

South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

Vol. 19, No. 44.

Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, October 29, 1881.

Five Cents per Copy

THE LADIES' STORE OF HAMMONTON. TOMLIN & SMITH'S, Corner of Bellevue & Horton St.

Hamburg Embroideries, Laces, White Goods, Fancy Articles, Toys, and MILLINERY GOODS. Ladies' Furnishing Goods a Specialty. Demorest's Spring Fashions have been received.

GEO. S. WOODHULL, JNO. T. WOODHULL, (Late Justice Supreme Court, N. J.)
GEO. S. WOODHULL & SON,
LAW OFFICES,
S. W. Cor. Front and Market Streets, CAMDEN, N. J.
Second and 2, TAYLOR BUILDING.

HAMMONTON BAKERY

Where may be found the BEST ASSORTMENT of Choice Confections in Atlantic county. Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Nuts of all kinds, choice eating Apples, Messina Oranges and Lemons, Figs, Dates, and Cocoanuts; Coles & Harker's Caramels of a dozen different varieties, Cough Lozenges, Mixtures, Imperials, Candy Toys, Molasses Candy, etc. Also, Bread, Cakes, Pies, Cullers, etc. Thankful for past favors a continuance to respectfully solicited.
WM. D. PACKER.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND FINE-TONED A.B. Chase Organ

All recent Improvements. Beautiful Cases. Tone Quality Unexcelled. A No. 1 instrument in all respects. Workmanship the very best throughout. Mouse and Moth proof. Music receptacles close to exclude dust. Having, we believe, more good qualities combined than any other first-class organ in the market.

Mason & Hamlin ORGAN

Too well known to need recommendation.

Acme Organ Speaks for Itself.

I buy for net cash, in lots, direct from the manufacturers, and at the lowest possible figures, and shall sell ONLY THE VERY BEST and most reliable instruments in the market, Your Patronage Solicited.
We Study to Please.
Terms, Cash or Easy Payments.

Elmer Stockwell,
HAMMONTON, N. J.
J. BURGESS, Agent.

ONLY \$20
for this style of PHILADELPHIA RANGE. Equal to any boiler in the market. No chimney, no draft, no smoke, no gas, no danger. It is the same as the one sold by the Philadelphia Water Works Co. for \$50. All Machines warranted for 2 years. Send for Illustrated Circular and Testimonials. Address
CHARLES A. WOOD & CO.,
111 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WEEP NOT.

Dear parents, do not weep
For Willie, in his infant charms,
Safe folded in the Saviour's arms,
Now rests in quiet sleep.

Weep not! that infant form
Is not your Willie dear, 'tis clay.
From pain and death he's passed a way
To that "Sweet Life" beyond.

With angels' tender care,
His little feet will learn to tread
The land of flowers which ever shed
Their sweetest fragrance there.

Grieve not for Willie dear,
Though sad and lone the heart within.
He never will tread the path of sin.
It cannot enter there.

Your precious bud will bloom
Mid songs of joy in angel spheres.
May you with him, from toil and tears,
Dwell in that "Home, sweet home."

The above lines are inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. John Carver, in memory of their infant son, Willie, who passed from their tender care to a higher life on the 21st inst., aged eight months.
By LUCY E. LIEBER.
ELWOOD, N. J., Oct. 26th, 1881.

What Folks Think.

As the supporters of the Independent ticket—so called—are backing Mr. Collins for Sheriff, mainly on the ground of his persistent efforts made a few years ago to have an investigation into the affairs of Sheriff Adams, it is time for the voters of Atlantic County to understand that there was no investigation, for the reason, there was nothing to investigate. This Mr. Collins knows as well as any body else. But, having elevated his back because he had a few cents more to pay in costs than he thought he ought to have paid, he was determined to get those few cents or ruin Mr. Adams' reputation as a man and as an officer of the county. The matter was brought before the Freeholders, and Mr. Adams was exonerated. It was also presented to eminent counsel, who informed the Sheriff that he was justified in withholding all fees or moneys, until proper vouchers were presented. There was money due somebody, but not Mr. Collins, which was overlooked by Mr. Izard, the Collector and Treasurer of the County, but which was corrected as soon as detected, and made right. About this matter Mr. Collins has been a chronic scolder and fault-finder, leaving nothing undone, that he could do, to bring Mr. Adams into disrepute, and at the same time making a bid for nomination for Sheriff, after which he has painted as "the hart panteth after the water brooks." He wanted, and still wants to show Atlantic County that he can do honestly in the Sheriff's office, and make money. About ninety-nine times in a hundred, such men, so loud mouthed in proclaiming their own honesty, are the last men to be trusted. And in order to get the position to seek it at the hands of a party with whom they never fraternized, but opposed, looks very much as though there was a large woolley head in the wood pile. For his reason every true Republican should vote for Westcott, for Sheriff.

Mr. Adams stands to-day, vindicated, both by the Board of Freeholders and by the Court. Then why harp on his case. Mr. Adams is not a candidate for Sheriff. Neither is Mr. Westcott a candidate made by Mr. Adams. He had nothing whatever to do with his being made a candidate. Yet the advocates of the cross-breed ticket, must wiggle all around the sap bush to hit Mr. Adams, to show what an excellent man Mr. Collins is to look after the interests of the County. Tuppenny-ha'penny men are not the men for public positions, and such a man for Sheriff would be a public nuisance. This is another reason why you should vote for Westcott.

Mr. Collins may be a good temperance man, and all that; but what of it, if he is nominated by a party whose known pretensions and professions are as far from temperance as the north from the south pole? Is it possible that any Republican can be caught by such chaff? It is like the devil transforming his satanic majesty into an angel of light; and from all such the Republican should say, "good Lord deliver us." On merit, alone, so far as political or temperance principles are

concerned, Mr. Westcott stands head and shoulders above his competitors. He has never forsaken his party to run after shadows. He has never denounced his betters as dishonest because he couldn't be the great "I am." He has never labeled himself as the honest man of Atlantic County, the concentrated essence of honesty, nor "I am better than thou." A man who thus proclaims himself should be given a wide berth. See to it, Republicans, that you vote for no such man, but vote straight for Simon Westcott, the Republican candidate for Sheriff, and no mongrel. Mr. Westcott has proven over and over again, that he is an honest man, a true man, a Simon pure Republican, and doesn't want to be saved or lost by clinging to the skirts of Mr. Adams. "Be just and fear not." Be true to Republican principles, those principles that have done more good for the whole country than was ever dreamed of by Democratic, Greenback, or any other party, or party mongrel. Vote for the Republican candidate for Sheriff, as every candidate on the ticket is as a stone in the Republican fabric, which is, and has been, the chief support and mainstay of this great Republic. Think well, Republicans, before you vote for a man who has left his party for his party's good.
PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Collins vs. Adams.

Mr. Collins, who has for so long a time persisted in bringing the name of ex-Sheriff Adams before the public as a defrauder of the County money, is now a candidate on a mongrel ticket for Sheriff. His nomination has renewed the slander, and the question is asked by Mr. Collins' friends—If the accusations or charges are not true, why does not Mr. Adams answer the charges and refute the statements? There are good reasons why, which any man who has been in public service will readily understand. In the first place, his many friends advised him to take no notice of these charges, but to treat them with silent contempt, which he has done, as all know, and which is often the best way. His counsellors were the best the State could afford, and they advised him what to do. He has never denied that he held a few dollars as witness fees that belong to somebody; and the question might arise why he has never paid it over. He was advised by his counsel to hold the money until proper vouchers are presented, which vouchers have not yet been presented. Mr. Adams defies his accusers to point to one penny wrongfully or fraudulently obtained or retained from the funds of the County; and they dare not, in public print or otherwise, publish such charges. If Mr. Collins, or any other man, has a claim for witness fees, why don't he present the proper vouchers and get his money—which has been ready this long time—and stop his skandering tongue?

In regard to the thirty dollars which has troubled Mr. Collins so much and so long, Mr. Adams' friends understand about that matter also. It was not paid at the time, as the party did not have sufficient funds to pay fines and costs until after that term of Court was over, and the Collector had it entered on his book as a charge against the Sheriff, to be paid at the next term of Court; but it was forgotten by both Sheriff and Collector in their settlement, and remained unpaid until the Collector happened to remember it and called the Sheriff's attention to it, when he promptly paid it. Even had it not been forgotten, no great crime is shown, for the law fixes no stated time when fines shall be paid by the Sheriff. But Mr. Adams was always prompt in paying in all moneys due the County, as was well known, or his bondsmen would not have been so ready to stand by him through his five years' service. They will still stand by him, if needs be, for they are well assured that he did his duty nobly and manfully at all times and under all circumstances. Mr. Sharp, the present Prosecutor, and other lawyers, have been heard to say that Mr. Adams was a good and competent officer.

