





## Our Young Folks.

### Going to School.

"Is nearly nine, and Tom and Ben, are on their way to school; they walk along at pace so slow as if they stepped by magic."

"To not so nice," said Tom to Ben, "to go to school all day."

"Or run about and play."

"Why, no, of course 'tis not so nice," said Ben, with a sigh.

"But we must do our duty, Tom, and never question why."

"Dear me! how very grand you talk; perhaps you *think* like me!"

"But boys can be as brave as girls, as you, dear Ben, will see."

"And side by side we'll go to school, and both together try to do our duty every day."

"Without a question why?"

### Some Hints for Boys.

Avoid that which you see amiss in others. Follow the example of only the good. Keep your ears open to all that is worth hearing, closed to all that is not. An older person's experience is of no value to you unless you profit by it. You are not building on the future, but on the past and present. Evil communication corrupts good manners. "No body wants to deal with a doubleminded boy. Be industrious, the world wants boys who are not afraid of hard steady work. The empty vessels make the most sound." Some boys inherit good fortunes, but no boy ever inherited scholarship, and if you would be a useful life, if you would be capable, cultivate your mind; if you would be loved, your heart. Never excuse a wrong action by saying some one else does the same thing; this is no excuse at all.

### A Wise Choice.

A good minister, while sitting at the dinner table with his family, had these words said to him by his son, a lad of eleven years: "Father, I have been thinking, if I could have a single wish of mine, what I would choose." "To give you a better chance," said the father, "suppose the allowance be increased to three wishes; what would they be?" "Be careful, Charley!" He made his choice thoughtfully, first, of a good conscience; second, of good health; and third, of a good education. His father suggested to him that things are held in general esteem among men. "I have thought of all that," said he; "but if I have a good conscience, and good health, and a good education, I shall be able to earn all the money that will be of any use to me, and everything else will come along in its right place." "A wise decision, indeed, for a lad of that age. Let our young readers think of it, and profit by it."

### A Very Useful Bird.

"What did Captain Walker mean when he told papa he always kept a secretary when he was in South Africa? Did he mean he had so much writing to do?"

"No," said auntie, laughing softly; "he meant a bird called the secretary."

"A bird? What was the good of that? He said he could not do without it?"

"The secretary-bird is a most useful creature. He is a real blessing to all who live in South Africa; for he destroys a vast quantity of insects and reptiles, which are a great annoyance." "Why is he called 'the secretary'?" It is such a funny name for a bird."

"So it is. I believe he is so called from a long tuft of feathers which hang from the back of his head, and which is supposed by some people to resemble a writer with his pen stuck behind his ear. He is also called the secretary-eater; but the first is his most usual name."

"He is a very large bird?"

"He is about the size of an eagle, but he has very strong legs. The secretary, like other large birds of prey, builds his nest on the tops of the highest trees. He always kills his prey before eating it; and the way he does so is curious. He invariably crushes it with the sole of his foot; and with such skill does he give the blow that he seldom has to strike twice. If the snake is large and makes a strong resistance, the secretary seizes it by the back of the neck and flies up with it to a great height, then drops it to the ground. The snake is stunned by the fall, and the secretary gives it a heavy blow with his foot before it is recovered, which kills it. Is it not a clever way?"

"Yes," said Allen quite interested.

"Are they very fierce?"

"No, not at all; and they are easily tamed. They are worth making friends of for they are so useful to man."

"Well, then, if I go to Africa, I'll have a man, I shall try and get

## A secretary to live with me, like Captain Walker did. I should be frightened at the snakes, and should like some one to kill them for me."

"Yes, I have no doubt you would, and you should thank God, too, that he has provided such useful birds."

## The Chickadee.

He is, par excellence, the bird of the merry heart. There is a notion current, to be sure, that all birds are merry; but that is one of those second-hand opinions which a man who begins to observe for himself soon finds it necessary to give up. With many birds life is a hard struggle. Enemies are numerous, and the food supply is often too scanty. Of some species it is probable that very few die in their beds. But the chickadee seems to be exempt from all forebodings. His coat is thick, his heart is brave, and whatever may happen, something will be found to eat. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," is his creed, which he accepts, not "for substance of doctrine," but literally. No matter how bitter the wind or how deep the snow, you will never find the chickadee, as we say, under the weather. It is this perennial good humor, I suppose, which makes other birds so fond of his companionship; and his example might well be heeded by persons who suffer from moods of depression. Such unfortunates could hardly do better than to court the society of the joyous tit. His whistle and chirp, his graceful feats of climbing and hanging, and withal his engaging familiarity, would most likely send them home, it is a more Christian frame. The time will come, we may hope, when doctors will prescribe bird-gazing instead of blue pills. To illustrate the chickadee's trustfulness, I may mention that a friend of mine captured one in a butterfly-net, and carrying him into the house, let him loose in the sitting-room. The little stranger was at home immediately, and seeing the window full of plants, proceeded to go over them carefully, picking off the lice with which such window-gardens are always more or less infested. A little later he was taken into my friend's lap, and soon he climbed up to his shoulder, and after hopping about for a few minutes on his coat collar, he selected a comfortable resting place, tucked his head under his wing, and went to sleep, and slept on undisturbed while carried from one room to another. Probably the chickadee's nature is not of the deepest. I have seen him when his joy rose to ecstasy. Still his feelings are not shallow, and the faithfulness of the pair to each other and to their offspring is of the highest order. The female has sometimes to be taken off the nest, and even to be held in the hand, before the eggs can be examined.

## A Horrible Story.

The author of "Siberian Pictures" says that, having on one occasion lost his way, he drove up to a large hut whence he saw a light shining. Cautiously looking in at the window before entering or knocking, he saw a hideous sight. Two or three men were ranging dead bodies, which they brought up through a trap door from some underground store-house, around a room, while another lighted a large fire. As the fire burned up, the bodies, which seemed at first stark frozen, began to thaw and to exhibit signs of life, or at least of movement. Then the principal performer advanced and deliberately disembowled them one after another. The onlooker naturally thought he was either dreaming or was assisting at some frightful or unholy rite. But the real explanation was very simple. Russian law does not permit the burial of any persons who have died accidentally without a post-mortem examination. In the depth of winter the visits of doctors are rare, and it is the custom to freeze the bodies until one comes round, when all those who are waiting for burial are produced together, and, being thawed sufficiently to let the knife operate, are performed upon and receive their certificate of interment. The rationalist explanation is complete but the earlier part of the tale, even in the hands of a rather lame translator of an author who does not himself seem to have any great literary power, is not a little striking. Poe or Hoffman could have made a masterpiece of it.

## Galvanized iron is made by cleaning the sheets with acid and passing them through a bath of molten zinc.

## Jocose Clips.

—Government pastry—A mint affair.  
—The provincial press—a cider mill.  
—It never perishes but it pores.  
—An echo is a halloo mockery.  
—Outward bound—Books.  
—A forbidding profession—The auctioneer's.

## Found marks are always found with pugilists.

—Very few brass bands in a military parade can play as many airs as the drum major puts on.  
—An exchange speaks of a man who "he but one step removed from an ass." He'd better make it three or four. The animal has a long reach back-ward.

## First boy: "Say, do you know why those factory chimneys are so high?"

Second boy: "Yes, to keep out the water in case of a flood."

## Dickens' hero, Oliver Twist, was a great lover of Irish poetry.

He was continually asking for More.

## A man whose best works are always trampled under foot—A carpet manufacturer.

"How sensible your little boy talks!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "Yes," replied Mrs. Brown, "he hasn't been among company yet."

## When a man does not get up with the lark in the morning, the presumption is that he was out on a swallow the night previous.

"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a traveling quack doctor of a lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracts? Certainly you may," said she, looking at him most benignly over her specs; "leave them with the heat toward the house, if you please."

## The windows of houses in the Philippines are made of pellucid oyster shells, which admit light, but cannot be seen through.

It is not explained how the woman, who sits up till after midnight to ascertain what hour the beau of the young lady opposite leaves, overcomes this difficulty.

