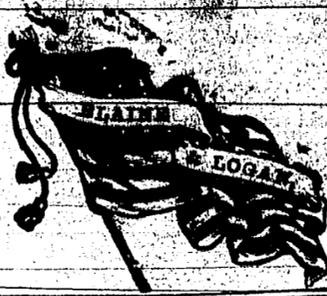


# South-Jersey

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.



# Republican

Terms—\$1.25 Per Year.

Vol. XXII, No. 40.

Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, October 4, 1884.

Five Cents per Copy.

Oct. 4, 1884.

**CALL AND SEE**

Our new stock of **Fall Dress Goods, Muslins, Canton Flannels, etc.**

A full line of **Hosiery and Notions** Just Received this week, **Stockwell,**

Bellvue, Avenue, Hammonton, New Jersey.

Leave your order at the Republican Office if you want **Calling Cards, Business Cards, Wedding Cards, Invitation Cards.**

**DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup** FOR THE CURE OF **FEVER and ACUE** Or CHILLS and FEVER, AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the **SARS, CHILLS, SLEEDY and FEBE MAREN** cure of Ague and Fever, and 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. Urgently 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.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections—the King of Blood Purifiers.

**DR. JOHN BULL'S SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,** The Popular Remedies of the Day—Wholesale Office, 521 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

From a St. John Man.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Will you allow a Prohibitionist in Virginia to say a few words to your readers in vindication of our cause. As you seem disposed to blame those who are leaving your ranks in favor of a third party, I would say,—we are acting out our principles, rather than working for the best policy. You say the Prohibition vote will be most largely drawn from the Republican party, etc. I admit that the past record of the Republican party was most favorable to the best interests of our country, but at present, between the platforms of the two parties there is so little to choose—both bidding for the votes of the Rum party—that I, for one, will vote for neither, but rather for an honest man, who has done so much, and is pledged to do all in his power to suppress the saloon curse; and if we elect him, our country will once more have a White House free from whiskey drinking; and if we fail, like Henry Clay, "I would rather be right than be President." I would rather vote for a principle than vote with the majority.

I heartily approve of the Hammonton No License plan; and to this your town owes the largest share of its prosperity and growth. Note your new buildings, and all occupied and beautified, then ride around the adjacent settlement of Egg Harbor City, and see how many empty and dilapidated houses, the legitimate results of so much beer and wine drinking. Soil, climate, and railroad facilities of both are nearly equal. I congratulate your people on their consistency in the late liquor case, when they decided so emphatically to let the law take its course.

One other result, if the nomination of St. John should cause the election of Cleveland, will be, that if the Republican party is worthy of a longer life, the leaders will have so high a regard for the prohibition element that, before another Presidential election comes around they will be glad to put a prohibition plank in their platform. If they should fail to do that, then the party may be considered defunct, and the sooner its friends bury it out of sight the better for our people. So believes a Virginia

PROHIBITIONIST.

[We believe in free speech, and publish the above to let our readers see what sort of arguments the Prohibitionists use. You will recall the threat made last year to "whip the Republican party out of their boots," under the impression, evidently, that the best way to secure a favor from a friend, is to pound him into compliance. Well, the people will declare their verdict in about four weeks.]

Secretary Chandler has issued orders designed to bring the affairs of the navy more directly under his own management.

\$59,905 of the Peabody Fund has been distributed in the South during the year. Virginia received \$6,200, a larger sum than any other State.

The Glen House, at Mount Washington, N. H., has been destroyed by fire.

Strenuous efforts of the Democrats to carry Ohio by fraud and bribery are reported, but Republicans remain confident of a fair majority a week from next Tuesday.

Gen. Grant said to Mr. Blaine in New York the other day: "They have been abusing you as they did me; but they will elect you nevertheless." He copied this with the further golden statement: "I don't know of any time when Republican success was more essential to National prosperity than at present."

There are no signs of abatement of the cholera in Italy. The death rate is slowly increasing.

Franco will treat with China if she will observe the treaty of Tien-Tsin and pay 90,000,000 francs indemnity.

While the New York Evening Post is reading its garments and working itself into a perspiration in its effort to prove Mr. Blaine a liar and a scoundrel, the Bos on Congressional Club, at a meeting attended by 200 members, endorses Mr. Blaine by a vote of 195 to 5. The people will not hesitate long as to which of these authorities it is best to believe.

The decrease of public debt during the month of September was \$12,047,039.

From January 1 to September 30, this year, 2533 miles of main track railroad were laid.

A Democratic split has occurred in the Third New Jersey District, one faction nominating Robert S. Green and the other William McMahon.

The Georgia state election took place Wednesday. There was no opposition to the Democratic ticket.

There is talk of making General Grant the Republican candidate for mayor of New York.

The attorneys for the Indianapolis Sentinel in the libel suit brought against them by Mr. Blaine have filed additional questions.