It is pretty generally understood by prominent men of both parties what all this harangue means; but instead of injuring the ex-Sheriff or his party, it has made him friends and swelled his party vote.

Mr. Collins speaks about rings. I know of no more well-defined ring in the County than the one he belongs to. In his letter, Mr. Collins says: "Let the past be forgotten, so far as certain investigations are concerned." He might have said that some time ago, for the Board of Freeholders have known all the while that there was no truth in these accusations, and they were men of ability and good judgment, with few exceptions. It must be remembered that Mr. Adams asked for an investigation, but the Board knew of nothing to investigate, much to Mr. Collins' chagrin.
ONE WHO KNOWS.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only; very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging.

Elegant BOX - Paper - BOX

A Good Assortment.

Can give you any price you want.

Autograph Albums.

Very fine for price—
From seven cents up.

The world-renowned

Arnold's Ink

From bottles at five cents
To quarts at sixty cents.

Besides these, we keep

Combs, Brushes,
Toilet Waters, Extracts,
Soaps—Castile and others

Almost everything in our line you will find us well stocked with. We'll treat you well, and guarantee our stock to be of the very best quality.

Very Respectfully,

A. W. COCHRAN,

DRUGGIST. : HAMMONTON

"Superb" Flavoring Extracts.

85 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. Many new workers 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 find a short road to fortune. Address, H. HALLITT & Co., Portland Maine.

Jos. H. Shinn.
INSURANCE AGENT
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
References: Policy holders
in the Atlantic City
Press.

SALE FOR TAXES.

Town of Hammonton.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a warrant issued by N. Hartwell, Esq., to make the taxes laid on unimproved and unencumbered lands, and on lands, tenanted by persons, not the lawful proprietors, who are unable to pay their tax, in the town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic, the Collector of said town will, on the 25th of October next, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., at the office of the Town Clerk, sell the timber, wood, herbage and other vendible property found on the premises, taxed to the undernamed persons, to make the taxes and costs annexed to their respective names.

The Taxes in each case will be \$5.00.

NAMES.	Block.	Lot.	Acres.	Tax.
Abbott, John	18	3	16	1.05
Bailey, Wm. T.	8	15	18	10.00
Bassett, J. M.	1	59	30	.68
Clement, Samuel	17	—	23	1.80
Cochran, Benjamin	9	37	10	1.95
"	19	24	20	2.70
Evans, David	17	—	6	1.11
Gleason, Estate	13	Part of 65	2	.50
Godfrey, Charles	1	7	20	1.35
Henzey, Catharine	1	13 17	29 40	3.38
Holden, Eli Estate	2	70	60	2.70
House, Wm. A.	19	14	10	.68
Jones, Evan E.	11	10	10	.68
McCombs, Edward	13	21	5	.68
Miller, Abraham	5	7	21	1.35
Miller, G. F. Estate	1	29	27	3.38
"	—	22 1/2	8	.68
Mynell Cranberry Co.	14	32 23 36	50	2.70
Owner Unknown	10	31	2	.68
Palmer, Josephine	14	23	10	1.50
Peterson, C. W.	15	25	10	.45
Reeves, William	6	Part of 11	2	.45
Smickley, Charles	3	68	3	.45
Walker, Mrs.	1	41	20	.60
Wharton, James	16	2	16	.68
Wilson, Gen. J. W.	6	12	15	.90
Vineyard Cranberry Co	19	33	100	6.70

LEWIS HOYT,
Collector.

Dated September 24th, 1881.

ADJOURNED.

The above sale is adjourned to Tuesday, November 1st, 1881 same place and hour.
LEWIS HOYT,
Collector.

Camden & Atlantic R. R.

DOWN TRAINS.									
Stations.	H. A.	A. A.	M.	P.	S. A.	A. M.	F.	S. A.	A. M.
Philadelphia	6:00	—	8:00	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cooper's Point	5:12	—	8:16	—	—	—	—	—	—
Penn. R. R. June	6:18	—	8:15	—	—	—	—	—	—
Pa. R. R. field	6:35	—	8:22	—	—	—	—	—	—
Abland	6:41	—	8:32	—	—	—	—	—	—
Kirkwood	6:50	—	8:37	—	—	—	—	—	—
Berlin	7:05	—	8:48	—	—	—	—	—	—
Arcos	7:13	—	8:53	—	—	—	—	—	—
Waterford	7:21	—	9:05	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ancora	7:29	—	9:11	—	—	—	—	—	—
Winslow June	7:35	—	9:17	—	—	—	—	—	—
Hammonton	7:41	—	9:23	—	—	—	—	—	—
Da Costa	—	6:05	9:38	—	—	—	—	—	—
Elwood	—	6:11	9:36	—	—	—	—	—	—
Egg Harbor	—	6:21	9:44	—	—	—	—	—	—
Pomona	—	6:3	9:47	—	—	—	—	—	—
Absecon	—	6:4	10:05	—	—	—	—	—	—
Atlantic	—	6:5	10:21	—	—	—	—	—	—
May's Landing	—	6:4	10:55	—	—	—	—	—	—

UP TRAINS.									
Station.	H. A.	A. A.	M.	P.	S. A.	A. M.	F.	S. A.	A. M.
Philadelphia	7:35	9:26	6:00	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cooper's Point	7:28	9:12	5:56	—	—	—	—	—	—
Penn. R. R. June	7:23	9:08	5:53	—	—	—	—	—	—
Holtonfield	7:17	8:58	5:43	—	—	—	—	—	—
Abland	6:57	8:52	5:36	—	—	—	—	—	—
Kirkwood	6:52	8:48	5:31	—	—	—	—	—	—
Berlin	6:39	8:35	5:20	—	—	—	—	—	—
Arcos	6:32	8:28	5:13	—	—	—	—	—	—
Waterford	6:24	8:19	5:05	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ancora	6:18	8:12	4:59	—	—	—	—	—	—
Winslow June	6:13	8:07	4:54	—	—	—	—	—	—
Hammonton	6:05	8:00	4:42	—	—	—	—	—	—
Da Costa	—	7:51	4:37	—	—	—	—	—	—
Elwood	—	7:47	4:29	—	—	—	—	—	—
Egg Harbor	—	7:38	4:20	—	—	—	—	—	—
Pomona	—	7:27	4:09	—	—	—	—	—	—
Absecon	—	7:17	3:59	—	—	—	—	—	—
Atlantic	—	7:02	3:45	—	—	—	—	—	—
May's Landing	—	7:15	4:00	—	—	—	—	—	—

Up express stops at Hammonton 8:48 A. M.
Philadelphia 9:50. Down express does not stop.

Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Time-table of May 7, 1881.

M. A. V. Acc. Acc. Sundy									
Stations.	M. A.	V.	Acc.	Acc.	Sundy	A. M.	F.	S. A.	A. M.
Philadelphia	—	—	8:00	—	8:00	—	—	—	—
Camden	4:45	—	8:20	—	8:20	—	—	—	—
Pleasantville	4:57	—	8:27	—	8:27	—	—	—	—
Williamstown Junction	5:08	—	8:38	—	8:38	—	—	—	—
Cedar Brook	6:12	9:12	6:12	9:12	9:12	—	—	—	—
Winslow	6:31	9:30	6:25	9:23	9:23	—	—	—	—
Hammonton	7:05	9:28	6:32	9:31	9:31	—	—	—	—
Da Costa	7:20	9:33	6:38	9:37	9:37	—	—	—	—
Elwood	7:43	9:41	6:45	9:43	9:43	—	—	—	—
Egg Harbor	8:00	9:51	6:55	9:53	9:53	—	—	—	—
Pleasantville	8:55	10:16	7:10	10:21	10:21	—	—	—	—
Atlantic City, Ar.	9:15	10:30	7:30	10:45	10:45	—	—	—	—

Acc. M. A. V. Acc. Sundy									
Stations.	Acc.	M. A.	V.	Acc.	Sundy	A. M.	F.	S. A.	A. M.
Atlantic City	6:00	10:45	4:00	—	—	—	—	—	—
Pleasantville	6:15	11:10	4:15	—	—	—	—	—	—
Egg Harbor	6:30	11:47	4:30	—	—	—	—	—	—
Elwood	6:44	12:16	4:44	—	—	—	—	—	—
Da Costa	6:56	12:26	4:57	—	—	—	—	—	—
Hammonton	7:02	12:30	5:04	—	—	—	—	—	—
Winslow	7:12	12:55	5:17	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cedar Brook	7:23	1:16	5:27	—	—	—	—	—	—
Williamstown Junction	7:50	1:26	5:33	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oakland	8:00	1:28	5:40	—	—	—	—	—	—
Camden	8:10	1:40	5:47	—	—	—	—	—	—
Philadelphia	8:30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

The express leaves Atlantic City at 7:00 A. M., Pleasantville 7:14, Hammonton 7:52, arrives at Philadelphia at 9:00. Returning leaves the city at 9:15 P. M., arrives at Hammonton at 5:08, Pleasantville 5:47, Atlantic City 6:00.

