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SUPPOSE.

Suppose my little lady
 Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it well by crying
 Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
 To treat it as a joke?
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's
 And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
 And the rain came pouring down,
Would it clear off any sooner
 Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
 For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
 When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
 Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
 For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser,
 Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
 And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse
 And some a coach a pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
 To say "It isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
 To keep your temper sweet
And in your heart be thankful
 You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world don't please you,
 Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
 Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it my boy or girl,
 The wisest, bravest plan;
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
 To do the best you can?

Prof. Taylor's Report.

We give this week the conclusion of Prof. Taylor's Report on the Cranberry Disease:

I visited Pemberton, Burlington Co., in company with Senator Gaskill and Messrs. Theodore Budd, Joshua Forsyth, Japhet Alston, David D. Coles, Ives Davis, and others, all engaged in cranberry growing. We visited the principal plantations within several miles of Pemberton, and found that the draught had disastrously affected this region. Pines were on fire in many places and burning with great fury, owing to their extreme dryness. The streams had dried up, with few exceptions, and no water was found within five feet of the surface on the cranberry lands. There is very little heavy bog land in this district; it is nearly all savanna, (black sand,) composed of pure, sharp, white sand, combined with about 3 per cent. of black, vegetable matter. Sometimes cranberry cultivators at this place cover the runners with pure white sand. In times of great and high temperature, it protects, in a measure, the roots of the vines from the scorching rays of the sun. On the occasion of my visit I found the white sand on the vines so hot that it was disagreeable to hold in the hand, but the black sand near the same place was still hotter, and the cranberries on the vines were literally baked. Previous to visiting this district I had not admitted that rot of the berry was ever produced by a scorching sun, but I now have sufficient evidence of that fact.

On the 9th of September I visited the plantations of Charles C. Hinchman, situated at Taunton, Burlington County. They are sub-divided into several plats, which are peculiarly and favorably situated for cranberry culture. A stream of pure cold water flows through all his plats most of which are nearly surrounded by high banks. From these ooze unseen currents of water, which moisten the cranberry plats below them. The stream which flows through Mr. Hinchman's principal bog is about three feet deep and twelve feet wide, and is slightly tinged with soluble humus (peaty matter) and bicarbonate of iron. In several of the bogs belonging to this gentleman there are sulphur springs, one of which flows in the middle of a cranberry plat without doing any apparent injury to the plants. It may be remarked that Mr. Hinchman's cranberry vines, although cultivated, are growing in water as if in a wild bog. The condition of his bog land vines and berries at once demonstrates that the cranberry-vine may be brought to a high state of cultivation, although the roots may be submerged in water the year round. Many valuable experiments have been made by Mr. Hinchman to ascertain how much drainage may be profitably employed, and the description of sand, as well as the amount per acre, that should be used on bog-land previous to the planting of vines; also, how much should be laid over the vines when in full growth.

I think that the Taunton plantations would be very little improved by the use of lime, while on the dryest portions of them a much larger yield of fruit would be obtained by the free use of fertilizers applied after the removal of the water of the winter flooding. On the margin of these plantations Mr. Hinchman has erected an extensive building of stone for the assorting, cooling, and storage of berries. Cylinders are supplied with an ice-mixture, through which cooled air is carried by means of suitable machinery over and through the crates of berries awaiting transportation.

This the only place in the United States where machinery is employed to cleanse, cool, and assort the berries previous to shipment. This important fact was established by my visit to Mr. Hinchman's bogs: that the cranberry-vines are not injuriously affected, even though the roots may be submerged from 1 to 2 inches, provided the water is cool and in motion. Mr. Hinchman's plantations possess greater natural advantages than those of Mr. Bishop, but he will, notwithstanding, have a smaller crop than that gentleman, and his berries will ripen later. While walking over the Taunton vines my feet were frequently in two inches of water, and the use of rubber boots was indispensable, while the surface of the plantations at Manahawkin was comparatively dry. Under the wet system the vines have a greater tendency to extend in woody growth. The blossoms are consequently later in forming and the berries later in maturing than under the dryer system of culture; but in a series of years the wet system might prove more profitable than the other, since it affords a better protection against grasshoppers, and also the berry and vine worm. These pests are unknown on Mr. Hinchman's bogs. An analysis of the berries cultivated under each system would probably show that those from the wet plantations contain less earthy and solid matter generally than those from the dry, and, all other conditions being equal, would probably keep better than the former. A recent analysis of Captain Small's Cape Cod Early Black Bell berries gave one-fifth of 1 per cent. of earthy matter, while the common Cape Cod Bell berries of good quality give about one-fourth of 1 per cent. All other conditions being equal, the Early Black would prove the better keeper, while the common bell of Cape Cod Bell would prove the better for immediate use, being more juicy.

The system of sanding cranberry land is greatly varied. On Cape Cod the cultivators take advantage of their extremely cold winters. When their bogs are covered with ice of sufficient thickness to bear a horse and wagon, sand is carted over it and spread to the thickness required. When the ice melts, the sand is deposited evenly over the vines, at a cost of ten to fifteen dollars per acre, for one inch in thickness. In Southern New Jersey this system of sanding can seldom be taken advantage of, owing to the mildness of its winters. Mr. Theodore Budd, of Pemberton, New Jersey, informed me that in his neighborhood a layer of sand one inch thick can be spread over an acre of vines at a cost of $20, provided labor does not exceed $1.50 per day of ten hours, and when the sand is procured on the edge of the bog to be covered. On large plantations, consisting of one to three hundred acres, a layer of sand one inch thick will cost from $10 to $60 per acre. The cost will, of course, vary according to the distance of transportation.

The cranberry growers of New Jersey are very much divided in opinion as to the amount of water that should flow in the ditches of their bogs when the berries are coloring under high atmospheric temperature. Some believe that excessive moisture and high temperature cause the berries to rot, while others equally intelligent affirm the opposite. Much of this uncertainty arises from the limited quantity of water furnished at the fountain head of many of the bogs under cultivation. A small stream will quickly fill the ditches of a ten acre lot when stops or gates are used; but, during high temperatures, the water becomes quickly heated, and instead of proving beneficial, will prove hurtful to the vines, especially when the sub-soil has not been well decomposed. Under such conditions fermentation will be promoted producing organic acids and sulphuretted hydrogen in the vicinity of the roots, while a much larger flow of water in the ditches would cool the substratum of the bogs, and remove, at the same time, all soluble noxious substances.

At the Taunton plantation Mr. Hinchman introduced a novel system of washing sand over his bog-land by means of a stream of water conveyed for that purpose along the base of the high sand-bluffs which nearly surround his plats of cranberry vines. I am informed by Mr Hinchman that by the use of this system sand was washed over his lands at the rate of ten tons per minute. In this way a kind of sand charged with ocherous clay (which is at present deemed worthless for cranberry-culture) may be used, as the water floats and seperates the clay from the sand, depositing the latter on the vines, while the clay is washed away in the main stream, which was highly colored in consequence at a distance of ten miles below the point of operation.

Before investing in cranberry-culture more attention should be paid to the condition of the soil than has heretofore been done, or on that depends the quantity of water necessarily required for the purposes of irrigation. When water is very limited in supply, it should be protected from the sun's rays in some practical way. Small ponds or dams used as reservoirs might be protected by shade trees, and in many cases streams might be easily protected in this way. On my last visit to Bricksburg, September 12, in company with Dr. Merriman of that place, we visited one of his plantations for the purpose of testing the difference of temperature of the waters at different parts of the bog. The stream which supplied several acres with water was so small that it might have been all conveyed at the time of our visit through a 10-inch pipe. It entered the bog from a ditch four feet in depth. A thermometer when immersed in it indicated 72° Fahr. The water being somewhat protected from the sun's rays, the temperature at the exposed edge of the ditch at the same point was 90° Fahr. At a distance of a hundred yards farther on, where the water was fully exposed to the sun's rays, the temperature indicated 89° Fahr. Shaded water in a ditch a hundred yards still farther removed from the first ditch had the temperature of 78° Fahr., while the sand on the exposed edge of the ditch showed a temperature of 92° Fahr. These observations were taken at 4.30 p. m.

There is another political muddle in Arkansas, and the Federal government has again been called upon to interfere in the affairs of that State. V. V. Smith who was Lieutenant-Governor under Baxter, has issued a proclamation setting forth that he was elected Lieutenant-Governor in 1872, for a term of four years and that his time being unexpired, and Baxter having abdicated the Governorship, he has become governor of Arkansas. Smith has also sent an address to the President asserting that "the new constitution of Arkansas and the elections held under it are null and void, the change in the constitution having been made without regard to the provisions of the organic law; and he asks the President to guarantee to said state of Arkansas a Republican form of government, and protect the same against domestic violence." Smith's proclamation and address were received by the President on the 15th inst., and referred to the Attorney-General for his opinion. As soon as Smith's action was known in Little Rock, Governor Garland procured warrants for the arrest of Smith, his Secretary of State, Wheeler, and John G. Price, manager of the Republican newspaper, in which the proclamation was published, the charge against them being conspiracy to usurp certain offices. Price was arrested and was held in $6,000 bail, but the others could not be found, and a reward is now offered for their apprehension. It is rumored that Smith is hiding in the U. S. arsenal at Little Rock. Neither the Governor nor the Legislature now in session at Little Rock, it is said, will appeal to the President or to Congress, the State authorities being able to protect themselves.—*Public Ledger.*

When the Baby Died.

When the boy died we said,
With a sudden, secret dread,
"Death, be merciful and pass!
Leave the other." But, alas.

While we watched he waited there,
One foot on the golden stair,
One hand beckoning at the gate,
Till the home was desolate.

Friends say, it is better so,
Clothed in innocence to go;
Say, to ease your parting pain,
That your loss is but their gain.

Ah, the parents think of this,
But remember more the kiss
From the little rose-red lips!
And the print of finger-tips

Left upon a broken toy
Will remind them how the boy
And his sister charmed the days
With their pretty winsome ways.

Only time can give relief
To the weary, lonesome grief;
God's sweet minister of pain
Then shall sing of loss and gain.

HOW JERRY CAME HOME.

That fire at the Maples did something besides making talk for the whole village and scorching up a few rods of old Mrs. Chitts's scattering timber. It gave the old gentlewoman, who had long been hovering doubtfully on the borders of two worlds, a very good reason for departing at last, and leaving a long-waited-for estate to innumerable hungry heirs and lawyers.

"Too much for the old lady, that scare," neighborly people said, "though the fire didn't amount to anything; but, bless your life, she'd hung on so long!" implying that the breeze which had shaken her off at last was all in the way of Providence. The truth is, people had begun to feel that Death, with his hands full among meaner people and poorer people, had quite overlooked rich old Mrs. Chitts in her snug old place at the Maples. There is a certain sense of justice in these things, and threescore years and ten is a generous allowance for a lifetime, after all; to go beyond it looks covetous, especially if you have heirs. There were no red eyes at the old gentlewoman's funeral, if you except those of Deborah, the old lady's humble companion and housekeeper.

"She made a fool of Deb, though; but, for the matter of that, Deb's always being made a fool of," said Mrs. Thornpin, chatting to a neighbor over her gate, with a brood of barefoot children behind her. Mrs. Thornpin was Deborah's half-sister—a shrewd and notable woman, with a faded wisp of hair done up in a scantling twist behind, and skewered vixenishly back from forehead and ears. "Yes, she's made a fool of Deb—left without paying her last quarter's wages, and gave her the sweepings of her property just to set the whole place talking about us and our poverty. And after the struggle I've had to keep my head above water, to have Deb come back to me like that, with that ragged bit of sea-shore and that wheezy old barn of a house behind her, and all of hazing after that boy of hers, who'll never come back, it's my belief. If he's decently dead and buried, it's all the harm I wish him."

For it seems that Deborah had had her romance too, years ago. It came to her in the shape of a stray sailor drifting up the shore one day—a slouching fellow, with a pair of gypsy black eyes and a foreign look, which the good people of the village, not being able to translate accurately, took to mean evil altogether, shaking their heads ominously when he "made up" to Deb, and finally married her. So when he led Deb a hard life, drank up all his earnings at the village inn, and finally cut himself adrift again, going off without warning into that unkown somewhere whence he came, and leaving her with the care of a three-year-old boy, and not a cent to support herself, everybody looked at everybody else, and said, "What could you expect?" And there would have been nothing for Deb but to go back to her half-sister's, making one of a scantily fed and overpopulated household, if this old gentlewoman at the Maples hadn't turned up and wanted her for a housekeeper.

But Deborah's boy hadn't turned out well; he grew up a pranksome, wild young fellow, whom no one saw any good in; the pest of the neighborhood, the destroyer of melon patches, an impish youngster with no end of mischief.

So when one fine morning the lad was up and off like his father before him, nobody was sorry or surprised but his mother. A fine summer morning long ago that was. Many mists had settled on the sea-shore and many snows had whitened the hill-tops since Jerry went away, but his mother had been "looking for him back" ever since. Every summer among the far-flitting sails she fancied Jerry's ship was sailing in, for Jerry had gone for a sailor, of course—what else? He would come back some day in a blue braided jacket and a floating ribbon as proud and bright as the best of them. That was Deb's religion, her one unshaken faith; and even her half-sister, accustomed to whet the sharp edge of her temper on Deb's short-comings, was fain to keep shy of this vagary.

It is astonishing, after all, how small a portion of one's self is really owned by one's self. Especially in a village. There's the neighborhood, and there's the family, and there's that vague, impalpable thing called the world, which sometimes means the meeting-house—one, two, three-fourths—the shriveled portion of selfhood remaining is hardly worth counting upon as stock in trade. And Deb had lived in the village till she was almost one of its traditions. Hadn't they known her from a child, and weren't her whims and oddities a sort of town property, like the salt-air and the shell-fish?

When, therefore, the village learned that Deborah was not coming back to burden her half-sister, but was fairly set to move into that rickety, rheumatic old house bequeathed to her by her eccentric mistress, with its bare acre or two fraying out in meadow land and sedge to the tide-rising, the village lifted its hands in deprecation, and declared it was a tempting of Providence. So said Mrs. Thornpin, who, having wrought her courage up to the pitch of drilling and scolding Deb for years to come, felt in some way defrauded. Mrs. Thornpin declared the house was damp, a dismal mouldy old place, shaking with sea-ague, and sure to be down some night on the head of whoever was in it. Whatever possessed old Mrs. Chitts she didn't know. Deb had quips and cranks enough of her own all along, and would be harder to manage now than ever.

And indeed it seemed she was not far from right, for it appeared Deborah was quite satisfied to "move" with a cat, a red shawl and a flower-pot.

"I shall have plenty of everything when Jerry comes back," she said, smiling.

"Better wait till he does come," was the grim reply.

"Oh, you know, I want to have everything ready for him."

Whereat Mrs. Thornpin laughed to herself; for Deb, as she said, was capable of "living right along," with the sunlight shining on that gray shanty, and a patch of rag carpet on the floor, waiting for Jerry forever.

So Deb went her way in her sun-bonnet and old gray gown, with a snatch of clove-pink in her hair, and took refuge in the ancient shingle-front house.

All that bright, breezy day of Deb's move she was very busy, after her own fashion, washing down and cleaning up the big bare raftered kitchen, with many pauses to look out of the wide shambling windows at the gray brimming ocean, the white foam line, and the wind-blown sand and sedge. For Deborah, as her sister said, was "lazy as a born lady"—a lady who thought herself well dressed in a patched gray gown and a rose bud.

"When Jerry comes back I'll have folks enough running here," said the infatuated Deb to those who condoled with her on her sea-shore solitude.

But there came a change over the quiet of Rushtown. There were whispers in the air of an approaching invasion. A big speculator, in a big gold chain, with a big voice, and a big company at his back, had found his way along the sea-shore. There was talk of villa sites and villa plots and ocean views, and there were flaming placards up at the village inn, and there was a big tent down along the sands, with a gay streamer atop of it, and crowds of busy, beer-drinking people about it, invading the ocean quiet, and vulgarizing the place, as Mrs. Lymph declared.

And finally, it appeared, the wily auctioneer threw a covetous eye on that slighted two-acre lot which was generally sniffed at by the village as "Deb's property." And the speculative Mr. Jones courted Deb and coaxed Deb, and endeavored to bring her to reason and to making a sale at his own price—a good price for a few bushels of sand, as he observed, worth nothing, except that they stood in his way. But Deb was shrewd for once, for the sake of Jerry. When Jerry came back it would not do to have cheated him out of what was justly his due. So she bargained and put off and haggled with the eloquent auctioneer, for Jerry's sake, until finally, as you never can bring a woman to reason, he was fain to give her her price. And he touched his hat respectfully when they closed the bargain, for he respected money, did Mr. Jones, and Deb was a far richer woman than when he first met her, and had proved to be sharper than he was, after all.