Forgery and falsehood appear to be the only weapons in the armory of Mr. Blaine's opponents, and they are used in the most reckless and unscrupulous manner. The one desperate hope of the Democrats in Ohio is to estrange the Germans from the Republican party, and to promote this object they have manufactured a pretended letter from Neal Dow, purporting to quote an unfriendly remark from Mr. Blaine. Mr. Dow, in a letter to the Cincinnati Press, declares that this pretended letter is "a forgery and a base fraud." Is there no shame in these political knaves?

Cable despatches announce that the London Times has issued its editorial ukase, to the effect that, on account of a split in the Republican ranks, the Democratic ticket will be elected next November. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." John Bull is confessedly aching to swell his bank account from the legitimate earnings of American labor. John will be disappointed.

Sufferers from the effects of quinine, used as a remedy for chills and fever, will appreciate Ayer's Ague Cure, a powerful tonic bitter, composed wholly of vegetable substances, without a particle of any noxious drug. Its action is peculiar, prompt, and powerful, breaking up the chill, curing the fever, and expelling the poison from the system, yet leaving no harmful or unpleasant effect on the patient.

Under a legal ruling at Muscatine, Ia., it is believed to be next impossible to enforce the anti-liquor law.

The estimate of appropriations for the Indians during the next fiscal year, as made by the Indian Bureau, is \$7,299,040.

It was warmer at Petersburg, Va., Tuesday, than any day last Summer.

Hon. Neal Dow, in a dispatch to the Press, positively denies the assertion that he has written a letter that Mr. Blaine refrained from voting for the Prohibition amendment in Maine at the request of Ohio Republicans.

The Democratic press continues to claim President Anderson, of Rochester University, as a bolter, although he has denied it. He was present on the platform and personally welcomed Mr. Blaine when he arrived in Rochester last week.

The Prohibitionists in Massachusetts never notified President Selye of his nomination for governor, to save, probably, from making a public declaration. The report is that he has declared his intention to vote for Governor Robinson.

The printers employed by the New York Tribune have united in a public statement showing the exact compensation which each man receives. The amount of wages per week ranges from \$10 to \$30. The pay of the hands engaged by the week runs from \$18 to \$35. There is no newspaper in the country that can make better exhibit of good wages so far as concerns the men paid by the week, the rate is above the Union scale, and on peace work the wages average as high as in any office. The exhibit conclusively answers the false allegation that the Tribune underpays its men. With all the outcry against it, the Tribune has been gaining rapidly and largely, and never stood on a stronger footing than now.

My daughter has taken the medicine faithfully, according to directions, and her health and spirits are now perfect. The humor is all gone from her face. I wish every anxious mother might know what a blessing Ayer's Sarsaparilla is in such cases.

Cleveland is the only presidential candidate in the field who refuses to declare his tariff principles in bold, plain language. No coward will be elected president this year.

Irish and German Republicans are joining in Cincinnati in support of the Republican ticket.

This thing of calling Cleveland the second Moses is too sarcastic for the weather. Cleveland and Moses led their tribes into the wilderness, but the similarity ends with that fact.

Thomas Hendricks is still abusing the Republican party because its administration has enabled the Government to accumulate a Treasury surplus. The Democratic party was never guilty of such a thing, but that fact does not necessarily call for its immediate elevation to power. Brother Hendricks should not fool with the financial gun. It is loaded clear up to the muzzle.

\*Vicious health is man's finest enemy. It is a radical cure. Harris Remedy Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY**

For the Cure of Kidney and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and all Disorders arising from an impure state of the BLOOD. To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex it is an unfailing friend. All Druggists. One Dollar a bottle, or address Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

**A CURE FOR GRAVEL.** A Common and Painful Complaint—A Statement you may Confide in.

It seems to have been reserved for Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., to accomplish, through his preparation, what others have failed to compass. The subject matter will be found of vital interest to sufferers from gravel and to the general public.

ALBANY, March 20, 1884.

Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. DEAR SIR:—Let me tell you frankly that I have never been so benefited by any medicine as I believe the majority of them to be, nothing better than the mode of obtaining money from people whom suffering makes ready to catch at a y hope of relief. They are mean cheats and delusion. But your Favorite Remedy I know by happy experience to be the most potent thing I had ever a sufferer from gravel for years, and I had resorted to many eminent physicians, but no permanent good came of it. About the year ago your Favorite Remedy was recommended to me. I can give you the result in a sentence: I tried it and it cured me completely. I can do about it myself my life. You can use this letter if you think fit. Yours etc., NATHAN ACKLEY. Capt. Nathan Ackley was for a long time connected with the Canal Appraiser's office in Albany. He is well known, and writes for no purpose but to do good to others, and for all classes of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Digestive Organs, Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has fairly won its high reputation. Write to desirable Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

**TUTT'S PILLS**

"THE OLD RELIABLE." 25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age! Indorsed all over the World.

**SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.**

Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part. Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEeded, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED. TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They increase the Appetite, and cause the body to take on flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents.

**TUTT'S HAIR DYE.**

GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of 50¢. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

**BUY YOUR Bread and Cakes**

Pies, Rolls, Buns, Etc., Etc., Baked Fresh Every Day,

**At Packer's**

"Old Reliable" Hammonton Bakery.

Patronize home industry and encourage home enterprise. By so doing you will the better enable us to serve you, and thus deserve your patronage.

**Baker's Liquid Yeast** Which most people prefer, made fresh every day.

**Fruits and Confections** As usual.

**Wm. D. PACKER.**

**90 CHOICE BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.**

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

Prices Reasonable Terms Easy. Call on, or address,

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

Established 1842. R. W. Woodruff & Co.,

Commission Merchants in

**FRUIT, VEGETABLES**

POULTRY, Etc.

210 & 214 Fulton St., New York. West Washington St., New York. Shipper, Care of R. W. Woodruff, and information furnished by W. B. POTTER, M. D., who says of this firm: "I ship all my produce to them in preference to any other house in New York."

**L. W. COGLEY,**

Fly-Nets, Dusters, Hoods, etc. HAMMONTON, N. J.

Everything in that line kept for sale including Trunks, Valises, etc. Satisfaction given in new work or any kind of repairing.

Pay the Printer promptly.

**Wm. Bernhouse,**

**CONTRACTOR & BUILDER**

[Of 32 years' Experience.]

**Steam Saw and Planing Mill**

**Lumber Yard.**

Doors, Sash, Moldings, and Scroll-work.

Window-Glass.

Odd sizes cut to order.

Lime, Cement, and

Calced Plaster.

Manufacturer of

**FRUIT PACKAGES**

**Berry Chests**

Cranberry and Peach

**CRATES.**

Odd Sizes of Fruit Crates made to order.

**CEDAR SHINGLES**

A Specialty,—odd sizes cut to order.

Oak and Pine Wood for Sale,

Cut and Split if desired.

A large quantity of Pine and Cedar

Cuttings, for Summer and kindling, \$2.50 per cord. CEDAR PICKETS five and a-half feet long, for chicken yard fence.

**Dr. GEORGE R. SHIDLE,**

**DENTIST.**

HAMMONTON, N. J. Office Days, — Wednesday Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of each week.



The Republican

AMMONTON, ATLANTIC CO., N. J. SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1884.

Republican National Ticket. For President of the United States, JAMES G. BLAINE.

For Vice-President, JOHN A. LOGAN. For Congress, Second District, JAMES BUCHANAN, Of Trenton.

Republican County Convention. A Convention of the Republican voters of Atlantic County is hereby called to meet in City Hall, Atlantic City, on Saturday, October 11, 1884.

Under above call, the various wards, towns, and townships are entitled to delegates as follows: Absecon, 2; Atlantic City, five; ...

A special dispatch from Buffalo, to the Philadelphia Inquirer, dated Oct. 1st, states that the Prohibitionists of that city, seeing their candidate stood no show of being elected, have expressed their determination to cast all their influence on the side of Blaine.

Gen. Thomas Ewing, one of the best representative men in the Democratic party, a man whose Democracy is not questioned or discounted, was recently interviewed by a couple of Chicago reporters regarding his opinion of Blaine.

Mr. Blaine left Buffalo Friday morning, last week, and reached Cleveland at night. At Erie and all of the towns in the Western reserve where he faim stopped he had rousing receptions.

The President has not as yet appointed a successor to ex-Postmaster-General Graham, who has been made Secretary of the Treasury.

The Reading has requested the holders of certificates of Central New Jersey Car Trust Association, drawn recently, to extend them to April 1, 1885.

Mr. Blaine spent Sunday quietly at Mrs. Garfield's residence in Cleveland.

In the opinion of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt we ought to increase the national debt instead of diminishing it, in order to provide ready investments for the people.

The payments from the Treasury on account of pensions during September amount to \$650,000. Over \$10,000,000 were paid out for pensions last month.

Our message is to every reader of this paper. The information is important, and intended for every one in need of clothing.

A. C. Yates & Co., Ledger Building, 6th & Chestnut, PHILADELPHIA.

KING'S EVIL. Was the name formerly given to Scrofula because of a superstition that it could be cured by a King's touch.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In composition of the genuine Sarsaparilla, with Yellow Dock, Sulfur, and other ingredients.

Absolute Cure. For all diseases caused by the vitiation of the blood. It is concentrated to the highest practicable degree.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

For Sale. I have a very fine FARM, with outbuildings in complete shape, for sale, or will exchange for Hammon property.

W. RUTHERFORD, Real Estate and Insurance Agent, Hammon, N. J.

STEAM Laundry. Having added Steam Power and other conveniences, I am better prepared than ever to do all kinds of Laundry work in a satisfactory manner.

