

# South-Jersey Republican

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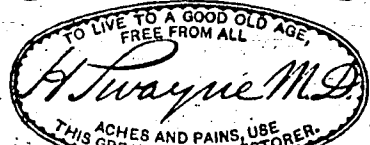
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Vol. XX, No. 39.

Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, September 30, 1882.

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The above prices for CASH.  
Or I will sell on easy instalments, to good parties.

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### LOCAL MATTER.

Mr. D. Berry had twenty-eight watermelons, yesterday, which weighed over nine hundred pounds. One of them—a fifty pound Black Spanish—he left at our residence. Once more we say, thank you.

### Special Notices.

#### Photographic.

My health demanding it, I have quit photography—this time "for good," and have let my gallery to Mr. W. D. Fry, an Artist in the best sense of the word. His styles and finish will, I have no doubt, be equal to Philadelphia's best. Remember, the place—at my old rooms on the popular side of Bellevue Avenue, Hammonton, N. J.

WM. RUTHERFORD.

#### 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. George B. Shidle, of 1108 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. DAVIS.

We copy the following from the National Republican, to show how highly our candidate is esteemed as a man and a member of Congress:

"A FAITHFUL YOUNG MEMBER.—The nomination, by acclamation, of the Hon. J. Hart Brewer in the Second New Jersey District, as the Republican candidate for Congress not only shows how highly that gentleman is appreciated by the Republicans of his home and district, but it is a fitting tribute and a just and substantial compliment acknowledging his faithful and honest service. As a member of the house he has been studious, untiring, and business like. He commands attention, respect, and is very popular. No young member gives brighter promise for the future. He should be returned to Congress by an increased majority. More men like Mr. Brewer are needed in the Legislative Councils of the Nation."

"They say" the issues of the war are closed—that the subject should be dropped. Alexander H. Stevens, Vice President of the "Southern Confederacy," Democratic candidate for Governor of Georgia, in a speech a few days since, reviewed his course during the war, expressed pride in the record, and urged that as the chief reason why he should be elected. And must Northern men forget the price they paid for a united country?

It is a favorite claim among a certain class of amateur statesmen, that "there is no issue between the Republican and Democratic parties." Well, perhaps, if you read the Democratic platforms as they are written by Northern men, there is one small item of difference that will not appear. It will require a retrospective view—a look behind the scenes. Several years ago, there were introduced into Congress certain claims from the South, for property destroyed during the war, for cotton captured, for slaves set free, and for carrying the mails about the time certain states "seceded." These were not paid, because a Republican majority opposed it. Do you want proof? Mr. Conger, a Republican from Michigan, proposed a joint resolution, to be submitted as a constitutional amendment, providing that none of the claims should ever be paid. The vote upon this resolution was 145 yeas, to 61 nays—every one voting nay being a Democrat! Every Republican voted yea. On the 61 nays, 52 were Southern men. Now, suppose we permit the election of a Democratic Congress, upon one pretext or another, how long would it take them to pass the same old claims, in some form or other, and pass them? Do you think it an unimportant matter? There are now on file claims of this kind amounting to \$2,955,548.27. And there are more awaiting the turn of events.

Please put a pin here. We shall point out a few other "issues" before we have finished.

HOW THE ANCIENTS SPENT THEIR MONEY.—People may say what they please but some facts of history are, metaphorically speaking, difficult to swallow. For instance, we are told, that Cleopatra drank a glass of wine, in which was dissolved a pearl worth \$40,000; that Ptolemy, King of Egypt had a fortune of \$550,000,000; that Aesop, the poet, paid \$400,000 for a single supper, and that Helioabalus reposed in a bedstead of solid gold. All this may be true; but it seems more probable to say, that Swaynes' Pills cure dropsy, bilious headache, indigestion, for there is more truth than poetry in it.

### Brewer and Victory.

The political pot is boiling, and the ebullition is developing considerably as the time approaches for the many caucuses and conventions; and politicians wax warm. But with the nomination of Mr. Brewer, it is the hope of Republicans, of course, that the Second District of New Jersey will more than hold her own. There is no longer a doubt as to what Republicans have to do. J. Hart Brewer has received the nomination by acclamation. We must go to work with victory-in-view. Our district is strongly Republican, and we ought to carry it by a large majority.