That was a proud day for Deb when she deposited the proceeds of that one business transaction of her life in the snug little bank of a neighboring town. She still owned the shaky old house and a bit of land about it, and she had a bank-book besides! There was a small sum coming to her yet, and, happy as a princess, she walked along the sands, in her sun-bonnet, to meet the gallant auctioneer at the big tent, for, seeing that Deb was a landed proprietor, and mistress of a small fortune, that gentleman had invited her down to the great clam-bake and sale, to see, as he said, "how the thing was done," and to settle up. It was all a wonderful scene to poor simple Deborah—the feasting, the crowded tables, the rushing, jostling, good-humored people who bid high prices and drank beer, and hankered to get out by the ocean. In her interest and excitement she lingered with the rest till nearly sunset.

"You had better be careful of that money," said the auctioneer, kindly, as she put the purse in her pocket when they had "settled up." "There are ill-looking fellows hanging about here. Its bad for a lone woman to have much money about her."

"I shan't always be a lone woman," said Deb, in the fullness of her heart, thinking of the time when Jerry would be back, as big and brave and fearless as anybody.

That night there came a new moon over the water; the wide dim stretch of lifting waves was faintly silvered, the wraith-like mist lying beyond glimmered like a milky-way. But Deb was not lingering out-doors to-night, dreaming and brooding, as was her wont at this hour. She sat in the great shadow-haunted kitchen, her sun-bonnet still on her head, a candle flaring beside her—a candle which flickered unsteadily over a tumbled heap of bills, interspersed with a few odd pieces of silver, the hoardings of years.

Deb was counting her treasure, gloating over it like a miser. Window and door were open; the sea-breeze came floating in. Eager, happy, intent, she heard nothing, feared nothing. The wind was always making a racket at the disjointed old place, and Deb had got used to it. It sounded like a sinister footfall now on the threshold, but Deb never looked up. She did not see a dark face bending over her shoulder; she did not see the shadow of a brawny hand crawling stealthily over the heap she was counting. It might be one of the grim shadows haunting the rafters had got down to play a prank with her, so unconscious sits the woman, absorbed in her unaccustomed mathematics, till the brawny hand comes down with a sudden swoop, clutching her treasure—a living, sinewy hand, with a sailor's anchor pricked in faded blue on the back.

But Deb was quick; she caught at the closed fist sharply, holding it in a vigorous grip, treasure and all, as she turned upon the robber—a woman with flashing eyes, full of nerve and strength, not to be lightly quelled, transformed by sudden peril into heroism.

But as she turned a cry broke from her lips—a wild, strange cry, uttering all the passion and loneliness of her lifetime.

"Jerry!" she cried. "O God, it was all for you!"

Was it so indeed that Jerry had come home? Was it Jerry who shrank from her extended arms, and falling abjectly on the floor, groveled at her feet? Jerry! her knight, her returning hero, for whom she had coveted all things, for whom her world was all too small to afford largess for his welcome!

A divine mother-light shone in Deborah's eyes. All things were for him; first of all, forgiveness.

Disgraced, degraded, Jerry; fallen upon evil ways, Jerry; so much the more will the great mother-heart comfort and welcome thee!

"I never meant it, mother," he cried; "no, I never meant this! I've been bad enough and wretched enough and starved enough, but I never meant this. It was the money he gave you down at the long tent that done it. I never see your face, not once, oh, not once, mother, only the jingling, hateful purse that lured me on like a devil! Let me away out o' this," he cried, breaking from her grasp, "and I'll never trouble you more. I swear it—never!"

But his mother set her back against the door; she drew, with trembling fingers the great rusty bolt. "Listen to the lad!" she said smiling, as she smoothed his rough hair with her tender hand. "Does he think that after waiting all these years he's going to get quit of his old mother in this fashion? Nay, nay, my lad, it was all that there sun-bonnet o' mine!"

"Well," said Mrs. Thornpin to her husband, as she cleared the dinner-table next day, "I give Deb up after this. There's no use trying to reason with Deb. She won't take no kind of advice. There she's got that great hulky lad back to eat her out of house and home, with his furrin ways and his monkey face. But bless me! Deb never would take things to heart like other folk. She grows sleek on what would fair wear me to skin and bone. Thornpin, mark my words"—

But Thornpin had lit his after-dinner pipe and escaped.

Certainly Jerry had not improved in appearance; that was quite true. His swarthy face and small, glittering eyes, black and restless, constantly suggested that obnoxious foreign origin which the neighbors never could get over. But Jerry, shy as some wild creature, troubled the neighbors but little; only once in a while they caught glimpses of him setting out shoreward with his fishing-line, or late of an evening strolling along the sands with Deb, who never wore the old sun-bonnet now, having replaced it with a broad-brimmed gypsy, always gay with a knot of crimson flowers. "She could afford it now," she said, "since Jerry had come home."

And never could any one bring Deb to see anything amiss with her boy. To all cavilers she pointed with pride to her trim garden, rescued from sand and weeds, where occasionally of an afternoon you might catch a glimpse of the ragged straw hat and turned-up trowsers in which the long-waited-for prince did duty in the potato patch or weeded the cucumber bed.

"There never was such a boy for work," says his mother, watching him dreamily from the porch; and if he had come home a millionaire or a merchant prince, you could see no difference in the light of the mother-eye beaming upon him.

A New Industry in Maine.

Among the latest industries established in Maine is that of collecting and drying sea-moss, which is followed in the town of Kittery. This moss is collected in dories in the neighborhood of White Island and Whale's Back. Two men go in each boat, and with rakes made for the purpose tear the moss from the rocks at half tide. It is taken to the beaches, where large beds are constructed by taking up all the large rocks and leaving only a surface of pebble stones. These beds contain from ten to three hundred barrels. If there is no rain sea water has to be thrown on the moss, and the sun bleaches it from the dark green color, first to a beautiful pink and then to a clear white. It has to be turned occasionally, and made the same as hay. After it is thoroughly dry it is packed in barrels and shipped to Boston, where it finds a ready sale at six cents a pound. Immense quantities are used by brewers.

Grave Robbing in Indiana.

A case of body-snatching was developed in Seymour, Ind., recently. A young lady of respectable family, very popular with her friends, and much beloved in that city, died of consumption and was buried in the cemetery near that city. The day after her interment some near relatives went to the cemetery for the purpose of decorating her grave. But what was their alarm and horror on finding strong indications that the grave had been tampered with—such marks as to lead at once to the suspicion that the body had been removed. As quickly as possible the family caused the earth to be removed, and, on opening the coffin, their suspicions were verified. The body of the girl had been stolen.

The friends and relatives of the deceased instantly set a watch for the thief, and endeavored if possible to arrest him. A man got on the eastward bound train at Hardensburg, on the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, and had his baggage—a rather small-sized traveling trunk—checked for Cincinnati. As soon as the trunk was put on board the train some relatives of the family, who were on the train watching for suspicious characters, went for the baggage car, and, discovering an unpleasant odor arising from the trunk, had it opened and found the body of the young lady closely wedged within it. To get the corpse into so small space it was necessary to cramp it in a manner which indicated that much violent force had been used. She was lying on her side, with her knees doubled up her under chin and her head violently forced over to one side in a corner of the trunk.

The man having charge of the trunk was immediately arrested, and when the train reached North Vernon was taken off, with the trunk and its ghastly contents, to await the arrival of the westward bound train to take him back to Seymour. When the news reached that place the greatest indignation was felt among the people, and opinions were freely expressed that the body-snatcher would be lynched on his return there.

Immediately after his arrest the body-snatcher confessed the deed, and said he had been engaged in the business for two years, getting his subjects from along the line of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad and other roads running into Cincinnati. The price he said he was paid was $20 a subject. He seemed to be so terribly frightened that he could give no intelligible account of himself or his confederates.

Strange Matches.

It is an historical fact that Frederick of Prussia formed the idea of compelling unions between the tallest of the two sexes in his dominions, in the hope of having an army of giants. The reader will, in all probability, recollect the following ludicrous incident: It so happened that, during a long ride, the king passed a particularly tall young woman, an utter stranger. He alighted from his horse, and insisted upon her delivering a letter to the commanding officer of his crack regiment. The letter contained the mandate that the bearer was instantly to be married to the tallest unmarried man in the service. The young woman was somewhat terrified, and, not understanding the transaction, gave an old woman the letter, which was conveyed to the commanding officer, and this old woman was, in a short time, married to the handsomest and finest man in the crack regiment. It is not necessary to say that the marriage was an unhappy one—particularly so to the old woman. In this connection comes another anecdote. A rich saddler directed in his will that his only child, a daughter, should be deprived of the whole of the fortune unless she married a saddler. A young earl, in order to win the bride, actually served an apprenticeship of seven years to a saddler, and afterward bound himself to the rich saddler's daughter for life. But the union was anything but a happy one; the bride, neither by birth nor breeding a lady, reflected little credit on her bridegroom's choice; and repeated quarrels were followed by separation. So it is with all unequal matches; gold and brass won't unite. Novels tell us the felicity following the union of Lord Fitzgerald and Mary Ann Jones, quite ignoring Mary Ann's predisposition to red knuckles and unshapely feet, which peculiarities finally make my lord's life burdensome. Novels are amusing, but not to be relied on in "matters of the heart," as a rule. Common sense says, "Young folk, marry within the boundary of your social and religious circle.

Changes in the Body.

When science discovered that the human body underwent an entire change during a period of seven years, it was thought very remarkable, but Dr. Lyon Playfair read a letter a few days ago before a British Social Science Congress, wherein he declared that "all the particles of the body changed every six weeks." The same eminent authority wisely declares that the substance of all our sanitary science, accumulated by ages, might be summed up in the pregnant advice of the prophet, "Wash and be clean." This learned physician says that for a thousand years after the civilization of the Egyptians, the Jews, the Greeks and the Romans faded, there was not a man or woman in Europe that ever took a bath. To this fact he attributes, in a large measure, the wondrous epidemics of the middle ages, which cut off one-fourth of the population of Europe—the spotted plague, the black death, the sweating sickness, and the terrible mental epidemics which followed in their train—the dancing mania, the mewing mania, the biting mania and witchcraft.

Facts and Fancies.

A good advertiser practically puts his show windows into the newspapers.

The maddest kind of a woman is one who spends a half hour in arranging her toilet before descending to the parlor on the arrival of a visitor—who proves to be a book agent.

A woman sick with typhoid fever was recently refused admission to the county hospital at Milwaukee, Wis., because at the time when she appeared it was late at night. She died shortly afterward.

There is an old Indian in Kansas who has been nicknamed "Old Prob." When asked to prophesy of the coming weather, he sagely and safely says, "Mebbe snow; mebbe heap-hot. Better wait little, you bet."

The Rev. Phillips Brooks has refused a salary of $20,000 a year from Philadelphia, said to be the highest salary ever offered to an Episcopal clergyman in this country, and one of $15,000 from New York. He loves Boston.

"Sir," said the astonished landlady to a traveler who had sent his cup forward for the seventh time," you must be very fond of coffee." "Yes, madam, I am," he replied, "or I should never have drank so much water to get a little."

A number of practical jokers in an interior California town accused a poor Swiss of having set a fire that occurred in town. He took the matter very much to heart, wrote a pathetic farewell letter to his brothers, and killed himself.

A newly married couple in Connecticut recently started out on their wedding tour accompanied by a small sized two-year old infant, which they had hired for the purpose, deluding the public into the belief that they were old stagers.

An Alsatian woman goes to confess: "Father, I have committed a great sin." "Well!" "I dare not say it; it is too grievous." "Come, come, courage." "I have married a Prussian." "Keep him, my daughter. That's your penance."

Rather good rifle-shooting is thus described by the editor of the Troy *Whig*: "We have seen a man hold his rifle in his left hand and toss a chip with his right hand into the air, and then, bringing his rifle to his shoulder, put a bullet through the chip."

A Washington lady, upon the marriage of her daughter, gave her intended son-in-law three dollars in a sealed envelope with which to fee the minister. The enterprising youth abstracted two-thirds of the amount and delivered the remaining one dollar to the preacher.

According to statistics, the following nine cities stand above New York in the matter of population: London, 3,254,260; Sutchan (China), 2,000,000; Paris, 1,851,792; Pekin, 1,300,000; Tschantschau-fu, 1,000,000; Hangtschau-fu, 1,500,000; Siangtan, 1,000,000; Singuan-fu, 1,000,000; Canton, 1,000,000.

A gentleman can stand it to hear a couple of ladies discuss the fashions for three or four hours at a time, but if he tarries much longer than that he gets jet galloons and cuirass basques most horribly mixed up with shell jabots on Watteau folds, and begins to feel that if he doesn't get out into the fresh air pretty soon he'll die.

A married man, hearing that the eating of certain kinds of animal food would aid the same tissues of the human body—as, for instance, calves' brains would nourish the eater's brains, or beef's liver the eater's liver—immediately gave strict orders to his butcher that no more tongue of any kind should be sold to his wife or mother-in-law.

The coolest robber that Boston has seen for a long time is a man who went to the Public Library building recently, and, borrowing tools from some workmen, removed the copper lightning-rods, laboring at the job several hours, and, having loaded his spoils upon a wagon, rode off. The workmen supposed he was acting under orders from the city.

It is on record that simultaneously with the outbreak of an epidemic, like the cholera, birds deserted the fated town. This phenomenon has been observed in St. Petersburg, Riga, and in cities of Prussia, in Hanover, Galicia, and Southern Germany. Some scientific men suppose the birds are warned by the poison in the atmosphere, and instinctively fly from it.

The police boundaries of London cover 576 square miles and a population of 4,000,000 of inhabitants. Here are gathered more Jews than there are in Palestine, more Scotch than there are in Edinburgh, more Irish than there are in Dublin, more Roman Catholics than there are in Rome, and there is a great variety in the languages spoken. There is a birth in London every five minutes, and a death every eight minutes.

Lived on the Sea.

Three mariners appeared at the Portland, Me., Custom House, the other day, and requested to have the register of their schooner changed so as to hail from Portland. On being informed that it could not be done, as from their papers they belonged in Gloucester, Mass., they stoutly declared they did not belong anywhere, except on the high seas; that for the past twenty-one years they had lived aboard their vessel, only landing at times for provisions or stores; had paid no taxes and had not voted; that twenty-one years ago, when in Quebec, an attempt was made to make them pay taxes, and the matter went to Washington, but resulted in their getting off free. The matter remains under advisement.

Farm, Garden and Household.

Fall Manuring.

No matter how susceptible manure is to fermentation, no matter whether it is fresh, heated up strongly, well-rotted, or an old compost, if it is spread out thinly in the field, all fermentation is speedily checked; just as when a mass of lighted coals is scattered over the ground, the glow ceases, the combustion declines, and even in the hottest summer day the fire is soon extinguished. If this spreading is done in the cool of autumn, and a gentle rain follows, all the elements of the manure that can suffer loss—the ammonia, potash, etc.—dissolve and sink into the soil. But they cannot go far down unless we have manured a gravel bed or a sand pit. On land fit for a farmer to handle, whether a natural loam or a sand or clay, subdued to a proper texture, the descent of fertilizing matter is arrested, as already mentioned, by the beautiful chemistry of soil absorption, the slowly descending water is filtered by the soil of nearly all it took from the manure, and the real feeding qualities of the top-dressing are distributed uniformly throughout the surface soil in a way no tillage can begin to imitate. Loss is reduced to its minimum, and the application is as perfect in style as in cost. If, on the contrary, the manure is spread out in hot weather, and lies exposed some days to dry winds, the ammonia it contains, in the form of carbonate, will be carried off into the atmosphere; but this loss is not so great as is often supposed. The quantity of volatile ammonia that can be got out of stable manure by this exposure is certainly not greater than exists in it, and the analysis of Vœlcker, Wolff, and myself, show that it amounts to but two to six parts in ten thousand of fresh or well-rotted manure.—*Johnson.*

Fruit Garden.

Pears of choice varieties, well preserved, will now bring good prices in the markets. If packed in shallow boxes, containing one or two layers, and each pear wrapped in soft tissue paper, the extra price will more than repay the trouble.

Try to cover strawberries, etc., just as freezing weather sets in; this is easily done if the covering material is at hand. Young grapevines are best covered with a few inches of earth.

Blackberries and raspberries are most readily propagated from root cuttings. The roots are cut into pieces two or three inches long, and packed closely in a box with earth; there should be holes in the bottom of the box to allow of drainage, then bury the box and contents in a dry spot, and leave until spring.

Cuttings of currants and gooseberries may be planted. The one thing necessary to insure success, is that the earth be packed firmly around the base of the cuttings.

Prune grapevines at once, before cold weather sets in; many persons do not prune until spring; if left until then, the vines are liable to bleed.

The wood from the pruning of the grapevines may be used for propagation. Cut into pieces containing two buds, and tie into convenient bundles, and bury in sand in the cellar. Varieties hard to start, like the Delaware, should be rooted in the greenhouse or hot-bed from one-eye cuttings, while others, like Norton's Virginia, can only be profitably multiplied by layers.

Ten Rules for Farmers.