Agricultural.

Poultry or Butter?

Essay Presented by Sister Nellie to the Pomona Grange of Columbiana County, Ohio.

When financially considered, it, which would be the best for the farmer's wife to devote her spare time to, the raising and taking care of poultry, or to milking and making butter for sale? I unhesitatingly answer the raising and taking care of poultry; and say further, that no department coming within the province of the farmer's wife can be made to yield more profit, for the capital invested, than poultry. We do not say such is the result, but do assert it may and will be, with proper care. Let the same careful attention and intelligent thought be exercised on the poultry question that is required in milking and making butter for sale, and more profit will be realized. It is necessary to become familiar with the habits, diseases, treatment, and wants of the poultry yard, and carry them out.

To prove my assertion, I will attempt to illustrate by giving the costs and profits in keeping poultry and making butter for sale:

We will purchase a cow for \$35.

To six months pasture, at \$2 per month \$12 00

To six months hay, at \$15 per ton \$9 00

To six months corn, at \$10 per bushel \$6 00

To six months oats, at \$10 per bushel \$6 00

To six months clover, at \$10 per bushel \$6 00

To six months alfalfa, at \$10 per bushel \$6 00

To six months timothy, at \$10 per bushel \$6 00

To six months red clover, at \$10 per bushel \$6 00

To six months white clover, at \$10 per bushel \$6 00

To six months yellow clover, at \$10 per bushel \$6 00

To six months purple clover, at \$10 per bushel \$6 00

To six months black clover, at \$10 per bushel \$6 00

To six months blue clover, at \$10 per bushel \$6 00

To six months green clover, at \$10 per bushel \$6 00

To six months brown clover, at \$10 per bushel \$6 00

To six months red clover, at \$10 per bushel \$6 00

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To six months yellow clover, at \$10 per bushel \$6 00

paper of the appearance of apples that had been stored in a damp, dark cellar, and we remember that we stated that such apples were brighter and less decayed than those which had been stored in dry cellars. If we mistake not in this same experience was related the fact that a large quantity of apples were placed in unheated barrels, and set in a cellar which had three or four inches of water in it. The barrels were set on something above the water, stones or timbers, and it was claimed that it was very seldom that apples kept so excellently.

Some years ago a canal boat, loaded with apples, sank, and the boat and her cargo remained in the water all winter. In the spring they were raised, and apples that could not have kept in the open air one-half of the winter, were found to be in splendid condition; and it is said to be the custom in Russia to store apples by heading them up in tight barrels of water. In fact moisture or dryness has nothing to do with the keeping quality of apples at all. That all depends upon temperature, and if that can be kept uniformly low, not too low however, the apples will keep. The old-fashioned way of burying apples, as is often done with roots, shows that moisture does them no harm.

While upon this subject it will not be out of place to call attention to the necessity of securing apples, which are intended for winter keeping, in a good condition. The reckless manner of gathering fruit of which some are guilty, insures its destruction before the winter is over in whatever place or at whatever temperature they are stored. The apples should be carefully picked, carefully placed in the barrel, and carefully handled throughout. Place them, at least we do, in a dry, place, where the temperature can be controlled, and the family will not only have that excellent winter luxury, apples during the entire season, but there can be apples to sell when they will bring the most.

An Irish Story.

One of the Bowlen (Mass.) restaurant owners of an Irish restaurant who acts in the humble capacity of waiter, and adds much to the entertainment of guests. One of them being served with a small lobster, asked:

"Do you call that a lobster, Mike?"

"Faix, I believe they do call 'em crabs at home."

"Oh," said the diner, "you have lobsters in Ireland?"

"Is it lobster? Begorrah, the creek is full of 'em. Many a time have I seen 'em when I've lepped over the strambles."

"How long do lobsters grow in Ireland?"

"Well," said Mike thoughtfully, "to speak wild words, sur, I'd say a matter of five or six feet."

"What! five or six feet? How do they get around in those creeks?"

"Bedad, sur, the creeks in Ireland are fifty or sixty feet wide," said the unabashed Mike.

"But," said the persistent inquirer, "you said you had seen them when you were leaping over the streams, and lobsters here live in the sea."

"Deed I did sur. We're powerful leppers in Ireland. As for the say, sur, I've seen 'em in the sea."

"But look here, my fine fellow," said the guest, thinking he had cornered the Hibernian at last, "lobsters are not not until they are boiled."

"Don't I know that?" said Mike, reproachfully; "but there are blin' springs in the old country, an' they swim thro' 'em an' come out ready for us to crack open an' ate," and Mike walked off to wait upon the next guest, leaving his interlocutor to digest the lobster and the story.

The Brain and Heart.

The greatest object in life should be to do good.

He is greatest who does the greatest good to mankind.

He who seeks or much gain will always be in want of gain.

It is impossible to live pleasantly without living helplessly.

Wanted.

The way is dark, my Father: I am blind and worn.

As up the rugged path I climb to Thee; And oh! amid the swellings of the mountain storm I long Thy face to see.

The way is dark, my Father, and my heart grows faint;

Oh! let a ray of light upon my pathway shine.

Forgive, my Father, Thy creature's sinful plaint;

And as I go, oh place Thy hand in mine.

One must set to work betimes to keep one's self free from passion. The highest as well as the noblest trait in human nature, is love to God. It is well to have your zeal for reforming the world, begin on yourself. The good thoughts of to-day will awaken good thoughts of to-morrow. The shame of being thought poor leads to worse evils than poverty itself. Nature has sometimes made a fool; but a coxcomb is always of man's own making.

A Wife's Wonder.

If I had never met thee my beloved, As in this world, where so much waste is seen, Or seeing waste, might easily have been, I wonder what my nature would have proved!

I am so much thy work; thy thoughts rule mine, Give them direction, lift from what is low, What grasp or play of mind I have I owe To the strong influence of being thine.

I catch thy notes, enjoy what pleases thee, Learn what is beautiful from thy delight, Wait on thy choosing to decide aright; 'Tis but thy shadow any praise in me!

To love, to pity, to forgive with ease, To others' hopes and fears to claim a part— Are but the efforts of a blisful heart; And having thee, how should I fail in these?

If thou shouldst leave me!—In that utter woe I wonder what of life could still be mine!

Would mind be quenched and heart grow cold with thine?

O God! forbid that ever I should know!

If I should know not produce vice or malice, then it commonly produces melancholy.

To live with honor and happiness in this world we must always be what we appear to be.

Each man has an aptitude born with him to do easily some feat impossible to any other.

Annoyance is man's heaven; the element of movement, without which we should grow mouldy.

Misery must follow sin, at a distance more or less near, as inevitably as the needle points to the pole.

Among all the perilous rocks and shoals of life, we can have no better compass than a clear conscience.

Coffee Raising.

The cultivation of coffee, too, is being experimented upon, with more or less success, in sections favorable to the growth of the plant and the development of the berry. It is raised with much plianability that in some localities in this country exactly the same conditions exists as in the coffee-raising regions of other countries, and there is no reason, except lack of practical knowledge that must be gained by experience in the business, why as good coffee cannot be profitably raised in such localities as in those from which we now draw our supplies.

There is a Mexican coffee in the market that is esteemed by epicures as far superior to the best qualities of Rio, and nearly equal in flavor and aroma to the genuine "old government Java," and it is contended that portions of California and of the Southern States and Territories are capable of producing quite as good an article, and probably better under the improved modes of cultivation American intelligence would eventually be able to introduce. The coffee imported in 1880 amounted to 446,850,727 pounds, valued at more than sixty millions of dollars. This is quite a prize for American industry and enterprise, and from all accounts there is a chance for winning at least a goodly portion of it.