Principles, as well as men, must be considered; and in both we have the advantage. The principles of the Republican party have preserved us a nation. The principles of Democracy would have divided the nation. Neither that party nor its principles have undergone any change for the better; no matter how much their advocates may prate and hypocrite. Every reform, every progressive step taken in this country for forty years, has been inaugurated under the auspices of the Republican party. While the Democrats had control of Congress, the wheels of progress were blocked; and during the last Congress they did everything possible to prevent such legislation as would be for the best interest of the people. Hence no effort must be spared to not only hold control of Congress, but to increase the Republican majority. Every Republican in the Second District is therefore expected to do his duty, not only to vote for Mr. Brewer and the whole ticket, but to secure one vote beside his own. Let your motto be—**BREWER AND VICTORY!**

DICK.

### GO TO

## PACKER'S AT THE Old Stand, The Hammonton Bakery.

Where the usual variety of choice bread, rolls, cakes, pies, and crullers, so well attested to, in quantity and quality, by a critical and 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, bon bons, 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. Thanking the public for the liberal share of patronage so generously bestowed, we hope, by strict attention to business and fair dealing to merit a future continuance of the same.

W. D. PACKER.

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Painter and Paper Hanger,  
Hammonton, N. J.  
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We commend this earnest book to her wide circle of American sisters, to whom it is dedicated.—"Express and Mail."

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No home should lack a copy where daughters are being reared.—Mrs. M. A. Livermore.

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## STRONG FACTS!

A great many people are asking what particular troubles BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is good for.

It will cure Heart Disease, Paralysis, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all similar diseases.

Its wonderful curative power is simply because it purifies and enriches the blood, thus beginning at the foundation, and by building up the system, drives out all disease.

### A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1880.  
My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking Brown's Iron Bitters, and I scarcely had strength enough to attend to my daily household duties. I am now using the third bottle and I am regaining strength daily, and I cheerfully recommend it to all. I cannot say too much in praise of it. Mrs. MARY E. BRASHEAR, 173 Prentiss St.

### Kidney Disease Cured.

Christiansburg, Va., 1881.  
Suffering from kidney disease from which I could get no relief, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, which cured me completely. A child of mine, recovering from scarlet fever, had no appetite and did not seem to be able to eat at all. I gave him Iron Bitters with the happiest results. J. KYLE MONTAGUE.

### Heart Disease.

Vine St., Harrisburg, Pa. Dec. 2, 1881.  
After trying different physicians and many remedies for palpitation of the heart without receiving any benefit, I was advised to try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used two bottles and never found anything that gave me so much relief. Mrs. JENNIE HESS.

For the peculiar troubles to which ladies are subject, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is invaluable. Try it.

Be sure and get the Genuine.

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When others are below the market, you will find us with them.

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## Charles Hunt,

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Solicits orders for Repairing or New Work.  
Leave orders at Carpenter's store, or at my residence, Thirtieth 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. Coal furnished direct from cars, monthly. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Give us your orders early.

G. F. SAXTON.

HAMMONTON, N. J.











## A Linen Bag and Eighteen Great Seals.

Of all forms of Russian post office communication the palm, for tediousness, incongruity, loss of time and money, is carried off by the formula and processes involved in the dispatch of a registered letter to the United Kingdom. You may send bank-notes and even coin in ordinary envelopes to other Continental countries. Your registered letter to France, Germany or Italy may be dispatched without a preliminary *schreibsel*—a thing only with five official seals, each about the size of a two-shilling piece. But for money sent to Her Britannic Majesty's dominions special precautions must be taken. In the first place three printed forms must be filled up. In one you furnish a general statement of your intentions, with special reference to the ordinary two or three columns to be filled up. The second form is a declaration that the money is for the use of the person who is to receive it. In each of the other two are twelve columns to be filled up. This task accomplished, you hand the papers to the clerk, insert your bank-notes in a linen envelope, and having addressed the latter, present it for registration. Alas! you have reckoned without the post-office authorities. The envelope you are told, must be discarded for something more substantial. A ball is rung, a *chinkovnik* comes, disappears, but finally returns, bringing with him a stout linen bag and three rough pieces of board. The clerk takes your bank-notes, places them between the boards, and squeezes the boards into the linen bag. Thus prepared for him, the package is handed to the *chinkovnik*, who spends exactly a quarter of an hour in stitching it up. The ball then rings again, and a second *chinkovnik* appears. He carries an official seal in one hand and a stick of sealing-wax in the other. Sealing wax is the divinity of the Russian post office. You will have to pay for it, and there is consequently no reason why it should be wasted. It is not stunted. With slow and cautious movements, manipulating the stick in the gas flame as deftly as a Manchester fancy glass-blower making a vacuum tube, the *chinkovnik* deposits one after another, all over the back, partly on the front, at the corners, and at the sides of the package, eighteen preposterous seals. There is just room enough for the address, and when you have written that with a careful hand, for ink spreads rapidly on linen, you think your troubles are at an end. Not quite! You first pay for the sealing wax. Then the clerk, having made some mysterious marks on the package with red chalk, weighs it and informs you that there is 2s. 6d. to pay. You hand the money over to the counter and immediately rush from the office, glad to escape after a detention of between two and three hours over a process which, absurdly formal as it was, need not have occupied more than twenty minutes. But you are not done yet. It is only the *chinkovnik* 5d more for the linen bag and the strong boards that you are allowed to depart.

