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Consolations by the Way.

BY REV. J. A. JONES.
Traveler seems thy load too heavy,
Up the road so rough and steep;
On thy path, when faint and weary,
See the stain from Jesus' feet.
He who trod the way before thee,
Comes again to be thy Guide,
Though all earthly friends forsake thee,
Christ will never leave thy side.
Soldier, when the conflict rages,
And the field is red with blood;
Though 'gainst thee all hell engages,
Bravely fight and trust in God.
Never was a soul defeated,
With the Christian armor on;
When the battle is completed,
Thine shall be the victor's crown.
Christian, is thy spirit saddened,
With the gloom of error's night,
Struggle on till thou art gladdened
In the golden morning light.
Soon the darkness will be ended,
It will not be very long,
Till with Christ the Lord ascended,
Thou shalt sing redemption's song.
—Ocean Grove Record.

From the Capital.

To the Editor of the South Jersey Republican:
It is said that the principal product of Maine is men. Never having been "down to Maine," I do not know whether this is true or not; but this much is certain, the men of Maine are a product that she may well feel proud of. I cannot think that there has ever been much of a Greenback craze in Maine. The difficulty has appeared to be, that certain men who had been long in power, got to feel that that they owned the Republican party of that State. They ruled with a rod of iron. Many rebelled. Hence the coalition, and Republican defeat two years ago. "Bill" Frye, (U. S. Senator)—as he is familiarly termed, does things better. He is not a dictator, but carries into effect the will of the party. Under such leadership, Maine is sure to go Republican at every election. Well, Maine has acquitted herself nobly. What will New Jersey do? It is an easy matter to tell what she ought to do. She ought to go overwhelmingly Republican, not only at the next election, but always. Will you allow me space enough to state why I think so?
If you will turn to any volume of statistics, you will see that the leading industries of the State are agriculture, market gardening, and manufactures, each of which is carried on with great skill and success. And why with success? Because of the great skill displayed? Well, partly, of course, for that is a very important element; but I think the prosperity of New Jersey, in the past, has been mainly due to the policy of the Republican party toward manufactures. What has made a market for every ounce of farm or garden produce grown in New Jersey?—Why, being adjacent to, and having within her borders, great masses of people who are consumers. What brought these vast accumulations of people together? What has increased the populations of Philadelphia, Newark, Jersey City and Brooklyn, and a host of smaller cities, at such a tremendous rate in the past twenty years? It is because the industries of those cities have been fostered and encouraged by the wise measures of the Republican party. We of this party believe that it is our duty to enact such laws as will keep our own mills and furnaces and workshops running; furnishing remunerative employment to millions of operatives, and making good markets for millions of farmers, and not to enrich the subjects of our friend John Bull. This Government was made to protect the interests of Americans; and we are bound to adopt such measures as will secure the greatest happiness and prosperity to the greatest number. Now what has New Jersey often done? She has done all she could to paralyze the hand that has been feeding her; and I for one have often been ashamed of her ungrateful conduct. From my standpoint, our State is more vitally interested in protection than any other political idea. Not only so, but it appears to me that the majority of the people of the State think so; and that therefore the State Republican. It is a crying shame that roughs from New

York and Brooklyn are allowed to defeat the will of the people, which I understand they often do. There is need in the Republican party of New Jersey more harmony, and better organization. Then, if they cannot be found at home, import a few Marshal Duddleys, and the Democratic jig will be up. However this article grows in space and I must have done.
Next week, I suppose, the nomination will be made for Congressman. Of course Mr. Brewer is all right on protection. He is a so all right on every question that we hold dear. He has by his industry and devotion to the interests of his constituents fairly earned a re-nomination. I sincerely hope he may receive it. In such a large parliamentary body as Congress, it takes a man a good part of his term to learn how work is done. It has happened, over and over again, not only in our District, but nearly everywhere, outside of Massachusetts, that just as a man was becoming fitted for eminent usefulness, he has been shelved to afford some other man the honor of beginning as a novice, and of being retired in his turn, just as he began to understand how to pull the ropes. I hope we shall do better this time. A dozen or more years ago, Massachusetts, if you remember, had the chairmanships of nearly all the leading committees. Was this because of the great abilities of her representatives? Not at all. It was because they had been sent to Congress for several terms each, and had the influence which is always the result of experience. If New Jersey would adopt this plan, she would strengthen her power in National affairs ten fold.
Very Respectfully,
BIA. CA.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 18th, 1882.