1. Take good papers and read them.
2. Keep an account of farming operations.
3. Do not leave implements scattered over the farm, exposed to snow, rain and heat.
4. Repair tools and buildings at a proper time, and do not suffer subsequent threefold expenditure of time and money.
5. Use money judiciously, and do not attend auction sales to purchase all kinds of trumpery because it is cheap.
6. See that fences are well repaired, and cattle not grazing in the meadows, or grain fields or orchards.
7. Do not refuse to make correct experiments, in a small way, of many new things.
8. Plant fruit trees well, care for them, and get good crops.
9. Practice economy by giving stock shelter during the winter; also good food, taking out all that is unsound, half rotten or moldy.
10. Do not keep tribes of dogs and cats around the premises, who eat more in a month than they are worth all their life time.—*Morning Star.*

Cottage Pumpkin Pie.

Stew and strain good sweet pumpkin or squash, being careful to stew it down in the water in which it was cooked. Then mix with it an equal quantity of milk and sweeten with brown sugar to taste. For the crust, oil the pie-dish as usual, and sift over it fine corn meal evenly, about three-sixteenths of an inch deep. Then pour in gently the prepared squash to the depth you wish, say three-fourths of an inch, and bake in a hot oven forty or forty-five minutes, baking it well on the bottom. In dishing, pass a thin sharp knife around the edge and under the pie when out. If made right, it will come out nicely, though with very little crust at the outer edge. The bottom crust will be sweet, tender, and wholesome, and not one person in fifty will guess of what it is made.

A Useful Hint.

One often desires to put a staple into a block of stone. The hole is made, the staple inserted, and lead melted and run in. But unless the hole is made with the bottom larger than the top, the lead will in time work out, if there is much jar or side strain on the iron. Besides, the lead itself is liable to some compression, which admits of looseness, especially after being subjected to very hot fires. A much better article is sulphur. If this be melted and poured in around the staple instead of lead, it makes a much more durable job. Besides, it is often more easy to procure sulphur than lead, as every store keeps it that deals in general variety.

How to Make Apple-Butter.

When apples are ripe make, say, three barrels of cider. Then pare and core four bushels of apples. Then boil down the three barrels of cider to one and a half, and set it convenient to the copper kettle, in which place the four bushels of apples. Pour on to the apples from the cider enough to answer the purpose, and fire up. As the cider boils away, add more and more, until it is all used up and the contents of the kettle is brought down to a proper consistency, of which one must be judge. A little practice will make one perfect.

Washington's Proclamation, 1789.

The following is the first Thanksgiving proclamation issued by Washington:

Whereas, It is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits, and humbly implore His protection and favor; and, whereas, both Houses of Congress have, by their Joint Committee, requested me to recommend to the people of the United States a day of Public Thanksgiving and Prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many and signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity of peaceably establishing a form of government for their safety and happiness. Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these States to the service of the great and glorious Being who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, that will be.

That we then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to its becoming a nation, for the signal and manifold mercies, and the favorable interpositions of His Providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquillity, union, and plenty which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national one more lately instituted; for civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge, and in general for all the great and various favors which he hath been pleased to confer upon us. And also that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of nations, and beseech him to pardon our national and other transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and national duties properly and prudently; to render our national government a blessing to all people, constantly being a government of wise, just, and constitutional laws, discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations (especially such as have shown kindness unto us) and bless them with good government, peace, and concord, to promote the knowledge of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science amongst us; and generally to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

Given under my hand, at the city of New York, the third day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The day thus appointed by President Washington was celebrated by four millions of people, in thirteen States, clustered along the Atlantic coast. This year the holiday will be celebrated by a nation of more than forty millions, in forty-five States and Territories.

What it is About.

The cause of the trouble between Japan and China is thus explained: Formosa, an island which lies off the Chinese coast, not far from Amoy, is making a great deal of trouble for two nations. Although Formosa is subject to China, its savage inhabitants have committed many piratical outrages upon foreigners for which the Chinese government refuses to hold itself responsible; neither will it allow injured nations to occupy the island and avenge themselves. During the past year a Japanese vessel was wrecked upon the coast of Formosa, and the crew ruthlessly plundered. The Japanese could get no redress from China, so they landed troops, punished the islanders, and occupied the territory. China became indignant, and ordered Japan to withdraw the troops within a specified time, or abide the consequences. But this Japan refused to do, unless China would undertake to prevent the Formosans from committing such outrages in future. Hence the two nations are on the verge of a war.

A PATHETIC APPEAL.—"Mamma, shall you let me go to the Wilkinsons' ball, if they give one, this winter?" "No, darling." A pause. "*You've* been to a great many balls, haven't you, mamma?" "Yes, darling, and I've seen the *folly* of them all." Another pause. "Mightn't I just see the folly of *one*, mamma?" A very long pause.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

Balances in the United States Treasury: Currency, $15,460,101; special deposits of legal tenders for the redemption of certificates of deposit, $53,165,000; coin, $84,093,000, including $21,067,000 in coin certificates; outstanding legal tenders, $382,000,000......Miss Charlotte Cushman bade farewell to the stage at Booth's Theater, New York. Mr. William Cullen Bryant presented the distinguished actress with a laurel wreath and Mr. Roberts read a poem by R. H. Stoddard, after which there was a serenade at the Fifth Avenue Hotel......United States Marshal Selye and Lieutenant Hodgson, U. S. A., were sent to prison for ten days at Vienna, La., for contempt of court......The murderer of Mr. Haber, the German Consul to Japan, has been beheaded......Dr. J. C. Ayer was burned in effigy in the town of Ayer, Mass., which was named after him. In condemnation thereof a numerously-attended citizens' meeting was held, when deprecatory resolutions were passed. Dr. Ayer is the well-known patent medicine man who was an unsuccessful candidate for Congress......While the funeral of a Mr. Lapauge was being held at Pawpaw, Mich., a little son of the deceased wandered to the river near the house and was drowned.

Edward McGuire shot and instantly killed his wife in San Francisco. Jealousy is said to have prompted him to commit the deed......Archie Powell, colored, of Little Rock, Ark., shot his wife in the neck, and then shot himself in the mouth; both mortally wounded. Jealousy was the cause of the deed......Jeremiah O'Sullivan, who was in the Hudson county, N. J., jail awaiting transportation to State prison to serve a five years' sentence, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor......A hurricane passed over the island of Jamaica and caused considerable damage. In that harbor there are a few small wrecks and several lives lost. The storm is believed to be most severe in Barbadoes, Santa Lucia, and Hayti and the north side of Jamaica. There has been no intercourse since between Kingston and either of the sister islands mentioned, or northern Jamaica......Hartridge's majority for Congress in the First Alabama District is 4,211, and Smith's majority in the Second District is 2,154......Wm. Walter Phelps, for M. C. in New Jersey, is beaten by five votes......N. S. Stevens has been elected Delegate to Congress from Arizona by about 200 majority......The official count of the Congressional votes in the Fourth Massachusetts District gives the election to Frost by a small majority....The Pennsylvania Senate stands 20 Democrats and 30 Republicans; the House 107 Democrats and 94 Republicans. Democratic majority on joint ballot, 3......Justice Hogan will contest E. R. Meade's election in the 5th New York District.

A package of Danish butter was received at the Butter and Cheese Exchange in New York, which was packed in a tin case more than seventeen years ago......A. Yeatman Zachos, a florist of New York, was married at 11 o'clock in the morning, and shot himself fatally the same evening......A scene was enacted during the services at the Methodist Episcopal Mission Church in Washington which will never be forgotten by the witnesses thereto. The clergyman, Rev. Mr. Hysore, while preaching, suddenly remarked, "Brethern, I feel very sick," and, clasping his right hand to his forehead as if in intense pain, exclaimed, "Jesus, save me, save me now," at the same time staggering backward, and, falling in a half-reclining position on a sofa, died in great agony.....The small-pox is on the increase in Montreal and many additional cases are reported......John W. Head, Democratic Congressman-elect from the Fourth District of Tennessee, died at Gallatin very suddenly....A woman named Stiernen killed her son, thirteen years old, at Milwaukee, by breaking his skull with an ax, and then committed suicide by jumping into a cistern. The woman had been in bad health, and the act was committed during an attack of insanity, induced by fear that she would be separated from the child.

The mammoth cotton mill of the Spragues at Baltic, Conn., has resumed work after three weeks' suspension, caused by a strike of the mule spinners. A few of the strikers have returned and fresh spinners will be employed if the rest do not yield......A dispatch received from Gen. Pope, through Gen. Sheridan, announces that Big Horn, a Cheyenne chief, with twenty warriors, forty-eight women, forty-nine children, and over 200 horses, surrendered unconditionally to Col. Hall, at the Cheyenne Agency. The warriors are held in confinement.....Francis O. King, a prominent forwarding merchant of Buffalo, drowned himself in a cistern at his residence......A large public meeting was held at Florence, Mass., at which gold medals, appropriately inscribed, were presented by the citizens of the Mill river valley to George Cheney, Collins Graves, Jerome Hillman, and Myron Day, the heroes of the Williamsburgh reservoir disaster, six months ago......All of the New York Constitutional amendments were carried in Brooklyn by majorities varying from 4,781 to 41,381......It was declared that Edwin R. Meade has a majority of 175 over Edward Hogan in the Sixth New York District......Ex-Justice Robert F. Laird, who absconded from Jersey City last August, with the accumulated funds of several of his clients, has written from Liverpool expressing his desire to return and make restitution......Passengers from Little Rock report that two horse thieves, caught in the act of stealing, were shot and killed at Brinkley, Arkansas.

Miss Cushman received for twenty-two appearances during her farewell engagement in New York city $11,000. The nightly receipts averaged over $3,000, or an aggregate of $68,000. Over $7,000 were received on the last night of her engagement. Her engagement in Philadelphia was also successful, realizing a large amount of money......A bold thief robbed the express train on the Delaware and Lackawanna railroad at Delaware Station, N.Y., of $12,000. The night was unusually dark and the express messenger hungry. He locked the safe and door of the express car and went to his supper. The burglar watched, and when the safety valve of the engine was blowing off he thrust his hand through the window by the side of the entrance door to the car, raised the dead latch, opened the side door on the opposite side from the depot, placed a railroad tie upon the ground and to the door of the car, and by that means noiselessly slid the safe, weighing 218 pounds, to the ground, making off with it......Capt. Farnsworth, with Company H, 8th United States cavalry, had a severe fight with the Indians, over 100 of whom attacked his little troop. The troops lost one man killed and four wounded, ten horses killed and two wounded, and killing fifteen Indians, a large number of ponies, and wounding fifty or more of the savages. Their ammunition giving out they then retreated......Five Arkansas horse thieves are reported lynched at Brinkley Station .....According to official figures, Chicago elevators contain 2,149,776 bushels wheat, 510,923 bushels corn, 415,585 bushels oats, 52,710 bushels rye, and 274,830 bushels barley, making a grand total of 2,403,383 bushels, against 3,505,678 bushels at this time last year. Milwaukee has 309,201 bushels wheat, 14,823 bushels corn, 34,285 bushels oats, 3,386 bushels rye, and 76,985 bushels barley.

The house of J. T. Carter, near Syracuse, was burned. The owner was burned to death in a cellar—where he had gone to save some property—before the eyes of his wife......The State canvass of the votes cast in Iowa at the October election, shows the vote for Secretary of State as follows: Young, Rep., 107,256; Morgan, Anti-Monopoly, 79,049; Republican majority, 28,207......The Vienna *Tagblatt* states that it has received rumors from St. Petersburg of an attempt having been made upon the life of the Czar by conspirators belonging to the Socialist Society..... All but eight counties in Tennessee have made their returns, which give J. D. Porter, Jr., Democratic candidate for Governor, 45,000 majority. ......Mrs. T. M. Porter, the wife of a prominent citizen of Lafayette county, Ark., in mixing pills, made a mistake, using arsenic for quinine, and died in an hour after taking the pills......Underwood, the murderer of Miss Pridgeon, who was adjudged to be insane at the time of the murder, last March, came before the Recorder in Detroit, to be sent to the insane department of the State Prison. It is admitted by his counsel that he is sane now, and various objections, on legal grounds, were made to the supposed commitment. The Recorder, however, issued the writ, and the case will probably go to the Supreme Court.... The United States Methodist Episcopal Church has appropriated $303,853.23 for foreign missions.

The American Express Company's messenger on the Toronto branch of the Great Western railway was robbed by five masked robbers. The amount of money lost is $12,000 or $15,000......Judge Dillon, in the United States Circuit Court of Nebraska, in the suit of the First National Bank against Douglas county, rendered a decision to the effect that taxes can be collected from national banks, whose capital stock is in goverment bonds. The amount collectable from the two national banks of that city for 1873 is $13,500......The extensive woolen mills of John and James Dobson, at the Falls of the Schuylkill, Pa., stopped running on account of dissatisfaction among the workmen in consequence of a notification from the employers that on and after November 13 their wages would be reduced. The proposed reduction amounts to from ten to twenty-five per cent. on the present wages, and the men, believing that such a change will not provide them with even the necessaries of life, have determined to fight against it to the last.....Barney McMahon, of Burkesville, Mo., fired a log heap some distance from his house and kept it burning two weeks. On examination by a detective a few days ago, several hair pins, small buttons and bones, which looked like finger bones and part of an upper jaw bone, with teeth attached, were found. This led to the arrest of McMahon, for the murder of his wife, who is missing.... A mysterious conspiracy, for the purpose, it is believed, of overthrowing the government, has been discovered to exist in Russia. Many of the most exalted personages of the empire are implicated, and its ramifications extend to all parts of the country. Over 3,000 arrests have already been made, including many ladies, some of high rank.

"Pops" of the Question.

There are three offers of marriage in a new book called "Uncle John," which are certainly models in their way:

Laura and Lexley.—"Mr. Lexley," she said, perfectly calm and composed, "am I to understand that you are asking me to be your wife?" "I know I might as well expect an angel to come down from heaven and marry me, but that is my desire," he answered, unconsciously borrowing from the baptismal service his energetic affirmative. "I ought to give you a frank and hearty 'Yes.' I will, too, on certain conditions."

Annie Dennison and Percy Mortimer.—"If I thought it possible you could value anything I can give I would offer you all I have in the world, incumbered only with myself. Miss Dennison, will you accept it?" "No," whispered Annie, rising from her seat to take his arm in a perfectly friendly manner and guide him back to the ball-room.

Horace Maxwell and Annie Dennison; the latter as a sister of mercy in carrying food, tea, etc., to the poor, and Horace is trying to induce her to let him carry the basket.—"Miss Dennison," he faltered, "Annie, my own darling, may I carry your basket all my life?" "If you'll put all your eggs in it, yes," answered Annie boldly; and coming suddenly on a crossing sweeper, the only living soul to be seen, a solemn silence intervened.

The Markets.

NEW YORK.	
Beef Cattle—Prime to Extra	$ .08½ a .12½
Common to good Texans	.06½ a .08½
Milch Cows	40.00 a80.00
Hogs—Live	.06½ a .06½
Dressed	.08½ a .08½
Sheep per lb	.04½ a .09½
Cotton—Middling	.14½ a .14½
Flour—Extra Western	4.85 a 5.15
State Extra	4 85 a 5.15
Wheat—Red Western	1.26 a 1.28
No. 2 Spring	1.10 a 1.11
Rye	.92 a .95
Barley—Malt	1.56 a 1.56
Oats—Mixed Western	66½ a .67
Corn—Mixed Western	.92½ a .93½
Hay—per cwt	.45 a .90
Straw—per cwt	.40 a .65
Hops ....'73s, .15a .25—'69s	.08 a .12
Pork—Mess	20 00 a20.25
Lard	.15 a .15
Petroleum—Crude 5 a.05½	Refined 10½
Butter—State	45 a .50
Ohio Fine	.38 a .40
" Yellow	.26 a .28
Western Ordinary	.20 a .22
Pennsylvania fine	.38 a .40
Cheese—State Factory	15½ a .16
" Skimmed	.06 a .08
Ohio	.13½ a .15
Eggs—State	31 a .32
ALBANY.	
Wheat	1.25 a 1.28
Rye—State	.85 a .85
Corn—Mixed	.88 a .90
Barley—State	.60 a .60
Oats—State	.41 a .60½
BUFFALO.	
Flour	5.75 a 7.50
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	1.00 a 1.00
Corn	.77 a .78
Oats	.58 a .58
Rye	.96 a .96
Barley	1.52 a 1.52
BALTIMORE.	
Cotton—Low Middlings	.14 a .14½
Flour—Extra	6.75 a 8.25
Wheat	1.20 a 1.22
Corn—Yellow	.87 a .87
Oats	62 a .63
PHILADELPHIA.	
Flour—Penn. Extra	5.60 a 7.75
Wheat—Western Red	1.19 a 1.20
Corn—Yellow	.92½ a .93½
Mixed	.92 a .92
Petroleum—Crude .... .08 a08½	Refined 10½

The Republican.

H. E. BOWLES, M. D., Editor & Prop'r

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1874.

HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC Co., N. J.

The Game Law.