I give this scene precisely as I have witnessed it myself. I give it not only in the interests of English residents in Russia, but because of the singular statement which I have heard made in its justification. Questioning the post-office authorities here on the subject, I was informed that most of the circumlocution and sealing wax I complained of was English, not Russian at all. In fact, Her Britannic Majesty's Postmaster-General refuses absolutely to receive any consignments of money from Russia unless they are placed between boards, thrust into linen bags, and made glorious with the wax of eighteen seals! Now, I am not going to argue against a practice which needs so little arguing against as this. At the same time I should like to ask to what special dangers money packages coming to the United Kingdom are exposed. Is it to be understood that there is less honesty in England among post officials than on the Continent?

**THE TOP PUNING.**—One pint of bread crumbs, quart of milk, one cupful of sugar, the grated peel of a lemon, yolks of four eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake. When done spread fresh strawberries over the top (or if not in season for strawberries use a cupful of preserved raspberries); put over that a meringue made with the whites of the eggs, a cupful of sugar and the juice of a lemon. Return it to the oven to color. Let it partly cool and serve it with rich cream.

Wherever there is power, there is ego. Don't be deceived by dimples and curls. I tell you—that babe is a thousand years old.

## The Rising of the Nile.

The Cause and Effect of an Egyptian Phenomenon.

Measuring from the cataracts of Syene, where the Nile enters Upper Egypt from Nubia, to the most northerly points of the Delta, or Lower Egypt, there are about 600 miles of country. The settled population of which is peculiarly dependent upon the great river for very existence, and every year awayed by hopes or by fears as the waters of the stream are sufficient or scarce or too abundant. The welfare of the Egyptian is, in truth, intimately bound up with the annual recurrence of a natural phenomenon known as the "Rising of the Nile," which has to be taken into account in all matters affecting them, and more especially to be considered in view of any military operations to be carried on within the limits of the land of the Pharaohs. The Delta, or Lower Egypt, is that part of the country most likely to be affected by the events of an immediate future, and therefore any description of what is termed "the Valley of the Nile," may be dispensed with. The river, issuing from the valley a few miles north of Cairo, enters the low, wide plain, which from its resemblance to the fourth letter of the Greek alphabet, received from that people the name of the Delta. The stream divides itself into two branches, that of Rosetta or Canopus, and that of Damiat or El-Bahig. Between these two are numerous canals, large and small, intersecting the country in every direction.

**The Salt Lakes.**

Along the sea coast are the salt lakes or marshes, called *burias*, communicating with the sea by an outlet, which is probably the same as the Sebennitic mouth of the ancient geographers and Menzaleh. Proceeding westward the Rosetta or Bahig mouth is reached, which, with that of Damiat, are now the only two entrances from the sea into the Nile—accessible only to small vessels. The river at Rosetta is about 1,800 feet wide, and at Damiat nearly 500 feet. West of Rosetta a salt marsh, called Lake Ekko, has been formed, which communicates on one side with the Nile and on the other with the sea, or Aboukir bay, by an outlet which corresponds to the old Canopus mouth. West of Lake Ekko is the Lake of Aboukir, which likewise communicates with the sea, and is divided off by an isthmus, along which passes the canal of Alexandria, known as the Mahmoudieh Canal. This was used for the conveyance of passengers by the overland route to India. From its mouth at Nile travelers proceeded along the Nile to Boulaq, the port of Cairo, in steamboats constructed for the service, and thence across the desert in caravans to Suez. The greatest breadth of the Delta or cultivated plain of Lower Egypt is about eighty miles from east to west; its length from the bifurcation of the river to the sea is estimated at ninety miles. The interior of the country is covered with fields, orchards and plantations chiefly of cotton.

