

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

NO. 41

J.F. SMITH & CO. MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS "ST. LOUIS" MO.

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Repairing done.
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J. MURDOCH,
Bellevue Avenue,
Hammonton. : : N. J.

And the following described tract or part of land or premises situate lying and being the Township of Mullica, in the County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, bound and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning at a stone corner in the middle of the road leading from New Columbia

The Delaware Fruit Exchange.

HAMMONTON, N.J.

All business placed in my hands will
be promptly attended to.

One hundred yard-men of the Big Four
Railroad struck at Columbus, Tuesday

Insure with A. H. Phillips & Co.
1828 Atlantic Ave., Atlantic City.

of England, died on Thursday.

Paschal Harrower, Mr. Ward Raymond of Johnstown, Penna., and Miss Mabel Tudor, of Hammoncton, N. J.

[illegible]

SMILES OF CONTENTMENT

ISSUED FROM THE PENS OF
VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant incidents occurring in the world
often make us forget that we are not
the only ones who are not happy.

A Request.

Col. Perry Yonger is much addicted
to coming home late and his wife's in-
terrogatories on this point exasperate
him very much.

"When are you going to come
home?" she asked as he put on his
coat a few evenings ago.

"I don't know. Perhaps not at
all."

"Perhaps not at all?"

"Well, don't stay out any later, you
know how nervous I am."—Texas
Sittings.

Bang.

"They had been watching for some
time the stowing of freight into the
capacious hold of a lake steamer when,
rather unexpectedly, operations ceased
and the boat pulled out."

"What's that boat going off for?"
Inquired the lady.

"Possibly," replied the man ab-
stractedly, "because it's loaded."

"The lady looked around for a day
plan to hit him with but there was
none, and the river flowed silently
on.—Detroit Free Press.

Only Half Way.

Alky—Mr. Bunker, I think I have
been in your employ long enough to
be entitled to an increase in salary."

"Bunker—I agree with you partly,
Mr. Bluffers. I think you have been
in my employ long enough.—Boches

In Texas.



Proprietor of restaurant—Ham,
fat, sheep or chicken.

Guest—I guess I'll have some
chicken.

Proprietor (suddenly)—Take ham,
chicken's all gone.—Truth.

His First Love.

Young—Winkie—I would propose
to Miss Haughtie, but I'm afraid
she'd only promise to be a sister to
me.

Miss Haughtie's Little Brother—I
think she'd promise to be something
neerer than that.

"Do you really?"

"Yes, I guess she'd promise to be
a mother to you."—New York Week-
ly.

A Barber's View.

Barber—Do you young man take
you to the theater in a carriage?"

Daughter—No, he took the el-
evated.

"I thought he would. I knew he
was too mean to live the moment I
set eyes on him."

"How did you?"

"He wears a full beard."—Ex-
change.

The Chinese Prison.

Sunday School Teacher (to Chinese
scholars)—Where do good Chinamen
go?

Hop Wah—To Heaven.

Sunday School Teacher—That's
right, and I hope you will merit
that reward. Now, Hop Wah, you
may tell where bad Chinamen go.

Hop Wah—Sing Sing.—Judge.

Didn't Want the Blame.

Old Doctor—No sir, I have never
had a patient die on my hands—
die.

Young Doctor—How do you man-
age it?

Old Doctor—When I find a man's
going to die I get him to call a
specialist.—Life.

Nip and Tuck.

Strawber—Do you expect to be
married in a dress suit?

Singler—If I can get home from
the office first. My room-mate is go-
ing to be married the same night.—
New York Herald.

FANCY WORK.

HUCKABACK WORK.

It may truly be said, that new need-
work is on the increase. Not only
the new styles, or revival of old
ones, but the new uses are being put
to ordinary materials.

But the latest and we think, one of
the most charming, is the use of
common materials, say, an English
exchange, is the adaptation of huck-
back to pretty articles of domestic
use.

Everyone knows what huckback is.
It is chiefly used for toweling, and
can be bought at any linen draper's at
a small cost, but we would advise our
readers, if their embroidery is good
enough for anyone to wish it to last,
that it is better to choose a rather
close texture in preference to a coarse
one.

Washing silks are capital, and can
be had in various shades. We may say
that nothing that cannot wash well
should be used for huckbacking huck-
back, unless you can afford to send
your articles to the cleaner's when
they are soiled. Therefore do not
embroider huckback in flannel or
ordinary cotton wool, or in any col-
ored cotton unless you know they are
warranted to wash well. All the cot-
ton washes very well, except the
M. O. wash more or less well. We say
more or less, for we believe that
there are some shades which do not
wash so well as others.

However, you are quite safe with their
beautiful reds and blues, as well as
many others. The color of reprieve
does wash very well.

Coarse embroidery cotton is very
good to work with, and if you wish to
try what are called "washing crew,"
better make sure by washing a few
strands that they answer to the name.
Linen thread can be used, flannel
thread, and, indeed, anything that
will wash well. In this work you are
in no way restricted as to the use of
one kind of thread, or the other.