Much is being said just now about the game law. Our neighbors on the other side of the Delaware are scolding at our Game Protective Society, because they have secured a law which prevents rapacious game vandals from coming into Jersey, and Jerseymen too, from wanton destruction of our birds and other game. Before this law was secured, it was no uncommon thing to see a score or more of these slaughterers, get off the train here, with packs of dogs, hounds, setters, bird dogs and squirrel dogs, and scour the country, killing every living thing they could find, even chickens from farmers' door yards, and ducks, and then walking off with them unmolested. This thing would continue for days and weeks, till quails and robbins have been almost entirely driven away, and until one quail is not seen now where once they were found in hundreds. It was this reckless wanton destruction of game that made a stringent law an absolute necessity to save the birds, which are invaluable to the farmer. Had sportsmen been decent, and a little respectful to property owners, probably this stringent law would never have been passed. Game, and property owners had to be protected. Indeed it had come to such a pass that a man, though on his own property, dare not interpose to save his barnyard fowls from these marauders, for some of them would as soon draw a bead on a man as a rabbit.

Under those circumstances, there was no other alternative but to seek protection in a law that would prohibit such beings from prowling about, shooting anywhere and everywhere. And if they complain that they are prohibited from indulging in gunning they have no others to thank but themselves. It merely shows what men will do, if there were no legal barriers to keep them in subjection. Without these barriers they would defy every man's right, and nothing would be safe. If men would be men these laws would be unnecessary. As long as they will not be men but persist in making their brute nature the most prominent, so long will just such stringent laws be necessary, and they deserve the severest penalty for their violation of them. Those who would be decent have to suffer for the inhumanity of others. When these wanton wretches cease to be brutes, and learn to be men, the necessity of such a law will cease.

On election day, in New York City, one McKenna was shot down, and died soon after, but not till he had given testimony in full, as to who was his murderer. This fired the crime on a noted rough, named Croker, and an intimate friend of John Kelter, who has received the mantle of Tweed, and the cognomen of "Boss." Croker was arrested, and a sham examination on the order of the new Boss, and released. But the grand jury indicted him and he was arrested, and on Tuesday shut up in the Tombs. For him and his co-roughs the *Tribune* is the defender, and declared that the "friends of Coroner Croker will not suffer him to lie in the tombs for several months awaiting the slow movements of the courts." So here we see the spirit of modern democracy sticking out and used to prevent the punishment of criminals, as in the days of Tweed, and the *Tribune* as their mouth piece. Verily how art the mighty fallen. But how long is it since the *Tribune* was calling loudly for punishment to political offenders? Consistency is a jewel.

It is stated that the Secretary of the Navy, in his annual report, will ask for $17,000,000, about the same amount asked for last year. He will not ask for any new vessels to be provided for in these estimates. He will make a report on the Stevens Battery at Hoboken, and recommend Congress to ratify the contingent bid of $145,000 made for it, so that the Government can take possession of and complete the Battery. An agent of the Japanese Government was at the sale with a view to purchasing the Battery, but declined to do so, when he learned that our Government was a bidder.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Patents states the receipts of the Patent office during the past year to have been $721,111, and the expenditures $694,076. The Commissioner urges the preparation of a digest of all applications now on file, and says that eight additional rooms are needed immediately for the Patent Office.

Our State Industrial School for Girls.

In the year 1871, upon the earnest recommendation of the Governor, the Legislature passed an act to establish a school for the reformation of vagrant and criminal girls, the great object being to provide a place where these young outcasts and neglected ones could be sent or committed, who would otherwise be confined in county jails. The Board of Control, consisting of the Governor, Chief Justice and Chancellor, were to appoint six trustees, who, with six lady managers, were to have entire charge of the institution. These trustees being appointed, immediately opened a school at Trenton, and arrangements were made for the reception of such girls as were sent to them. Since that time a new building has been erected 1½ miles north of the city of Trenton, near the Asylum, where, under the judicious treatment of the officers of the school, many of these wayward children have been reclaimed. Sufficient time has elapsed since the opening of the school to demonstrate the practicability of reformation.

The vicious character of these children is the result of their education, either direct or by force of example. They, like men, acquire a large amount of their knowledge through the senses.

A child goes through the world with its eyes and ears wide open. It has been truly said that object teaching is the surest way of impressing truths on young minds. So we find the child brought up amid degradation and vice in all its forms, copies after it, knows no other way of life. How then can we expect the children of drunken, profligate and profane parents to be anything else than a burden and expense upon society? But we are compelled to accept the situation as we find it, and resort to such means as appear practicable to bring about desired results.

"As the twig is bent so the tree is inclined," but before the tree becomes set in its growth it can be brought into an upright position, and so can a wayward child by being surrounded with moral and with Christian influences, be trained into the right way. The constant contact with all that is pure and healthful will as assuredly work the change. Old thoughts and habits will become things of the past, and new and better aims fill their places.

The object of this communication is to awaken an interest in this State institution, and enlist the services of some one or more Christian men or women in every city and town throughout the State, to look after the girls that are constantly to be met with in the streets, in rags, the very picture of distress and want—perhaps earning a full a living—by sweeping street crossings, and stealing the rest—compelled to sleep in some dark cellar or under the scanty shelter of a lid less box on the sidewalk, or worse—in some of those "hells" which are supported by the stealings of hired thieving children. *Fellow Christians*, this is no fancy picture. If you could have seen a girl of fifteen summers admitted two years ago into this home, covered—no, not half covered—with rags, and so filthy and devoured by vermin, that your eye would have turned away in disgust, and heard her sorrowful tale, watched her through the succeeding months, seen the washing, the burning of everything brought with her, the new and clean suit, the face and hands, now for the first time disclosing their color, her delighted countenance at the very thought that some one cared for her, her enjoyment of the first meal at a decent table, the open eyes and ears when the matron gave thanks to God for the bread provided for them, words all unaccustomed to her—then to the school and sewing-room, and so on day after day as one new idea after another opens to her mind, till in a few months the change is so great that all traces of the original girl are lost, a new world has dawned upon her. With plenty of food and cleanliness, the bodily powers begin to act, the mind seeks knowledge, and little by little the rich truths of the gospel are unfolded to her; she now sees that there is still something more in store for her, and in the Sabbath school as in the day school she has so steadily advanced that you can now have the satisfaction of finding that your street girl has become a clean, industrious and ambitious child, with a respect for herself, and love in her heart for the "dear mother" and *other officers of the institution who have* carried her as it were in their arms and in their hearts all through this season of change.

And now a good home is provided, *where the seeds that have been planted*, may be nurtured and tenderly cultivated so as to be thoroughly established in their growth.

Such then is the plan and work of this school, to which we ask your earnest cooperation, remembering the promise, "He that converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

S. L. B.

Trenton, Nov. 11th, 1874.

GENERAL NEWS.

The official majority for Bedle, Democrat, for Governor, is 13,300.

Navigation on the New York canals will be closed on the 5th of December for the season.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Pensions states that the appropriation required for the pension service for the next fiscal year will be $30,500,000.

The Binghamton *Republican* wants to know if John Morrissey demands the Senatorship, what the Democracy are going to do about it. This is a startling question.

A delegation of Philadelphia Baptists recently visited Cape May, for the purpose of selecting a site for establishing a sea-side resort, similar to that of the Methodists at Ocean Grove, near Long Branch.

The Monmouth *Democrat* says the Democracy have now a splendid opportunity to—make asses of themselves. As the Democracy never let slip a splendid opportunity they will no doubt improve this.

One day last week, Mr. Wm. H. Hewitt, and a gang of men, with the "wood train," were removing some wood just below Woodbine station, when in removing an old tie they unearthed a family of rattlesnakes, numbering thirteen, six of which they killed and seven escaped into the woods. This is a rare occurrence, as a rattlesnake is now seldom seen in Cape May.

It is stated that the President, in his forthcoming message, will not recede from his position on the financial question last winter, but that he will take strong ground in favor of an immediate resumption of specie payment, even to naming a day when it will begin.

Letters received from G. A. Anderson, State Commissioner of Fisheries, give the information that the department expects to be able to supply bass in December. Whenever the fish are furnished, parties in the vicinity of streams or ponds stocked will be expected to look after them and pay transportation.

The Salem (Mass.) *Gazette* attributes Gen. Butler's defeat to his arrogance, his rapacity, his supreme selfishness, his natural affiliation with every cause and every confederate that is base and contemptible, added to a wrongheaded lack of judgment that is astounding as coupled with so much intellectual force.

DEAF AND DUMB COLLEGE.—The State Commission appointed to select a site for the State Deaf and Dumb College have selected the site offered by the city of New Brunswick. The tract donated by the city covers forty-two and one half acres, and is located on the southerly limit of the city, about 500 feet from the Raritan river. It has a frontage on Burnet street, of 1,200 feet, and on Clifton ave. of 1,500 feet.

The editor of the Republican newspaper at Little Rock telegraphed to Senator Dorsey at Washington, on Tuesday night, that the Republicans were patiently waiting for definite action by the Federal Government. He asserts that business is suspended throughout the State, that the outrages of the White Leaguers have resulted "in all the horrors of civil war," and concludes by saying: "If we are to fight we wish to know it. The earlier the matter is settled the better it will be for all."

The annual report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs has been completed, says the statistical returns accompanying his report will show unmistakable advances in civilization among nearly all the Indian tribes, and the results of the new Indian policy are "gratifying and most hopeful for the future." He recommends the establishment of a government, or at least a United States Court, in the Indian Territory. Besides a suitable government for the Indians, he recommends legislation for the encouragement of individual improvement, by providing a way to citizenship, and for the holding of lands in severalty for those who desire it.

Philadelphia had a Centennial celebration on Tuesday, in honor of the City Troops' Centennial Anniversary. New Jersey was well represented by her military, which made a fine display. The City Troops were clad in the uniforms of the last century, and bore the flag presented in 1776, were greatly admired, and were reviewed by Governors Hartranft and Parker on Broad st., and by the Mayor and City Council, at 5th & Chestnut st., as they passed down Chestnut st., and one hundred strokes were sounded from the State House Bell. The base of Washington Monument, in front of Independence Hall was tastefully festooned with ivy and beautiful flowers, and on the front was a wreath of immortelles, bearing the dates of 1774 and 1874.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1874.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 w.	2 w.	1 m.	4 m.	6 m.	12 m.
1 square.	$ 75	$1 00	$1 50	$4 00	$5 00	$10 00
2 "	1 40	1 85	2 65	6 50	9 50	16 00
3 "	2 00	2 50	3 50	9 00	13 25	21 00
4 "	2 50	3 25	4 25	11 50	16 40	26 00
5 sq. ½ c.	3 00	3 75	5 00	14 00	18 00	30 00
1 column	5 00	6 00	8 00	18 50	25 00	45 00
1 "	8 00	10 25	15 00	33 75	45 00	80 00

Notices in Local Column, 20 CENTS PER LINE, each insertion.

Rain at last. It commenced yesterday morning. The first in 7 or 8 weeks.

A. J. Smith is putting up a new house on the corner of Second and Vine sts.

Raisins, and other fruit for cooking, at Packer's. This is the place to get your fixings for Thanksgiving.

As Thanksgiving Day occurs next week, our correspondents will confer a favor by forwarding their communications a day or two earlier than usual.

The Vineland Independent has been merged in the *Granger*, the organ of the Patrons of Husbandry in this State. As this Order flourishes, so we suppose will flourish the *Granger*.

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving day. Services will be held in some of our churches, and dinners attended to as usual. Jackson can supply you with the materials.

The Musical Union met for practice on Monday evening last. They voted to use the Song King for practice, and also to purchase the Cantata of "Spring," for the use of the society. A goodly number were in attendance.

The Camden & Atlantic Railroad Company are taking up the old rails, and replacing them with the new T rail. This is an improvement devoutly wished. This indicates thrift, and we believe the road has been doing a business for the last year, surpassed by few roads of equal length.

The Hamlin Brothers are getting their pottery along towards working order. They can make all kinds of ware, but will make flower pots, jugs, &c., a specialty. They have been fortunate in finding an abundance of clay near the pottery. They cannot fail of doing well.

Ladies, desiring to save the hair accumulating from combings, will find Mrs. Nathan Ellis proficient in the art of putting hair into shape to be worn. *No matter how* matted, she will straighten and prepare it in any style you want. Those wanting this kind of work done will do well to give her a call.

We commence the advertisements this week of Dr. J. C. Ayer's medicines. The Cherry Pectoral has been before the public for many years, and is known, and has been tried of all men and women, and its efficacy is well known throughout the world, by every people, in every clime, and so with all the preparations coming from the house of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. They have become so popular that they are used and prescribed by Physicians throughout the country. Especially is this the case with his Pectoral and Cathartic Pills. Read the different advertisements as they appear in our paper from week to week.

Mr. Orrin Packard, of the firm of Perry & Packard, Camden, who has a fine estate on Middle Road, is now moving his family and residence to that pleasant locality. During a sojourn of himself and family to his place here last Sunday, some scoundrels and thieves broke through his house in Camden, to steal. Not satisfied with stealing they injured his house, cut up badly a costly bureau to get into the drawers, carried off his clothing, leaving him but little or nothing but what he had on, and ransacking the house and leaving everything in an admirable state of disorder, besides taking much of his wife's wardrobe. They went to bed, smoked his choice cigars, eat and drank and made themselves merry, from all appearances, and very much at home and made use of his property very much after the style of the French communists; committed nuisance and went off leaving the gas burning all over the house, and the house open. Such infernal villians deserve the fate of many who did similar things during the reign of communism three years ago in Paris, but put beyond the power of a repetition of such things.

THE METROPOLITAN CLOTHING HOUSE.—Wanamaker & Brown, corner of Sixth and Market streets, Philadelphia, known throughout the length and breadth of our land as the leading clothiers of America, announce in their great advertisement in another column, an immense stock for the fall and winter trade. The inducements to be held to purchasers are unprecedented. The Cash (C.O.D. plan) of their motto) they offer great inducements, for in such a course from ever before. They invite customers to such Enough Over 22 great rooms, and to see how every garment is *one price & label*, specifying the name and character of the goods, and the *one, only price*. No questions need be asked, *the garment speaks as much more*; it is as rich as much money. A signed Guarantee will be delivered with it' and if, on his return home, the purchaser is for any reason discontented with his trade, he is allowed ten days to return it to, and to receive his money back, dollar for dollar! We greatly mistake the Enterprising, accomodated spirit of the times, if this new departure does not work a revolution in the clothing trade.

The following preamble and resolutions were passed by the members of the lodge of Odd Fellows, at May's Landing, at their last meeting, showing the esteem in which Mr. Foster is held by them:

MAY'S LANDING, Nov. 18th, 1874.

WHEREAS, Odd Fellowship unites each and all of its members into one common whole, so that each shares in each other's sorrows, and

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in his infinite wisdom, to lay his afflicting hand upon one of our brethren, Therefore,

Resolved, That our sincerest sympathy be extended to Bro. William M. Foster, in his hour of affliction, and that he be commended to that God who is too wise to err and too good to be unkind; who doth all things well, and maketh all things work together for the good of his children.

Resolved, That a copy of these Preambles and Resolutions, properly engrossed, be presented to Bro. Foster, and also entered upon the minutes of the Lodge.

M. D. V. MOORE, } Committee.
D. B. INGERSOLL }
Thos. S. Smith, Sec'y.

Atlantic City Items.

How about our City Hall?

There are now about *fifteen cottages* and boarding houses being built here, and more soon to be commenced.

The city fathers have bought a very good fire engine.

Our school is closed for the week. The teachers have gone to the Institute.

We are to have another school opened in the "Havlo House" as soon as the Board of Education can procure a teacher.

R. B. Leeds has got his schooner ready to launch.

Mrs. McCleese is having the capacity of her house (Cottage Retreat) more than doubled by a new addition.

We are to have water-works by the beginning of next season.

The new city officers are to be sworn in next Tuesday evening.

Council have ordered open several new streets.

The Literary Association is to commence its meetings again next week.

Bargaintown.

Men are willing to work for almost anything.

The exhibition at Steelmanville was a complete success.

Quite a company was present at the public temperance meeting on the 13th. For some reason the speakers engaged for the occasion failed to put in an appearance. Dialogues, recitations, good singing, etc., however, made things to pass off very pleasantly.

Another company of "fantasticals" visited one of our sea captains the other night.

A little more light would help Zion church on Sabbath evenings. New burners would bring about the desired result.

A pleasant time is anticipated at the fair and festival to be held in the school house on Thursday and Friday Nov. 26th & 27th, afternoon and evening.

We have no lovers of salmon in our midst.

The Band of Hope is made up mostly of women and children, but very few men belong. Reason—the pledge includes tobacco.

SCRIBBLER.

Along the Shore.