A Voice from Virginia.

LIBERTY, VA., Sept. 14, 1882.
EDITOR OF REPUBLICAN:
I see in your last issue that you express great surprise over that peach that was said to be 10 inches in diameter. As I read your paper I have an apple before me that measures thirteen inches in circumference (before witnesses), grown here in Bedford County, and we did not think it had attained its full size either. While talking of fruit, we are eating the last of our blackberries, which grow plentifully along the fences and waste places, equal in size and superior in flavor to your boasted Wilsons, some canes of which, of this year's growth, I could not reach the tip with the end of my walking stick, as they stood erect. I have measured them as they leaned over, twelve feet long. As some evidence of our rich soil, I cut some weeds that grew outside of my garden, that measured thirteen feet high. If I catch Jersey boasting again, I will tell you more next time. But possibly it may not be well to tell too much about the opening for business and profit, or how the natives deaden and leave to rot and waste acres of grand old chestnut, hickory, locust, and oak trees, (which they will not take the trouble to dispose of in any other way), on land that can be bought for two to eight dollars per acre, lest some of your Jersey readers may become dissatisfied with their ten or fifteen acres of poor white sand.
Most truly yours,
A. H. VANFOREN.

Dentist's Notice.

My health not permitting me to resume my practice as I anticipated, I have disposed of the practice, good will, etc., to Dr. Geo. R. Shidle, of 1106 Arch Street, Philadelphia, who will occupy the office Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week, commencing Sept. 28th, 1882. I take pleasure in recommending Dr. Shidle to the people of Hammonton and vicinity having known him personally for years. Hoping you will give him your patronage, I am, Respectfully, Dr. W. E. DAVIE.
The digestive organs weakened and worn out by using cathartic medicines, restored by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is one of the very few tonic medicines that are not composed mostly of alcohol or whiskey, thus becoming a fruitful source of intemperance by promoting a desire for rum.
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is guaranteed to be a non-intoxicating stimulant, and it will, in nearly every case, take the place of all liquor, and at the same time absolutely kill the desire for whiskey and other intoxicating beverages.

Rev. G. W. RICE, editor of the American Christian Review, says of Brown's Iron Bitters:
Cin., O., Nov. 16, 1881.
Gents:—The foolish wasting of vital force in business, pleasure, and vicious indulgence of our people, makes your preparation a necessity; and if applied, will save hundreds who resort to saloons for temporary recuperation.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS has been thoroughly tested for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, weakness, debility, overwork, rheumatism, neuralgia, consumption, liver complaints, kidney troubles, &c., and it never fails to render speedy and permanent relief.

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Charles Hunt, SHOEMAKER, Solicits orders for Repairing or New Work. Leave orders at Carpenter's store, or at my residence, Thirteenth Street, near First Road, Hammonton.

B. Albrici, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Horses, Cattle, Sheep, & Pigs.
Any person desiring to pasture Horses or Cattle will do well to put them in my charge, as I have the best pastures in South Jersey. My charges are reasonable. Call on or address B. ALBRICI, Waterford, N. J. Fare from Hammonton to Waterford, on the C. & A., or to Cedar Brook on the Narrow Gauge, is fifteen cents.

COAL!
We are now prepared to receive orders for coal, to be delivered at any time through the Fall and Winter, at lowest prices. We deliver coal when desired. The various sizes and best qualities of coal constantly on hand at our yard, on Railroad Avenue, opposite the railroad shed shed. Coal furnished direct from cars, monthly. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Give us your orders early.
G. F. SAXTON, HAMMONTON, N. J.