WOOD. Pine and Oak Wood for sale by the cord, at the mill. Wm. BEINSHOUSE.

S. D. HOFFMAN, Attorney-at-Law, Master in Chancery, Notary Public, Commissioner of Deeds, Supreme Court Commissioner.

Trenton BUSINESS COLLEGE. Original, Practical, and Popular Course. Equips for business pursuits in a few months more thoroughly than in years by former methods.

Gerry Valentine, LUMBERMERCHANT. Prepared to furnish Cedar, Cypress (with handles and plate), Spruce, Roles of any quality ready made.

Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J. Sloan prizes for best (Classical) Entrance Examination.

Scientific Department. The New Jersey College to Promote Agriculture and the Mechanical Arts.

Regenerative Medicine. In composition of the genuine Sarsaparilla, with Yellow Dock, Sulfur, and other ingredients.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Lanemaker's. News news never anything like it. Good news without any mixture of bad.

There is nothing good that can be said of a maker of dress-stuffs that isn't eminently and conspicuously true of the Lupin house.

Wm. WANAMAKER. Joining adjacent and Market streets, and City Hall square.

We print anything you want printed, from a Calling Card to a Constitution.

PEABODY HOTEL, Philadelphia. Ninth Street, one and a half squares south of the Post Office.

Mulberry Trees. Mulberry Trees, for silk food, five best kinds, can be supplied to any extent.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE. SPECIAL OFFER. Eight Months for 66 Cents.

Lupin's Luca at 75. Like merino with tiny channels lengthwise cutting the twill.

Lupin's herring-bone cord at 65. The cord is not large but distinct; the herring-bone too fine to be clear.

Lupin's Camballo, the best of them all. \$1.25 for 85 cents. The weave is soft-man; but the wool is soft that notwithstanding the ottoman weave.

Gerada, not Lupin's. It 65; a poplin of hard-twisted long-fibre, not over-cast wool; closely woven, as heavy as any except Camballo; not so dainty, not so

Correspondence solicited upon all topics of local interest. Names of correspondents are requested, not for publication, but as a guarantee of the reliability of the news.

G. A. R. Post meeting to-night. School will begin in the new building on Monday next.

The County Teachers' Association meets at Egg Harbor City to-day.

Flowers, fruits and vegetables in bountiful profusion and wonderful development at Mount Holy Fair.

The Republican County Convention will be held next Saturday. The Chairman has decided that we were right, and authorized changes in the call, which you can read for yourself.

Judge Buchanan, the next Congressman from this District, spent part of Monday afternoon at Pleasantville, the night in Atlantic City, and stopped long enough to shake hands with a few Hammon friends, Tuesday morning.

Many new members were added to the Blaine & Logan Clubs their meeting on Tuesday evening. There was but little business to transact, and the Club turned out—sixty-odd strong—for drill, marching around for an hour.

We congratulate our Democratic friends that their agency of response will soon be over. Like a child with the tooth-ache, they dread the last agony, but know 'tis their only relief.

We visited the Fruit Growers' Union Depot on Wednesday. We found there an addition to their stock in trade, including water-pails, shovels, forks, etc., and flour and feed. This business manager was busy unloading a car-load of fruit laid hay. Carpenters were busy building bins for storing feed.

The County Sunday School Convention meets in the Hammon Presbyterian Church on Tuesday and Wednesday next, October 7th and 8th.

It may not be generally known that the suit of Chas. Whitney Esq. of Hammon, was compromised early in September. Mr. Whitney met with members of the Council, the sum of fifty dollars was agreed upon (the original bill was about \$150), we believe, a special meeting of Council was called and that amount voted. It was much better than a law-suit.

Vineyard is now recognized as the model temperance town of the United States; but, according to the story told by a citizen of that place, this week, it is a poor field for political prohibitionists.

The Republican. LOCAL MISCELLANY.

Wm. Stevens was the first man in town who paid his taxes for this year.

Mr. Thomas Rogers is building a large barn, and making improvements to his residence.

Mr. Ranning, trotting, hurdle race, and a great variety of amusements each day at the Mount Holy Fair.

The road bed is ready for a try connecting the N. J. Southern with the Philadelphia and Atlantic City Railroad, at Winslow.

Arrangements are nearly completed for running a telegraph wire from the railroad station to Union Hall, at Egg Harbor City, last Sunday, judging from the reports published, and the talk of those who were there.

There must have been a rough crowd and a noisy, disorderly day, at Egg Harbor City, last Sunday, judging from the reports published, and the talk of those who were there.

Another addition to the population of Egg Harbor, Mr. Joseph Schneider is the happy father. Congratulations.

Mr. James Burgess is very low. He suffers much pain, and at times his life is despaired of, but thus far he has rallied. We would be pleased to record his complete restoration.

The frame-work of the new Methodist Church is nearly completed. Mr. F. E. Priestley has charge.