The long continued dry and fine weather is matter of surprise and subject of continuous remark by nearly everybody, and is especially convenient for such as have but little else to talk about. Farmers and mechanics have had more than time to fix up their out-door work, and a better opportunity to lay in fuel for winter and gather hay could not be asked. And then the finishing up of work has been helped out in another way. There has been much less of it to do than usual. All later products of the soil such as wheat and clover have been very light, and much of them of inferior quality.—Very little corn fully matured, and much of what was cut before the heavy rains in September moulded in the shock. Nobody is troubled like the farmer who grieved because he had only horse-corn and nothing to fatten his hogs with. The first planting of early potatoes did well. After that the crop was nearly a failure even where the vines seemed healthy when the rains came, the after growth was much below the general expectation. Sweet potatoes were light, and though of excellent quality early in the season, they became so water soaked as to render them inferior. The yield of turnips and cabbages is fair, perhaps it may be said good, the latter especially, and the old saw, "two heads are better than one, if one is a cabbage head," has at least a modicum of truth in it. So also in regard to mechanics. Shoemakers are very busy, but most others, and especially builders, have had a light season and have closed up their work some weeks ago.

A few people along the shore will have to be helped through the winter. While this state of things is unavoidable in many cases in the towns and cities, there should be hardly a case in the country, and they would be very rare, if there were no lack of industry and economy, except in cases of sickness, or some unforeseen calamity. There is want in winter only where there was improvidence or extravagance in summer. To be compelled to supply aid in such cases, goes against the grain, yet humanity demands it, and it must and will be furnished.

The oyster trade is perhaps as good as we do not know that we have a good stock of the business houses are fortunate beyond most other classes. But vessel property may be said to be the staple of living along the shore. Vessel men are complaining loudly. The talk runs, vessels carrying a heavy tonnage go their way, and a little more, but small craft are a losing game. Some are laid up, some are making a little some keeping square, and some running behind. This is a new experience. Since the great demand for vessels during the war, hardly any other property has paid so largely as this. The long continuance of this heavy per centage tended to inspire great confidence, and to render the present reverse a great disappointment. We can get used to almost anything, but that takes time. Vessel men have not yet got used to this sort of thing, and hence it hurts very badly. Still confidence is not yet gone. Two large vessels are to be built at the Point the next season.

There is but little of special interest in society or church affairs. Of the exhibition by the Sons of Temperance in Smith's Hall, on the 10th and 11th, I suppose you will be informed by another correspondent. The Co. Lodge of G. T. holds its quarterly session in Central Church, on the 17th, with a public meeting in the evening.

Afternoon and evening meetings are being held this week in Salem Church Smith's Landing, but "Preliminary" will furnish you a report.

Meetings are to be held next week in Central Church, as follows: Service Monday evening, 23d; preaching Tuesday P. M. and evening, by Rev. J. J. Graw, of Port Republic; Wednesday P. M. and evening by Rev. T. C. Carman, of May's Landing; Thursday P. M. and evening by Rev. J. S. Gassill, of Smith's Landing; Friday P. M. and evening by Rev. L. D. Stratts, of Mount Pleasant. Services at 2.30 and 7 o'clock. If the results seem worth reporting they will be furnished.

YOURS, OCCASIONAL.

Mr. Editor:—We are extremely sorry that our "noindescript" takes the supposed death of the Republican party so much to heart. To it we would say, accept our thanks for your expressions of sorrow, also for printing the obituary notices. But would it not have been more satisfactory to the bereaved people to have included the time and place of its burial? You say the deceased was born quite young and matured too rapidly for a long life. What astounding wisdom! Inflammation of the brain must certainly follow such mental effort. I admit some people do mature too rapidly for a long life, but such has not been the case with the Republican party. We have been defeated, I admit, by the false representations of the Democratic party, but the Democratic rule is only temporary. We are also very sorry that you are so seldom called upon to write obituaries, but to tell the truth, we do not think the people want their friends' names dishonored by having an obituary notice in your (im)pure columns. We are sorry that your imagination conjures up such horrid things as the Great Spirit flying away on the wings of an overgrown grasshopper, and its instilment in Washington, etc., etc. We are inclined to think that you must have had a serious attack of the nightmare, and from which we hope you have recovered by this time. For the political nightmare has troubled the Democratic party more than our defeat now does the Republicans. Yes, the Republicans will not take the rest that has been so long denied them by the Democratic party. They will now rest from labor, from which they will rise in a short time, and astonish the world with a greater victory than that which they achieved in the Grant campaign of '72.

The Democrats may dance and shout their war-whoop, and strut about like roosters when coming out of the coop, for a brief period.

Yours, YOUNG BRADY.

Elwood, Nov. 15th, 1874.

Steelmanville Items.

South-sayers know little.....Extravagants are becoming economical!.....Some of our fair ones are misophisticated.....A new vessel is being built at the point.....Our mischievious urchins are Jesuitical.....The county lodge of Good Templars convened at Central church on Tuesday last.....The members of Central Church commence a protracted meeting to-morrow afternoon.....Church officials obstinate....Not a government officer in town.....A maiden lady who occasionally visits our place has attained the age of eighty-two, and is as full of mirth as a child.....One of our ladies had her jaw-bone fractured a short time since while having a tooth extracted, from which she is a great sufferer.....The shoemaker at Leodsville works nineteen hours a day.....Thanksgiving next Thursday.....Water is low in our wells.....The launch of Capt. L. Clark's vessel was a fizzle.....A I sorts of vessels were passing through our inlet last week.....The schooner Harry Shepard is being overhauled, and will sail southward as soon as ready.....Listeners hear no good of themselves when under neighbors' windows.....Servant girls are scarce.....The schooner Mary Ellen will trade in the Chesapeake this winter.....A sea captain in this vicinity lost a diamond pin from his shirt front a short time since, by the sea his vessel shipped. We have a man with us who says he cannot think without a quid of tobacco in his mouth. No doubt, not with it either.....*Money sold* at our annual loan and building association at 15 per cent. premium.....The largest schooner owned in this place is the one recently built at Milton, Delaware, named Thomas Sweeny, and commanded by Capt. L. B. Steelman. She is well built and pronounced by good judges to be a model of beauty. Her carrying capacity is between 800 and 900 tons. She is now on her way to Galveston, Texas.....The new schooner which is fast approaching completion at English Creek will be launched soon.....Since the affray mentioned last week it has been learned that the wound was inflicted by himself while endeavoring to put the knife in his pocket. He was said to be under the influence of the drink that maddens. He was about to cut his comrade, and in an effort to take it from him, he endeavored to put it in his pocket, and was cut.....The choirs of the Central and Bethel churches intend, jointly, to give a concert sometime soon, under the direction of S. W. Gaskill of Absecon.....The members of Bethel church intend having a christmas and oyster supper for the benefit of the church.....The exhibition previously spoken of came off with decided success on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of last week. Smith's hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The affair was under the management of Thomas Sampson who conducted the exercises with ability. Much credit is due to parties engaged. The proceeds are to be used in purchasing an organ for the division room. The opening address by William Lake was appropriate, and made a profound impression. The music was good, both vocal and instrumental. The organ was one of Deigler's, furnished by S. W. Gaskill.

Atlantic Co. Teachers' Institute

Mr. Editor—I send you a short report of the proceedings of the Sixth Annual Teachers' Institute of Atlantic County:

Nov. 17th.—The Institute assembled at the School-house, Port Republic. It was called to order by County Superintendent Wight.

After the registering of names, and assigning places to the members present, it was found that the time of the morning session had been consumed. Adjourned to meet at 2 P. M.

Afternoon Session.

Called to order by Superintendent Wight, at 2 P. M.

The Institute then elected the following Committees:—

On Resolutions—C. J. Adams, W. H. Ridgway, J. H. Curl, Lizzie Clark, and C. P. English.

On Recommendations—John Sullivan, H. B. Whitney, J. P. Woolston, W. Wiely, and S. H. Cavileer.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Vice President, W. Wiely; Secretary, H. B. Whitney; Assistant Secretary, Annie Adams; Treasurer, John M. Sullivan.

After which C. P. English gave his ideas on spelling, followed by W. Wiely, C. J. Adams, Superintendent Wight, George B. Schroeder, and others. After this John Schuster gave an object lesson in Natural History, followed by remarks from other teachers.

Evening Session.

The Institute assembled in the M. E. Church at 7 o'clock.

After remarks by the County Superintendent and E. A. Apgar, State Superintendent, the latter gentleman delivered a very interesting lecture on Corporal Punishment.

Wednesday, Nov. 18th.—The Institute was called to order by Co'y Superintendent Wight, at 9 o'clock A. M.

After reading of the minutes, John Schuster, was elected Musical Director of the Institute, and C. J. Adams gave his method of teaching Book keeping, followed by other members.

Miss Lizzie Clark then read an essay on History, followed by Eva Fenimore and others on the same subject. Mr. Apgar made a few remarks on this subject. Mr. W. H. Ridgway gave an exercise in Elocution. After a short recess, Mr. Apgar occupied the remainder of the morning session on the subject of Time.

Afternoon Session.

Called to order by the County Superintendent. After roll call, H. B. Whitney gave his method of Teaching Grammar, followed by Vincent P. Lake, J. V. Rogers, and W. Wiely. After a short recess, C. A. Apgar made a few remarks upon the subject already discussed, and was followed by A. W. Taylor on Penmanship. Adjourned to meet in the Church at 7½ o'clock.

Evening Session.

The meeting was called to order by Superintendent Wight, after singing by the choir.

Prof. Schroeder, of Egg Harbor City, read an interesting Essay on the subject of the Professional Teacher.

After music by the choir, Prof. Lockwood, Superintendent of Monmouth County, gave an instructive and amusing address upon the subject of the Oyster.

Thursday Morning.—Institute called to order by Superintendent Wight.

After opening exercises, Mr. S. R. Morse took the chair. Superintendent Wight being called away. Mr. J. V. Rogers gave an exercise in Oral Elements, followed by Mr. W. Wiely, on Mathematical Geography. Mr. Apgar followed by giving several questions in Mathematical Geography. Prof. Lockwood occupied the balance of the time.

Everything is passing off very pleasantly.—The people of this place are doing everything in their power to entertain the members, and make the Institute a success.

YOURS, MEMBER.

Port Republic, Nov. 19, 1874.

We have received a notice of a Centennial celebration to take place at Bridgeton, N. J. on the 25th and 26th of the present month; but too late for an insertion in full, in our paper this week, but below is the substance. One hundred years ago a schooner loaded with tea came up the Cohansey Creek which tea was stored in a cellar. Some patriotic citizens burned it. The people of Bridgeton, are to have a centennial celebration of the event next week, on the days mentioned. The occasion ought to stir the patriotic m of every true American citizen. A general invitation is given. The West Jersey R. R. Company have placed the depot at their disposal for this occasion. The proceeds are to be applied to the United States Centennial Celebration. The occasion is a fitting one for our people, and the object grand and glorious.

PROCLAMATION
BY THE
By the Governor of New Jersey

I hereby declare THURSDAY, the 26th day of November, A. D. 1874, as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Prayer, and I recommend the people of this State to observe the same by assembling on that day in their respective houses of Public Worship, there to give thanks to Almighty God for the blessings bestowed during the year now drawing to a close, and to pray for the continuance of similar blessings.

Given under my hand and seal, at the Executive Chamber, in the city of Trenton, the sixteenth day of November, A. D. eighteen hundred and seventy four, and of the Independence of the United States the ninety-ninth.

[L. S.] JOEL PARKER.

Attest:
JOHN A. HALL, Private Secretary.

Marriages.

CHARD—CAMPBELL—At May's Landing, on the 11th inst., by Rev. T. C. Carman, Mr. Benjamin Chard and Miss Anna Campbell, daughter of William Campbell, both of Gibson's Creek.

A Mine on Fire.

A fire broke out in the shaft of the Belcher mine, Nevada, while the miners were at work. The fire was first discovered by persons down in the mine, but it soon made itself manifest on the surface in the dense volume of smoke that rose up from the mouth of the shaft and ascended to a perpendicular height of 300 or 400 feet. This huge column of smoke was one of the grandest sights imaginable. The air was perfectly calm and the smoke assumed the form of huge balloons rolling upward, one over the other, and all of pitchy blackness.

The wives and children of the miners, and all who had friends and relatives in the mine, flocked by hundreds, weeping and wailing as they ran, in the direction of the mine. To attempt to describe the wretchedness and despair of these people would be futile. After the vast pillar of smoke had rolled steadily upward from the mouth of the shaft for twenty minutes or more, and when a great crowd was collected about the spot, there came a flash as of lightning; there was a dull report, which was heard at the distance of a mile, and a sheet of flame shot upward to the height of 300 or 400 feet. Instantly the dark volumn of smoke was gone—was consumed in the leaping sheet of flame. The flame then fell back to the height of about fifty feet, and to this height it continued to dart for over an hour. This great tongue of flame shot upward with a roar that could be heard at a distance of a quarter of a mile. Large pieces of flaming wood shot out at the mouth of the shaft, and immense quantities of live coals, many of them as large as a man's fist, were darted fifty feet into the air, walted away, and fell in showers on the roofs of buildings and on all around for a great distance. At a distance the fire bore a striking resemblance to an active volcano. What wind the was came from the north, and to the southward to the distance of over 100 yards, the ground was completely covered with coals.

The miners and people in the neighborhood fought the fire so gallantly that those in the mine were rescued, although a number of them were severely burned. The escape of any of them was miraculous.

Paper Barrels.

Among the numerous novel uses to which paper is nowadays put, is the manufacture of barrels for the carriage of such materials as flour, sugar, etc. These barrels are made of successive layers of paper-board cemented together, and subjected to enormous pressure, the result of which is a compact substance with great resisting power. The paper is made of straw, thus utilizing and converting into a merchantable article what in most sections of the country is regarded as refuse. The barrels are perfectly cylindrical in form, which gives them an advantage of 25 per cent. in storage over wooden barrels. Their weight is about half that of a wooden barrel, so that in a carload a saving of nearly 1,000 pounds in freight is made. It is calculated that they will stand four times the pressure that a wooden barrel will. The invention was patented about six months ago, and two factories are now engaged in the manufacture—one at Winona, Wisconsin, and one at Decorah, Iowa. At the latter factory, 1,600 barrels per day are turned out, with a consumption of five tons of paper. It is claimed for them that they can be made 20 per cent. cheaper than wooden barrels. They may be rendered absolutely air-tight, and it is claimed that they will resist moisture longer than they are likely ever to be exposed to it. They are made in quarter, half, and full sizes. The inventor is sanguine that they are destined entirely to supersede the wooden barrel.

Cremation in Dresden.

With reference to the recent cremation of the body of an English lady the *Lancet* says: The lady in question had an extreme horror of the idea of burial, which, to many, is far worse than that of cremation, and the fact of the cremation being carried out by her relatives is evidence only of their determination to carry out the deceased's wish. The difficulty of obtaining the permission was immense, and it is only granted on condition that representatives of the various public bodies and Ministers should be present; among others those of the clergy. For this reason the furnace was not completely closed, as it would have been if cremation were an ordinary and recognized process. Every person present (the number was about twelve) was requested and promised to make no communication of the details to others, and the account published can only have been gained by breach of this promise; nor was even the name of the deceased known to the bystanders. What was in reality the fulfillment of a last wish, carried out at great trouble and sacrifice of private feeling, is represented in the light of a coarse experiment.

Prosperous Northern New York.

The Watertown *Times* says: "The season, now drawing to a close, has been one of the most productive our husbandmen have ever known. The yield of grass and hay has been unprecedently large, the grain and root crops have been fully up to, if not more than an average, while the production of our dairies has probably never been equaled. To crown the whole, prices are excellent; so if ever a people had cause for gratitude and thankfulness, it is those of Jefferson county and Northern New York. It seems to us that all sorts of business in our towns ought to be brisk and paying during the fall and coming winter."

A FRIGHTFUL DEATH.

Thrilling Adventures in a Coal Mine—An Explosion of Fire Damp.

Four men, strangers, desiring to see the interior workings of a coal mine, entered the Columbia tunnel, near Rough and Ready mine, Pittstoa, Pa. Some distance from the entrance the passageway diverges, leading in one direction into the working part of the mine, and to a large unused chamber in the other. This chamber has been abandoned some time, and, as a consequence, has become filled with fire damp and other noxious gases arising in a coal mine. The visitors, being without a guide, found their way along the dark and slimy passage by means of a lantern, carried by one of the party, and took the tunnel leading into this infested chamber. Entering it, they walked about until they began to feel the effect of the poisonous gases. Aware of the prevalence of fire damp in mines, they knew at once the cause of the peculiar sensation, and endeavored to find the way by which they entered the chamber, in order that they might escape. Before the entrance could be found three of the party were obliged to succumb to the influences of the fire damp, and fell to the ground. The fourth, carrying the lantern, found the passage, and succeeded in reaching the outside gallery in a weak condition. He soon recovered after coming in contact with the purer air, and at once set himself about the rescuing, if possible, of his companions. He was fearful that if he left the mine for aid they would be dead before help could be rescued from before he could return, so he determined to re-enter the noxious chamber and drag his friends forth into the air himself. Hastening in, he discovered by the dim light cast by his lantern the prostrate bodies of his three companions. Hanging the lantern on one of his arms by the large carrying ring, he grasped two of the senseless men by their collars, and being a powerful man, and nerved to still greater strength by the circumstances, he pulled them out into the main passage. Pausing a second for a breath of fresh air, he again rushed into the chamber and drew the remaining man out. Losing no time, he dragged his senseless friends toward the mouth of the entrance to the mine, taking one several feet forward, then going back and bring the others, one at a time, until he brought them to the fresh air at the entrance. Before he got them out, he was rejoiced to notice signs of returning consciousness in them all. It was some time after reaching the mouth of the mine before the three men were able to comprehend their situation and to realize that their escape from the very jaws of death was almost miraculous. Aid was procured for them, and they were taken to one of the hotels in the place; and their remarkable adventure made quite a sensation in Pittston.