"The addresses of a certain young man having been declined by a young lady he paid court to her sister. "How much you resemble your sister," said he, on the evening of the first call. "You have got the same hair, and the same forehead, and the same eyes—" "And the same nose," she added quickly. He has stopped calling at the house."

## "Well," remarked a young M. D. just returned from college, "I suppose that the next thing will be to hunt a good situation, and then wait for something to do, like Patience on a monument."

"Yes," said a bystander, "and it won't be long after you begin before the monuments will be on the patients."

## An Englishman shooting small game in Germany remarked to his host that there was a speck of danger in shooting in America. "Ah," said the host, "you like danger mit your sport? Den you go out shooting mit me. De last time I shoot mine brudder-in-law in the stomach."

Judge Walsh, of Chicago, has decided that it is not cruelty to attach damaged twine to the tail of a dog in order to make the animal test 2.40.

This would seem to indicate that Judge Walsh does not keep dogs and his neighbors do.

## Satire can no further go than when Sam Johnson said to a booty, "If I have said anything that you understand, sir I humbly crave the pardon of the rest of the company."

"I understand you have rented another house," said an Austin gentleman to an acquaintance. "Do you like the location?" "Yes, quite a number of conveniences. There's a lively stable on one side, a larger beer saloon next door and a land factory right across the street. Everything seems handy enough, as far as I can see."

## A father of the high school girl had a long discussion the other night with a politician, and after the latter had gone, the girl remarked, quoting from Shakespeare, "He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

"Well," replied the old man, "I don't understand the dead language, but if you are trying to say he is a crank, I'm with you every time."

## The Stranglers of Paris.

The first famous strangler was a fellow named Francois Denizet, nicknamed Father Francois. He flourished about 1700. Having failed in business as a cabinetmaker, he was already an old man when he began his career of crime. He was a master-robbet—a cagon, as they used to say in those days. He was also, "solitary," who did his work without accomplices. He always wore about his person, like a belt, a fine and narrow leather strap, made of strong but supple leather. At one end of this strap there was a buckle attached—a buckle without any tongue, and three sides of this buckle were covered with little metal cylinders, serving as pulleys. To the other end of the strap a leaden ball was fastened, which served the double purpose of a handle, and in case of necessity a "slung shot." Father Francois would on some imaginary pretext, introduce himself into a house which he knew to be momentarily occupied by a single woman only. Sometimes he would enter as though to make a neighborly call—like any *bon fourier*. He would then engage in conversation, and at a propitious moment would suddenly fling the running noose of his strap over the victim's head, press against the base of her neck with his left hand and pull with his right. In one moment the poor creature would be strangled. This master-strangler—a product of the first republic—ended his villainous career in a very singular fashion.

## It happened in the early part of 1793, Francois Denizet had done two good jobs," in the neighborhood of the Marche des Innocents. They were highly profitable ventures; and he was imprudent enough to risk a third. It was the end of him! The women who kept stores had become terrified at the two previous crimes committed in the middle of the day, and were all upon their guard. At 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon our "Strangler" entered No. 3 Rue de la Reine, under the pretext of selling handkerchiefs to a certain Mme. Lalouette, who kept a stand in the market. This woman—a solidly-built and active person, quick of hand and eye—was preparing dinner for her family. Just as Francois entered she was about to cook a roast of beef, and she held an immense iron spit in her right hand. The moment she looked at the pretended peddler, the recollections of the "stranglers" came to her; she prepared herself against attack, and never took her eyes off the man for a moment. When Father Francois thought he had a good opportunity he threw his strap; but at the same moment Mme. Lalouette threw up her left hand, and the noose wound itself around it. Then she gave Francois such a terrible thrust in the abdomen with her spit that it actually disappeared in his body. The blow was all the more violent because Francois had at the same instant pulled the spit toward him, in the hope of flinging her down and murdering her. Mme. Lalouette called for help, the neighbors rushed in and Father Francois was arrested. But he was foolish enough to recover from being "spitted," and was one of the first felons of the note who entered the guillotine after its inception of several months.

"Suspension," or hanging, is a much more modern method of strangulation, practiced chiefly in the lowest quarters of the city. Two persons are required for this work, the "susponder" and the "rummager." If the accomplices are men, they generally select drunken parties for victims. If it be a man and woman who practice the crime, it is usually accomplished thus: The woman, always a female of ill repute, called *rammeuse* (liar) approaches an individual and engages in conversation with him, endeavoring to entice him to follow her. While this is going on her "man" approaches, like any other pedestrian, holding in his hand the ends of a long and large handkerchief twisted into a rope. The moment he comes near enough he suddenly passes the handkerchief under the victim's chin, turns himself half way round with a jerk, and raises the poor wretch upon his back like a sack. The more the victim struggles, the sooner he is strangled. He loses all consciousness. While he is in this condition the woman *rammeuse*, plays the part of *foulesse*, ransacking his pockets and taking from him every object of value. When this has been done, the "susponder" lets the victim fall heavily to the ground. This was how a poor workman was murdered a few months ago in a dark ally in Grenelle. The murderers obtained only an old silver watch and

## Domestic Animals.

Their Intelligence, Affection and Reasoning Faculties.

## Philadelphia has a dog that eats ice-cream. It is a Sky terrier belonging to a police sergeant, who shares his cream with his pet, of which he is very proud. He exhibited her accomplishments the other day, remarking: "She knows when it's her turn. You can't fool her—Watch." The sergeant took a spoonful of himself and threw another on the floor. The morsel had hardly touched the wood before it was snatched up. One spoonful for the sergeant and one for Nell was the order, until the sergeant purposely missed count, and then the beast set up a hideous barking as a reminder.

## The most humble of the civil functionaries of the French Republic are the naval cats. There are some hundreds of them, and their importance is duly recognized by the state which supports them. The French naval cat enters the service in his kittenhood, and spends the first year or two of his active career on board a man-of-war, where he is "baptized" in the hold and permitted to devour whatever he can catch. Having thus passed through apprenticeship, he is sent ashore and quartered at one of the five naval ports as a terror to the rats and mice that swarm in the victualling yards and store sheds. He is then entitled to an allowance of five centimes a day, and this sum is regularly paid on his behalf to the director of cats, who lays it out in hospital for the use of his forces.

## An Elephant in a Dining Room.

A French gentleman, living in India, had a tame elephant which was accustomed to go into the dining room after dinner and beg from the guest. One day the elephant came when they were at desert. A gentleman refused to give it anything, but the elephant would not go away. The gentleman, angry at its asking, gave it a stab with his fork. The elephant went into a garden, tore a branch, covered with black ants, of a tree, and shook them over the gentleman's head. The ants got into his ears and down his neck and at last he undressed and took a bath to get rid of his tormentors.

## The Spread of Leprosy.

The attention of prominent physicians is being given to the increase of that terrible scourge, the leprosy. It appears from figures given that this loathsome disease has increased in this country nearly seventy-five per cent. within the last eight years, and is still spreading, while no definite steps have been taken to stop or check it. This disease is the one which the Hebrews considered above all as a terrible plague. All who were afflicted with it were ostracized and banished from the cities of the wilderness. Even houses where he people affected had lived where unred.

The disease has been spread in this country mostly by the Chinese. Though it was known and dreaded in California as far back as 1846, in Mexico it was occasionally met in some out-of-the-way place where the unfortunate sufferer had gone to die. A case was also occasionally encountered by the Southern physicians in their practice, and the utmost care was taken to prevent the spread of the disease. The vast number of Chinese who have been flocking to this country for the last eight or ten years, have had many lepers among them, and they have mingled freely among their fellows, spreading the disease, which can be disseminated by personal contact or by using anything which the person affected has used or handled. The disease has shown itself to an alarming extent among those who smoke the cigarettes manufactured by Chinese; the disease attacks the lips and tongue, and in a short time shows itself in different parts of the body. This ought to have some effect in stopping the pernicious habit of cigarette smoking, which is assisting to spread the disease.