Last Words.

"Jeune"—Ignatius Loyola.
"More light"—Goethe.
"The story no longer beats."—Albert de Haller.
"That is right; I have now done."—Joseph Priestley.
"I must sleep now."—Lord Byron.
"God's will be done."—Bishop Ken.
"Christ, Christ!" then after, "This is it should be."—Douglas Jerrold.
"I have had enough of everything."—Dr. Jovin.
"Give Mr. Dagroles a chair."—Lord Chesterfield.
"All is well at last."—George Crabbe.
"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done."—St. Edward Coke.
"Thank God, I have done my duty."—Lord Nelson.
"I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die."—Addison.
"Thou wilt show my head to the people."—Northcote's showing. George James Danton.
"Let me hear once more those notes so long my solace and delight."—Mozart.
"Lord Jesus, receive my soul! O Lord, save my country."—John Hampden.
"We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is one of the party."—Thos. Gainsborough.
"Oh, my country! how I love my country."—William Pitt.
"They were reading the Psalms to him; he said, 'Cease now.'"—John Locke.
"It matters little how the head lies, provided the heart is right."—Sir Walter Raleigh.
"These brave fellows will be cut up for want of a commander."—Colonel James Gardiner.
"Then I shall be glad to find a home to hold of the world at."—Thos. Hood.
"My heart should be cut, that heart committed treason."—Sir Thomas More.
"The doctor asked him, 'Is your mind at ease?' 'No, it is not.'"—Oliver Goldsmith.
"If I had strength enough to hold a pen I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die."—Dr. William Hunter.
Sir Wathen Waller, who was in attendance on George IV., went to his bedside and found the King agitated, and helped to ease him from his bed. The King exclaimed: "Wally, what is this? It is death! They have deceived me." In that situation, without a struggle, he expired, 1830.
"Very early, trusting in God, died Mary of England, the wife of William III., resigned to her death, although so happy and brilliant had been her life with her husband. On her death-bed, often as she was asked if anything could be done to ease her, she always replied: "Nothing does me so much good as prayer." William, who upon her death fell into despair, cried out in his grief, "I was the happiest man on earth, and from this time shall be the most unhappy one. She had no fault; no one can know how good she was but I!" William III. followed her in a few years, and died as calm and resigned as she.

Pleasures of the Russian Post Office.

In Russia, a letter may be opened in its passage through the post office by anybody and everybody. It is true that acts of this kind usually have the will of a Minister for their authority. It is also well known that certain times and seasons are chosen for prying into correspondence for scraps of addition and threads of conspiracy. But it is none the less true that there is nothing in the regulations of the Russian post office to prevent the arbitrary and irresponsible acts of a Minister from being imitated by the postmaster or his clerk. The chances of a letter being allowed to pass without interference are not vastly greater than the chances of its being opened. Nor is there much ceremony in the process. The officials seem to dispense with that time-honored expedient of inquisitive lodging-house keepers—a steaming tea-kettle. The letter is simply left for half its length—more if necessary—the contents removed and examined, and the envelope finally fastened up with the gummed paper that forms the margin of sheet postage stamps. As there is not the slightest suspicion of concealment, there is not the smallest attempt to disguise the act of inspection, and the opened letter reaches its destination with the evidences of its treatment written broadly, even triumphantly, across its face. Opened communications are not, however, always reclosed. On the evening of the assassination of the late Emperor every letter passing through the St. Petersburg post office was opened and subsequently delivered where delivery took place—whether in the envelopes, indolent, a gaping slit in the envelope, indicating the feverish haste with which the scrutiny had been conducted. In the provinces, perhaps, post office officials are less liable to panic than in the capital, but their very distance from the seat of government gives a precariousness to postal communication from which the system does not suffer in centres like St. Petersburg and Moscow. In the capital there is at least dispatch, even if accompanied by a disagreeable form of espionage; in the provinces postal traffic is beset with much unwelcome and uncertainty. The means of the postmaster have a habit of detaining correspondence for days at a time. From Astrakhan, for example, I have just received at the hour and moment two letters, one of which was posted six days before the other. In country towns post office servants are strongly suspected—with what justification I know not of—of delaying and opening letters purely for the purpose of possessing themselves of local secrets. If the address is written badly, and does not at once disclose its meaning, the postmaster is inclined to be suspicious. In this way many thousands of letters are annually burnt in Russia—communications which I think it safe to say would under a better and more painstaking system for the most part reach their destination. It is, of course, upon books, newspapers and printed matter of all kinds that the Russian post office censorship presses most heavily. To receive *The Contemporary Review* with four or five pages of an article collected by a filthy stinking compound of oil, beeswax and printing ink; to have one's *Manchester Examiner* and *Times* handed to one with its first or second leading article cut cleanly out by the censorial scissors—experiences which in England could only be conceived of as the preliminary and provocative of some national agitation, but which in Russia are treated, because they have to be treated, as every day occurrences.