In the same chamber a fearful tragedy was enacted. Westley Willis, a young man who had just hired out to work in the mine, while awaiting orders, thought to take a look at things inside. Unfortunately he was not aware of the fire damp chamber, and followed the passage directly into it. No sooner had he entered the fowl place, when the gas was exploded by Willis' mine lamp on his hat, and the young man was hurled out of the chamber against the jagged side of the gallery. The report was heard for a great distance round, and the passage was soon filled with startled miners. Willis' body was found mangled and mutilated so as to be almost unrecognizable. His face burned black, and nearly every bone in his body was broken. He was the only support of a widowed mother and crippled brother.

A New Plaster Bandage.

A surgeon connected with the Southern Dispensary, in Brooklyn, N. Y., has recently invented a new method of applying the plaster splint, which promises to be an important improvement. A common merino sock is drawn upon the foot and leg. It may extend as far up as is necessary to include the fractured locality. A small rope is run down the back seam in the center of the leg, around the heel and over the toes, returning up the middle of the instep and front of the leg. Six or seven pieces of flannel are then cut out to fit the leg and foot, allowing for shrinkage. The ends of the bones having been carefully adjusted, the stocking, upon which the rope has been attached as described, is drawn upon the foot and leg. The flannels are soaked in warm water and applied, the plaster of Paris paste being rubbed in with layer after layer. After the last layer has been applied, the plaster is allowed to set. When the plaster has become hard, the splint is perfect, and the patient can get about, on crutches, very comfortably. If the leg swells, and it is necessary to remove the bandage, the whole thing can be done inside of three minutes. The cord that has been run around the stocking now forms a line of division in the splint. To remove the splint, all that has to be done is to slip out the cord and slit up the stocking along the line where the cord was. Then the splint, divided in halves, can be removed as though it had been laid upon the limb to obtain a cast. Considerable time is thus gained by using this method of applying the plaster splint. When the broken limb becomes inflamed, it also is extremely painful and very tender to the touch. The slightest jar sends a thrill of pain through the body of the patient, who has sometimes been obliged to be chloroformed to enable the surgeon to remove a plaster splint applied with a bandage. By the new method, the limb need hardly be moved or touched.

The Clerk's Wift and Baby.

There is a ludicrous aspect sometimes to the department clerk's life, says a Washington letter. He actually has the audacity sometimes to fall in love and perpetrate matrimony with some girl no better off than himself.

She, too, has been in the department, and she grows so weary of the monotony of her life, and there is something so sweet in the whisperings of love that she forgets prudence, and, after pinching herself for months, she saves enough of her salary for a silk dress and a few bits of finery, and has the *eclat* of a wedding.

Time flies very rapidly, and you can scarcely realize that it is a year since the event when you met the once jaunty girl—now a rather sickly looking wind—who, with the now faded silk skirt and napless velvet sleeveless jacket, is trundling a baby carriage along the street. The baby is a darling, and the poor, young mother has utilized many of those garments that she spent so many hours of the night making, for herself, when she was to be married, for the baby's use. A dainty blue afghan covers the little cherub; and this is the only way that mother and child can get an airing, for a nurse is out of the question with their small salary.

That poor little mother finds life very hard, for what can be harder for one to have the sole care of an infant both day and night? There is no one to offer, even for an hour or two, to relieve the poor, tired mother. And then they must be content with such poor company as her husband can afford. Poor and such uncongenial society. She now looks with envy upon her late companions as they wend their way to the departments; the work there now seems so light and pleasant. How nice it was to have money of her own; no matter how little it was, yet it was her own, and she managed to dress and look nicely all the time. Then, too, she occasionally had an invitation to some place of amusement; but now, even though she were asked, she could not leave baby.

Does she wish there was no baby? Oh, no; far from it. That baby is the most precious object in life, and she would not part with it for a kingdom. That mother-love is the sweetest and holiest on earth, but her treasure has been bought at a great sacrifice—a sacrifice no less than the total abnegation of self. She is willing to be cold if her baby is warm; she is willing to be hungry provided baby is nourished; she is willing to be shabby so baby has embroidery and a few pretty things, and, after all, no music ever sounded so sweet as the baby's coo-coo, and no play was ever so funny as the way baby jerks its hands backward when it is trying to catch something. Of all the beautiful things that God has done for His creatures there is nothing for which women should be so thankful as the strong, overpowering feeling He has implanted in her heart of love for her offspring.

Jack in the Box.

Some years ago there lived a personage well-known to the London police under the *sobriquet* of "Jack in the Box." He had perfected a most ingenious system of theft, which he worked with great pecuniary profit, through in the result disastrously. He had a box so constructed that he could himself lie in it easily and obtain the air necessary for respiration. He would have this luggage booked from one station to another, and labeled, "To be left till called for." He took care to send it by a train that would arrive at its destination in the middle of the night, so that all the luggage, including his box—which included himself—would be stored till the next morning. Then, in the middle of the night, when all the luggage had been safely locked up, he would get out of his own box, and deliberately, and at his leisure, open all the trunks which he found around him. He would have plenty of time for this purpose, and he had about him duplicates of all the keys employed by trunk-makers, so that he could open whatever he liked. He never took too much out of any one box, or robbed from more than one box of the same party, but went impartially collecting whatever was most valuable and least likely to be traced. These he packed into his own box and retired with them, duly locking himself up. In the morning he would be called for and handed over by the unconscious railway porters to his confederates in the scheme.

How to Make Mischief.

Keep your eye upon your neighbors. Take care of them. Do not let them stir without watching. They may do something wrong if you do. To be sure, you never know them to do anything bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps if it had not been for your kind care, they might have disgraced themselves a long time ago. Therefore, do not relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be. Never mind your own business—that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—be suspicious of him; perhaps he contemplates stealing, some of these darkr nights, there is no knowing what queer fancies may have got into his head.

If you find any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else what you see, and be particular to see a great many. It is a good way to circulate things, though it may not benefit yourself particularly. Do keep something going—silence is a dreadful thing; though it is said there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, do not let any such thing occur on earth, it would be too much for this mundane sphere.

CRIME AND RETRIBUTION.

Outrage Upon a Little Girl by a Drunken Human Brute—He is Lynched by Infuriated Citizens Shortly After the Deed.

The following are the particulars of a fiendish crime perpetrated near Gibson's, a small mining village in Pennsylvania, and as fiendish, however merited, a retribution following it:—Martin Groves, an ignorant and dissipated man about thirty-five years old, had lived for years on the mountain back of Gibson's. He was in the habit of making periodical visits to the village, where he invariably became more or less intoxicated. Drunk or sober, he was always considered a man of brutish and unbridled passions. On one Saturday he was in Gibson's. He was not very drunk, and about the middle of the afternoon was missed. This was something unusual, as it was his custom to continue his orgies late into the night before departing for home. As his absence was of no importance it merely excited a passing remark.

About two o'clock is the afternoon Mrs. Davis, the widow of a miner, had sent her daughter, about thirteen years of age, on an errand about a mile out of the village. She had not returned at four o'clock and her mother began to grow uneasy about her. A few minutes after four the girl was carried into to have the sole care of an infant both day and night? There is no one to offer, even for an hour or two, to relieve the poor, tired mother. And then they must be content with such poor company as her husband can afford. Poor and such uncongenial society. She now looks with envy upon her late companions as they wend their way to the departments; the work there now seems so light and pleasant. How nice it was to have money of her own; no matter how little it was, yet it was her own, and she managed to dress and look nicely all the time. Then, too, she occasionally had an invitation to some place of amusement; but now, even though she were asked, she could not leave baby.

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Looking for Himself.

The ludicrous spectacle of a man looking for himself and suffering the keenest chagrin at failing to find himself, was exhibited on the Union Pacific railroad not long ago. An Eastern-bound emigrant train stopped at Rock Creek station for breakfast. One emigrant strayed away, and the first section of the train started without him. He reached the second on time and managed to get away. His friends in the first section missed him, and were seized with a dread that he had been killed. The conductor telegraphed to the second section to look for him, or bring him or his body to Laramie. The passengers turned out readily to aid in the search. Foremost among them, and displaying a terrible anxiety, was the man for whom they were looking. He hunted for the missing immigrant with a zeal which could only be accounted for by the fact—unknown to him—that he was looking for himself. During the whole day and following night the search was continued, the unconscious cause of it suffering deeply to think that he had been lost. When he reached Laramie the idea never occurred to his friends that the railroad employees might still be looking for the missing immigrant, when one bright individual startled the crowd with the remark that our hero had been looking for himself and failed to find himself.

All a Mystery.

The following story, told by a California paper of Mr. O. H. Burnham, of Oakland, illustrates one of those strange mental phenomena which have so long puzzled the scholars of the world: One morning, a few weeks ago, Mr. Burnham visited San Francisco, crossing over in the 9 A. M. train, and returning at noon. For the rest of the day he was actively engaged in business, and at 6 P. M., during the prevalence of a thunder, lightning and rain storm, he drove to the depot to meet some ladies. As they did not arrive he returned to the station at half-past six, at which time his horse took fright, and he was dashed against a tree and rendered senseless. Now comes the singular part of the story. On returning to consciousness, it was found that not only was he unaware of the accident, but that he had no recollection of anything which had occurred after 9 o'clock A. M. He remembered starting for San Francisco and being on board the boat—nothing more. He knew nothing of returning; nothing of transacting business in Oakland during the afternoon; nothing of going to meet the ladies; and had no knowledge whatever of the occurrence of the tremendous thunderstorm. Loss of consciousness had antedated the accident about nine hours.

The Queen's Jubilee.

The Queen's Jubilee will be celebrated by a great exhibition of the arts and industries of all nations, to be held in London next year. The Queen herself will open the exhibition, which will be the first of its kind ever held in the world, and will be a fitting tribute to the Queen's long reign, and to the progress of her subjects during her long reign.

Crime in Ireland.

The criminal statistics for Ireland for 1873 have been compiled. It appears that crime has been decreasing for the last three years. The number of indictable offenses is 774 less than last year. It is 32 per cent. below the number in an equal population in England and Wales, and 16 per cent. below the average in Great Britain for five years. The excess in the English average is in the more serious class of crimes. Ireland also contrasts favorably with Belgium, which is nearly equal in population. Ulster is compared with Scotland, and so far as murders and attempts to murder are recorded the balance is against Ireland; but if culpable homicides or manslaughter and all offenses against human life be added, the crime of Scotland preponderates. The total is 74 in Ulster against 94 in Scotland in a population of equal number. Only two crimes against veracity are reported in Ulster against 17 in Scotland, only 20 crimes against morals in Ulster against 103 in Scotland, and only 3,961 offenses against property in Ulster against 12,959 in Scotland. Police offenses, such as riots and assaults, are also less numerous in Ireland.

Fish story.

A Vermont boy caught an immense pickerel which broke the line and disappeared. The boy fell into the water and sank to the bottom, whereupon his brother grabbed him by the hair and pulled him out, only to find the lost pickerel firmly clasped in the boy's arms.

English Servant Fees.

In many of the prominent hotels and restaurants of England, says the Danbury man, the "boots,"—or the head waiter, not only receives no salary at all, but pays a premium for his place, and trusts to the fees for a living, and never fails of success. The same guests pay the landlord for attendance.

An English landlord would think it the height of absurdity if he should find in his grocery or draper bill an item for the clerk's attendance upon his customers. And yet the draper or grocer could as sensibly do this as he does.

But feeing is not entirely confined to the annoyance of the traveling public. It permeates every walk of life, and exhibits itself in ways unique and startling to the stranger. A gentleman showed me over his extensive works in Scotland. In one branch of them he committed me to the more intelligent care of the foreman. Closing the observation, I was puzzled to know whether to offer the foreman a fee. I did not wish to appear "small" in his eyes by not doing it, and yet dreaded to run the risk of offending him by making the offer. In desperation I extended the silver. It was covered with a proptness that surprised me. I visited an industrial school. I had a letter of introduction to the manager. He showed me the workings of the institution. When he bowed me out I showed silver. One of the inmates stood near us. The manager turned his back on him, made a feint of shaking hands with me, and "scooped in" the fee. These cases are not exaggerations.

It doesn't pay to exaggerate when you are constantly traveling, and liable at any time to a fatal accident.

It may be asked why I offered the manager of the industrial school a fee. It is just like some people to put such a question, and never think of asking why the manager did not refuse it.

I was riding on an omnibus through the Strand, one evening, sitting on the box-seat alongside of the driver. He saw that I was an American, and opened a conversation with me, during which he pointed out several objects of interest. When we got up into Haymarket, where the bus route ended, he said to me:

"I should like to drink your health this pleasant evening, sir."

"I should like to have you," I said, pleasantly.

"You'll have to give me the change to do it with, sir," he suggested.

It is even customary to fee the servants of the hands you visit; so much the custom, in fact, that a lady writer recently published a little book of hints to establish the amounts which should be given. It is not said how much this demand on the good impulses the sons of the hospitably he receives. Perhaps it cannot be estimated. If such an order of things prevailed in America, I fancy there would be less visiting by affectionate city people to dear country cousins in the summer months.

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Lightning Conductors.

An extraordinary account has appeared in a French agricultural journal, to the effect that straw forms admirable lightning conductors. It had been observed that if one had the precaution of discharging Leyden jars without spark or explosion, and some one in the neighborhood of Tarbes had the idea of constructing straw lightning conductors, which were formed by fastening a wisp of rope of straw to a dead stick by means of brass wire, and capping the conductor with a copper point. It is asserted that the experiment has been tried on a large scale, around Tarbes, eighteen communes having been provided with such straw conductors, only one being erected for every six arpents, or 750 acres, and that the whole neighborhood has thus been preserved from the effects not only of lightning but of hail also. The statement comes from a respectable source.

What is the difference between a spendthrift and a pillow? One is hard up and the other is soft down.

JUDGMENT OF MUSICIANS.—Theodore Thomas, the distinguished founder and conductor of the famous "Thomas' Orchestra," New York, ought to know as well as any one the opinions entertained by musicians respecting musical instruments. He declares that they generally agree with him in regarding the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs as much the best instrument of this class in the world. It is not, therefore, surprising that they are now largely exported to Europe, commanding higher prices there than the instruments of their best makers.—*Cons.*

Fashion Notes.

A favorite dress for street wear is a camel's-hair polonaise of very dark shaded brown plaid or blocks, with a skirt of seal brown silk simply trimmed with a single shirred silk flounce widely bound with the plaid wool. The polonaise should be very long, with French backs, and loose front belted, and open below the waist. A cuff of each fabric—silk and camel's-hair—trims the sleeves; there is also a standing collar of the silk, some silk loops behind, and a three-inch bias band of silk edges the whole polonaise. Tortoise-shell buttons.

The side-plaited basques, so easily made that ladies make them at home, are now seen on many handsome suits of camel's-hair and silk. Plaid, checked, or striped camel's-hair is chosen for the plaited waist and overskirt, while the sleeves and lower skirt are of silk. Shaded brown and gray plaids are usually associated with brown or black silks, but the stylish innovation is to use bottle green, navy blue, or violet silks for this purpose. For instance, a novel combination of gray plaid camel's hair for the plaited basque and long apron overskirt with sleeves and skirt of dark myrtle green that is almost black.

Black cashmere is also made in side-plaited basques, and worn with an overskirt of the same edged with jet fringe. This makes a pretty home toilette for morning, and can be completed by any partly worn black silk skirt reinimmed with a single plaited flounce edged with a side plaiting of gros grain.

More dressy black cashmere garments are basques and deep aprons with gros grain sashes and elaborate jet garniture. For such, the following is quoted, from $125 to $175. The jet braid is sewed on in vermicelli patterns, or else the beads are sewed on in figures like embroidery, or Titan braid is used in points and beaded on the edge.

The newest drap d'ete mantles are simple, round capes, not belted, and reaching just below the waist. They are almost covered with embroidery wrought in lines that extend from the collar down, and are bordered with a band of ostrich feathers and jet fringe or else thread lace.

One Hundred Snakes.

Last spring, says a Springfield, Minn., paper, Will Moody moved out of his log house in Union Grove, and it stood unoccupied and desolate for several weeks, but last July Ed. Asher purchased the property and moved in. At breakfast the next morning, Mr. A. thought he heard something crawling up his leg, and glancing downwards found a beautiful little striped fellow working his way up in the world. Another time he found a fellow in his cow-over-coat pocket, who greeted him on his approach with a friendly hiss. The nuisance became intolerable. The house was old, and the mortar in the chinking had given away in many places, and in the evening no sooner was the lamp lighted than a serenade of hisses would begin, and nearly every one of the holes would be ornamented with a snake's head. At the end of the fourth day Mr. Asher grasped his shovel and went to the banking of the house, a mass of straw and dirt that had not been moved for several years, and there were their snakeships in all their glory. It was a perfect museum for in that banking he found and killed an even hundred garter snakes. Thirty were found in one nest.