## WISDOM.

Not in what the schoolmen write, But in simpler lessons came their truth. Look for wisdom in your sight. It is lurking unawares. See you dumb, ignorant, and blind? Like the burning Bush of old? Listen there, and you shall hear What the schoolmen never knew. How from out it, soft and clear, God is speaking (hark!) to you. That on sunshine live, and do: They have never asked what Moses Thought was wisdom: Why should you?

## Lured to His Doom.

BY AN ENGLISH DETECTIVE.

It was a very singular, mysterious and complicated case.

In a bare room of an old house in the vicinity of London Bridge. Railway Station a man was found dead, hanging by a small cord to a hook driven into the wall, his feet resting on the floor.

He was discovered some days after his death, and by reason of the strong smell sent forth from his decomposing body.

He was a stranger whom no one knew, and why he should have come to that place to commit suicide was mysterious.

He was well dressed, had a gold watch in his pocket, to which was attached a heavy gold chain; he had a diamond stud in his shirt front, and a cluster ring of diamonds on one finger; he had also a pocket-book on his person containing over two hundred pounds in bank notes.

It was therefore evident that he had not committed suicide on account of poverty, nor been murdered for his money.

Was it suicide or was it murder?

There was no scrap of paper on his person to tell who the stranger was, nor his motives for the murder or suicide.

The room, which was an upper story of an old building, the lower portion of which was occupied by a commission agent, contained no article of furniture.

It had been rented about ten days previous to the rather venerable-looking man, who walked a little lame and wore goggles, who said he wanted it for an office for the sale of a patent that would soon become very popular with sea-going people.

When questioned about the patent he said he would not then explain it, but would have some things on hand for exhibition in the course of ten days or two weeks.

The dead man was not the one who had taken the room, however; and how and when he had got access to the apartment no one knew.

There was an old-fashioned fire-place in the room, and some piper ashes in this attracted the attention of a detective, who happened to be no other than my humble self.

In turning over these ashes, I discovered two or three little bits of paper not entirely consumed, and they had these words written on them, though now barely distinguishable:

Found her locked private room meet you station "G."

Now, after reading these disjointed sentences, I began to study and ponder them.

Might this not be a portion of a message sent to the dead man, to lure him to the city for the purpose of putting him out of the way?

But for what motive?

Ah, that indeed I could not know; that was something only to be found out after a serious investigation; in case one should be made.

I examined the charred paper as well as I could, and reached the conclusion that what I had read was part of a telegram which had been sent by somebody at a distance, and that either the sender or receiver intended to destroy it.

Now, if the deceased had received it, it must have been sent by somebody, and that somebody intended to meet him, and probably did meet him at the railway station.

Well, then, where was that somebody and why had he allowed his correspondent to visit that out-of-the-way room alone and commit suicide without ever going near him afterward?

And why should the man come to such a place to kill himself?

And could he have found the room without a guide, and got access to it unknown to any one, if he were not the man who had rented it in the first place?

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## Agricultural.

### What Lands Need Drainage.

All lands that contain more water than needed by the crops growing upon them. If you intend to raise corn or wheat the land will need more draining than if intended for grass. Even grass lands need not be very wet, as, if too wet, the growth of aquatic plants and grasses takes the place of the cultivated grasses and ruins the hay and pastures.

Loose, porous soils, underlain by sand or gravel, are drained by nature; but all land that is underlain by clay, rock or other impervious material needs draining.

What is to be gained by underdrainage? The surface of the water in the soil is lowered. The roots of cereals and grasses may penetrate as far as to the surface of the water, but never into it. It is necessary to draw the water off to such a depth as will give the roots of growing crops plenty of room to reach downward for that nourishment that is necessary to their growth. If the water is only one foot from the amount of soil from which to gather nourishment, with the disadvantage of having their feet wet by capillary attraction. Only aquatic plants grow well with their feet in the water.

The lowering of the water below the surface prevents a large amount of evaporation, and its effect in cooling the soil. The water being removed, air and warmth are admitted to the soil.

Drained lands are for this reason ready for planting a least one week earlier in the spring. The growth of crops is quickened through the summer by the increased temperature of the soil, which amount to several degrees, and the injurious effects of early frosts are prevented in the same manner. Crops are therefore given an increased period in which to make their growth of at least two weeks. This is certainly a very important gain. —*Farmers' Magazine.*

### Leached Wood Ashes.

Ashes fresh from the stove or furnace, contain all the mineral constituents necessary for plant growth, and are, therefore, very valuable as a fertilizer to a worn-out or naturally poor soil. A large part of the potash is recovered from ashes in leaching, and as this constituent is a leading one, leached ashes are of less value as a plant than when fresh. The owner should save, in a secure place; all the ashes made, and apply them to the land in the spring. A top-dressing of twenty bushels per acre to an old pasture or meadow will give good returns for several years. The leached ashes should be disposed of in the same manner, only they may be applied at the rate of 100 bushels per acre.

Leached ashes have been bought and used for many years by farmers and gardeners on Long Island and near the shore towns in Connecticut. These ashes are brought mainly from Canada. Ashes are especially good for tobacco land, and onion raises in them profitable. It has been observed that when this fertilizer has been introduced, it retains its hold upon the confidence of those who use it. Fruit growers are glad to get leached ashes for their small fruit gardens, and even orchards of large trees are much benefited by them.

Save all the ashes; leached or unleached, and if there is a good opportunity, buy and apply them. —*American Agriculturist.*

### Corn for Sitting Hens.

It is claimed that corn is the most suitable food for sitters. The requirements of a sitter differ from those of other hens. Keeping quiet and without much exercise, not much is required to sustain life, and their food should be of such a nature as to digest slowly. For this reason whole grain is preferred and corn is thought to be much the best. Soft food of any kind is soon digested; the hen becomes hungry, and either leaves the nest too frequently or becomes very poor. The advantage of corn over other grain is that it is more oily and not so likely to stimulate the production of eggs, and, being hard and compact, is digested much slower than other grain.

### Farm Notes.

Experiments have proved that musty meal is not wholesome food for any of the domestic animals. Disease and death have been directly traced to its use. When fed to poultry, chicken cholera or some disease resembling it was the result. Cows to which it was fed gave bitter milk, and ceased to

thrive as well as those in the same pasture which had no grain. Swine fed upon it failed to grow or fatten. Only horses were not injured by it, and they escaped because they would not eat it.

The London Live Stock Journal states that diphtheria among fowls made considerable ravages in France this year, and that the most valuable remedy found for its cure is papaline (the active principle of the papaw tree), which dissolves away the false membrane. It is applied with a camel's hair brush to the diphtheric part three times a day.

The water that flows over a plowed field washes off the most soluble portions of the soil, and deposits them in the bottom of the ditches. When it percolates through the soil to an underground water level, but even this is in great part prevented by having a growing crop on the ground all the time.

An Australian sheep-breeder recently purchased 173 merino sheep in Vermont, for which he paid the sum of \$30,000. Four of the rams cost \$2000 each. The freight to Australia will amount to nearly \$6000 more, which increases the sum to \$36,000, or about an average of \$200 per sheep. The breeder already has a flock of 92,000, and the Vermont sheep will be used for purposes of improvement.

Clay soils are generally better for wheat than sandy ones, because they are not subject to such sudden extremes of temperature and moisture, and are more tenacious in their character. Timber land is better than prairie land, because the decaying roots are pretty sure to effect underdrainage; magnesia and lime-and-ash are more abundant, and more abundant and nitrogen is less abundant, and such land being more rolling is better drained and dryer. —*Fruit Farmer.*

The latter a breeding sow is kept the more liable she is to destroy her pigs by lying on them or eating them up. Sows left to run wild will make good mothers, and will generally select a warm, dry place to farrow. It is for this reason that there is so much advantage in using full-blooded boars of improved breeds on large, coarse-boned native sows. The progeny secure the good qualities from its sire with a better constitution and more hardiness than it could get from a full-blooded pedigree; going back through generations, which have always had ample feed and little exercise.

