of anything his mother may do, for he would never take his wife's part. Her husband sends her daily the portion of food that is to be cooked for her, himself and the children. When it is prepared she places it on a brass platter and sends it to her husband's room. He sits, what he wishes, and then the platter is sent