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THEIR HELP.—Apropos of the range for stunning costumes on the stage, a story is told respecting a Parisian actress who was to play the leading part in a forthcoming comedy of fashionable life, and who, being one day late at rehearsal, was somewhat sharply reproved by the author of the play. She excused herself by saying that she had been rehearsing with his *collaborateur*. "But I have no *collaborateur*, Mademoiselle; the piece is wholly from my own pen," made answer the dramatist. "You forgot the dressmaker," replied the actress.

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A Mine on Fire.

A fire broke out in the shaft of the Belcher mine, Nevada, while the miners were at work. The fire was first discovered by persons down in the mine, but it soon made itself manifest on the surface in the dense volume of smoke that rose up from the mouth of the shaft and ascended to a perpendicular height of 300 or 400 feet. This huge column of smoke was one of the grandest sights imaginable. The air was perfectly calm and the smoke assumed the form of huge balloons rolling upward, one over the other, and all of pitchy blackness.

The wives and children of the miners, and all who had friends and relatives in the mine, flocked by hundreds, weeping and wailing as they ran, in the direction of the mine. To attempt to describe the wretchedness and despair of these people would be futile. After the vast pillar of smoke had rolled steadily upward from the mouth of the shaft for twenty minutes or more, and when a great crowd was collected about the spot, there came a flash as of lightning; there was a dull report, which was heard at the distance of a mile, and a sheet of flame shot upward to the height of 300 or 400 feet. Instantly the dark column of smoke was gone—was consumed in the leaping sheet of flame. The flame then fell back to the height of about fifty feet, and to this height it continued to dart for over an hour. This great tongue of flame shot upward with a roar that could be heard at a distance of a quarter of a mile. Large pieces of flaming wood shot out of the mouth of the shaft, and immense quantities of live coals, many of them as large as a man's hat, were darted fifty feet into the air, wafted away, and fell in showers on the adjacent buildings and on all ground for a great distance. At a distance the fire bore a striking resemblance to an active volcano. What wind there was came from the north, and to the southward to the distance of over 100 yards, the ground was completely covered with coals.

The miners and people in the neighborhood fought the fire so gallantly that those in the mine were rescued, although a number of them were severely burned. The escape of any of them was miraculous.

Paper Barrels.

Among the numerous novel uses to which paper is nowadays put, is the manufacture of barrels for the carriage of such materials as flour, sugar, etc. These barrels are made of successive layers of paper-board cemented together, and subjected to enormous pressure, the result of which is a compact substance with great resisting power. The paper is made of straw, this utilizing and converting into a merchantable article what in most sections of the country is regarded as refuse. The barrels are perfectly cylindrical in form, which gives them an advantage of 25 per cent. in storage over wooden barrels. Their weight is about half that of a wooden barrel, so that in a carload a saving of nearly 1,000 pounds in freight is made. It is calculated that they will stand four times the pressure that a wooden barrel will. The invention was patented about six months ago, and two factories are now engaged in the manufacture—one at Winona, Wisconsin, and one at Decorah, Iowa. At the latter factory, 1,000 barrels per day are turned out, with a consumption of five tons of paper. It is claimed for them that they can be made 20 per cent. cheaper than wooden barrels. They may be rendered absolutely air-tight, and it is claimed that they will resist moisture longer than they are likely ever to be exposed to it. They are made in quarter, half, and full sizes. The inventor is sanguine that they are destined entirely to supersede the wooden barrel.

Cremation in Dresden.

With reference to the recent cremation of the body of an English lady the *Lancet* says: The lady in question had an extreme horror of the idea of burial, which, to many, is far worse than that of cremation, and the fact of the cremation being carried out by her relatives is evidence only of their determination to carry out the deceased's wish. The difficulty of obtaining the permission was immense, and it was only granted on condition that representatives of the various public bodies and Ministers should be present; among others those of the clergy. For this reason the furnace was not completely closed, as it would have been if cremation were an ordinary and recognized process. Every person present (the number was about twelve) was requested and promised to make no communication of the details to others, and the account published can only have been gained by breach of this promise; nor was even the name of the deceased known to the bystanders. What was in reality the fulfillment of a last wish, carried out at great trouble and sacrifice of private feeling, is represented in the light of a coarse experiment.

Prosperous Northern New York.

The Watertown *Times* says: "The season, now drawing to a close, has been one of the most productive our husbandmen have ever known. The yield of grass and hay has been unprecedently large, the grain and root crops have been fully up to, if not more than an average, while the production of our dairies has probably never been equaled. To crown the whole, prices are excellent; so if ever a people had cause for gratitude and thankfulness, it is those of Jefferson county and Northern New York. It seems to us that all sorts of business in our towns ought to be brisk and paying during the fall and coming winter."

A FRIGHTFUL DEATH.

Thrilling Adventures in a Coal Mine—An Explosion of Fire Damp.

Four men, strangers, desiring to see the interior workings of a coal mine, entered the Columbia tunnel, near Rough and Ready mine, Pittston, Pa. Some distance from the entrance the passageway diverges, leading in one direction into the working part of the mine, and to a large unused chamber in the other. This chamber has been abandoned some time, and, as a consequence, has become filled with fire damp and other noxious gases arising in a coal mine. The visitors, being without a guide, found their way along the dark and slimy passage by means of a lantern, carried by one of the party, and took the tunnel leading into this infested chamber. Entering it, they walked about until they began to feel the effect of the poisonous gases. Aware of the prevalence of fire damp in mines, they knew at once the cause of the peculiar sensation, and endeavored to find the way by which they entered the chamber, in order that they might escape. Before the entrance could be found three of the party were obliged to succumb to the influences of the fire damp, and fell to the ground. The fourth, carrying the lantern, found the passage, and succeeded in reaching the outside gallery in a weak condition. He soon recovered after coming in contact with the purer air, and at once set himself about the rescuing, if possible, of his companions. He was fearful that if they left the men for aid they would be dead or beyond the hope of resuscitation before he could return, so he determined to re-enter the noxious chamber and drag his friends from the place of danger. Entering in, he discovered by the dim light cast by his lantern the prostrate bodies of his three companions. Hanging the lantern on one of his arms by the large dexterity ring, he grasped two of the senseless men by their collars, and being a powerful man, and nerved to still greater strength by the circumstances, he pulled them out into the main passage. Pausing a second for a breath of fresh air, he again rushed into the chamber and drew the remaining man out. Losing no time, he dragged his senseless friends toward the mouth of the entrance to the mine, taking one several feet forward, then going back and bring the others, one at a time, until he brought them to the fresh air at the entrance. Before he got them out, he was rejoiced to notice signs of returning consciousness in them all. It was some time after reaching the mouth of the mine before the three men were able to comprehend their situation and to realize that their escape from the very jaws of death was almost miraculous. Aid was procured for them, and they were taken to one of the hotels in the place; and their remarkable adventure made quite a sensation in Pittston.

In the same chamber a fearful tragedy was enacted. Westley Willis, a young man who had just hired out to work in the mine, while awaiting orders, thought to take a look at things inside. Unfortunately he was not aware of the fire damp chamber, but followed the passage directly into it. No sooner had he entered the foul place, when the gas was exploded by Willis' mine lamp on his hat, and the young man was buried out of the chamber against the jagged side of the gallery. The report was heard for a great distance round, and the passage was soon filled with startled miners. Willis' body was found mangled and mutilated so as to be almost unrecognizable. His face burned black, and nearly every bone in his body was broken. He was the only support of a widowed mother and crippled brother.

A New Plaster Bandage.

A surgeon connected with the Southern Dispensary, in Brooklyn, N. Y., has recently invented a new method of applying the plaster splint, which promises to be an important improvement. A common merino sock is drawn upon the foot and leg. It may extend as far up as is necessary to include the fractured locality. A small rope is run down the back seam in the center of the leg, around the heel and over the toes, returning up the middle of the instep and front of the leg. Six or seven pieces of flannel are then cut out to fit the leg and foot, allowing for shrinkage. The ends of the bones having been carefully adjusted, the stocking, upon which the rope has been attached as described, is drawn upon the foot and leg. The flannels are soaked in warm water and applied, the plaster of Paris paste being rubbed in with layer after layer. After the last layer has been applied, the plaster is allowed to set. When the plaster has become hard, the splint is perfect, and the patient can get about, on crutches, very comfortably. If the leg swells, and it is necessary to remove the bandage, the whole thing can be done inside of three minutes. The cord that has been run around the stocking now forms a line of division in the splint. To remove the splint, all that has to be done is to slip out the cord and slit up the stocking along the line where the cord was. Then the splint, divided in halves, can be removed as though it had been laid on on the limb to obtain a cast. Considerable time is thus gained by using this method of applying the plaster splint. When the broken limb becomes inflamed, it also is extremely painful and very tender to the touch. The slightest jar sends a thrill of pain through the body of the patient, who has sometimes been obliged to be chloroformed to enable the surgeon to remove a plaster splint applied with a bandage. By the new method, the limb need hardly be moved or touched.

The Clerk's Wife and Baby.

There is a ludicrous aspect sometimes to the department clerk's life, says a Washington letter. He actually has the audacity sometimes to fall in love and perpetrate matrimony with some girl no better off than himself.

She, too, has been in the department, and she grows so weary of the monotony of her life, and there is something so sweet in the whisperings of love that she forgets prudence, and, after pinching herself for months, she saves enough of her salary for a silk dress and a few bits of finery, and has the *eclat* of a wedding.

Time flies very rapidly, and you can scarcely realize that it is a year since the event when you met the once jaunty girl—now a rather sickly looking woman—who, with the now faded silk skirt and napless velvet sleeveless jacket, is trundling a baby carriage along the street. The baby is a darling, and the poor, young mother has utilized many of those garments that she spent so many hours of the night making, for herself, when she was to be married, for the baby's use. A dainty blue afghan covers the little cherub; and this is the only way that mother and child can get an airing, for a nurse is out of the question with their small salary.

That poor little mother finds life very hard, for what can be harder than to have the sole care of an infant both day and night? There is no one to offer, even for an hour or two, to relieve the poor, tired mother. And then they must be content with such poor common lodgings, such insufficient food and such uncongenial society. She now looks with envy upon her late companions as they wend their way to the departments; the work there now seems so light and pleasant. How nice it was to have money of her own; no matter how little it was, yet it was her own, and she managed to dress and look nicely all the time. Then, too, she occasionally had an invitation to some place of amusement; but now, even though she were asked, she could not leave baby.

Does she wish there was no baby? Oh, no; far from it. That baby is the most precious object in life, and she would not part with it for a kingdom. That mother-love is the sweetest and holiest on earth, but her treasure has been bought at a great sacrifice—a sacrifice no less than the total abnegation of self. She is willing to be cold if her baby is warm; she is willing to be hungry provided baby is nourished; she is willing to be shabby so baby has embroidery and a few pretty things, and, after all, no music ever sounded so sweet as the baby's coo-coo, and no play was ever so funny as the way baby jerks its hands backward when it is trying to catch something. Of all the beautiful things that God has done for His creatures there is nothing for which women should be so thankful as the strong, overpowering feeling He has implanted in her heart of love for her offspring.

Jack in the Box.

Some years ago there lived a personage well-known to the London police under the *sobriquet* of "Jack in the Box." He had perfected a most ingenious system of theft, which he worked with great pecuniary profit, through in the result disastrously. He had a box so constructed that he could himself lie in it easily and obtain the air necessary for respiration. He would have this luggage booked from one station to another, and labeled, "To be left till called for." He took care to send it by a train that would arrive at its destination in the middle of the night, so that all the luggage, including his box—which included himself—would be stored till the next morning. Then, in the middle of the night, when all the luggage had been safely locked up, he would get out of his own box, and deliberately, and at his leisure, open all the trunks which he found around him. He would have plenty of time for this purpose, and he had about him duplicates of all the keys employed by trunk-makers, so that he could open whatever he liked. He never took too much out of any one box, or robbed from more than one box of the same party, but went impartially collecting whatever was most valuable and least likely to be traced. These he packed into his own box and retired with them, duly locking himself up. In the morning he would be called for and handed over by the unconscious railway porters to his confederates in the scheme.

How to Make Mischief.

Keep your eye upon your neighbors. Take care of them. Do not let them stir without watching. They may do something wrong if you do. To be sure, you never knew them to do anything bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps if it had not been for your kind care, they might have disgraced themselves a long time ago. Therefore, do not relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be. Never mind your own business—that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—he suspicious of him; perhaps he contemplates stealing, some of these dark nights, there is no knowing what evil fancies may have got into his head.

If you find any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else what you see, and be particular to see a great many. It is a good way to circulate things, though it may not benefit yourself particularly. Do keep something going—silence is dreadful thing; though it is said there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, do not let any such thing occur on earth, it would be too much for this mundane sphere.

CRIME AND RETRIBUTION.

Outrage Upon a Little Girl by a Drunken Human Brute—He is Lynched by Infuriated Citizens Shortly After the Deed.

The following are the particulars of a fiendish crime perpetrated near Gibson's, a small mining village in Pennsylvania, and so fiendish, however merited, a retribution following it:—Martin Groves, an ignorant and dissipated man about thirty-five years old, had lived for years on the mountain back of Gibson's. He was in the habit of making periodical visits to the village, where he invariably became more or less intoxicated. Drunk or sober, he was always considered a man of brutish and unbridled passions. On one Saturday he was in Gibson's. He was not very drunk, and about the middle of the afternoon was missed. This was something unusual, as it was his custom to continue his orgies late into the night before departing for home. As his absence was of no importance it merely excited a passing remark.

About two o'clock is the afternoon Mrs. Davis, the widow of a miner, had sent her daughter, about thirteen years of age, on an errand about a mile out of the village. She had not returned at four o'clock and her mother began to grow uneasy about her. A few minutes after four the girl was carried into the house by two men in an almost insensible condition. They said they had found her lying near the road, in a piece of woods, about half a mile from the village. Her clothing was badly torn and her face was bleeding from a large but not dangerous cut above the left temple. When spoken to she opened her eyes and essayed to speak, but was too weak to articulate. Recognizing the girl, the men brought her as quickly as possible to her mother's house. It was clear that she had been violated by some fiend, who had evidently knocked her senseless by the blow on her head. The mine surgeon was summoned, and, under his treatment, about nine o'clock at night the girl was able to talk. Her story was that she was on her way home after doing her errand, and when she reached the piece of woods near Moon's creek she saw Martin Groves sitting by the side of the road. She was afraid of him, and stopped, undecided whether to go through the woods and come out in the road below him or pass right on. His head was hanging down on his breast as if he were asleep, and she concluded to go noiselessly by him in the road. When she got about opposite to where he sat he raised his head and then rose to his feet. He stepped in front of her and said:

"Yer afraid of me, are yer?"

"Let Martin," said the girl, "but please don't hurt me."

He made no reply to this, but took hold of her by both shoulders and pushed her towards the woods. She screamed loudly for help, when he struck her a blow with his fist on the side of her head, and she remembers nothing until coming to her senses some time before the men found her. She knew she was lying in the woods, and her condition, but was too weak to move.

When this story was made known throughout the village the greatest excitement prevailed. A crowd of twenty-five men gathered and decided upon seeking out Groves and giving him summary justice. They proceeded in a body up the mountain and captured him in the woods. They then took him down into a deep depression between two rocky hills. In that lonely vale, by the light of the moon struggling through a heavy mist, the infuriated miners executed the sentence they pronounced against him, which was that he should die. His eyes were bandaged and his hands bound behind him, and then he was hanged to the limb of a chestnut tree and left there until he was dead. He was afterward buried near the hut where he had lived for years.

The outrage on the Davis girl was not Groves' first crime of that nature. The commission of three similar outrages were laid at his door by general belief, which had made him a terror to all women and children.

Crime in Ireland.

The criminal statistics for Ireland for 1873 have been compiled. It appears that crime has been decreasing for the last three years. The number of indictable offenses is 774 less than last year. It is 32 per cent. below the number in an equal population in England and Wales, and 16 per cent. below the average in Great Britain for five years. The excess in the English average is in the more serious class of crimes. Ireland also contrasts favorably with Belgium, which is nearly equal in population. Ulster is compared with Scotland, and so far as murders and attempts to murder are recorded the balance is against Ireland; but if culpable homicides or manslaughter and all offenses against human life be added, the crime of Scotland preponderates. The total is 74 in Ulster against 94 in Scotland in a population of equal number. Only two crimes against veracity are reported in Ulster against 17 in Scotland, only 20 crimes against morals in Ulster against 103 in Scotland, and only 3,961 offenses against property in Ulster against 12,959 in Scotland. Police offenses, such as riots and assaults, are also less numerous in Ireland.

Fish story. A Vermont boy caught an immense pickerel which broke the line and disappeared. The boy fell into the water and sank to the bottom, whereupon his brother grabbed him by the hair and pulled him out, only to find the lost pickerel firmly clasped in the boy's arms.