A gigantic undertaking in the way of fruit growing has been commenced by Lord Sudeley, at Tiddington, near Cheltenham, England. Two years ago there were planted 93,000 gooseberry bushes, 20,033 plum trees, 167,000 black currant bushes, 2919 apple trees, 862 pear trees, 8844 damson trees, 532 cherry trees, 10,000 red currant bushes, 25,000 raspberry bushes, 100 cob nut trees, and 52 acres of strawberry plants. In addition, 100 Scotch fir and 10,000 poplars have been planted for sheltering purposes. Lord Sudeley is at present erecting a large jam manufactory in the centre of this estate.

A local paper reports that a farmer in Henry county, Ga., was cutting wheat not long ago, and uncovered a partridge nest with fifteen eggs in it. The mother bird flew off, which left the eggs exposed to the scorching rays of the sun. Returning that way two or three hours later, the farmer was astonished to find that every egg had hatched out and the restless occupants gone. This will be the first intimation to the world that Eli Perkins is spending his vacation in Georgia.

When cattle chew leather, wood and old bones, remember that it indicates a lack of phosphate of lime in their food, which is required to supply bone material. A teaspoonful of bone meal given daily with their grain will correct the habit and supply the deficiency which induces it. If the disposition to eat bones is indulged in when cows are in grass, the deficiency then evidently exists in the soil, and the pasture will be greatly benefited by a top dressing of bone-dust. Two or three hundred pounds to the acre, sown or broadcast, will repay attending expenses in a better yield and in quality of milk and butter.

Dr. Warner Siemens has demonstrated by experiment that intensely hot gases do not emit light, and that, consequently, all light given by heated gas must come from cold impurities, and not from the gas itself.

## A Curious Manuscript.

Among the manuscripts left by the Major was the following: "One day while roaming with my gun I chanced to go farther than was wont, but when I turned to retrace my steps I discovered that I was completely bewildered as to the proper course. I had been dreaming along as I walked, for the leaves, coloring under the touch of the season's first frost, the bleaching grass, the haze overhead and the softening of the air had combined to make me forget myself. I walked rapidly in what I thought to be a home direction, but after an hour had passed I found that I was more confused than at first. Arkansas was a wild country in those days—so wild that you could sometimes travel for days without seeing a human habitation. I began to get excited. Any one who is familiar with life in the woods knows that there is no feeling like becoming excited in a forest. It is inexplicable—like the shaking that sometimes seizes a hunter, especially if he be a new one, when a deer approaches. When a man in the woods is convinced that he is lost he feels an almost irresistible impulse to run wild. Children have been lost in the woods, and in half a day's time they are, in some instances, so wild that when found they will bite and scratch and scream, even if their mothers approach them. I felt this excitement coming on me, and I knew that if I did not do something to counteract its influence I would go wild. Then I reflected how often I had been temporarily lost, and how at any other time I would have laughed at the idea of running wild. I thought that I would fire off my gun, that it might afford some relief. I looked around, and my hair stood on end. My gun was gone. 'I had it a moment ago,' I thoughtfully mused; 'what could I have done with it?' and I threw back my head and howled. 'I must not encourage such outbreaks,' I said to myself, 'for a man will go wild even in a city if he howls very much.' And I remembered that when I was a boy several of my companions went wild while shouting in admiration of a circus procession, and that the show men caught them and put them in cages, where they remained, even defying the recognition of their parents. One of the boys was named Luke Horn, and when his father came along and looked at Luke the boy held out his paw—he had paws at that time—and the old gentleman jumped back and exclaimed: 'Why, that devilish monkey wants to take hold of me.'

I laughed at this recollection and I got down and knaved at the root of a tree. Then I arose and howled. I couldn't stand on my hind feet very long—yes, hanged if I didn't have four feet and a tail by this time. The truth is, I had gradually become a wolf. I feel that any one who chooses to read this manuscript will smile incredulously at this, and produce all kinds of arguments to prove the impossibility of a man becoming a wolf; and, probably the same man, too, may be a believer in the theory of evolution. I shall not argue this point though, for in regard to my own experience I am certain, while any one who opposes me could only protest without proof, and hence his arguments would be mere assertions unsubstantiated by a single fact. I had not been a fully developed wolf but a few moments until several other wolves came from the valley below and began to sniff around me. When satisfied that I was genuine they sat down, whereupon we all began to discuss the advisability of getting something to eat. It was soon decided that we should go down into the valley, where there was a farm well stocked with sheep. The mention of sheep made my mouth water, for, being a wolf, I was as hungry as myself. We started on our expedition and soon reached the farm. Just as we jumped over the fence to seize the sheep a man sprang from behind a stump and fired upon us. A buckshot wounded one of my hind legs, and, after vainly attempting to leap over the fence, I fell among a lot of bushes, where I lay perfectly still, hoping to escape observation. In this I was disappointed, for the old farmer ran to me, thrust his gun between the bushes and aimed at my head. I whined piteously and shut my eyes, expecting to be blown into atoms, but the farmer did not shoot.

"I wonder what sort of a dog a wolf would make," said the farmer, turning to his son. "This fellow whines so that I don't want to finish him. He must have been led into this thing."

Let me see if he wants to bite. I and he put his hand on my head, and I did not bite him, but licked his hand. He was so well pleased at this that he took me up and carried me to the house. My wound was soon dressed, and after they had given me something to eat I felt pretty comfortable. Still I was a wolf, and although they were so kind to me, yet I meditated revenge. I wanted to do some deviltry and then go back to my companions. One day, after I had thoroughly recovered, the old man set me to watching the sheep in a small pasture. He seemed to have confidence in me, for he did not even look back after he crossed the fence. How I wished for my companions! I howled. The sheep became frightened, and huddled together. I howled again, and an answer came from the woods. Another howl and my companions jumped the fence. I selected a young lamb that had never looked sweet and tender to me, and I made a spring for him, when bang went a gun and I fell over, shot through both fore legs. I looked up and saw the farmer coming I whined but he frowned and leveled his gun at my head.

I lay in bed at home. Numerous friends stood around me, and when I told them not to shoot again, they assured me that I was out of danger. "You have been in a very dangerous condition," said one of my friends. "Several days ago you went out hunting, and as you did not return at your accustomed time several of us went out to look for you, and you may imagine our horror when we saw your body in a pool. We drew you out and were rejoiced to discover that life was not extinct. You had evidently been walking very rapidly and had stepped into the pool before discovering it. Your face wore an expression of alarm, and we could not see that you had made an effort to get out, and I really do not believe that you had."

When I recovered I asked my friend to show me the pool which he had, leaving me as I requested. I did not remember to have ever seen the pool, but I recognized a tree close by. Something had been gnawing the root of the tree, and I could plainly see the print of a wolf's teeth. From this tree I went down into a valley, along no trail but by a way strangely familiar, I soon reached a fence, and looking over I saw a flock of sheep feeding. I went to the farm house not far away where I found a farmer who did not know me but whose face to me was familiar. I talked to him about sheep-raising and finally I adroitly turned the conversation upon wolves.

"I had a very strange experience with a wolf," he said. "About two weeks ago I heard wolves howling in the day-time, which is rare. I did not know but that they intended a raid on my sheep, and taking my gun I went out to the sheep pasture and hid behind a stump. I had not been there long when the wolves jumped over the fence. I fired and one of them fell over in the bushes. I loaded my gun, ran to him and was on the eve of shooting when he whined and gave me a look so nearly human that I could not shoot. I put my hand on his head, and he looked at me—by George, sir, no offence intended, but he had an eye very nearly like yours."

"No apology necessary," I replied; "please go on with your story."

"He was wounded in the hind leg, and after it was dressed it healed with wonderful rapidity. Sometimes the animal's eyes would have a human expression, then again it would glare like any other wolf's eye; but, upon the whole, he seemed so intelligent and appeared to be so anxious to do something to repay me that one day I took him down to the pasture and told him to watch the sheep. Well, sir, I hadn't more than reached the house when I heard him howl. I seized my gun, stole around and watched. He kept on howling, and pretty soon I saw several wolves jump over the fence. Just then my wolf made a dash after a lamb and I shot him. He was only wounded, and I ran to him and blew his head off."