The stitches employed are
those used in Monte Mellick work,
as well as many which are commonly
called crewel stitches, viz., stem
stitch and "long and short" stitch.

Stem stitch is very effective, and
button-hole stitch makes a capital
border, especially if you pad it first
of all, and as we have said many times,
but cannot repeat too often, if you
pad evenly and carefully, for uneven
padding spoils any embroidery.

Doyle's look very nice in huckback,
you work them in washing silk and
fringe them out. Some people do all
the back of the pattern, thus leaving
no huckback ground to be seen, but
we do not admire this as much as a
good return fringe, up by the margin,
which, in this work, is very rough-
ness, makes an excellent background.

Geometrical patterns do well for
doyle's, and if you do not like to have
a whole set done in white, you can make
each one different, both as to pattern
and color in which it is worked.

Table centers and sideboard cloths
are very effective in this work. For
the latter, a row of squares, just ar-
ranged like tiles along the front, look
very well. So do people like to have a
small piece of work which they can
take up at any odd moment, and a large
cloth or table runner is not so con-
venient, and is often not very sightly
ornament when rolled up hastily in the
intervals of working and left about on
sofa or table.

Thus to cut out as many squares
as you wish to use, round three sides
of your cloth and work them each
separately, would be found very handy.
When they are all done join them
together with neat and firm stitching,
and cover the join with thick feather
stitching, buttonhole stitch, or in
any way you please.

Handkerchief cases and night-dress
sachets are very pretty in huckback.
We lately saw a night dress sachet that
was very pretty. The make was so
extremely simple.

There were three pieces of material
about eighteen by nine inches simply
sewn together, with round one side and
bottom, and nearly up the second side.
The piece which was not sewn down
lapped over in a triangle. An initial
should be embroidered on the bag as well
as any patterns selected.

Over towels, now in general use,
can also be made in huckback. An over-
towel, as many explain, is a piece
of material sufficiently large to be
thrown over the towel rack, and to
cover the towels which are on it.

Embroidered in a large monogram
with a deep border at the ends they are
very effective, we prefer them always
worked in colors. Crib covers can be
made in this same material. Indeed,
it is not easy to exhaust the list of all
for which huck-
back can be made useful and orna-
mental.

A SALT STORM.

BY A. W. HARMAN.

I will introduce myself by admitting
that I am now somewhat over eighty
years of age. I was born among those
Whitewater hills in Southeastern Indi-
an, whilst the Miami Indians still oc-
cupied the land where Richmond now
stands.

I came here to this country, now
called Iowa, in 1834, and have partici-
pated in most events in forming the
new State of Iowa. Within the last
few days, I happened to notice a man-
tion made of Judge Hastings, of Cali-
fornia, that called to mind some
interesting incidents of many years
ago.

There is comparatively but few
of our people that really have ever
known what a slender thread our
title to a large country at one time
hung on a balance for several years.

I refer to that country now called Ore-
gon, Washington and Idaho—now be-
coming populous States of our Union.
I wish first to admit that I may be

mistaken in the man, then to admit
that I may be slightly mistaken in
some of the incidents I shall name, as I
was not an eye-witness of occurrences of
nearly fifty years ago.

It was about 1841 or 1842 that a
small party of men, only seven in
number, came to the mouth of the
river where Troy is now situated, near
the eastern line of Davis County, Iowa.

They rode horses and each had a pack
on his back at least one of Oregon.
They were the first Oregon emigrants
that I ever saw. I think there was a
Mr. Hastings amongst them. And
then others followed each year there-
after, and many of them went in
wagons as far as Fort Hall, on Snake
River, and such wagons as they used
would now be worth taking to the
World's Fair.

It was 1845 or 1846 that there was
quite a large emigration to Oregon,
and the first of these came to the mouth
of the Snake River, and the first of
the former emigrants to Oregon had al-
ready gone to Northern California and
settled in Santa Rosa and Napa
Valleys.

The Mexican authorities soon became
jealous of them. The feelings between
the authorities of the United States and
Mexico were at that time very warm,
and the authorities of the United States
trouble and were anxious for an in-
crease of numbers, and therefore sent
a detachment of soldiers to the mouth
of the Snake River, and the first of
the former emigrants to Oregon had al-
ready gone to Northern California and
settled in Santa Rosa and Napa
Valleys.

Mr. Hastings met the emigrants at
Fort Bridger, and succeeded as far as to
induce two companies to follow him
down the Snake River, going by the
way of Weber Canon and south of the
great Salt Lake.

Those two companies were command-
ed by George H. Harris, of the white
eye, and Captain Don-
ner, of mournful memory, whose party
mostly perished on the head of the
Snake River, a few miles from where
Virginia City, Nevada, now stands.
Their trials and sufferings have been
frequently commented upon. But the
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The driver thought he scented an
invidious comparison and merely
grunted.