A Little Nonsense.

When you see a fruit peeling on the sidewalk, push it off into the gutter; it will not take long, and there is no telling but that the first person to be disabled by it will be the person to whom you are giving it.

Nobody can surpass the average country apothecary for a truly accomplished dealer in spirits and genuine poisons.

"Can you give me a poison to be disabled by it?" asked a young lady of the pharmacist.

"No," he replied, bending his body at a Chesterfieldian angle and smiling seductively at the fair applicant, "I can't give you a postge stamp but I can sell you some count plaster."

A clergyman at the Worcester Azules, in the trial of a case that related to the soundness of a horse, was asked by a browbeaten barrister: "Pray, sir, do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?" "I know, sir," was the reply, "the difference between a bull and a bull."

The me has horns and the other (with a bow to the barrister), luckily for me, has none."

"Mother," asked Mary Jane at her breakfast table, Monday morning, "don't you think gray hair is awfully becoming?" "My dear, it should be remarked has a bean whose locks are silvery." "Yes, I do," remarked her mother, grabbing at something on Mary Jane's shoulder. "That makes it becoming to you, yes. I think it is becoming to this morning," holding it up between her thumb and finger.

At an evening party a lady was called upon for a song and began; "I strike again my tuneful lyre." Her husband was observed to dodge suddenly and start hurriedly from the room, remarking: "Not if I know it she's singing."

Why does asparagus resemble long sermons? Because the ends are most sought after.

She bolts true blazes out of me at home and I stand it like a man, but when she threatens to hit me in a strange house and calls me a liar before a whole crowd I'll run as long as I have a spark of manhood left."

A Modest Request.

"Darling, wake up and stop snoring," said a Detroit woman to her husband.

"Oh? Whazza the matter now?" he asked as he half raised up in bed.

"Won't you please stop snoring? If you only knew how home sick it made me I'm sure you'd yield."

"Home sick? How the deuce can I be home sick?"

"My innocent snore make you home sick?"

"Why, you know, darling, that the home from which you took me a joyous bride was only half a mile from a Government hog farm, and every time you snore it reminds me so of home that I just can't stand it. Please lay on your side, and have some little respect for my feelings."

And then the brute spread himself out on his back and in five minutes had her bathed in tears as visions of the old home crept upon her.

The Scrap Book.

A Canada farmer discovered a pit containing five hundred skulls. Must have been the site of an ancient theatre to have had so many dead-heads in a pit.

"I don't think," said an old lady, "that bookkeeping is a very sedative employment. They must get it, she added thoughtfully, 'too much exercise running up the columns.'"

"Did your fall hurt you?" asked one man of another, who had fallen from a three story building. "Not in the least," replied the other; "it was stopping so quick that it injured me."

A little boy accepted his political papa thus: "Papa, are you growing still?" "No dear; what makes you think so?" "Because the top of your head is coming through your hair."

Ordinarily we know from what country most people come by the language they use; but in the case of the swearer it is different. He uses the language of the country to which he is going.

Amateur artist, painting a bunch of apple blossoms, to small boy looking on: "Well, Tommy, do you know what they are?" "Small boy, with absolute certainty in his tones: "Yes, mamma. Hens."

A guest at a fashionable hotel took his seat at the dinner table, but no one appearing to wait upon him, he remarked, "Have they any waiters in this hotel?" "Yes," responded a wag on the opposite side of the table, "the waiters are the waiters."

This notice is found posted up in a Virginia blacksmith shop: Notice—De co-partnership heretofore existing between me and Mose Skinner is hereby dissolved. Den what owe de firm will settle with me, den what de firm owe will settle with Mose.

At a conflagration a worthy citizen gazes with stupefaction on the steam fire engine. "Well," he says with dejection, "I'm not expected to see liberation. I'm not expected to see this criminal, senseless waste of lives. The idea of warming the water before throwing it on the flames."

The force of habit—"You smoke a great deal, Gus," said a friend to Gus de Smith. "Yes," said Gus, "particularly after dinner. I have got so in the habit of smoking after dinner, that the dinner don't taste right when I eat it unless I have a smoke after it."

"Who was the greatest American poet?" asked the teacher. "George Washington," said the slow boy in the furthest seat. "He was verse in war, verse in peace, and verse—But the professor interrupted him to say that he was the first he ever heard of; and just then the lightning struck."

Everybody on the Champs Elysees, Paris, stopped one day to turn and look at a certain young lady. She attributed this admiration to her new dress and personal charms; but no! it was an advertising agent of an umbrella firm, who had planned on her, chignon a business card—"All silk—ten shillings."

A Galveston darkey rushed into a doctor's office the other day, and exclaimed breathlessly: "Come on, doctor, right off; dar is somebody in my house who is in an awful fix—laid up in bed a groanin' and a groanin'!" "Who is it?" "It's me. You see, boss, I didn't had nobody to send, so I come myself."

Suddenly a quick snail flashed over Nellie's face, her cheek dimpled, she tossed back her hair, and had her hair and saw the water on the hill. The water was turned and put on in a stocking, the little foot put on (Manfred Lowth was sure it was only his foot on, by the tracks she made in the snow near by) and Nellie Dare sprang into the cross road and hurried out of sight. Arriving at the place, Lowth picked up the little white mitten. He put two fingers into it—walking on the looking at it and smiling—and then Nellie had looked so pretty and frightened. But why had she uncovered

Love's Endurance.

Trials makes us braver and stronger, Suffering makes us stronger; Faith endures the trial long, Love the suffering longer.

Thy which 'tis our lot to share, Faith will kindly help us bear, But the life we wear and live, Love will help us to endure.

Death hath agonies its own, Life hath sorrows greater; Mercies which are alone In the child's breast.

We can bear them, if we will; Faith will kindly help us still; But the pains we cannot cure, Love will help us to endure.

Human hearts go down the way, Paving, but to borrow Wisdom from their grief to tell, Comfort for their sorrow.

Disappointment, trouble, care, Faith has kindly helped them bear, But the griefs they could not cure, Love hath helped them to endure.

Be for worthless our prayer—Of such sweet assurance; God be praised for faith to bear, For the trials of love's endurance, God forbid that doubt or fear Should bid faith depart; Thus the life which have no cure, Love will help us to endure.

Nellie Dare's Love.

It was a March morning, and yet the sky was as blue as June. Manfred Lowth stood on Wilson's hill looking down upon the city. It gleamed white and beautiful from the plains, and the hills, green with their covering of pine forest, rose still and stately beyond. The "dull gray meadows" within sight had peaks of snow upon them, and the breeze brought the atmosphere of snow from the mountains, though the sunshine felt so bright.

Manfred Lowth stood with his arms folded across his breast, and his tall, powerful figure outlined against the still sky. As he stood thus, still and resolute in his solitude, with his absorbed masterful eyes, and a face of Spartan firmness, he looked every inch a king. It was his thirty-fifth birthday. There may have been something sad in the thought to him, for he was utterly alone in life, and the circumstances which gave a sense of airy freedom at thirty, bringing a feeling of desolation at sixty. Possibly Manfred Lowth thought of this as he hailed his birthday morn, or thought how much of his life was gone. Not that there was any sign of advancing age in the vigorous figure and abundant dark hair. As he suddenly placed one hand upon the stone wall before him and leaped lightly over he displayed a vigorous agility of exceeding grace; his step, as he walked down the hill, had the buoyancy of youth and hope. If his thoughts had been grave, they were so no longer. He went down the hill whistling cheerily.

There was a long road of yellow clay stretching before him to the city, with patches of bare scrub-oak on either side. In one place the road went over a slight elevation, at the commencement of which the space beyond was concealed by the hill; and just here Manfred Lowth crossed whistling and began searching his pockets eagerly. He laughed merrily as he brought forth from the breast-pocket of his inner coat a little worn mitten. This is how he came by it.

The morning before he had been going over that very hill, but not whistling as now. Reaching the top he looked down upon a little figure seated upon a stone by a lonely roadside, where hardly a house was in sight. It was a perfect picture. The girl wore a crimson merino and a pretty snowy bow, which was pushed back from her nose of a face, over the sweet, low forehead, which little treasures of golden hair were blowing in the wild March wind. She was altogether too intensely occupied to put back her hair—curiously, occupied too. She had pulled her stocking and a shoe from her left foot, and was intently examining the small sole of the little bare, snowy foot rested unmolested on the frozen ground.