**The Rise of the River.**

The rise of the Nile, occasioned by the periodical rains of Central Africa, begins in June, about the summer solstice, and continues to increase until September, overflowing the lowlands along its course. The Delta then looks like an immense marsh, interspersed with numerous islands, with villages, towns and trees just above the water. Should the Nile rise a few feet above its customary elevation, the inundation sweeps away the mud-built cottages of the fellahs, drowns the cattle, and involves the whole population in ruin. Again should it fall short of the ordinary height, bad crops and death are the consequences. The inundations having remained stationary for a few days begin to subside, and about the end of November most of the fields are left dry and covered with a fresh layer of rich, brown silt. This is the time the lands are put under cultivation. During the winter in England which is the spring in Egypt, the deltas, as well as the valley of the Nile, look like a delightful garden smiling with verdure and blossom. Later in the year the soil becomes parched and dusty, and in May the suffocating khamsin begins to blow frequently from the south, sweeping along the dust and causing various diseases which the rising of the river comes again to refresh the land. Showers are very rare in Egypt except on the sea-coast; it rains occasionally at

## Home Economics.

ARNE RITTER.—Beat two yolks of eggs in half a pint of milk, cut one and a half slices of stale bread, pour over the slices the mixture, and let them steep one hour; fry in butter a light brown. Eat with jelly or lemon froth sauce.

**CALEDONIAN CREAM.**—Two ounces of raspberry jam, two ounces red currant jam, sifted loaf sugar, the whites of two eggs. Put all into a bowl, and beat with a spoon for three quarters of an hour. This is a mixture that is much used in Scotland as a delicacy.

**TIP-TOE CAKE.**—One pound of sugar, one cupful of butter, four eggs, one cupful of milk, one pound of chopped raisins, half a pound of chopped figs, half a pound of sugar, one small teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; flour to make it of a proper consistency.

**LEMON FRUIT.**—The yolks of four eggs, slowly beaten up with half a pint of hot water, the fire, juice and rind of a lemon; sugar to taste. Do not let it boil, or it will curdle. Beat the yolks of the eggs to a solid froth, add them to the sauce directly it is taken off the fire, and beat all together for five minutes. Half the quantity sufficient for a small number.

**BROILED MACKEREL.**—Split down the back and clean. Be careful to scrape all the thin black skin from the inside. Wipe dry and lay on the gridiron. Broil on one side a nice brown, then turn and brown the other side; it will not take so long to brown the side on which the skin lies. All fish should have the side on which the skin is turned to be the last.

**VERMOUTH SAUCE.**—The stock for vermouth soup is better made of chicken or veal than of beef; both chicken and veal may be used together. Add anything to the stock you may prefer, and boil the vermouth in the strained soup until tender, which should be in about twenty minutes.

**DUCK CROQUETTES.**—Stuff a tender duck with Dutch stuffing, and roast it, having it well basted. When cooked, the duck and dressing very fine separately. Season highly with cayenne pepper and salt. Moisten the mixture with tomato catsup and stiffen it slightly with bread or cracker crumbs. Add a well beaten egg. Make the croquettes pear-shaped (they may be moulded in a wireglass), and serve with a sprig of parsley in the end of each.

**CRAB SALAD.**—Take the picked meat of twelve boiled crabs, or one well-drained can of crab-meat. Strain this away to become cold, then arrange it upon a bed of crisp, tender lettuce. Work quarter of a pound of butter to a cream, then add the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, a dessert spoonful of mustard powder, cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Mix these ingredients well together, then stir the mixture over the fire, and add vinegar until it is as acid as you wish it. Continue to stir it until it thickens like boiled custard, then remove it from the fire and set it away to become thoroughly cold. The dressing must not be poured over the salad until the time of serving it.