Trains leave this station as follows: For New York, passenger, 8:13 A.M.; freight, 6:30 P.M.; from New York, passenger, 5:40 P.M.; freight, 6:29 A.M.

From Our County Papers. THE MIRROR. Mr. Frank Thomas has built a piazza on the east side of his house.

Parties wishing to buy land from the Brown Tract will please apply to P. H. Brown, Hammon, N. J. \$10 to \$15 per acre, cash.

Vine Cottage is still vacant—a large and beautifully located house. For particulars, inquire at this office.

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At D. O. Herbert's New Boot and Shoe Store. Will be found a General Line of goods to suit all parties, at the lowest cash prices.

M. L. JACKSON IS SELLING. FRESH BEEF, VEAL & PORK. YORK STATE BUTTER.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND. ALSO, VEGETABLES IN SEASON. Our Wagon runs through Town every Wednesday & Saturday.

Use the "Painter's Delight". Manufactured by John T. French AT THE Hammon Paint Works.

GEORGE ELVINS DEALER IN Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes. Flour, Feed, Fertilizers, Agricultural Implements, etc., etc.

SCHOOL BOOKS AND School Supplies AT Saxton's.

WANTED—LADIES to take our new Fancy work at their homes, in city or country, and earn \$40 to \$12 per week.

Tomlin & Smith. Have received this week a supply of FALL GOODS.

A. J. SMITH, NOTARY PUBLIC AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS, HAMMON, N. J.

Jones & Lawson CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS. Hammon, N. J. Plans, Specifications, and Estimates furnished.

THE WEST WIND

Wind of the West, blow from, blow from, O'er mountains and plains from yonder sea, Blowing, tenderly blowing from a distance, A beautiful face, and a shout of glee.

AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE

The old, bald-headed, wrinkle-faced watchman who walks up and down the broad stone terrace in front of the Berlin university, tall to the wayfarer, who will take the time and patience to loiter in his presence.

I thought to fall in with this peculiar old fellow during my travels through Europe some five years ago. I fell an easy victim to his tongue-wool, and in the end it was my fortune to listen to one of his most-remembered yarns.

It would, however, be tiresome for me, as well as yourself, dear reader, to repeat the story word for word as it was told to me, will content myself with the more particular parts, and leave to your imagination the task of filling in the outlines, which are as follows:

Herman Von Berg was known as the leader of the White Caps. They were a jolly lot of fellows, these White Caps, who backed up their assertions with the sword's point, either for or against the faculty, and the garden below, love incidents, or more serious questions of merit, pertaining to degrading affairs.

Ernstchen Cronse was the only child of the high brewer in the city down there. Ah! but she was a maid to set men's hearts on fire, to cause them to put on the breaker of chairs, and to grin for one sweet smile from her fair face.

She was the belle of the occasion; either at the gay and festive ball, or the skating rink, belonging to the handsome and bewitching face were the first objects of attraction.

Many a fierce and bloody conflict had been fought for the maid's sake; many a mitre and many a hat had been broken in the park. Yet no victor could boast that he had won Erntchen's hand. She, who had caused so much blood to be shed, would turn in very happy hours to the arms of the man who had won the laurels of his triumph before her.

"Away from me your hand, for it is stained with blood. Your heart is not so pure as mine, and you have the crime which hangs over your head."

Those were her words when the victor knelt at her throne of beauty, and begged for one sweet smile from his own eyes.

Finally it became a wide-spread belief among the students of the University that Erntchen Cronse was a loveless woman. They had fought one another, spilled blood without stint, and she had denied their suits ever.

Then Herman Von Berg came. How shall I describe him? The faint glow of descriptive lore belonging to an old watchman will not suffice to portray the nobility which was his, both by right of birth as well as the general characteristics of his nature.

A form of Apollo, features befitting some grand knight of the age of Crusade, a wealth of yellowish golden hair, flowing away from a broad white brow, or after the model of a classical god.

He was two-and-twenty years of age when he first made his entrance here, before the faculty. He was a friend to the poor, and an enemy to the men of the stamp of Herman Von Berg, who were born to make friends. They find enemies besetting their path also, for envy is skin to admiration in the hearts of men.

He first saw Erntchen at a skating-maque down there on the canal. The water's surface was frozen smooth, and the merry ring of the sharp steel, mingling with the gay laughter of the skaters, was wafted up to my ears as I walked to and fro on the terrace, securely wrapped up in my heavy coat.

Erntchen's particular admirer had been for a time back Lange Le Guarde, a French student. His features were oval, his eyes clear, and in all it was a face that women fall in love with at first sight, or take a sudden loathing to, and hate it forever after.

Le Guarde's appearance was fine and interesting. He was a perfect gentleman in demeanor and carriage; yet his heart was black with the evil passions which swayed his morose disposition.

They made a handsome pair, the dark-complexioned Le Guarde and the rosy-cheeked, sunny-tressed Erntchen. Already three unucky rivals had been defeated, and the Frenchman and one poor fellow had received his death wound.