Perhaps the least commendable episodes in his life are to be found in those chapters of his with the other sex, which are become almost as famous as the admiration of Petrarch for Laura. Or, possibly, the loves of Abelard and Heloise would be a more apt comparison. For though we can do no more than touch the subject, it seems as clear as anything that the explanation of the explanation of coldness amounting to cruelty must be sought in physical reasons. Swift had always a craving for feminine sympathy and affection; he loved unreservedly and with a graceful, intelligent and complacent candor, where there could be no idea of anything like equality or intellectual rivalry; but the attachments on his side were purely platonic. Up to a certain point we have no doubt his feelings were faithfully enough expressed in the lines which have always struck us pleasantly:

"That innocent delight he took  
To see the virgin mind he took,  
Was but the master's secret joy.  
In school to hear the finest boy."

As for his first flirtation with Varina, there was no great harm done on either side. The lady was clearly a heartless coquette and voluptuous, but with a great deal of worldly wisdom. But in the case of the unfortunate Stella and Vanessa it is quite impossible to acquit their tantalizing admirer of the egotism that consciously, although perhaps remorselessly, played fast and loose with their feelings. He abused the extraordinary powers of fascination which a stern character and an iron will must exert on certain impressionable feminine natures. He could hardly have offered a more seductive tribute than his unreserved confidence and devotion to women disposed to worship the personality which could unbend so datteringly at convenient seasons and yet loomed so large in the eyes of the world. And the jealous sense of the rivalry which wrought such direful consequences must have stimulated devotion had stimulus been useful. All that must have been patent to the Dean, with his almost unrivaled perception of the weaknesses of human nature, and at best we can only admit some extenuating circumstances when we pronounce him guilty of sacrificing the two women to his selfishness. —*London Times.*

## Dean Swift's Loves.

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## It Was All Right.

A man who was looking through a second-hand store in Brooklyn, with a view of finding a bedstead to suit him, finally examined one, and asked: "Are you sure there are no bugs in this?" "Bugs! Why dot pedstead was out of my own family! I got it when my brother Moses was here, and now he has gone away I sell it for half-price." "Say, I believe it has had bugs in." "Impossible, my friend. My wife was so neat dot she knew of such things in her house she go crazy." "And I'll be hanged if here isn't proof!" exclaimed the customer, as he pointed to unimpeachable evidence. "Vhell! vhell!" The customer was going out with a heart-broken look on his face, when the other detained him, and said: "Dot's all right after all. Ef you puy dot pedstead you know you have bugs from a respectable family! Moses was head-clerk in Rochester, and you know I was here twenty-seven years in peasness."

POTATO BALLS.—Wash, pare and soak as many potatoes as you think you will need. Usually, allow two for each person, as you wish to be sure of enough, and if any be left over they can be so easily utilized and made into such palatable dishes that they are never lost or wasted. Cook them in boiling, salted water for half an hour, or until tender, drain them and, if they are small, put two at a time in a coarse napkin; twist the napkin and wring out the water in the potato. Then they are light, dry and mealy, and look like good snowballs. You must take care to wring the napkin hard, & the potatoes will keep a good, round shape.

The electricity generated by the machinery in one of the great Harmony mills, at Cohoes, owing to peculiar conditions which are not perfectly understood, has of late so charged the atmosphere as to affect the employees unpleasantly. Various attempts were made without result to remove the nuisance, but at last a network of wires running through the mill has been successfully employed to collect the electricity and conduct it to the ground.

"When did this occur?" "Last Thursday."

"What time?" "About two o'clock."

I turned and walked away. It was the very time when I regained consciousness and found my friends standing around me. —*Arkansas-Traveler.*

## THE MARRIED MAN.

Adown the street the married man  
Shouts off with his wife's head,  
But from the door the wifely voice  
Calls, "Don't forget the bread."

He smiles and nods, and turns to go,  
The careless married man,  
When loud the servant calls him, "Oh!  
You haven't got the can."

He nods again in frosty style,  
But pulls down his hat;  
And lo! his slater, with a smile,  
Cries, "Won't you bring my hat?"

"Oh, yes," he shouts, and tries to tell,  
He need not about so,  
But shrill his son, with stunning yell,  
Theatre tickets for the crowd!

His daughter from the window high  
Exhort him with her call—  
She wants a fan, a pair of gloves,  
And a new pink parasol.

He hears no more; far down the street  
His echoing footsteps fly;  
And all day long in his head  
He hums, "Sweet buy and buy."

But when the evening respite brings,  
And his wife's toil is done,  
Though told to get a hundred things,  
He hums a gaiter tune.

## John Brisben, Nobleman.

Colonel George W. Symonds in the Detroit Free Press, says the governor pardoned John Brisben a penitentiary convict—his wife was called—Joan Bourdon. For fifteen years for forgery and had ten years yet to serve. Our readers are familiar with the history of the case, and the humane action of his excellency will be generally commended. —*Frankfort (Ky.) Freeman.*

I read this little paragraph, and my mind went back six years. I knew John Brisben, and I knew his twin brother Joseph. I was familiar with the details of the action that placed him in a felon's cell, and now when the sad affair is brought back to my mind so vividly I must write it out, for never before have I met, in prose or poetry, in real life or in romance, a greater hero than plain, myrrer-of-fact John Brisben.

The Brisbens came of good stock. I think the great grandfather of my hero emigrated to Kentucky when Kenton's station, between the present city of Maysville and the historic old town of Washington, was the principal settlement on the "dark and bloody ground." He came from upper Pennsylvania and located about five miles from the Ohio river, on Limestone creek. He was an industrious, strong-limbed, iron-hearted old fellow, and in a few years his surroundings were of the most comfortable description. One of his sons, Edwin Brisben, once represented Kentucky in the federal congress. I think he was the grandfather of John. I think he was the grandfather of John. I think he was the grandfather of John.

John Brisben placed his name to a check payable to the order of his brother, and Joseph entered into business again. In two years he was a bankrupt.

"I shall never succeed in business, Jack," he said. "Help me out of this trouble, and I will live with you on the farm. I shall succeed as a farmer."

It took all of John Brisben's head to pay his brother's debts, but he made no complaint, uttered no reproach. He said: "I am glad you are coming back to the farm, John. You need not do any work, and we shall be very happy together."

So Joseph took up his residence on the farm, and remembering his brother's words, devoted his time principally to hunting, fishing and riding about the country.

In the meantime, John Brisben had fallen in love, and the daughter of a neighboring farmer, Compton by name, was his promised wife. Being a man of strict honor himself, and having full confidence in his brother, he did not object when Joseph began to pay his advanced very marked attention.

"I am glad he likes her," he thought. "I am so busy on the farm, that I have little time for pleasure, and Alice is so fond of amusement."

One night Joseph came to him just as the shadows of the evening were beginning to fall. There was a triumphant ring in his voice as he spoke.

"Jack, old boy," he said, holding out his hand, "congratulate me. I think that from to-day I can date the beginning of a new life. Alice Compton has promised to be my wife."

He was too much engrossed with his new happiness to see the effect of this announcement as portrayed on John's face he did not notice how the strong man's hand trembled in his own.

"Is it true, fathered John at last," "Why, of course it is. Are you not glad? We love each other, and shall be very happy."

"We love each other and shall be very happy," repeated John mechanically, and all the sunshine of his life went behind the heavy clouds of despair. "Yes, Jodie, I am glad, and I wish you long years of happiness."

He turned away, and staggered, never to be seen again.

"You can take the farm, Jack," he said. "I was never out for a farm. I'll give you \$75,000 in money for my share."

So this sort of a division was made. John continued on at the homestead, working in his plain, methodical way, and slowly adding to his share of the money what he could raise out of the profits of the farm. Joseph, with his newly acquired wealth, set up an establishment at the nearest town, and began a life of pleasure of the grosser sort. His brother gave him no advice for he knew it would be useless. Joseph spent his money with great prodigality, and before he knew it he was a beggar. In the meantime, John's \$25,000 had doubled itself. One day Joseph came to him with a full confession of his pecuniary troubles.