**TO CAN CORN.**—For every eight quarts of corn cut from the cob take an ounce of tartaric acid; cook together and can. Last year we put up thirty-five cans for family use and all kept well. We have used this recipe for years.

**COUGH TROCHES.**—One ounce Spanish licorice, two ounces refined sugar, two ounces of finely-powdered gum arabic, and extract of opium one scruple. Beat the whole together, make into small troches; to be dissolved in the mouth when the cough is troublesome.

**PEPPERMINT DROPS.**—Mix half a pound of sifted sugar into sufficient lemon-juice to make it a proper thickness. Dry it over a fire, gently stirring, at the same time, 120 drops of the oil of peppermint; add two drops of the mixture upon white paper well greased.

**LITTLE CAKES FOR LUNCH.**—Two quarts of flour, two cupfuls of butter, three cupfuls of sugar, the yolks of six eggs and one dessert spoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of salt. To be flavored with mace, cinnamon and nutmeg and cut into little shapes. Bake on flat tin.

**MISKIN CABBAGE.**—Throw salt on them and set them by a slow fire, then strain the liquor; add garlic, shallots, pepper, mace, ginger and cloves to taste; boil slowly, skin well; bottle and cork tightly. In two months bottle again, adding a little spice and stick of horseradish.

## Chinese Caution.

"I tell you what," I said, "I shan't come for the account any more. This makes six times I have called for that four hundred and seventy dollars, and I shan't put it in my lawyer's hands."

"No, no," I said, "Call again." I was reminded of all this by seeing the Chinese ambassadors on their day, and it carried me back to San Francisco, full six years ago, where I was dealing largely in various commodities which were much affected by the Heavens Chinese.

I found them a patient, civil, industrious class of people, ready to bargain and get things as cheaply as possible; but surprisingly honest and steady in pay with the greatest promptness, as long as I dealt with one man. When I had to do the work with a partnership concern, it was a terrible matter.

For instance, I had trusted one firm to the amount of five hundred dollars and no money was forthcoming. I bullied my collector terribly, for he always came back with an excuse instead of money, and the same tale, that the firm was perfectly honest and trustworthy, and that the money would be paid.

"Then, why don't they pay, Johnson?" I exclaimed.

"I wish you would give them a call yourself, sir," said Johnson.

And I said I would, and did, going to the Honger mercantile company seven times, and always being put off with excuses, and they were perfectly willing to pay, and messengers were sent, but to return, sometimes with one, sometimes with two, or even three or four of the firm; but when these Chinese Spenslowes proffered themselves as ready to pay, there was always an obstacle in the way, in the shape of the absence of that heathen Chinese.

At last I expressed myself as I have said at the beginning of this story, and was going out of the place when a smiling Chinaman came up to me, and holding his head on one side, he exclaimed:

"Ingly Hong man, come again a morrow. Payee them all—payee morrow."

"Well, look here," I said, "I will come in here to morrow, at eleven o'clock, and shall expect to be—"

"Oh, yes, payee all dollar. Give long, big order, lot 'Goodie thousand dollar.'"

"I'll talk about taking your order, my Chinese friend, when you pay for the last," I said gruffly, and I went away.

"The fellow looks honest," I said; "but there's no trusting these foreigners. They are the delight in tricking an Englishman or Mexican man, as they call it. Perhaps to-morrow when I go, they'll all have pulled up stakes and gone east."

It was with some satisfaction then, that reaching their great shed warehouse, the next morning I found Mr. Pigtail, in his long blue gown and bland smile standing at the door ready to salute me with a *deceit* of pigeon English, which I could hardly understand.

"Well, Mr. Ah Re," I said, as I followed him into the bare-crowded warehouse, which certainly looked as prosperous as the great iron safe in the corner was substantial—"Well, Mr. Ah Re, I hope you are prepared to pay my little account this morning?"

"No, no," I said, laughing. "You shan't have your goods in soon."

I sent them; and for a long while I lived in the air, the nobility passed most of their time in London or at Bath and Harrogate, and spent little of their means on their country-seats, while many of the prelates—notably the Irish—absented themselves for years from their dioceses; indeed, Archbishop Blackburne, of York,

## MY SORROW.

I saw Death's angel as it came from heaven—Mid cloud and blast—

I said: "I pity those who mourn to-morrow—Mourn comfort from my own heart's heart—"

When it has passed—And taken from the mourning ones their children;—When they have seen—Their loved ones suffering, changing, dying—Have looked their last—Upon them 'mid the roses in the coffin—

Yes, I will comfort them while saying—With upraised finger—Turning their eyes to the blue sky overhead, Be hopeful; but a moment you shall linger—Then join your dead—Mid beauty, sadness and 'mid joy ecstatic, To dwell for aye.