Erntchen at first turned from the French lover with the same horror that she had used; still he was a most persistent individual, and as he was a student of the University looked upon as a foregone fact that in the end she

would bow to his will and give him her hand. As I said before, Herman Von Berg first met Erntchen at a skating-maque. The Frenchman was, of course, and when he saw the pretty hood of Erntchen leaning close to Lange Le Guarde, he felt the blood in his veins.

Then at a ball, given by a member of the royal family, Herman again met the fair Erntchen. His whole heart was taken possession of from the first, and he loved with such love as befalls the man who will brave the storm of the tempest, surround the heaving waves, go through fire to kneel at the feet of the loved one.

And yet, if another man should happen to be the friend of the loved one, he is one of those noble beings who would hug the wolf to his bosom, even though it ate his very heart out, rather than stoop to win by base subterfuge what fair deceiver and upright demagogue had denied him.

For years there had been bloody fights between the White and Red Caps. Noises were split, cheeks gashed, eyes blinded by the frequent use of fire; and, strange fatalities as it might be, the rivals, Von Berg and Le Guarde, were the leaders of the two orders.

Upon no occasion was there a possible chance to lay, whereby the practices could be engaged in by the White and Red Caps. As yet there had been no meeting between the two leaders and rivals in love. The storm was only brewing, it is intended to break forth shortly, however.

One evening the students, composed of a mixture of White and Red Caps gathered in the tap-room of the city University, where they had strictly forbidden the faculty to be present on the outskirts of the city. Wine had flowed freely, and the hot heads were fairly burning for foam, and the fiery hearts burning for iron.

In days gone by, a mere word, lightly spoken, was sufficient cause for a pass at arms; ay, a simple look was provocation enough. At the present time of which I speak the faculty had strictly forbidden the faculty to be present on the outskirts of the city.

University army; consequently the young fellows had the check-rein ever held over them by the strong hand of the faculty. Le Guarde had strictly present, and the wine which he had taken during the evening had tended to make him very disagreeable to the White Caps.

He threw out various remarks which lashed the latter into rage. But they were utterly powerless to challenge him, other than to accept a pass at arms in the armory. Before ten o'clock, and before he had done all upon the hands, and doubtless would have had many more if Herman Von Berg had not stepped into the tap-room. His entrance was the signal for a loud chorus of cheers from the White Caps.

The smoky rafters of the old inn fairly trembled as the young fellows arose, clinched their glasses together, and sent up a cheer of welcome.

"Welcome! but the young fellow seems to be popular," exclaimed Le Guarde, after the cheers had died away.

The remark was addressed to one of his bosom companions, however, Herman Von Berg, who had just taken a glass of wine, and he walked over to Le Guarde, and said:

"Did you say fellow?" "No, did you speak?" returned Le Guarde. "I did."

"What was your remark?" "I asked you if you said fellow?" said Herman.

"Beg pardon," responded the other, placing his hand behind his ear, and bending toward Herman.

This alone was a sufficient cause for a duel; it was considered to be an insult, a gross insult, he Herman snatched with rage, yet he held him back, and he repeated his remark.

"The students crowded about the pair. They saw that the long pent-up storm was about to burst forth. All ears were on the alert to catch Le Guarde's reply.

"Ah, my very dear sir, what if I did say fellow?" and Le Guarde's tones were so chill that the intended sarcasm did not escape the apprehension of the dullest person.

"What?" simply asked Herman, folding his arms calmly, and standing back, he eyed the other coolly.

"Is there any harm done?" asked the Frenchman. "A harm has been done, and by you. The injury, however, can be erased," said Herman.

"I am ready to back all that I may have said, uttered the other. "That I will state afterward," said Le Guarde.

day, with the hand of the fair Erntchen. "It was a cruel, cowardly assault," and even Le Guarde's face grew a shade whiter as he met the blazing eyes which fastened their gaze upon him.

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A very interesting addition has recently been made to the Zoological Gardens, London, in the shape of an electric eel, *Gymnotus electricus*. It is said to be one of the very largest specimens of its kind. Those who remember the rainy days of the old Polynesian voyage, will recall a description of a similar eel, which was used to frighten the natives, and was rather cruelly used in a vessel in which he could not move without causing himself raw in several places, it will be anything but wise to venture on any liberties with him.

Humboldt, when in the native home of this fish in and about the Rio Colorado, launched, and tamely tied to a wooden pier, scores of men hand down marble fashioned into slabs and squares, or with black and tangle slung from the big boom, lower great rough-hewn beams swept over by the splashing waves. Under little sheds or in the hot sun men square and shape the marbles into tiles, while others laboriously cut the stone into slabs and squares, or with black and tangle slung from the big boom, lower great rough-hewn beams swept over by the splashing waves.