"Jack," he said, "I am not only a beggar, but I am heavily in debt. Help me out, like a good fellow, and I will settle down and begin life in sober earnest. With my capacity for business, I can soon make enough to repay you. I have sown my wild oats, and with a little help I can soon recover all that I have squandered so foolishly."

For an answer, John placed his name to an order for the \$25,000 he had earned so laboriously.

"Will that be enough, Jodie," he asked, "because I have as much more, which you can have if it is a cessary."

"This will be sufficient, old fellow," was the reply. "In two years I will pay it back."

He went back to town, drew his money, paid his debts, sold some of his horses, and discharged several of his servants. Twenty thousands dollars was left out of the loan. He lived which was in progress. The check was for \$2500, I think. Before daylight next morning, Joseph Brisben had lost every dollar of it. To drown his chagrin, he became beastly drunk, and while in this condition an officer arrived and apprehended him for forgery and uttering a forged check.

The prisoner was confined in jail, and word of his disgrace sent to John Brisben. The latter read the message and a mist came over his eyes. He groaned audibly, and but for a strong effort of the will, would have fallen to the floor, so weak was he by the terrible shock.

"He must not know it," he said to himself, and he made instant preparations to visit his brother. When he reached the jail he was admitted to the cell of the wretched criminal. The eldest eleven and the youngest three years old, are all professional beggars. They were kept in some of the denials the stratus of the feminine wearer hair-dressing in Japan tells of the lady's condition. There, a girl, at the age of nine wears her hair tied up in a red scarf, the forehead being left bare, with the exception of a couple of locks, one on each side. When she is of marriageable age she combs her hair forward, makes it up in the shape of a butterfly or fan and decorates it with silver cord and balls. A widow who wishes for a second husband twists her hair around a tortoise-shell pin while an inconsolable widow cuts her hair short. These last are said to be rare.

—Miss Middy Morgan, the live-stock reporter of the New York Times, happened to be left in charge of a cottage in New Jersey village, where she was visiting, a few days ago. To her appeared two villainous-looking tramps. "Well, have you anything for us, old woman?" asked one of the fellows. "Oh, yes," was the answer; "just wait and I'll bring it down."

Miss Morgan went quickly up stairs, and in half a minute returned with a seven-shooter firmly gripped in her right hand. "This is what I have for you," said she. "How do you like it?" The tramps did not wait to answer the question; but got out as fast as their legs could carry them.

A DELICIOUS cake is made by beating five eggs very light; beat the whites and yolks separately, and if the yolks are at all lumpy strain them. Beat three cups of powdered sugar and one cup of butter to a cream; add one cup of sweet milk, four cups of sifted flour, in which you have mixed one teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, and the juice and the grated rind of one lemon. Put the whites of the eggs in last. Bake in a moderate oven in one large, round loaf, or in two long narrow tins.

—The New York Herald says: "The feet and legs of horses require more care than the rest of the body. They must not be allowed to stand in filth and moisture, and in grooming a horse the feet and legs must be as thoroughly brushed and cleaned as a coat."

—Evening dresses are made with an ample amount of recalling the days of crinolines. Happily, the fullness established by French decree is confined falling straight enough. Some of the newest white skirts to be worn next the dress have a single embroidered dounce going all the way around the foot of the skirt, but in the back they are flounced nearly to the waist, each ruffle being starched very stiff when laundered.

—Amber is a very fashionable color, and one of the most beautiful importations from Worth is an amber satin reception costume. The court train opens over a petticoat of ruby velvet covered with very deep amber lace flowers. The bodies are pointed and sleeveless, and is trimmed with a magnificent embroidery of gold, ruby and amber beads, which glisten like gems in the daylight, this embroidery being a fall of amber lace. The effect of this dress is beautiful beyond description.

—Daring dresses, of which so many hanging marvels silk forms a competent part, are sometimes arranged with a graceful drapery of the silk crossing the bodice diagonally from shoulder to waist, and then forming a panier, while at the other side a lighter material, like tulle or gauze broche, is draped panier-wise over the surah. Other a garland of field flowers borders the edge of the tulle panier. It is not easy to describe this new and pretty style, which is remarkably effective.

—Brocade embroidery is very effective, and is made by outlining the various flowers or geometrical designs woven into brocade materials. The patterns are first outlined in stem-stitch, or a double piece of wool or silk is couched along the chief edges of the design. Sometimes a better effect is produced by covering the whole of the brocade design and leaving only the foundation material visible. When so treated, long or satin-stitch is used, as in satin-stitch embroidery, and when well executed in judicious colors the effect is extremely good.

## Men's Wear.

In apparel for gentlemen a more staid and conservative feeling is springing up, and, though no radical change will be made, trousers will not be so tight, coats not so long or so pointed in the tails, and patterns for waistcoats and trousers not so pronounced. The regular English fashion of wearing coat and waistcoat of one kind of goods and trousers of another will prevail to a large extent. It is a sensible fashion too, for a coat and waistcoat will outlast two or three pairs of trousers. Frock coats, generally known as Prince Alberts, will be extensively worn and divide the honors with four-button cutaway sack coats having gone entirely out of fashion, except for country, tennis and clearly informal occasions.

As to the materials to be worn, importations have not yet reached us. Judging by the samples, however, dark small checks and overchecks, varying shades of oak-screens, and fine, dark broads, with small, closely discernible spots of white or gray, will be mostly sought after. Looking farther ahead to the winter, trices will be the most fashionable material for overcoats, which will be cut as frock coats or double-breasted sacks.

It is a fact worthy of notice that the only article of men's dress in the fashioning of which the wearer's taste plays no part is the hat. The styles of hats are due altogether to the taste and fancy of the manufacturer, so that twenty-four hours before the new style displayed in the hatter's window no one but the "finisher" knows what shape it will assume. According to Mr. Dunlap, therefore, it is impossible now to give an idea of what expanse of curling finger or curve of the bell-crown will adorn the heads of our gilded youth when they drive their droll carts in the Park in a few weeks. Shoes will follow the fashion of the cloth clothes and be less pointed than heretofore. They will be made as plain and simple as possible, with patent-leather vamps and kid or buckram silk uppers, laced in front. Collars will still be high "fall-rounders," and the neckties will be quiet silk checks tied in a "salotti's" knot, with no pin of any sort or description.

—Joseph Brisben remained at the farm, but he was a changed man. From the day of his release from jail, down to the time of his death, he was never known to touch a card, and a drop of liquor never passed his lips. Last April he died, and his confession, duly sworn to before a justice of the peace, was made public after his burial. In substance, it was this. That he was guilty for the forgery for which his brother was suffering a long imprisonment.

"It was my brother's wish, not mine," reads the document. "He insisted that he who had no ties of blood or marriage, could better suffer the punishment and disgrace than I, who had dependent on me large family."

—Noble John Brisben! Of such stuff are heroes made. —*American Rural Home.*

I know a woman wonderful fair—  
A model woman she—  
Who never runs her neighbors down  
When she goes out to tea.  
She never goes to church  
Of dresses or of hats.  
She never meets the sewing school  
And joins them in their spots.

She never beats a sash down,  
Nor asks for pretty things;  
She never asks the thousand things  
Which do his patience try.  
These statements may seem very strange  
At least they may to some;  
But just remember this, my friends,  
The woman's best and dumb.

—A Montreal girl turned in and whipped a tailor who only paid her 40 cents for making a coat, the agreed price being \$2.50, and heartless magistrate fined her 20 cents and remitted the costs.

—The first person appointed to office under the new civil service rules was Mary F. Hoyt, of Connecticut. She scored 88.66 out of a possible 100 points in her examination. She gets a clerkship in the treasury department.

—Dr. Holmes thus stands up for the women: "There is no such thing as a female punster. I never knew nor heard of one, though I have once or twice heard a woman make a single detached pun, as I have known a hen to crow."