This and much more of faith and resignation—My lips shall say—For all is well that is the Father orders—Go stricken one—Mourn not the dead; they rest from toil and danger—

He will be done!—Death's angel nearer came. Lo! my poor cottage—He did not pass—But took from out my arms my cherished darlings—

And now, alas! Not one of all the words I could remember—

I would have said—Had death left me my own loved ones, and taken—My friends' instead—

"You mean mischief," I said to myself, as I hand went involuntarily to my pocket, where, in accordance with San Francisco customs, I carried me and your debt together, my friends. Very good; but if you do I'll take one of you by the receipt."

I suppose my face did not betray what I felt, for they closed around me in the calmest manner, making excuses, and asking me to be patient a little longer, for their messengers were out, as I understood them, to collect the amount I needed. It seemed to me that they were getting me farther from the door into the gloomy obscurity of the warehouse, under the pretense of showing me fresh goods, till at last I felt that the time for action had come.

One of the biggest of the party whispered something to his companions, and I saw a revolver and a dagger.

I selected my revolver and was about to draw it as a fresh Chinaman entered the building, and they hurried to meet him with a look of relief.

"Lucky for some of you, my friends," I said, drawing a breath of relief, and following them toward the door, meaning to take the first opportunity that offered to make a dash for it.

My great surprise, though, Mr. Ah Re came, and taking my arm, led me toward the great safe.

"From coffin, eh?" said I to myself. "Countee out de dollar," said Mr. Ah Re.

At the last arrival of his six companions went up to the safe, placed a key in a hole and turned it. Then a second did so with another key in another hole, and soon, till all six had unlocked six of the great safe, when Mr. Ah Re took out a similar key to the safe smiling, as he said to me:

"Great Hong Company—poor Chinamen. Big safe—big dollars. Shen partner take seven key, open, get de dollar."

As he spoke he unlocked the safe, and turned the door on its massive hinges, and then, pulling out a drawer he drew forth a bag marked four hundred and seventy—the amount in dollars of my account—and handed the bag to me.

"No trustee no man," he said, smiling, as he shut and locked the door, his six partners looking it in turn.

"No trustee one man; all come at once, open door—all right."

From which I understood that, as to our trading communities, two or three or even four partners have to sign a check to make it negotiable, my seven Chinese friends, all partners in their Hong or trading community, could make no payment without every man was present to help unlock the treasure safe.

For the heavy dollar bag made me feel for the very good temper. They laughed too, and shook hands very warmly, after the English fashion, as I took my departure.

"No once man run away all dollar," said Mr. Ah Re, laughing.

"I see," I said, laughing. "You shan't have your goods in soon."

I sent them; and for a long while I lived in the air, the nobility passed most of their time in London or at Bath and Harrogate, and spent little of their means on their country-seats, while many of the prelates—notably the Irish—absented themselves for years from their dioceses; indeed, Archbishop Blackburne, of York,

scarcely ever passed a month in the year within his province. All over the country were vast mansions dating from the twelfth century upward in a state of more or less decay. Drumlary Castle, now for many years a ruin, was the scene of the princely hospitality of the Duke of Buccleuch, where for weeks together as many as thirty guests at a time are entertained in the perfection of sumptuous comfort, was for years abandoned to caretakers, while scarce a stick of timber was left where now fine woods are waving. Bowood, the name of which has for forty years been suggestive of a concentration of refined hospitality and intellectual intercourse, experienced a like fate under the present Lord Lansdowne's disreputable great-uncle. Alnwick was a very poor affair compared with the ancestral castle of the Percys to-day. Bretby, from which it was observed that Lord Chesterfield dated but one letter to all his correspondence, and which was all utterly neglected, and indeed has only been completed of late years by the present Lady Chesterfield. The palace which the first Earl of Salisbury reared at Hatfield was in sorry plight when the grandfather of the present Tory leader in the Lords rehabilitated it, and this though it was only twenty miles from London. Very few of these houses were allowed, however, to pass into decay beyond recovery. They were simply terribly out of the pair, with their gardens unkempt, and their parks neglected.