A Siberian Landlord.

Sleeping in a Steam Chest. An Indignant. Our first act was to forward our passports to the chief of police to be vased. This is an imperative duty imposed upon all Siberian travelers when they arrive in a place where they intend to stop for more than a few hours. The passports are delivered to the landlord of the hotel, or the holder-upon whom you may be billeted, in case hotel accommodations are lacking, and is by him sent to the bureau of the chief of police. When returned with the proper visa, the landlord is allowed to keep it until his guest has settled his account, and so the possession of a passport is not only a protection and a permission for traveling, but it is a guarantee that the holder of it has paid his bills as he went along. After this little preliminary had been attended to, we were shown to a room which was utterly gutted of bed, and contained only a couple of sofas, a dilapidated table and a number of rickety chairs. On the wall several cheap prints of departed Russian rulers and Russian saints were hung, and in their midst a picture of Washington, a decidedly incongruous association. The room was heated to a roasting temperature by a huge square furnace standing just outside the door, and calculated to warm the corridor and the half a dozen rooms opening into it. Means of ventilation there were none, and the air was so close and stifling as to be almost undurable to us who had lived on the pure fresh cold and wholesome air of our doors for so long a time. Wearied, however, with our long ride, we threw ourselves down on the sofas, first tumbler our fur, blankets and other accoutrements into the corner and dropped to sleep at once. I did not sleep long, however, but soon awoke with a stifling sensation across my breast and a sickening headache that threatened, I thought, to split my head quite open. Our furs and clothing, wet through from our long ride, had thawed out under the effect of the heat and had been steaming and smoking in such a way that almost turned our room into a first-class vapor-bath. We could scarcely see from one side of the room to the other for the steam, and when I rose and had endeavored to grope my way to the door, I was so dizzy and weak that I could scarcely stand. Grovdkoff was furious because we had been put into such quarters, and swore soundly that he would have the head of the witch of a landlord who had ventured thus to treat us. With a voice that thundered through the whole house he called for the bell-boy, if such we can call the man-of-all-work whose duty it was to wait upon the guests. "Malchik, malchik!" he shouted. "Say to the porter (directly) was the response from below. Directly in the dictionary of a Russian servant means any time within a week, according to his convenience. We waited and waited, and Grovdkoff stormed and fumed. Still no malchik. Again he was called in more stentorian tones than before. "Say to him, say to him," was again the prompt response, but there was no service following it. Our misery became unendurable, and the anger of Grovdkoff, which had all along been steadily rising, was now at fever heat. With an oath he seized one of the chairs and with tremendous force threw it at one of the windows. "I'll see if we can get any fresh air," he exclaimed. With a crash that smashed the glass into a thousand fragments, broke the window frames to pieces, and shook the whole room, the chair went through on its errand of mercy. Another chair followed its companion into the outer world by way of the other window, and the cold, fresh air poured in through the openings and quickly dispersed the dead, smothering atmosphere. We were enlivened at once, and for the first time since coming to the house, began to feel comfortable and quite like ourselves. "Now let us see if we can find the malchik or his villainous master," said Grovdkoff. We found our way down stairs, and turning our steps kitchenward, where the proprietor as well as the servants of such a place are most likely to be found when not on duty elsewhere, which really rarely happens, opened the door leading into that room. To our utter amazement, there sat the landlord comfortably taking

Home Economics.