Manfred Lowth recognized Nellie Dare, and thought she must be crazy. What in the world was the child doing.

Suddenly a quick snail flashed over Nellie's face, her cheek dimpled, she tossed back her hair, and had her hair and saw the water on the hill. The water was turned and put on in a stocking, the little foot put on (Manfred Lowth was sure it was only his foot on, by the tracks she made in the snow near by) and Nellie Dare sprang into the cross road and hurried out of sight. Arriving at the place, Lowth picked up the little white mitten. He put two fingers into it—walking on the looking at it and smiling—and then Nellie had looked so pretty and frightened. But why had she uncovered

her foot and examined her stocking by the roadside? Surely there were no thorns or thistles about that time of the year.

When he came to the cross road by the plies he hesitated and finally struck into it. Then he put the mitten into his pocket, buttoned up his coat and walked faster.

Nellie Dare's home was on the suburban road; a little white cottage, with lilacs and rose vines clinging about it—the loveliest place in the summer time. Now there was a face prettier than any rose at one of the parlor windows and Manfred Lowth looked up and bowed to it.

Nellie's fresh young blood flooded her heart as she caught sight of the face which personified all her girlish ideal dreams; she dropped her book and rose trembling as Manfred Lowth entered the room. He looked with laughing eyes at the pretty flushing face as he took her hands.

"Miss Nellie, I have called out of the purest curiosity to know why you have taken the fashion of the chickadees and go barefoot in the snowy weather?" he said after a moment.

"Oh, Mr. Lowth!"

"Well, Nellie?"

"I was trying a trick."

Mr. Lowth looked mystified.

"That's the first robin," said Nellie very much ashamed to show her childishness to her companion, yet half amused at Lowth's expression.

"Did you expect to find him in your stocking?"

"No. Oh, Mr. Lowth, didn't you ever hear the old saying—

"Well, Nellie?"

"That when you hear the first robin of spring singing, if you had pulled the stocking from your left foot you find on the inside of the sole—

"What?"

"A hair like that of the person you are going to marry!"

"You ridiculous child!"

Nellie's face was burning hot at her foolishness, but she could not help laughing at Lowth's evident appreciation of it, and through astonishment.

"Nellie, I'll buy you a rattle the next time I go to town."

Nellie pouted.

"Oh, did you find the hair?"

Sentiment.

Very few diseases are so mortal as the fear of death.

All human virtues increase and strengthen by the experience of them. Relations always take the greatest liberties, and frequently give the least assistance.

We trouble life by the care of death, and death by the care of life; the one torments, the other frightens us.

Modern education too often covers the fingers with rings, and at the same time cuts the sinews of the wrists.

The remembrance of a beloved mother becomes the shadow of all our actions; it either goes before or follows.

Our own hands are heaven's favorite instruments for supplying us with the necessities and luxuries of life.

Idyl.

"Stendo yo nino, diero
Con la nina Dorila," etc.

When we were but mere children—
My Dorila and I—
We roamed to catch the brightest flowers
From every woodland night.

And her little dower fingers
Would make them seem more fair
Than ever, twined in chaplets
To garland either's hair.

No childhood's happy season
We passed in childish play
Without a thought to count the hours
That fled fast away.

But age kept pace with bedtime,
As year by year we grew;
And youth was conscious of a sense
That childhood never knew.

At meeting and at greeting
We laughed and scarce knew why—
Some meaning, yet unspoken, seemed
The laugh to underlie.

'Twould make my heart beat faster
To bring her garlands now;
'Twould set her hands a-tremble
To bind them on my brow.

But once a pair of turtles,
We saw, beside their nest,
That pretty with bill to bill
Their mutual dance expressed.

The sight was inspiration!
Lip pressed to lip revealed
The first time, long had smouldered
In other breast some shadow.

Childhood—so fleet a shadow—
That moment passed away;
And love, with all his sunshine,
Lift up the happy day!

The law should be to the sword
What the handle is to the hatchet; it
should direct the stroke and temper
the force.

It is dangerous for one to climb his
family-tree too high, for he is very apt
to get among dead and decayed
branches.

Value the friendship of him who
stands by you in the storm; swarms
of insects will surround you in the
sunshine.

We hate to see a boy with the manner
of an old man; we hate worse to
see an old man with the manner of a
boy.

Love cannot fully admit the feelings
that the beloved object may die; all
passions tell their object to be eternal
as themselves.

The man who violently hates or ar-
dently loves, cannot avoid being in
some degree a slave to the person de-
tested or adored.

The Faithful Sentinel.

Peter the Great was a tyrant, but,
on the whole his tyranny did good
service for his Russian subjects. Ar-
bitrary, as all despots must be, he was
not without rude notions of justice,
and a certain consideration for those
who merited encouragement. One
day a young recruit was standing
guard before the door of the entrance
to Peter's private chambers in the
palace of St. Petersburg. He had re-
ceived orders to admit no one. As he
was passing slowly upon down before
the door, Prince Mentchikoff, the fa-
vorite minister of the Czar, approached at-
tempting to enter. He was stopped by
the recruit. The prince, who had the
fullest liberty of calling upon his mas-
ter at any time, sought to push the
guard and pass him, yet the young man
would not move, but ordered His
Highness to stand back.

"You fool!" shouted the prince,
"don't you know me?"

The recruit smiled, and said, "Very
well, your Highness, but my orders
are peremptory to let nobody pass."

The prince, exasperated at the fel-
low's impudence, struck him a blow in
the face with his riding whip.

"Strike away, your Highness,"
said the soldier, "but I cannot let you
go in."

Peter, in the room, hearing the
noise outside, opened the door and in-
quired what it meant, and the prince
told him. The Czar was amused, but
said nothing at the time. In the even-

ing, however, he sent for the prince
and the soldier. As they both appeared,
Peter gave his own cane to the soldier,
saying:

"That man struck you in the morn-
ing; now you must return the blow to
that fellow with my whip."

The prince was amazed. "Your ma-
jesty," he said, "this common soldier
is to strike me?"

"I make him a captain," said Peter.
"But I'm an officer of your majesty's
household," objected the prince.

"I make him a colonel of my Life
Guards and an officer of my house-
hold," said Peter again.

My rank, your majesty knows, is
that of general," again protested Men-
chikoff.

"Then I make him a general, so
that the beating you get may come
from a man of your rank."

The prince got a sound thrashing in
the presence of the Czar, the recruit
was the next day commissioned a gen-
eral, with the title of Count Orloff, and
was the founder of a powerful fam-
ily, whose descendants are still high
in the imperial service of Russia.

Sunlight and Health.

Sunlight, says the *Cottage Health*

is even more necessary to health in
summer than in winter, for one among
other reasons, that the defects of all
sorts are more necessary in summer
than in winter. The rays of heat
quickened the vital powers, the chemical
rays exert their mysterious and potent
influences, and the illuminating rays
independently of the others, as has
been recently proved by Mr. Crooke to
the satisfaction of the ablest scientists,
communicate motion. The exhalations
from our bodies in warm weather are
more copious than they are in cold
weather, and if we shut out the light
from our houses, we remove the most
efficient of all agents in destroying
what is unwholesome. The noxious
vapors which free admission of air and
light would remove, are absorbed by car-
pets and upholstery, and become pro-
ductive of disease. Those who are ac-
customed to the darkness and dampness
of close rooms may not consciously
suffer therefrom, but that they sustain
real injury is evident in their pallid
faces, their flaccid muscles, and nerve-
less movements. The contrast between
them and those whose lives pass in
the open air is too evident to need
comment. It may not be necessary to
expose during the day every room in
the house to the direct rays of the sun,
but there should be frequent opening
of doors and windows, so that the so-
lar beam may perform its beneficent
office. Bedrooms and other rooms in
constant use should receive most care-
ful attention in this respect. Sick
rooms especially require thorough
sunlight, should always have a southern
aspect. More patients die on the north
side of hospitals than on the south
side; there are more deaths on the
shady side of any street than on the
sunny side. A notable southern house-
keeper, observing strictly the follow-
ing rule during the summer months,
kept her house perfectly sweet and
cool and dry from May to October:
Until ten o'clock in the morning all
the doors and windows were opened
wide; then they were closed until
four in the afternoon; then opened
again till midnight. This rule might
not do for all localities, but such a use
of light and air to every part of the house
at least once a day could but be pro-
ductive of good results.