With the close of the war in 1815, and the decadence of roads, came the revival of country life among the gentry. The "swells" who had been fighting took to fox-hunting and found that the Tally-ho and Quicksilver would carry them up to town in what seemed then extraordinarily quick time should a frost set in. Then came the railroad, bringing Northumberland and Cornwall within a day's easy journey, and enabling people to fill their houses with London friends, and be no longer dependent on local "acquaintances." This probably did somewhat to the country-life people they have been during the reign of Victoria. Never before has there been in England such a large number of fine places so regularly occupied for a portion of the year. In fact, when the bad time set in seven years ago they found the best houses in such perfect order that even if they are neglected for the next twenty years they can stand it. Probably the number of country-houses on the grand scale which will be built in the England of the future will be very few and far between. In fact, in the past twenty years they have not numbered more than five or six. Mr. Holford, the inheritor of a vast comical fortune and owner of a mansion which taken altogether is the finest in London, has raised a vast edifice on his estate in Gloucestershire. Mr. Elwes, who enjoys some of the hoards of the celebrated miser of his name—a miser is a pleasant person to those who inherit his money bags, if to no one else—has created a lovely mansion in the same county. Lord Ellesmere has built a very fine home on his mid-England estate, and Lord St. Austen is rearing a palace at Mount Stuart. These, with one or two others raised by the iron princes of the North, are about all the grand seigneur creations of later days, but any number have been rehabilitated.

Many men are so obviously overhoused that they offer an awful example of deterioration of the brick and mortar makers. Thus the Duke of Buckingham would probably almost as soon arm himself by so doing he could only see Stowe well off his hands and a big balance at his banker's instead. His Grace is not rich, he doesn't care a straw for show. Stowe was gutted of its treasures—almost its sole attraction—under a forced sale of the time of his father; it lies in an ugly country, it is enormous, it is absolutely unstable, and lastly, he has another, and very desirable home, at Eaton, near London. And there, when the Duke of Devonshire may have reflected that five country residences, four with deer parks, and a vast mansion in London, are almost more than are absolutely necessary for the happiness of a widowed septuagenarian, even though he can pay for them, while we can imagine that the Duke of Buccleuch would readily admit that fewer than his nine residences would suffice him. For the Duke of Devonshire has nothing, but knowledge and a villa near London. Many of his noble brethren burdened with places to keep up must envy him, particularly in such times as these.

A six-button kid: A little boy, proud of his new jacket, informed his father that he was a six-button kid. Use either snuff or ammonia to separate fighting dogs. A pall of cold water, will in most cases answer.

The Culture Market.

It is generally felt, however, even by the veriest Philistine, that culture is somehow a more intangible and subtle kind of thing than any ordinary article of merchandise. You can buy your picture off hand, and take down with it forever; it is the one exception to the rule. You can hang it up in your dining-room and say to your admiring friends: "This is art; this is by Blank, R. A. I bought it at So-and-So's sale very cheap; little more than two thousand guineas." Nobody can deny that there you really have got high art—something to be acquired, not like a picture, by paying down a large price at a single transaction, but like Green or Facian action, by taking lessons to which you yourself contribute a certain amount in personal exertion. Accordingly, large numbers of excellent people, most of them in the middle ranks of life, have set to work during the last ten years at a mature age to acquire culture; not because they feel the need of it, but because it is now being talked about so much in the papers. They have no doubt at all as to the ultimate practicality of their chosen method. You can buy books, you can buy Japanese fan, old china, Chippendale chairs, San Martino glass-work, you can buy grand pianos, Chopin, Schubert, the music of the future; and are not these things the component elements of culture? Therefore you can buy culture itself. Or if it comes to learning, you can read books on the Renaissance—the Renaissance is so very fashionable; and you can get little primers on lace, and pottery, and textile fabrics, and ivory carving; all stamped with the official approbation of the Department of Science and Art, South Kensington. If you shake your head dubiously, if you hint in passing that Bedford Park furniture and Oriental blue and subdued colors, and all the rest of it, are at best but the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace, without which all these good works are left undone, that the culture has done. He was, without any preliminary preparation, to take the kingdom of culture by storm. He wishes, like Simon Magus, to purchase an inner grace by a simple and unadorned offer of money.