TEN MINUTE CAKE. One-fourth of a pound of butter, a little less than a pound of flour, the same of sugar, six eggs beaten separately; flavor with mace, or other flavoring to taste, and bake in muffin-tins. PASTRY. Put some slices of stale bread and dip each one in a custard made thus: Beat up one egg with a wingless full of milk and a dash with layers of jam between the slices, pour a thin boiled custard over and sift some sugar, then serve. QUEEN'S FUDGE. One pint of fine sifted bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, bake until done (but do not allow it to become water) and spread with a layer of jelly. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with five table-spoonsful of sugar and juice of one lemon, spread on the top and brown lightly. This is good with or without sauce. It is good cold, served with rich cream. SOUPS. To make nutritious and palatable soup, with flavors well mingled, requires study, practice and good taste. The best basis for soup is lean uncooked meat, a pound of meat to a quart of water, to which may be added chicken, turkey, beef or mutton bones well broken up, a mixture of beef, mutton, and veal, with a bit of ham bone, all cut fine, makes a higher flavored soup than any single meat; the legs of all meats are rich in gelatine, an important constituent of soup. The best herbs are sage, thyme, sweet parsley, tarragon, mint, sweet basil, marjoram, bay-leaves, cloves, mace, celery seed and onions. The best seasoning is that which is made up of the smallest quantity from each of many spices. The good soup maker must be a skillful artist.

Children's Books.

Children's books abound nowadays, but I question if children are as well off as when their libraries were scantier. The opportunity for choice is so large that parents are commonly too bewildered to make selections, and end by the books the bookseller recommends, or which he recommends himself by having the greatest number of pictures. Of illustrated books there are now a hundred where there used to be one.

Painting Houses.

Mr. E. E. Rexford presents some important facts as to "Painting Houses," in the *American Agriculturist*, from which we select the following: For country houses I would advise for open, open places, a pale gray or drab. There are complaints frequently that drab looks cold. It cannot look colder than white does. It is no reason why it should look cold at all, if proper care is taken to have the trimmings of the house of some warm, cheerful color. I know a drab house with deep, warm-toned brown cornices and blinds, with plenty of vines climbing up to break the monotony of the color. In the summer it is refreshing to look at its glare. It does not assert itself the moment you reach the top of the hill and come within sight of it. A white house would draw your attention at once; and, no matter how you might try to look at something else, the white blotch on the landscape would leave its impression on your eyes, and you could not help seeing it. This grey house seems part of the landscape. Its color blends well with the green about it. There are no large trees around it, but there are vines, and the general effect in summer is cool and subdued, and in winter it gives a sense of warmth and comfort. Why it gives a sensation of warmth at one season and of coolness at another, is explained by the fact that summer is a season of high, bright colors, and the drab is in a lower tone of color. Winter is a season of but little color, and then drab, in contrast with the snow-covered earth, becomes cheerful, and the deep-toned trimmings, which should be seen on every house, painted in drabs or greys, give a sense of warmth which they would not have in summer when all about it is in high, decided tones. "I'm in favor of warm tints, if they will," said a political orator. "I'd like to see the man who'd make us like if we didn't want to," exclaimed a female auditor.

Venus' Coming Transit.