"My son came of age to-day," con-
tinued the fat man. "I see that sup-
pose I would have thought of it if he
hadn't offered to bet me \$10 I was a
liar in answer to an assertion I made
at the breakfast table."—Exchange.

The Farmer That Pays.
Bunker—I see that 'Duckling, who
lives out of the city now, has made
quite a success of farming."

"Hill—Yes, I understood that he
was making money from it, and I
didn't know how he managed it."

Bunker—Easy enough. His farm
is right off the railroad track, and he
got all the clothing men in town to
put their ads. in his back yard.—Ex-
change.

A Bad Sign.
Mrs. Var Winkle—Is your husband
any better?"

Mrs. Von Blumer—I didn't know
the man was ill. What do you
mean?"

Mrs. Van Winkle—Why, he told
my husband that the other night
while you were away, the boys had
killed him out of his shirt.—Clothes
and Furnish.

Dante Never Saw It.
Jinks—I don't believe Dante's de-
scription of the inferno is correct."

Jinks—Not one of the shades said
to any other shade, "Is this hot
enough for you?"—New York Week-
ly.

A Little Too Short.
Employer—What do you do with
your Saturday half holiday?"

Clerk—Oh, I have a good time
thinking where I would go and what
fun I could have if it were a whole
holiday.—New York Weekly.

Jack in the Pulpit.

Boggs—How do you like your new
minister, Woggs?"

Woggs—As a preacher he amounts
to nix, but as a contortionist he is a
novelty success.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Truthful.

There were many more people of the
Mary Ellen stamp, unfortunately, it
seems strange that to the end of their
lives they should be so proud of the
property of having a "private" but not
being, instead of compelling their sym-
pathetic and tender-hearted friends to
listen to these frequent and depressing
"funerals."

Bob watched her eagerly, quite con-
tent to see her happy. He never
thought of wishing for letters for him-
self so long as she had what she
wanted.

But now, as he looked, a change
came. The sunlight died out of her
face, her cheeks and lips grew col-
orless, and before he could realize what
had happened Nelly lay white and still
upon the carpet.

Bob was perplexed. He had seen
her look grave before, especially when
he didn't select the right letters out
of the box, but he had never seen her
like this. Was she angry with him?

What had he done? With beating
heart he approached the motionless
figure of his beloved Nelly, and un-
der his hand he felt her smooth
brow.

Still she did not move, did not even
look at him. Was she angry even
yet? A low groan came from her
lips as he gazed helplessly at the
prostrate form. Then all of a sud-
den a bright light struck him. In the
corner of the room lay the box of his
few letters. Quick as thought he
was beside it, and had pushed open the
lid. Then with a mighty effort he con-
centrated all his power on the task,
and, careful to make no mistake,
selected an "H" from the rest, and
placed it upon the carpet just by Nelly.

After that he returned to the box and
searched for an "A," which he put
next to the "H." Then he deposited
the "H" and "A" in the box, and hav-
ing got so far he paused. It would
spoil all if he were wrong over this.
He looked at the box, and saw more
crossed the room, after a some-

WHY SHE WAS SICK.

It was in California. Judge Blank
asked after the health of a gentle-
man who was sick.

"She's at-sick," said the husband,
who stuttered.

"I'm sorry to hear that. Not seri-
ous, I hope?"

"Oh, a-a-a-cumcubers."

"Great heavens. At eight cumcub-
ers? I should think she would be
ill."—Texas Sittings.

Two Soldiers.

"Well, I'll be darned, Tildy, I've
tasted beef steaks and pig steaks, but
I'll never see sweep steaks a-
fore."—Truth.

Didn't Dare Take the Bat.
"How time flies!" said the tramp
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Up to His Neck.

Guest—I have been here a whole
month and have given you nothing."

"And you have been very polite
and attentive."

"Yes, sir."

"How does that happen?"

"I am living up to my motto, sir."

"What's that?"

"The patient waiter is no loser."—
Detroit Free Press.

Hard to Hear.

New Nurse—I'm going to leave
when the week is up, mum."

Mistress—Dear me! What's the
matter?"

New Nurse—Please, mum, your
childrens are just gettin' the measles
an' all the other nurses cude me dead.
—New York Weekly.

CURIOUS COINS.

Nunismatists, or coin collectors, have
interesting objects of search in two
coins which belong to the transition
period between the Roman Empire
and the Second Empire, says the
"Youth's Companion." One of these
is an extremely rare coin which was
struck off just at the moment of the
assumption of the reins of empire by
Napoleon the Third. Only the die for
the obverse—head of a
new Imperial coin—had been com-
pleted, and by some accident, or pos-
sibly by mischievous design, a coin was
struck off which bore the head of "Na-
poleon the Third, Emperor," on one
side, and "French Republic" on the
other.

This contradictory coin is of interest
to others than numismatists, for it
symbolizes in a striking way the many
sudden changes which have taken place
in French politics in the past century.

With the other coin, a singular story
is connected. While Louis Napoleon
was "Prince President," and just be-
fore he made himself Emperor, a de-
scribed beef steaks and pig steaks, but
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