What the individual middle-class Philistine is now doing in his own home and his own person, the collective middle-class Philistine of the great manufacturing towns has long been doing in its corporate capacity. And now that they have done all, they turn and say: "What else would you have us do? We get pictures by Rossetti and Holman Hunt. We put up stained glass by Burne Jones in our church windows. We ask Professor Huxley to discourse evolution to us every autumn. We read Pater, and Symonds, and Matthew Arnold, and Ibsen of Lyness." We cover our chairs with velvet from William Morris, and paper our walls after designs by Dr. Dresser. We lay The Portfolio, The Contemporary, and The Nineteenth Century in conspicuous places on our drawing-room tables. We go to hear the Wagner cycle. We even know all about the Hiltches and Matteo's poems, and Rounfelde Lippi, and the marks on Epona's flanks. And all this isn't culture, tell us what more we ought to do." To which the objector can only answer: "All these things are very well in their way, but they are not the external of culture; they are not culture itself. If you send your children to the colleges you have built; if you bring them up in the houses you have had decorated for you by competent upholsterers and filled with pictures and sculpture by true artists; if you teach them belles-lettres to read and the books that lie so obtrusively upon your drawing-room tables—you may in the end make some few among them, who have natures originally adapted for it; into people of real culture. You are doing the best you can; but you yourselves can never get what is needed is culture in the grain. Profit and enjoyment no doubt you may find in what you do; but it is no more culture than a cap and gown is erudition or than going to chapel twice on Sunday is religion."

Some people are always late, like the Duke of Newcastle, who lost half an hour every morning, and ran after it all day without being able to overtake it.

The dog is a digitigrade carnivorous mammal. This will be news to most persons, who always supposed that a dog was simply a dog.

It has been bruited about that the dog is the best friend to man among the brute creation.

He pants after the thief, and when once he gets hold of the thief's pants he makes breaches.

The dog leaves off his own pants during cold weather.

A barking dog never bites; that is to say, when he begins to bite he stops barking. Conversely, a biting dog never barks, and for similar reasons.

The hair of a dog will cure his bite. This is a cureless superstition among hare-brained young men who are fast going to the dogs.

Dogs are dentists by profession. They insert teeth without charge.

The dog never barks except when he is awake. He is always awake.

"The dog has no other way to express his joy than to bark." He always feels joy when he sees a man. When there is no other man to see, he expresses his joy to the man in the moon.

As we remarked, the dog is always awake. This is no tale, though he carries a tale in his wake.

The dog loves his bark. Did you ever see dog that did not?

The head of a dog has a dog-head look.

The bark of a dog is unlike the bark of a tree. Even a dog-wood knows this.

Dogs are not always kind, though there are many kinds of dogs.

Every dog has his day, although dog days last but a few weeks in the year.

There must be a Sirius star here.

The dog's star is the dog's planet. The planet is that their days come while the stars are in the sky.

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The dog does not fear it. It is not a Skye terrier.

When a dog enters a pitched battle he uses his bark.

Brutus said: "I had rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman."

He had seen the dogs roam around on the bay.

They never get over the bay.

The Jews considered the dog unclean.

And yet the dog will clean out a corner of a master dog dirty.

But the dog spits.

A living dog is said to be better than a dead lion. There's no lynx about this, but a dead dog is dog gone bad.

Tray was a good dog, but Tray is worse than the deuce when it is against him.

Dogs were the original Argonauts. They have never given up their search for the fleece.

The bulldog is a stubborn fellow. He is not easily cowed.

Of course the gentler sex is the more numerous of the dog. You have heard of the dogma.

A great many stories about the dog have obtained currency. The man who has left a part of his clothing with the dog has our cure. See?

Puppies are born blind. They are not seen dogs then.

There are many types of dog, including the doggerel type.

The dog has four legs; two of them fore legs.

But perhaps we had better pass here.

How this do for the dog?

English Country Seats.

Contemporaneously with that revival of church architecture in England which grew out of the Oxford movement came the restoration, both there and in Scotland, of family seats in the reign of George III. many of these were in a most dilapidated condition. The measures taken by the earlier Stuarts to drive away the gentry from London were so radically vigorous a character that they could not fail to have