It Looks Suspicious.

It seems suspicious for a dramatic
critic to play to laugh until his ves-
tibules rattle off like peas from a pod,
be attracted to tears until he has to bor-
row an extra handkerchief to absorb
the moisture, applaud till he seems to
lead an *encore*, and then to write a
criticism next morning condemning
the play as execrable and the actors as
worse.

It seems suspicious for a young man
to call on the same girl every other
evening, and on another girl every other
evening. It seems as if 'twould be
"another evening" with him before a
great while.

It seems suspicious for a grocer to
put up a sign, "None but dairy butter
sold here," when there are a dozen
kegs of something or other with the
labels scraped off just unloading at his
store door.

It appears suspicious for a woman
upon whom you have known since she
was a girl as a decidedly freckled specimen,
to appear on the street without a free-
kle in sight.

It seems suspicious for a restaurant
keeper to carefully avoid dining at his
own place of business, just for the sake
of walking two miles to dine with his
family.

It seems suspicious for a clerk who
gets six dollars a week salary to appear
in a new pair of mauve pantaloons
and suit to match at least four times a
year.

It seems suspicious for a man to
bring down a cotton umbrella in the
morning and carry home a silk one at
night. It also looks like a good trade.

Japanese Children.

The Japanese children have to en-
dure hardships from their birth. In
their tiny houses are no bright, cheer-
ful fires, no easy chairs, no well spread
tables, around which the family gather
and hold sweet converse. You must
stoop to enter the ordinary houses, and
their rooms are not much larger than
closets. A part of the floor is covered
with mats on which they sit and sleep.
A block of wood four inches high fol-
lows a little at the top, answers as a
pillow. Sometimes it has stung on
top an inch thick over which a clean
piece of paper is spread each time it is
used, to save any needful washing.

The head poised on this pillow, pre-
vents the disarrangement of the hair,
so that it need not be combed more
than once or twice a week. But the
poor babies and little children's heads
are shaved entirely, or have from one
to five tufts of hair on the top over each
ear and on the back. I have seen lit-
tle babies with heads uncovered on the
coldest days, while the mother or per-
son on whose back it was carried, had
the face and head covered, only the
eyes and nose visible. Dr. Hepburn
says: "Only very strong babies survive
their infancy." Japanese houses have
no paper windows; they have no
stoves or grates, but a little box, from
one to two feet square, with some coal
in the center is all they have for
warmth or cooking. Two or three
cups, as many plates, a teapot, a bottle
and some boxes to hold their clothing,
complete their furniture. All the
houses I have seen are very clean,
which is their only appearance of com-
fort. Little children are often made to
take care of the baby. A very common
sight is a little boy or girl, from five to
twelve years old, playing with a kite,
with a baby strapped on their backs,
fast asleep, but sometimes crying. In
the latter case they say, "Be quiet,"
and go on with their play. But Ja-
panese children seldom cry or quarrel,
and are very obedient to parents and
teachers, whom they venerate.

The Annual Sugar Production.

The annual sugar production of the
world is about 5,600,000 tons, or in
round numbers 12,000,000,000 pounds,
of which about three-fourths is the
product of sugar cane and about one-
fourth the product of the sugar beet.
Only 80,000 tons are produced in the
United States, mainly in Louisiana.

The best sugar beet crop is not im-
ported either into England or the
United States, the centres of produc-
tion being—first, France; second, Ger-
many; third, Russia; fourth, Bel-
gium, with a notably smaller product
in Austria and Holland, and very lit-
tle in Sweden or Italy. France grows
not so much refined sugar as the other
figures. Great Britain and the United
States use about one-third of the cane
and beet sugar that is produced in the
world. The *per capita* consumption
of sugar in Great Britain in 1877 was
64.9 pounds, while in the United States
it is set down at about 38 pounds. Ger-
many consumes about 19 pounds, and
Russia only about 7 pounds *per capita*.

Of the 76,000 square miles of timber-
land in this country the South owns
46,000, or nearly two-thirds. They
will be ruins of wealth in a few
years.

The name of Mar is so popular in
Ottumwa that when a cat climbs a
back fence in a well-populated neigh-
borhood and plaintively vocalizes,
"Mar! Mar!" twenty windows are hap-
pily thrown up, and twenty female
heads are thrust out, wildly answering:
"Is that you, Charley?"

"How beautiful is the language of
flowers," exclaimed Miss Posigush:
"which is your favorite flower, Mr.
Smith?" "Graham," said Smith, sen-
sationally. Miss Posigush thinks
there are some persons without a par-
ticle of sentiment in their souls.

"Ah," said the fly, as it crawled
around the bottle, "I have passed
through the hatching age, the creep-
ing age, the flying age, and now I'm
in the moultage and—there it stuck.

An English Writer's Curious Chapter on the Pig.

A writer in the *Spectator* says: The
Inductions of the philosopher are not
always to be relied on. Not with cer-
tainty can he discern the motive prin-
ciple which is indicating its existence
by eccentric signs, nor pronounce
infallibly whether the visible reaction
be healthy or no. How often has he
not, for instance, lately been led to
deprecate, as a mark of general pro-
prieties, the brooches and earrings, the
unnumbered fancy articles upon
which we are depicted in every pos-
sible attitude, mental and physical, that
best-abused, but withal most useful
animal, the pig; and yet the philoso-
pher proves to be at fault, for the change
is quite in another direction.

Mr. Gilbert solves the riddle for us.
The pig has, it appears, been too long
an animal incongruous. Better known,
he will be better appreciated. "Make
your pig happy, if you wish him to be
profitable," is the teaching of this new
defender of the swinish race; "give
him good lodging and wholesome fare,
study his peculiarities and his tastes,
treat the jolly, semi-human brute as a
friend," and under this genial treat-
ment he will be found to be a creature
entirely as profitable as the received idea,
and will, moreover, not merely acquiesce,
but considerably benefit its owner.

To effect this, however, you must be
"not a fool but a philosopher," and
also one of those individuals in whom
the love of animals is inherent and
who, consequently, are gifted with a
special power of appreciating and un-
derstanding them.

It is only fair to say, however, that
this author is writing for the amateur
piggist, and that he desires to show
him how he can make a profitable ad-
dition to a small establishment with-
out suffering from any of the nuisance
which is supposed to be its inevitable
accompaniment, and certainly he
makes out his case extremely well;
and though we have happened to see a
pig residing under a cherry tree, the
sty garlanded with wreaths of hone-
ysuckle, or even with scarlet runners,
vegetable marrows, or pumpkins, we
have no doubt he would not at all ob-
ject to such a dwelling, especially as it
is to have a southern aspect, be clean,
well ventilated, and free from draughts,
and so conveniently near the house
that not only will his larder be always
well provided but he will receive many
a tid bit and salutation from friendly
passers-by.

All this is very charming, but it
does seem to occur to Mr. Gilbert
that the pig might, if he could speak,
very fairly reject such a treacherous
friendship; and that an "amateur"
with sensitive feelings would probably
decline to pet a creature for several
months and eat him afterward.

That pigs are fond of being petted
and very capable of appreciating good
treatment, any one who has made in-
imate acquaintance with them will
be prepared to admit; the present
writer well remembers two who an-
swered to their names, followed their
master for a bit of bread, and would
put their heads through an open win-
dow with a most solicitous and engag-
ing grunt. At this moment there ex-
ists in Lithuania, on the estate of M. le
Comte de—, a porcine animal passing
his life at full liberty under the hap-
piest conditions. But that pig had a
"happy thought," he appealed to the
sentiment of the "Noblesse Oblige,"
and well deserved his freedom; for,
forfeited in early infancy to France,
dish which is a special met de predilec-
tion at a Polish dinner table, the
little animal, escaping from his mur-
derers by some fortunate chance, con-
trived to take refuge at the feet of his
master. Knife in hand, the cook fol-
lowed to gain possession of his victim;
but the Count with true chivalry, de-
clared that piggy, having appealed to
his protection, should never be killed,
and, accordingly, after being fed upon
the best blusky (Italian) paste and
milk for some days, he was sent off to
the country, established as the child-
ren's playmate, and still remains in
the same capacity, giving from time to
time the oddest examples of intel-
ligence and bonhomie.