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is a little plain street of red houses under roof the pinnacles of the mountains a stretch of dusty road. Presently, the road, over the hills, and it is again with swarthy men and boys. The oxen, too, that have cropped into the shade to show the white, say at the length, and the only way will begin again to give the hills their green tinge. The hills are now a little plain street of red houses under roof the pinnacles of the mountains a stretch of dusty road.

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to remain at the tavern until we called the day following. The wounded band progressed favorably and in a week's time was entirely well. With the landlady, whom Jack had named the Countess of Westington, told us she was willing to keep Alma for the summer season, providing she would agree to take care of the children and keep them out of her way during the busy hours of the day. And when we informed Alma of the proposition she gladly consented to remain.

I was very much occupied on a serial I was preparing for a weekly journal, and Jack was left to devise ways and means of whiling away the long summer days. Thereafter he would frequently start off after breakfast and sometimes would not return until evening. One day curiosity prompted me to ask him how he managed to kill time; when he laughingly replied that he had turned schoolmaster.

"You see," he explained, "Alma takes the little Blessingtons into the woods every morning and keeps them there nearly the entire day. While they are playing near by she, under my supervision, studies from a dog-eared primer belonging to one of the children. The poor girl has never been to school, and she is almost illiterate. But she has proven a wonderfully apt scholar. She has already mastered the primers, and to-morrow I am going to the village to purchase a slate, pencil and reader for her."

He appeared to take a genuine interest in the progress of his pupil and declared she learned more in a week than he could in a month. The summer was passing away pleasantly enough. Jack seemed perfectly content with the rustic life we were living and I found it very restful—away from the noise and bustle of the city. One day I received a letter which made a trip to New York necessary. I informed Jack of my intended visit and asked him to accompany me. This he declined doing, saying he meant to start for Saratoga in a few days, to join his mother and sisters, who were already there.

Business detained me in New York much longer than I had expected, and after an absence of nearly two weeks I returned, believing of course, that Jack had departed for Saratoga long before. I hastily informed a letter which he had not gone, although he had talked of going every day, but had finally decided to await my return.

I strolled down the road toward Lily Lake, a beautiful pond upon whose surface we had whiled away many an idle hour, wondering the while what my return had to do with his contemplated journey. As I drew near the spot I discovered Jack and his pupil standing under a tree on the lake's margin. He appeared to be earnestly expostulating with her as she stood before him, while he bowed and hands clasped over his heart. The slight smile with which I thought, it is possible that I have over-estimated his sense of honor? Can it be that he has wantonly taught this poor friendless child to love him? My better judgment told me that my suspicions were unfounded, and yet—I turned away, determined to question him closely regarding the matter, and in a lecture he would not soon forget.

I was in my room when some sauntering up the lane leading to the house, I went out to meet him. I observed that his handsome young face wore a troubled look. "I am so glad you are back!" he exclaimed cordially, grasping my hand. "I could not go until you returned."

"Why not?" I demanded coldly. "Oh, confound it, on account of little Alma; she went on in such a dreadful way when I told her I was going that I had not the heart to leave her. You see, the poor child has always been so friendless. I tried to be kind to her, but she would not let me. I was obliged to tell her that I was going, and she was so distressed that I had to leave her. I was obliged to tell her that I was going, and she was so distressed that I had to leave her."

"I will start by the first train to-morrow. And you will be kind to write for me, old friend, will you not?" I assured him that hers was only a child's fancy, and that she would probably forget all about him in a week's time, and the idea seemed to comfort him greatly.

"The next morning our boat carried Jack's luggage to the depot and we, having time to spare, walked there. On the road just beyond the tavern we encountered Alma. She did not come to greet us, as was her wont, but looked sadly and silently at us. As we drew near I held out my hand and spoke pleasantly to her. She did not seem to notice me, but kept on her eyes fixed on Jack's face.

"Oh, take me with you, Mr. Jack!" she cried, rushing forward and grasping his hands. "That is impossible, Alma," I said, somewhat sternly. "But he will come back! Oh! say that you will come back!" she pleaded, still clinging to his arm.

"Come, Alma, you are too old to be so childish!" I remonstrated. "Take the children to the woods and I will see you when the train starts."

I turned and followed Jack, who was moving very rapidly. I did not overtake him, and when I reached the depot the train was just moving off. On the way back I looked for Alma, but failed to find her. Having important work to do, I proceeded on my way, determined to call upon the evening. I became deeply interested in my writing, however, and did not go in search of her until the following evening. Then I learned that she had disappeared on the morning of Jack's departure.

"I suppose she has gone off with Mr. Bancroft," observed the countess in a severe tone. I replied, anxious to shield my friend, yet fearing her words were too true. I set down and wrote to Jack, telling him of Alma's disappearance. He made no comments on what I deemed his dishonorable act. Three days later Jack was back at the farm. When I repeated the story of her disappearance, he said, sadly:

"And you believed I returned here and took her away. You did me a great wrong, old friend. Nothing on earth could have induced me to take such a step. I have not seen the poor child since the morning I went away. Thank your unjust suspicions, and let me go in search of her."