—A Philadelphia woman who was arrested a short time ago for begging on the streets was found to live in a handsome and elegantly furnished house. She set a fine table, owned a carriage, and, except when begging, wore very fine clothes. Her four children, the eldest eleven and the youngest three years old, are all professional beggars. They were kept in some of the denials the stratus of the feminine wearer hair-dressing in Japan tells of the lady's condition. There, a girl, at the age of nine wears her hair tied up in a red scarf, the forehead being left bare, with the exception of a couple of locks, one on each side. When she is of marriageable age she combs her hair forward, makes it up in the shape of a butterfly or fan and decorates it with silver cord and balls. A widow who wishes for a second husband twists her hair around a tortoise-shell pin while an inconsolable widow cuts her hair short. These last are said to be rare.

—Miss Middy Morgan, the live-stock reporter of the New York Times, happened to be left in charge of a cottage in New Jersey village, where she was visiting, a few days ago. To her appeared two villainous-looking tramps. "Well, have you anything for us, old woman?" asked one of the fellows. "Oh, yes," was the answer; "just wait and I'll bring it down."

Miss Morgan went quickly up stairs, and in half a minute returned with a seven-shooter firmly gripped in her right hand. "This is what I have for you," said she. "How do you like it?" The tramps did not wait to answer the question; but got out as fast as their legs could carry them.

A DELICIOUS cake is made by beating five eggs very light; beat the whites and yolks separately, and if the yolks are at all lumpy strain them. Beat three cups of powdered sugar and one



# Use the "Painter's Delight"



Manufactured by  
**John T. French**  
AT THE

**Hammonton Paint Works,**

Made from Strictly Pure Materials, and  
Guaranteed the Best Paint now sold.

Send for Sample Card and Circular

**M. L. JACKSON**  
IS SELLING



CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

**ALSO, VEGETABLES IN SEASON.**

Our Wagon Runs through Town every Wednesday and Saturday

# COAL! COAL!

All wanting coal will find it to their interest to order early, as coal mined in warm weather is better prepared than it possibly can be in cold weather. September is the best month to purchase your coal.

Please understand that I am not to be undersold. The best of coal will be furnished at short notice, and at the lowest cash prices. Orders by mail, or left at Anderson's Feed Store, will receive prompt attention.

Hammonton, N. J., Aug. 15, 1883. — **JOHN SCULLIN.**

# GEORGE ELVINS

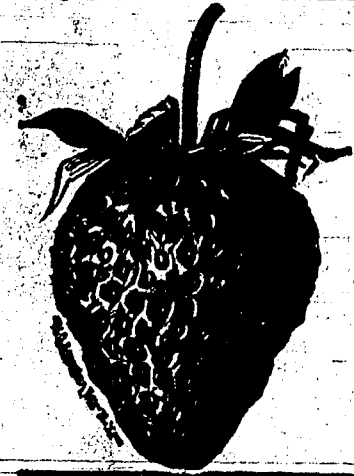
DEALER IN

**Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes**

**Flour, Feed, Fertilizers,**

**Agricultural Implements, etc., etc.**

N. B.—Superior Family Flour a Specialty.



# The Atlantic Strawberry

Was originated here  
And has proved to be exactly adapted to our soil, and it will bring in more than twice as much money per acre as the Wilson. No small-fruit grower can afford to be without it. Send for circular.

**Wm. F. BASSETT,**  
Hammonton, N. J.

# A Few Facts Concerning the 4 C's, or TRENTON Business College.

It has the most practical and complete course of study. It omits nothing necessary to a thorough business education, yet can be accomplished in a remarkably short space of time. It has novel and original methods of teaching, which are attended by astonishing results. The student is interested from the start, and never fails to make satisfactory progress. It has the largest and best appointed rooms, the most expensive and perfect appliances. It employs the best teachers, and pays the most liberal salaries. In fact, it is the liveliest, most thorough and complete institution in the country. It has been established 18 years, and sent out thousands of young men and women whose success attests its efficiency. It is a member of the Bryant & Stratton Chain of Colleges, or I. B. C. A., with reciprocal of scholarships, etc., all the advantages of intercommunication so indispensable to a course of modern business training. No person contemplating a course at a Business College, or desiring a practical education, can afford to decide upon a school without inspecting the claims of this. For accommodations for ladies. Session begins September 3d. Send for descriptive Catalogue and College Application to **J. RIDGE, Principal O. C. C. C., Trenton, N. J.**

# How Many Miles Do You Drive?

# THE ODOMETER

WILL TELL.

This instrument is no larger than a watch. It tells the exact number of miles driven to the 1-100th part of a mile; counts up to 1,000 miles; water and dust tight; always in order; saves horses from being over-driven; is easily attached to the wheel of a Buggy, Carriage, Sulky, Wagon, Road Cart, Sulky, Plow, Reaper, Mower, or other Vehicle. Invaluable to Livestockmen, Pleasure Drivers, Physicians, Farmers, Draymen, Expressmen, Stage Owners, etc. Price only \$5 each. One-third the price of any other Odometer. When ordering give diameter of the wheel. Sent by mail on receipt of price, post paid. Address **McDONNELL ODOMETER CO., 2 North La Salle St., Chicago.** Send for Circular.

# GARDNER & SHINN, INSURANCE AGENTS

**ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,**  
References: Policy holders in the Atlantic City Press.



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

# Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"78 E. 54th St., New York, May 18, 1882. Messrs. J. C. Ayer & Co., Gentlemen: Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred percent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good. Yours respectfully, **Z. P. Wilds.**"

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

# Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

PREPARED BY **Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.** Sold by all Druggists; price \$1, six bottles for \$5.

**AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.**  
Best Purgative Medicine  
cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Bilious Disorders.  
Sold everywhere. Always reliable.



# MRS. VAN BUREN'S LADIES' TONIC.

The Great Female Remedy.

The Favorite Prescription of the Women's Medical Institute, BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.

For Leucorrhoea, or Whites; Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb; Prolapse or Falling of the Womb; Irregularities, Flooding, Sick Headache, Kidney Complaints, Nervousness, Painful and Irregular Menstruation and Amenorrhoea. For nursing labor easy, as a tonic for mothers when nursing children, or through change of life, this preparation has NO EQUAL in the WORLD. If you have tried other remedies without success, do not be discouraged, but give "Ladies' Tonic" a single trial. It never fails to give quick and permanent relief. If you are troubled with any weakness or complaint common to our sex by advice the doctor's prescription for once, and try "Ladies' Tonic," which we guarantee will positively cure you. \$5.00 will be given for any case of Female Weakness or Inability which "Ladies' Tonic" will not cure. This is a bona fide offer, made by responsible ladies, who know from experience what "Ladies' Tonic" can do. Sold by Druggists. PRICE, \$1.00.

The Women's Medical Institute is an association of prominent Lady Physicians, who have succeeded in treating of the diseases common to their sex, for years. We are Mothers and Daughters, and can advise concerning their health and diseases by mail, free by sending symptoms and description of disease. Send two three-cent stamps for our pamphlet. Write to: **Women's Medical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.** (Address this paper.)

# Camden & Atlantic Railroad

October 1st, 1883.

## UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac.	Exp.	Mail	Su. Ac.	Su. Ac.
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Philadelphia	9 20	9 35	5 50	10 20	6 25
Camden	9 13	9 33	5 40	10 15	6 20
Feuna R.R. Junction	9 08	9 28	5 31	10 10	6 15
Haddonfield	8 51	9 11	5 14	9 50	6 03
Berlin	8 30	8 50	5 02	9 38	5 51
Alco	8 28	8 48	4 52	9 36	5 49
Winlow	8 18	8 38	4 44	9 26	5 39
Wilmington	8 07	8 27	4 34	9 15	5 28
Hammonton	7 55	8 15	4 22	9 03	5 16
Elwood	7 47	8 07	4 13	8 55	5 08
Egg Harbor City	7 39	7 59	4 03	8 45	4 59
Absecon	7 30	7 50	3 55	8 35	4 50
Atlantic City	7 05	7 25	3 30	8 10	4 25

## DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac.	Mail	Exp.	Su. Ac.	Su. Ac.
	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Philadelphia	4 30	8 00	3 30	8 10	4 00
Camden	4 40	8 10	3 40	8 20	4 10
Feuna R.R. Junction	4 56	8 26	3 56	8 36	4 26
Haddonfield	5 18	8 48	4 18	8 58	4 48
Berlin	5 30	9 00	4 30	9 10	5 00
Alco	5 33	9 03	4 33	9 13	5 03
Winlow	5 43	9 13	4 43	9 23	5 13
Hammonton	5 49	9 19	4 49	9 29	5 19
Elwood	5 53	9 23	4 53	9 33	5 23
Egg Harbor City	6 01	9 31	5 01	9 41	5 31
Absecon	6 10	9 40	5 10	9 50	5 40
Atlantic City	6 30	10 00	5 30	10 10	5 60

# Camden & Atlantic Railroad

On and after October 1, 1883.

Trains will leave as follows for ATLANTIC, From Vine and Shackamaxon St. Ferries, Express on week-days, 3.30 p.m. Accommodation Train will leave above ferries week-days at 8.00 am and 4.30 pm, and Sunday at 8.00 am and 4.00 pm. Parlor Cars attached to all express trains.

## LOCAL TRAINS.

For Haddonfield from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 7.30, 8.00, 10.00 and 11.00 am, 12 m., 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 6.30 p.m.  
From Vine St. only, 7.30, 9.00, 10.30 p.m.  
Sunday trains leave both ferries at 8 a.m. and 4.00 pm  
From Pennsylvania Railroad Station, foot of Market St., 7.30 am, 3.00, 5.00 and 11.30 pm week-days. Sunday, 9.30 am, 5.30 pm.  
For Alco, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8.00 am, and 12.00 noon, 4.30, 6.00 pm. Sunday, 8.00 am, 4.00 pm. From foot of Market St. on week-days, 11.30 pm.  
For Hammonton, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8.00 am, 3.30, 4.30, 6.00 pm. Sunday, 8.00 am, 4.00 pm. Saturday only, from foot of Market St., 11.30 pm.  
For Marlton, Medford, Mt. Holly and intermediate stations, leave foot of Market Street, week-days, 7.30 am, 3.00 and 5.00 pm. Sunday, 9.30 am, 5.30 pm. From Vine St. and Shackamaxon ferries, 10.00 am. week-days.  
For Wilmington, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8.00 am, 12.00 m., and 4.30 pm.  
**W. N. BARNARD,** Superintendent. **J. B. WOOD,** Gen. Pass. Agt.

Leave all orders for Printing of any kind at the "South Jersey Republican" office.

# ESTABLISHED 1 HOWARD A. SNOW,

Washington, D. C.

# AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS,

Successors to GILMORE, SMITH & Co., and CHAPMAN, HOSMER & Co.

Patents procured upon the same plan which was originated and successfully practiced by the above-named firm. Pamphlet of sixty pages sent upon receipt of stamp.

# MILLVILLE MUTUAL

# Marine & Fire Ins. Co.

This Company have disposed entirely of all its STOCK PLAN BUSINESS, and having been RE-ORGANIZED, has decided to in the future do a

Strictly Mutual Home Business. Having succeeded in paying ALL ITS LIABILITIES, and securing a

Actual Net Available Surplus of Over \$30,000,

the Directors feel that they can offer to all who desire insurance not only as LOW RATES and UNQUESTIONABLE SECURITY, but much greater probability of immunity from assessment for years to come, than other Companies, since this surplus is large enough to pay all probable losses on the policies now in force, until their expiration, without any dependence on receipts from new business—a condition of things that can be shown by but very few companies in the State. The present Directors pledge to the Policy Holder, an

# ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT

and a Careful Supervision of the business and will continue in the future, as in the past, to act on the principle of

# PROMPT PAYMENT OF HONEST LOSSES

without seeking to EVADE them on technical grounds.

Hereafter, no notes will be subject to assessment, until they are a year old.

We would call especial attention to our

Marine Department, our LOW RATES and FAVORABLE FORM OF POLICIES.

Any information cheerfully given by the Officer of the Company or its Agents, **F. L. MURFORD, Pres.** **R. J. HOWELL, Sec'y.**

# Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Monday, October 1st, 1883.

## DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac.	Exp.	Mail	Su. Ac.	Su. Ac.
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Philadelphia	8 00	8 00	4 00	8 00	4 00
Camden	8 45	8 45	4 25	8 25	4 25
Oakland Junction	8 57	8 57	4 32	8 32	4 32
Williamstown Junction	9 08	9 08	4 38	8 43	4 38
Cedar Brook	9 18	9 18	4 44	8 53	4 44
Winlow	9 31	9 31	4 52	9 06	4 52
Hammonton	9 42	9 42	5 04	9 17	5 04
De Costa	9 53	9 53	5 15	9 28	5 15
Elwood	10 04	10 04	5 26	9 39	5 26
Egg Harbor City	10 15	10 15	5 37	9 50	5 37
Absecon	10 26	10 26	5 48	10 01	5 48
Atlantic City	10 37	10 37	5 59	10 12	5 59

## UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac.	Exp.	Mail	Su. Ac.	Su. Ac.
	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Atlantic City	6 00	10 40	3 40	6 00	10 40
Pleasantville	6 16	11 10	4 20	6 16	11 10
Egg Harbor	6 35	11 47	4 43	6 35	11 47
Elwood	6 45	12 16	4 53	6 45	12 16
Hammonton	6 53	12 26	5 01	6 53	12 26
Winlow	7 02	12 35	5 10	7 02	12 35
Cedar Brook	7 11	12 44	5 19	7 11	12 44
Williamstown Junction	7 22	1 16	5 27	7 22	1 16
Oakland	7 35	1 26	5 33	7 35	1 26
Camden	7 48	1 38	5 46	7 48	1 38
Philadelphia	8 05	2 40	6 15	8 05	2 40

The Express leaves foot of Walnut St., Philadelphia, at 4.00 P. M., reaches Hammonton at 5.45, Pleasantville at 5.47, Atlantic City at 6.00. Going up, leaves Atlantic at 7.30 A. M., Pleasantville at 7.44, Elwood 8.13, Hammonton 8.23, reaches Philadelphia at 9.30.

# HELP

Yourselves by making money when golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain poverty. We want many more young boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. The business will be more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information, and all that is needed sent free. Address **BROWN & CO., Portland, Maine.**

# AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dizziness, and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy. The extensive use of these PILLS by eminent physicians in regular practice, shows unmistakably the estimation in which they are held by the medical profession.

These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient.

A sufferer from Headache writes: "AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companions. I have been a severe sufferer from Headache, and your PILLS are the only thing I could look to for relief. One dose will quickly remove my bowels and free my head from pain. They are the most effective and the easiest to take I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers."

**W. L. PAGE, of W. L. Page & Bro.,**

Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 3, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S PILLS in numerous instances as recommended by you, and have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result. We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. FOR DYSPEPSIA they are invaluable."

**J. T. HAYES.**

Mexico, Texas, June 17, 1882.

The Rev. FRANCIS B. HARLOWE, writing from Atlanta, Ga., says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the constive habit, and have vastly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

PREPARED BY **Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.** Sold by all Druggists.

YOUNG, OLD, AND MIDDLE-AGED. All experience the wonderful beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Children with Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, or any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use. Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. \$10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Made new workmen wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work will make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will a short road to fortune. Address, **H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.**



# HAPPY BABY SOOTHING SYRUP

150,137 Bottles Used

by the mothers of the United States during the last six months. The "Happy Baby" is a truly soothing syrup in the world which contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and can be used by mothers with perfect safety for children when "Coughing, Croup, Whooping Cough, Diarrhoea, Teething, &c." It quiets the nervous and gives the child that precious sleep every day that can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will a short road to fortune. Address, **H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.**