While on the subject of fortunate
suckling pigs another may be mention-
ed, whose cleverness was so great and
his training so perfect that he formed
one of the principal attractions of a
well-known Russian circus proprietor.
Among the crowds which daily visit-
ed him in Moscow were four young
officers, who laid a wager that they
would eat the learned pigging, and
having nothing better to do with their
money, laid down 2000 roubles, the
price demanded, and ordered him to

be sent home. The dinner took place
amidst much hilarity, but although
the young esquire had supposed their
intention to be carefully concealed,
quite wise enough to find it out, had
dispatched them a succulent but per-
fectly ignorant little squeaker, and
made the best of his departure, with
the real Simon pure and a sum of
money equal to more than £200.

Into the World of Fashion.

Campaigna red is a bright "voyaant"
color, also called brick-dust red.

Elegant dresses for light mourning
are made of jet-embroidered crepe.

Yellow and pale blue crepe fichus
are worn with black or white costumes.

Dress boots are made of light satin,
brocade and kid to match the costume.

Glove buttons of gold, set with pre-
cious stones, are a refinement of ele-
gance.

Tucked or plaited waists are the
most becoming for extremely slight
figures.

With black lace fichus no "white" is
worn at the throat; this is very be-
coming to many ladies.

Shoes with lattice-work straps, dis-
playing the stocking which matches the
dress in color, are worn for full
dresses.

White mill scarfs are worn around
the neck with the ends brought down
the front and tied in a bow at the waist.

Lemon-color, pale blue and pink
cashmires, trimmed with white Span-
ish or Aurillac lace and silk embroi-
dery, are worn as a side resort.

Some of the new long kid gloves
have slit cut in them, either at the top
or half-way up, into which ribbon of
broad gold braid about an inch in
width is inserted.

For shopping, traveling and all sorts
of useful purposes the Barritz glove
of lamb-skin is a sensible choice. It is
like a dogskin glove in weight. They
are furnished in oak and rain shades,
in tan shades, and in varieties of light
and dark colors and in black. They
are sold in Saxe size in from six to
eight and ten both men.

Notwithstanding predictions to the
contrary, jet promises to be more than
ever for the coming season. It is
not only employed in all sorts of
passometries and fringes, but is em-
ployed on crepe-de-Chine and black
grain, to be used for trimmings.
Some of the embroidery is so compact
as to appear like a tissue of jet. Beads
of all colors, all of the same color, or
mixed, are used in the same manner.
On black goods are embroideries of
gold and silver beads, and on wine
colors and blues embroideries of steel,
silver or cashmere beads.

The new fall gloves for street wear
are shown in all shades and tints of
brown, from a light golden tan brown
to the dark color of walnut wood. In
gray there are lighted gray, French
grays and iron grays. There are also
offered rain coats in two shades,
plum color, all shades of gold color and
the stylish tints and shades of oak
wood. These are furnished in Saxe
style and in button gloves. Evening
gloves are shown in two qualities of
kid. The colors are cream, pearl, pale
lemon, pink and white. They are in
Saxe glove from six to twelve buttons
in length, and button gloves of all
lengths.

There is just now a special fancy for
silver jewelry. Long lace pins of all
ver are used as brooches and necklaces,
which fasten closely around the high
collar of the dress, and are formed of
one, two or three strands of round sil-
ver beads. Lace pins in ball pattern
are very popular. Some silver neck-
laces in Greek designs are chased in
classical style and have a beaten,
marbled look, which is copied from dug-
out jewelry. One necklace is formed
of a succession of red coral, wrought
with a figure of a god or goddess of
Olympus. The center coin, larger
than the others, contains a figure of
Father Jupiter, his eagle bearer by his
side. Gold lace pins are varied from
the conventional long slender shape,
and new designs are the head of an
owl with chat gypsy sapphires for eyes,
or a bird of paradise with gay crest, set
with diamonds, diamond eyes, and
having a pearl in its beak.

When a man falls down his temper
generally gets up before he does.

Water poured down a dry pump
often sets it to work to bring up water
of its own; so suggestive reading sets
the mind in motion on its own ac-
count.

Scientific Economy.

To assay carburets of silver or lead,
take the mineral or quartz, pulverize
it, put it in a crucible or common clay
pipe, put in as much common salt as
mineral; let it come to a boil. When
it cools the silver and lead will be in
the bottom, silver the lowest. To sepa-
rate the lead from the silver, put it
in a bone-dust cup and melt; the lead
will absorb into the cup, leaving silver
and gold; to separate the latter, boil it
in nitric acid, and this will leave the
gold.

Heating Steel.

Much of the difficulty experienced
by machinists in occasional attempts
to forge their own tools comes from
improperly heating the steel. To pro-
duce a good cutting tool steel should
be heated no more than is necessary to
forge and temper. Follow the advice
so frequently given to heat slowly, but
at the same time avoid being too long
in heating. The best results are ob-
tained by a moderate even heat, until
the proper degree is reached, and then
forging at once. It is a great but com-
mon mistake to allow the piece to come
to the proper heat and then lie in the
fire with the blast shut off for some
minutes.

While this should not be done in the
process of forging, the practice should
be particularly guarded against when
heating to harden. In the process of
forging the hammer, in some degree
seems to "restore" the steel; but when
the tool is hardened and tempered from
such a heat there is no possibility of its
ever being of much use. In tempering
the drawing should be done slowly,
gradually, as this is the way a much bet-
ter cutting tool is produced than when
it is rapidly performed.

The color is by no means a sure test
of temper, since different kinds of steel
do not take the same color for equal
degrees of hardness. This is also true
of steel that has been worked consid-
erably, as old tools. The only guide in
this respect is experience and judg-
ment.

Steel tools should never be heated,
either for forging or tempering, in a
fresh coal fire (unless it be charcoal).
If coke is not at hand the fire should
be allowed to burn until the gas is
burned out of the coal before the steel
is introduced. What has been said
with reference to heating steel for cut-
ting tools is equally applicable to steel
used in making springs.

Leff's *Mechanical News* describes
a portable camera called the detective
which has been brought out lately in
London. It is in the shape of a small
box, and can be disguised in several
ways. The person operating it holds
it under his arm or places it on the
ground, and by pressure upon a button
experts or closes the lens at his place-
ure. In this way it is possible to take
a view of any desired object or person
without any one but the operator be-
ing aware of the fact.

Says the *Boston Journal of Chemis-
try*, at a Berlin feather dyeing estab-
lishment an ostrich feather dyed in
shades with methyl-violet was laid
upon a paper upon which some anno-
nias had been poured, but had dried up
again. After a time the feather be-
came partially green, the green passing
gradually into violet, and producing
an extraordinary effect. This reaction
is being utilized in feather dyeing, and
will probably be applied in the manu-
facture of artificial flowers.

All kinds of burns, including scalds
and sunburns, are almost immediately
relieved by the application of a solu-
tion of soda to the burnt surface. It
must be remembered that dry soda
will not do, unless it is surrounded
with a cloth moist enough to dissolve
it. This method of sprinkling it with
water is often the very best. But it is suffi-
cient to wash the wound repeatedly with
a strong solution. It would be well to
keep a bottle of it always on hand,
made so strong that more or less settles
on the bottom.

Monster steam engines seem to be
one of the features of the day. The
Centennial engine, in Machinery Hall,
Philadelphia, was considered a mon-
ster in size and power. It is rated at
500-horse power. They are now put-
ting up a 2,000-horse power engine for
the Providence Water Works. These
are very large for stationary engines.
But engines of much larger power have
long been in use in ocean steamers.

There are now several transitional
steamers which develop from 1,000 to
2,000 horse power; but the mail Cunard
steamer service will develop 10,000-
horse power.

The cure for night sweats depends
entirely upon the cause. Malaria gives
rise to it, and then the cure is quinine
and arsenic. Debility may cause them.
In that case tonics and good, nutri-
tious food should be used. Consump-
tion causes it, and the cure is sulphuric
acid, ten to twenty drops in water, an
hour. Oxide of zinc and hydro-gyn-
ale extract pills, and, above all, atro-

phia sulphate, one two-hundredths of
one grain to begin with. This must
be taken with great care. Dr. Nairn,
of London, says he administers the body
with a tincture of belladonna, but the
drug is too powerful to be used by any
one but a physician.

Follow the fashion: you had better
display other people's follies than your
own.

Many pride themselves upon being
wild young men, who are only wild
beasts.

He who knows his ignorance is the
professor of the rarest kind of valuable
knowledge.

Shut not up a brood of evil passions
in your bosom: like enraged serpents,
they will bite their cage.