An Astronomer's View of the Event Being Will Be Seen As It Is. The great astronomical event of the year will be the transit of Venus which occurs on the 8th of next December. The Scientific American says of it: Astronomers have been busy for years in getting ready for the transit, for the whole Western world, where the sky is clear, will be in the sunlight during some portion of the passage. The busy notes of preparation are now being sounded in many of the American observatories, where every aid that science can command will be utilized for the occasion, while European astronomers have already formed their plans, received appropriations for the great expenses to be incurred, and chosen stations which are the best adapted for observations, as well as those that are at extreme distances from each other. The phenomenon is not sublime and awe inspiring like a total eclipse of the sun; nor is it simply beautiful, like the scenery of two planets: it is the most magnificent of all celestial spectacles. The naked eye observer, looking at the sun through smoked glass, will see a tiny black spot passing over his face. The telescope observer will see a black round ball, as large as the full-grown moon, making its way across the great luminary. The phenomenon to the ordinary observer will be only this and nothing more. But thousands of scientific observers will eagerly note, as if life depended upon the accuracy of the observations, the touches of the sun's edge, the moment when she is fully embarked upon his disk, the exact time of her passage, and the second when her retreating edge touches the sun's edge, as well as the time when the last contact occurs and the exhibition closes. There are two principal reasons for the importance attached to a transit of Venus. One is that it is considered the best means for determining the sun's distance; the other is that it is extremely rare in this hemisphere. Venus and Mercury are the only planets that can make transits across the sun, for their orbits are within that of the earth, and they are therefore called inferior or inner planets. In every synodic revolution, or when earth, planet, and star come into line, these planets must pass between us and the sun, the point being known as inferior conjunction. Venus accomplishes this period in 584 days. But her orbit, or path, is inclined to the ecliptic or sun's path, and, at inferior conjunction, she actually passes above or below the sun, and is invisible. When she is in inferior conjunction, and also at one of her nodes or crossing-points, as in December, she passes directly between us and the sun and makes a transit. The transits at the descending node are in December, those at the ascending node in June. The intervals between are 8 and 23 years. The transit of 1874 occurred eight years ago; the next (and last) after that of 1882 at the same node will be in 2117. The last transit at the ascending node occurred in 1769; the next at that node in 2004. When in 2004 the next transit of Venus after the coming one takes place, no human being who now breathes the earth will be alive to see its passage. Nearly four generations of men will have lived and died before the brightest of the stars again passes between us and the sun when at one of her nodes. Observers will, therefore, witness an event to be remembered for a life-time, and, for this reason, independent of its scientific importance, the phenomenon will be eagerly anticipated. If astronomers can agree in their calculations and make the transit a means of accurately determining the sun's distance, a great feat will be accomplished. For the sun's distance from the earth is the unit or yardstick for measuring celestial distances outside the solar system, and on its accuracy the whole celestial structure depends.

Queer Trades in Paris.

One ant merchant, whom the author knew, was a young woman named Blanche. She is described as presenting a terrible appearance. Her face and hands are tanned as though they had been prepared by some skillful tanner; she is clothed in buffalo skin, and in spite of this armor she is devoured by her stock in trade. But her skin has become so hardened and insensible from long practice that she can sleep surrounded by sacks full of her merchandise undisturbed by their stinging. Madame Blanche has no negotiable in the forests; she pays her employees two francs a day. Her business extends

Capital Punishment in California.

Without intending to do it, California has virtually abolished capital punishment. A few years ago a clause was put into the law enabling jurors, in returning verdicts of murder in the first degree to stipulate, if they wished, that the penalty should be imprisonment for life. The object was, doubtless, to provide a punishment which would be less likely to excite than they would that of hanging in cases where palliating circumstances existed or there was a slight doubt as to the evidence. But from the frequency with which verdicts of murder have recently been returned accompanied by recommendations to imprisonment for life it would appear that the humanity of jurors is leading them in the direction of total disease of the death penalty. If the substitution of imprisonment for hanging leads to convictions in cases that would otherwise result in acquittal—and this is, by all odds the strongest argument which the friends of unconditional abolition of capital punishment have been able to make—it is an undeniable benefit. Certainly of punishment is more important in the repression of crime than severity.