"When we were about leaving the house to begin our search, the landlady told us there was great excitement in the village, owing to the fact that some man, while rowing on the lake, had found the body of a woman floating in the water. The body had been carried to the tavern, and the county coroner had been sent for.

The news sent Jack into a terrible state of excitement. He started for the tavern at such speed that I could scarcely keep pace with him. When we reached our destination the countess told us the body was in the woodshed. She had not looked at it, but they said it was that of a young girl.

Jack and I went to the outhouse, where the dripping body lay on a rough table. "Some kindly hand had placed the horse blanket over it. We moved the covering, and saw, as we had expected, the swollen, disfigured face of poor little Alma. After one hasty glance, Jack turned away, unable to repress the sobs that did honor to his noble heart. The coroner pronounced it a case of accidental drowning, and we kept quiet regarding what we knew about our wait.

Plenty of men are yet living who remember when buffaloes in countless herds covered all of the vast plains between the Missouri River and the Rock Mountains, from the borders of Mexico to the Arctic regions. It is not very long since. Only about fifty years ago their slaughter, to supply the demands of commerce, began, and then it was in a general way. The only article then sought was their skin for conversion into robes. The trade was at first only with the Indians, and along the Missouri River and its tributaries.

The Indian, as a rule, is not wasteful nor improvident in the destruction of game. He realizes that it is the mainstay of his life, and if he wastes this year it may cause him to suffer from hunger next year; hence he kills to provide meat for the present and to glut the markets of the world with "robes" killed in season and out of season; these gallant hunters-turned scavengers and gathered the rotting bones and blistering horns of the countless dead. Railway trains that had in former years groaned under loads of meat and bales of hides were now loaded down with bones of the Eastern manufacturers of various kinds.

The House of Lords in England has 500 members, and the House of Commons has 652. What we particularly notice is the frequent "hear, hear" successful remarks of the orator. But when he carries the war into the enemy's country, their party in turn answer themselves, and as passionately cry, "No, no," in more or less energetic tones, to statements. In the House of Commons there is none of the applause, the clapping of hands, by which approbation is expressed in France and in the United States. The father of the House of Commons is Mr. Christopher Rice Mansel Talbot, B. P., a descendant of Glamorganshire, who has just completed his eighty-first year, having been born May 12, 1803. Mr. Talbot has represented the county of Glamorgan in Parliament since 1830, without intermission, and may certainly therefore be considered the "father" of the House.

In the House of Lords the seats of red morocco leather extend on three sides of a central table. Behind these benches are galleries for the wives and daughters of peers, the reports and the living members of Glamorganshire, who has just completed his eighty-first year, having been born May 12, 1803. Mr. Talbot has represented the county of Glamorgan in Parliament since 1830, without intermission, and may certainly therefore be considered the "father" of the House.

There is a difference between a diving-bell and a diving-armor. The bell is a hollow vessel, bell-shaped, inverted and forced down by pressure. The air within the vessel prevents water from rising and filling it. You can better understand it by forcing a goblet in a pail of water. By putting a small piece of wood—a bit of match—on the surface of the water, then forcing the goblet down over that, you can see exactly how much the glass is filled, and the extent of the air chamber, which, in a bell, furnishes a breathing space for the diver.

The diving armor consists of a round, copper helmet to go over the head, provided with glass windows. This helmet is fastened down to the body by being connected with a breast-plate. The helmet is large enough so that the head of the diver may be turned about with ease. The body is encased in a rubber garment, perfectly secure against the penetration of water.

Air is pumped in from above by means of a tube which connects with the back of the helmet, and a second tube from the same place gives escape to the air after it has furnished breath to the diver. The body of the operator is carried down by means of heavy weights attached, and a signal rope is provided, so that signals may be given to those in the outer world. One hundred and seventy feet is the

UNTIL DEATH.

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead... To whom a grave—a lady's response—But speak them while I live.

A DAY IN TADOUSSAC.

When the head of the shipping firm of Freyreau, Wall & Co. in Montreal... He was a man of a certain age, but his eyes were as bright as those of a young man.

silent, fearless tide of the Saguenay... "What's that money?" he said. "It is a sealed package. Is it necessary to count it?"

They have our little secrets, eh?... "You know the consequences of your arrest at once," he said. "You will be arrested at once."

name after that day. But his wife often did, always adding: "There was much good in that man, after all."

COMPENSATION. The trustees who ever speak... "The blue chamber," cried the whole party in tones of astonishment.

opened the canopy bed, and resolutely extinguished the lamp... "The blue chamber," cried the whole party in tones of astonishment.

He was a man of a certain age, but his eyes were as bright as those of a young man... "You know the consequences of your arrest at once," he said.

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