You may gather a rich harvest of
knowledge by reading; but thought is
the winning machine.

Keep the horrors at arm's length.
Never turn a blessing round to see
whether it has a dark side to it.

Letter from England.

LIFE ON THE ROLLING WAVE—HILL-
ROAD—HOW LONDON LOOKS—PROM-
INENT MEN—VARIOUS BUILD-
INGS—THE ROYAL FAMILY—THE CRYSTAL
PALACE—SYMPATHY FOR PRES-
IDENT GARFIELD, ETC., ETC.

(The following letter from England, is intro-
ductory to the series now publishing in the
BOHEMIAN.)

Hill Road, London, July, 1881.—
I have found quarters in a very high
and airy suburban part of this great
metropolis. The name of the street,
"Hill Road," is suggestive of the
character of the neighborhood; for we
are on the top of a quite respectable
elevation, which "drops" suddenly,
the valley forming a beautiful vista
below. The house is said to be higher
than St. Paul's, though it has but
three and a half stories. My fellow
boarders are cultivated and gentle-
manly. One of them keeps two dogs,
and takes them with him wherever he
goes. For one of them he recently
paid £20.

I cannot give a very glowing account
of the pleasures of "a life on the roll-
ing wave"; but I managed to be pre-
sent at all but about six meals. We
had pleasant companions on ship
board. A lady from the West Indies,
was a friend of Mrs. Browning when
she was Miss Barrett. She said "she
stepped out of her house one morning
Elizabeth Barrett, and came back Eliza-
beth Browning, without anybody be-
ing the wiser." Her father was op-
posed to her marriage, but was recon-
ciled to it after it was accomplished.

I have already visited most of the
lions: St. Paul's, the Abbey, the
Tower, the British Museum, the Na-
tional Gallery, the South Kensington
Museum, the Royal Academy, Guild-
hall, the House of Commons, etc. They
have fully equalled my expectations.
I came across St. Paul's accidentally,
while strolling at random, and ac-
cidentally to me small for such an historic
edifice; probably from the proportions
being so good. Besides the body of the
church, I visited the crypt, great
clock, library, etc. On Monday I went
to the "Zoo." The one in Philadel-
phia, is in many respects fully equal
to it. Last Sunday we attended
Friends' meeting, held in a "court"
leading out of St. Martin's Lane, near
Charing Cross. Five members of par-
liament were present, one of whom,
Alfred Peto, spoke. The preaching
was extremely good. We dined with
a distinguished barrister. After dinner
we had a Bible reading, each member
of the company taking a Bible differ-
ent in language from the others—
Greek, Latin, German, French, Ital-
ian, Wycliffe's, the revised New Testa-
ment, King James and another old
English version. On putting our host
was so kind as to present me with a
parallel column French and German
Bible. We have heard the Bishop of
London; but he was stupid, pompous,
drawing, and dull, and the service
lasted two hours and twenty-five
minutes. I went to Parliament the other
night, which of course was exceedingly
interesting. John Bright admitted us.
He looks like a great man, but
rather care-worn.

I have been this morning to the
Bridgewater Gallery containing very
fine Titans and Gilders. Her ladyship
being in town we could not go into
all the rooms. We are going soon to
Apsley House, having received a note
admitting us from the Duke of Wel-
lington.

We went to the Crystal Palace yes-
terday, where there was a bicycle race
in addition to the other attractions.
In the evening, at 9.30 there were fire-
works; one piece represented West-
minster Abbey, and was 90 feet high;
another, a gorgeous waterfall. The
buildings were beautifully illuminated
part of the time. At ten we heard the
great organ. A member of our party
had her camp-stool stolen on this oc-
casion.

Foretelling the Weather.

Meteorology has been enriched by
M. De Parville, a French scientist,
who has published his observations
on the temperature of the past summer
which throughout Europe, has been
unusually high. He comes to the con-
clusion that this high temperature
could have been foreseen, and emu-
lates the principle that the tempera-
ture of the earth's atmosphere is de

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The Cyclopaedia War.

The month of July, 1881, witnesses the completion of the largest and most important literary work this country and the century have seen. It is the Library of Universal Knowledge, large type edition, in 15 large octavo volumes, containing 10 per cent more matter than Appleton's Cyclopaedia, at less than one-fifth its cost, and 20 per cent more than Johnson's Cyclopaedia, at a little more than one-fourth its cost.

Chambers's Encyclopaedia, which forms the basis of the Library of Universal Knowledge (the last London edition of 1880 being reprinted verbatim as a portion of its contents), is the laborious product of the ripest British and European scholarship. It has developed through a century of Cyclopaedia making; its various revised, in successive years, till it has come to be universally recognized, by those competent to judge, as standing at the very front of great aggregations of knowledge, and better adapted than any other Cyclopaedia for popular use. It contains such full and important information as the ordinary reader, or the careful student, is likely to seek, upon about 25,000 subjects in every department of human knowledge. Chambers's Encyclopaedia, however, is a foreign production, edited and published for a foreign market, and could not be expected to give as much prominence to American topics as American editors and writers have added important articles upon about 15,000 topics, covering the entire field of human knowledge, bringing the whole number of titles under one alphabetical arrangement to about 40,000. Thus the work is thoroughly Americanized, and the Library of Universal Knowledge becomes at once the latest and most complete Encyclopaedia in the field, at a mere fraction of the cost of any similar work which has preceded it.

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Of course the old and wealthy publishers who have grown rich (it is said that the Appletons have made a profit of nearly two million dollars on their Cyclopaedia) from the sale of their high-priced publications are not pleased that their monopolies are broken and their power overthrown. Of course the book agents and booksellers who have been used to getting from 40 to 60 per cent commission for selling these high-priced books are not so well pleased to sell the Library of Universal Knowledge on 15 per cent commission.

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—AND OTHER—

BATHS,

No 25 S. Tenth St.,

Philadelphia.

WM. A. ELVINS, Prop'r.

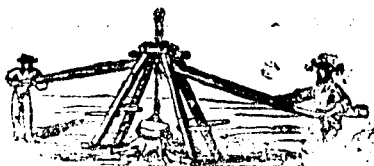
WM. MOORE, Jr.

Attorney-at-Law

AND

Solicitor in Chancery.

MAY'S LANDING, N. J.



PIONEER STUMP PULLER

Having reserved the right to manufacture and sell this *Patented Machine* in the counties of Camden, Burlington, Ocean, Atlantic and Cape May, I hereby give notice that I am prepared to fill orders at following rates:

NO. 1 MACHINE, \$65.00.
NO. 2 " \$50.00.

These Machines are Warranted to be the BEST in the market.

For particulars send for circular.

G. W. PRESSEY,

Hammoncton, N. J. Inventor & Manu'f.

London Nursery

JAPANESE PERSIMMON TREES 4 ft to 6 ft in 12 choicest kinds. Dried specimen fruits received last season from Japan would show fresh from the tree, have weighed 16 ozs. with the flavor of a rich Smyrna fig.

Should these, like the shrubs and Superb evergreens introduced from Japan, prove hardy as authorities have already pronounced them to be, we may look forward in this instance to an acquisition of the highest commercial importance as a fruit and tree of great magnificence.

NEW PEAR.

Triomphe de Lyons, a late variety whose fruit is the largest known.

Also large general stock of fruit, shade, rare evergreens, shrubs, helge, building, and greenhouse plants, all of which will be sold at about half price by

J. BUTTERTON,

Hammoncton, N. J.

Subscribe for the S. J. REPUBLICAN.

FOR SALE!

Now is the time for me to sell. Will you buy I offer you a two-story house, with two well-fitted stores, and dwelling above, in the business part of the town. A first class garden, set with fruit trees and grape vines.

I want to make a new residence by selling the old. Call, or address,

JOSEPH COAST,

Hammoncton, N. J.

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 an

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

we 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 policy now in force, until their expiration, without any dependence on receipts from the business—a condition of things that can be shown by but very few companies in the State. The present Directors pledge to the Policy Holders an

ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT

and a

Careful Supervision of the business

and will continue to do so, as in the past, based on the principle of

PROMPT PAYMENT

or

HONEST LOSSES

without seeking to EVADE them on technical grounds.

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

We would call special attention to our

Marine Department,

our LOW RATES and FAVORABLE FORM OF POLICIES.

Any information cheerfully given by the officers of the Company or its Agents.

F. L. MULFORD, Pres.

R. J. HOWELL, Sec'y.

Millville, N. J.