Great Rivers.

The Amazon is the greatest volume of water flowing through any country of the world, but it is but 3,000 miles long. The Mississippi, from Lake Itasca to the junction with the Missouri, is 2,383 miles long; from the point to the Gulf it is 2,353 miles, a total of 4,736 miles. The Missouri runs 2,908 miles to join the Mississippi, and, having had given to its length to the sea, is 4,104 miles long. To the sacred river, the Nile, must be given the credit of running through the greatest stretch of country. The "American Encyclopedia" of 1875, from which the previously quoted figures are taken, says: "It is navigable as far as the district of Fagoge, about 1,500 miles from the Mediterranean. Its approximate length throughout all its windings from the limit of steam navigation above Gondokoro is 3,000 miles. The additional length of Lake Albert N'Yanza can scarcely be less than 200 miles, and consequently the river traverses a distance of about 4,700 miles or 500 more than the Missouri and Lower Mississippi."

Small Jokes.

A wife must be like roast lamb—tender and nicely dressed. No sauce required. Electricity in Franklin's time was a wonder, but we now make light of it. The only man who never, no, never, under any circumstances, had a cold was no man to change. The man who has never fished for trout knows absolutely nothing of the bliss of patience and wet feet. Teacher to a small boy: "What does the proverb say about those who live in glass houses?" Small boy: "Pull down the blinds!"

Our Homes.

Our homes are always more or less the expression of ourselves. The ruling spirit of the household infuses into its atmosphere her or his own individuality. It may have been entirely furnished and arranged by the hands of the upholsterer, yet the "tone" of the house is the tone of the life within it. The adorning may be of the most expensive, the arrangement the most perfect, still, if not vivified by the bright and cheerful spirit of loving human life and if it is cold and dead, it is singular to what an extent this invisible spirit of the real lives of the dwellers will permeate the entire air of the house. There are homes upon whose doorsteps we linger, hesitating to enter, because of the depression and chill we shall inevitably receive; we go in with sobbing breath; we sit upright and uncomfortable on the costly chairs, and gaze upon the beautiful about us with cold indifference, for they seem lifeless and unreal. We choose our words carefully and cautiously, and seem to lose, as we sit, our one little germ of joy, and find creeping in its place an unknown feeling of dreariness, and perhaps, bitterness. How we throw back our shoulders, and inhale long breaths of relief as we emerge again into the open air. There are other homes to which we always turn gladly, to which our thoughts revert in joy and sorrow; they may be plain and unpretentious, lacking everything but the necessities of life, yet they are filled with beauty because of the spirit which gives life. From the very threshold we are cognizant of the delightful "atmosphere," welcoming, loving, purifying, strengthening; and the best part of our nature ministered unto whenever we enter their sacred precincts. Such homes are made by those who, while bearing their own burdens bravely, still have room and heart and love for others; who, while living their own lives, have warmth and tenderness and sympathy for others; who comfort, who voices speak words that cheer and strengthen; who, in love, being an emanation from the divine love, and from it receiving consolation, renewal, fails not; whose lives are so pure and earnest and true, that they radiate to all who come within their influence. We should make our homes as tasteful and beautiful as we are able, for tastefulness and beauty have their way, and cheerfulness, peace, and harmony and order and neatness. Yet we should learn to consider these not the means toward an end—never should they be permitted to become the end itself. It should not be forgotten that the home-life is the nucleus round which all life has its starting growth; not that the influence of the home is for one generation alone, but in succeeding generations also is its influence felt. Those who create homes in which healthy, happy children shall grow into pure and true men and women, need no higher crown, no greater glory. Home is to which their inmates resort to get their meals, their clothing, and their lodgings are all too common, and bear only the faintest resemblance to what a home should be. It should be a place to think on, to love and long for; it should be a haven of rest that has an unfailing "well spring of pleasure." Each member contributes his share toward the making of home, but the principal presiding spirit is the wife and mother; she it is that is—or should be—its heart and life and centre. She will interest herself in those things that interest her husband, so as to be his companion, one in heart and life with him; she will study, so as to be able to interest her children in their studies; she will laugh with them, play with them, sorrow with them, joy with them, being at once companion and leader, friend and guide; whatever of pleasure or pain, of sorrow or joy, comes to the home group, each will be helped in gladness and sustained in pain by the knowledge that the mother knows and, oh, blessed assurance! that she understands and cares, that there is no thing that can go beyond her patience and lovelessness. The mother can say the little word that shall lead away from collision or dispute; her loving discernment and wise tact shall gently turn the steps away from the dangerous passes before another has discovered their proximity. Her loving forethought plans pleasures, duties, amusements and delights; mixes pastime and instruction, encouragement and warning. To form a home that shall thus border on the perfection of home-living, requires thought, study, tact, culture—every good thing that can be found and brought to bear upon it; and, above all, through all, more than all, love—pure, unselfish, devoted love. It is not a little thing to create a home, and the results are incalculable. It requires thought, study, self-devotion, time—a life-time. Yet in what way could a life be spent more satisfactorily, more usefully, more nobly? When the homes are reorganized, society will be reconstructed; when the foundations of the world are laid, the status are cleared and purified, the rivers and running channels of the world will be purified. The surest way to remedy the evils in the world is to elevate the home life, thought and home-teaching—to begin at the root of all society and all government.

French Detectives.

An agent de change who had in his custody a great number of bonds and other valuable documents belonging to his clients was robbed of a number of share certificates stolen from the safe in his office. The value of these articles was considerable, amounting to close upon 300,000 francs (£125,000). As in France all scrip is payable *au porteur* (to bearer), it is much more easy to dispose of this sort of property than it would be in England, where a formal transfer has to be made. In the present case, the plundered party did not want to make the affair public for two reasons. In the first place he was convinced that the robber was his own son, who had absconded from Paris a day or two before; and, in the second, the fact of his having lost the documents would, in all probability, have greatly injured his credit on the Bourse. He went to the *prefecture de police*, saw one of the chiefs, and a few hours later an agent secret was sent to his office. He related his story, saying at the same time that he suspected his son to have been the principal actor in the affair. In return, without a moment's hesitation, he was told the name of a firm to whom he should business was to deal in stolen property of the kind. He was, moreover, informed a few hours later that his son had been seen in the office of this firm; and that it was more than likely the "wads were in their possession. The police agent went to the suspected office, and with money advanced him by the plundered man, transacted some stock or bonds buying and selling. He returned, and again and again, each time doing some business which gave the firm a certain profit. This went on until 11 o'clock, when he gained a sort of footing with the suspected parties. He then asked them to purchase for him a few thousand francs' worth of the kind of bonds that his employer had lost. This was done. The numbers on the scrip given him corresponded with those which the agent de change had shown him when he first commenced the inquiry. His work was then plain enough. The head of the firm was accused of having in his possession documents which had been stolen, knowing them to have been so. By making a clean breast of the matter, and by restoring all he had bought from the son of the agent de change (for which he had paid about a fourth of their marketable value), he escaped with a year's imprisonment. In England the affair would have been impossible. But the question remains whether it is not better to fight rogues with their own weapons than to allow them from motives, which are correct in themselves, to go scot free. There can be little doubt that, in the present state of the world, when so many men live by preying on others, it is very necessary to keep some sort of supervision over the honest people, or it will be very difficult for honest people to come by their own.

French Detectives.

In Owensboro, Ky., a number of sparrows were building a nest, when one of them stood off, and seemingly refused to assist. There was a row, and the next morning a sparrow was seen hanging from the bough upon the quarrel took place. It was suspended in mid-air, with a cotton string around its neck. "Now, Sammy, have you read the story of Joseph?" "Oh, yes, uncle." "Now, then, what wrong did he do when they sold their brother?" "They sold him too cheap."

U.S. Army and Warrent - represented.