English Servant Feed.

In many of the prominent hotels and restaurants of England, says the Danbury man, the "boots," or the head waiter, not only receives no salary at all, but pays a premium for his place, and trusts to the fees for a living, and never fails of success. The same guests pay the landlord for attendance.

An English landlord would think it the height of absurdity if he should find in his grocery or draper bill an item for the clerk's attendance upon his purchases. And yet the draper or grocer could as sensibly do this as he does.

But feeing is not entirely confined to the annoyance of the traveling public. It permeates every walk of life, and exhibits itself in ways unique and startling to the stranger. A gentleman showed me over his extensive works in Scotland. In one branch of them he committed me to the more intelligent care of the foreman. Noting the observation, I was puzzled to know whether to offer the foreman a fee. I did not wish to appear "small" in his eyes by not doing it, and yet dreaded to run the risk of offending him by making the offer. In desperation I extended the silver. It was covered with a promptness that surprised me. I visited an industrial school. I had a letter of introduction to the manager. He showed me the workings of the institution. When he bowed me out I showed silver. One of the inmates stood near us. The manager turned his back on him, made a feint of shaking hands with me, and "scooped" in the fee. These cases are not exaggerations.

It doesn't pay to exaggerate when you are constantly traveling, and liable at any time to a fatal exposure.

It may be asked why I offered the manager of the industrial school a fee. It is just like some people to put such a question, and never think of asking why the manager did not refuse it.

I was riding on an omnibus through the Strand, one evening, sitting on the box-seat alongside of the driver. He saw that I was an American, and opened a conversation with me, during which he pointed out several objects of interest. When we got up into Haymarket, where the 'bus route ended, he said to me:

"I should like to drink your health this pleasant evening, sir."

"I should like to have you," I said, pleasantly.

"You'll have to give me the change to do it with, sir," he suggested.

It is even customary to fee the servants of the friends you visit; so much the custom, in fact, that a lady writer in one of the London papers attempts to establish the amount which should be given. It is not said how much this demand on the guest improves the tone of the hospitality he receives. Perhaps it cannot be estimated. If such an order of things prevailed in America, I fancy there would be less visiting by affectionate city people to dear country cousins in the summer months.

Looking for Himself.

The Indicrous spectacle of a man looking for himself and suffering the keenest chagrin at failing to find himself, was exhibited on the Union Pacific railroad not long ago. An Eastern-bound immigrant train stopped at Rock Creek station for breakfast. One emigrant strayed away, and the first section of the train started without him. He reached the second on time and managed to get away. His friends in the first section missed him, and were seized with a dread that he had been killed. The conductor telegraphed to the second section to look for him, or bring him or his body to Laramie. The passengers turned out readily to aid in the search. Foremost among them, and displaying a terrible anxiety, was the man for whom they were looking. He hunted for the missing immigrant with a zeal which could only be accounted for by the fact—unknown to him—that he was looking for himself. During the whole day and following night the search was continued, the unconscious cause of it suffering deeply to think that he had been lost. When he reached Laramie the idea never occurred to his friends that the railroad employees might still be looking for the missing immigrant, when one bright individual startled the company with the remark that our hero had been looking for himself and failed to find himself.

All a Mystery.

The following story, told by a California paper of Mr. O. H. Burnham, of Oakland, illustrates one of those strange mental phenomena which have so long puzzled the scholars of the world: One morning, a few weeks ago, Mr. Burnham visited San Francisco, crossing over in the 9 A. M. train, and returning at noon. For the rest of the day he was actively engaged in business, and at 6 P. M., during the prevalence of a thunder, lightning and rain storm, he drove to the depot to meet some ladies. As they did not arrive he returned to the station at half-past six, at which time his horse took fright, and he was dashed against a tree and rendered unconscious. Now comes the singular part of the story. On returning to consciousness, it was found that not only was he unaware of the accident, but that he had no recollection of anything which had occurred after 9 o'clock A. M. He remembered starting for San Francisco and being on board the boat—nothing more. He knew nothing of returning; nothing of transacting business in Oakland during the afternoon; nothing of going to meet the ladies; and had no knowledge whatever of the occurrence of the tremendous thunderstorm. Loss of consciousness had antedated the accident about nine hours.

Fashion Notes.

A favorite dress for street wear is a camel's-hair polonaise of very dark shaded brown plaid or blocks, with a skirt of seal-brown silk simply trimmed with a single shirred silk flounce widely bound with the plaid wool. The polonaise should be very long, with French backs, and loose front belted, and open below the waist. A cuff of each fabric—silk and camel's-hair—trims the sleeves; there is also a standing collar of the silk, some silk loops behind, and a three-inch bias band of silk edges the whole polonaise. Tortoise-shell buttons.

The side-plaited basques, so easily made that ladies make them at home, are now seen on many handsome suits of camel's-hair and silk. Plaid, checked, or striped camel's-hair is chosen for the plaited waist and overskirt, while the sleeves and lower skirt are of silk. Shaded brown and gray plaids are usually associated with brown or black silks, but the stylish innovation is to use bottle green, navy blue, or violet silks for this purpose. For instance, a novel combination is corn plaid camel's-hair for the plaited basque and long apron overskirt with sleeves and skirt of dark myrtle green that is almost black.

Black cashmere is also made in side-plaited basques, and worn with an overskirt of the same edged with jet fringe. This makes a pretty home dress for morning, and can be completed by any partly worn black silk skirt retrimmed with a single flounce of cashmere edged with a side plaiting of gros grain.

More dressy black cashmere garments have basques and deep aprons with gros grain sashes and elaborate jet garniture. They cost, when imported, from $125 to $175. The jet braid is sewed on in vermicelli patterns, or else the beads are sewed on in figures like embroidery, or Titan braid is used in points and beaded on the edge.

The newest drap d'ete mantles are simple, round capes, not belted, and reaching just below the waist. They are almost covered with embroidery wrought in lines that extend from the collar down, and are bordered with a band of ostrich feathers and jet fringe or else thread lace.

One Hundred Snakes.

Last spring, says a Springfield, Minn., paper, Will Moody moved out of his log house in Union Grove, and it stood unoccupied till about Saturday several weeks, but last July Ed. Asher purchased the property and moved in. The first night in the house there was a great rushing on the floor, like the pattering of hundreds of claws for several nights, but that made the noise; it was the sound from dozens of snakes as they dragged themselves across the floor. In the morning Mr. A. used to get up, shake his reptiles out of his clothes, grasp a pitchfork, and pitch the slimy devils out of doors. It was no uncommon thing to slaughter half a dozen in the morning. The second and third days were worse than the first. At breakfast one morning, Mr. A. felt something crawling up his leg, and glancing downwards found a beautiful little striped fellow working his way up in the world. Another time he found a three-foot fellow in his overcoat pocket, who greeted him on his approach with a friendly hiss. The nuisance became intolerable. The house was old, and the mortar in the clinking had given away in many places, and in the evening no sooner was the lamp lighted than a serenade of hisses would begin, and nearly every one of the holes would be ornamented with a snake's head. At the end of the fourth day Mr. Asher grasped his shovel and went to the banking of the house, a mass of straw and dirt that had not been moved for several years, and there were their snakeships in all their glory. It was a perfect massacre, for in that banking he found and killed an even hundred garter snakes. Thirty were found in one nest.

Lightning Conductors.

An extraordinary account has appeared in a French agricultural journal, to the effect that straw forms admirable lightning conductors. It had been observed that straw had the property of discharging Leyden jars without spark or explosion, and some one in the neighborhood of Tarbes had the idea of constructing straw lightning conductors, which were formed by fastening a wisp or rope of straw to a dead stick by means of brass wire, and capping the conductor with a copper point. It is asserted that the experiment has been tried on a large scale, around Tarbes, eighteen communes having been provided with such straw conductors, only one being erected for every six arpents, or 750 acres, and that the whole neighborhood has thus been preserved from the effects not only of lightning but of hail also. The statement comes from a respectable source.

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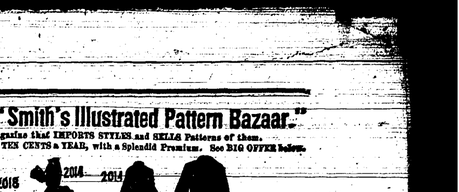

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ON AND AFTER

Thursday, October 15th 1874

DOWN TRAINS.

LEAVE	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
		Mail	Acom	Acom	Frt.
Vine St. Wharf	7 30	8 00	3 45	6 00	10 15
Cooper's Point	7 45	8 15	4 00	6 15	10 30
Kaighn's Siding	.....		.....		
Haddonfield	8 39	8 39	4 19	6 48	11 00
Ashland	8 54	8 47	4 28	6 53	11 10
White Horse	9 1	8 58	4 34	7 01	11 20
Berlin	9 45	9 06	4 47	7 17	11 45
Atco	10 10	9 15	4 55	7 26	12 00
Waterford	10 35	9 25	5 06	7 36	
Ancora	10 45	9 30	5 11	7 41	
Winslow	11 05	9 36	5 16	7 48	
Vineland Junction	11 08	9 38	5 18	7 50	
Hammonton	11 30	9 49	5 29	7 56	
DaCosta	12 41	9 55	5 34		
Elwood	12 05	10 05	5 44		
Egg Harbor	12 35	10 18	5 57		
Pomona	1 00	10 31	6 10		
Absecon	1 37	10 45	6 24		
Atlantic arrive	2 05	11 05	6 44		

UP TRAINS.

LEAVE.		A.M.	A.M.	NOON	
		Acom	Acom	Freight	M
Atlantic			6 20	11 50	3 20
Absecon			6 40	12 [illegible]	3 40
Pomona			6 53	1 00	4 54
Egg Harbor			7 08	1 30	4 06
Elwood			7 20	1 55	4 19
DaCosta			7 29	2 13	4 29
Hammonton		5 55	7 35	2 30	4 39
Vineland Junction		6 02	7 40	2 40	4 45
Winslow		6 05	7 44	2 50	4 50
Ancora		6 11	7 49	3 05	5 56
Waterford		6 17	7 57	3 25	5 06
Atco	12 30	6 27	8 07	3 50	5 17
Berlin	12 40	6 35	8 14	4 04	5 25
White Horse	12 58	6 53	8 26	4 33	5 38
Ashland	1 04	7 02	8 31	4 45	5 43
Haddonfield	1 14	7 15	8 39	5 20	5 52
Kaighn's Siding					
Cooper's Point	1 42	7 42	8 56	5 50	6 10
Vine St	1 55	7 55	9 10	6 10	6 25

Haddonfield Accommodation—Leaves Vine St Wharf 9 00 a m, 2 00, 5 00 and 11 30 p m, and Haddonfield 6 60 and 11 00 a m, and 3 00 10 30 p m.

N. J. SOUTHERN R. R.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

Commencing Sept. 10th, 1874.

Leave N. Y. from Pier 8 N. R., foot Rector St.

Train leaves New York 9.45 A M., Atsion 2.51 P. M., North Hammonton, 3.12, Winslow Junction 3.22, Cedar Lake 3.42, Landisville, 3.57, Vineland, 4.18, Bayside 5.32.

Returning leaves Bayside at 8.00 A.M., Vineland 9.32, Landisville 9.49, Cedar Lake 10.04 Winslow Junc. 10.30, North Hammonton 10 35 Atsion 11.00, arriving in New York 1.05 P. M.

Freight train (2nd class) leaves Sandy Hook at 6.20 A. M., Atsion 11.03, North Hammonton 11.28, Winslow Junction 11.34, Cedar Lake 11.55 Landisville 12.05, Vineland 12.30, Bayside 1.47.

Returning leaves Vineland at 4.50, P. M. Landisville 5.10, Cedar Lake 5.25, Winslow Junction 6.05, North Hammonton 6.13, Atsion 6.35, reaching N. York at 3 00 A. M.

KEARNEY'S

FLUID EXTRACT

BUCHU

IS THE ONLY KNOWN REMEDY FOR

BRIGHT'S DISEASE,

and a positive remedy for

GOUT, GRAVEL, STRICTURES, DIABETES, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUS DEBILITY, DROPSY, FEMALE COMPLAINTS,

Non-Retention or Incontinence of Urine, Irritation, Inflammation or Ulceration of the

Bladder and Kidneys.

Spermatorrhœa, Leucorrhœa or Whites, Irregular or Painful Menses, Bearing Down, Chlorosis, Stirility and

All Complaints incident to Females.

KEARNEY'S EXT. BUCHU

For Stone in the Bladder, Calculus Gravel or Brickdust Deposit and Mucus or Milky Discharges, and Diseases of the Prostrate Gland.

Kearney's Ext. Buchu

Cures diseases arising from Imprudences, Habits of Dissipation, etc., in all their stages, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience and no exposure. It causes a frequent desire, and gives strength to urinate, thereby removing Obstructions, preventing and curing Strictures of Urethra, allaying Pain and Inflammation, and expelling all poisonous matter.

Used by persons in the decline or change of life; after confinement or labor pains, bed wetting in children, etc.

Prof. Steele says: "One bottle of Kearney's Extract Buchu is worth more than all other Buchus combined."

KEARNEYS EXT. BUCHU

Permanently cures all affections of the Bladder, Kidneys and Dropsical Swellings existing in Men, Women and Children, no matter what the age.

Ask for Kearney's. Take no other.

Price One Dollar per bottle or Six Bottles for Five Dollars.

DEPOT, 104 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK.

A Physician in attendance to answer correspondence and give advice gratis. Send stamp for Pamphlets free.

For Sale by Druggists Everywhere

Avoid Quacks & Imposters.

No Charge for Advice and Consultation.

Dr. J. B. Dyott, graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, author of several valuable works, can be consulted on all diseases of the Sexual or Urinary Organs, (which he has made an especial study) either in male or female, no matter from what cause originating or of how long standing. A practice of 30 years enables him to treat diseases with success. Cures guaranteed. Charges reasonable. Those at a distance can forward letter describing symptoms and enclosing stamp to prepay postage.

Send for the *Guide to Health*. Price 10 cts.

J. B. DYOTT, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, 104 Duane St., N. Y.

200 PIECES FRENCH MERINOS,

From 62 Cents to $1 per Yard.

300 Pcs. All-wool Diagonal Serges and Poplins

From 37 cents to 75 cents.

150 PIECES BLACK SILKS,

Best Lyons Brands in every Grade from $1.00 to $3.00

We have never sold Black Silks as low as at this time.

Since our last card appeared in this paper, we have made still further reductions in all kinds of Cotton Goods.

Sheetings and Shirtings,
Cotton Flannels,
Repps and Delaines,

ALL THE BEST STYLES REPP, 22 cts.
YARD-WIDE CALICOES, 12 cts.
BEST MAKES CALICOES, 10 cts.
GOOD STYLES CALICOES 8 cts.

Samples always cheerfully forwarded and when P. O. Money Order or Cash is sent we will send the goods by mail at our own expense when not over 4 lbs. in weight.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

N. W. corner Eighth and Market Streets.

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A GREAT STRIDE

OVER OLD BUSINESS CUSTOMS.

OAK HALL,

The Largest Clothing House in America,

Starts on a New Career!!!

BUSINESS MEN throughly bent on upright dealing, have long been thinking over, working out and experimenting on various propositions, and here and there is an establishment which has accepted one or another of them, and ordered their business accordingly: One "Cash," another "One Price," &c., &c., but

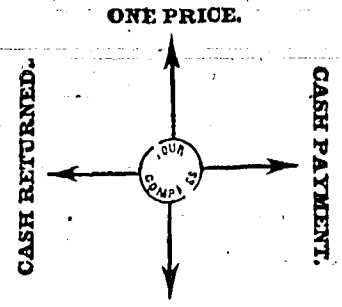
WE UNHESITATINGLY ADOPT THEM ALL,

and confidently relying on the approval and support of an intelligent public, we inaugurate what we believe to be the best system in the world, and

WE NOW ANNOUNCE THESE AS OUR

FOUR CARDINAL POINTS:

ONE PRICE.



FULL GUARANTEE.

1st Point,

CASH.

Under the Cash Payment System, one pays only for what he gets, and contributes nothing to a Sinking Fund, "to provide for losses on bad debts."

2d Point,

ONE PRICE,

not the "First Price," but the "Lowest Price,"

The Price marked in Plain Figures on every garment, and no deviation allowed.

3d Point,

Full Guarantee.

A Printed Guarantee, bearing the signature of our firm, accompanying each garment.

GUARANTEE.

We hereby guarantee:

1st. *That the prices of our goods shall be as low as the same quality of material and manufacture are sold anywhere in the United States.*

2d. *That the prices are precisely the same to everybody for same quality on same day of purchase.*

3d. *That the quality of goods is as represented on price tickets.*

4th. *That the full amount of cash will be refunded, if customers find the articles unsatisfactory, on return them unworn and unbroken within 10 days of date of purchase.*

[*Signed.*] *WANAMAKER & BROWN,*
OAK HALL,
DATE. *Sixth and Market Streets, Phila.*

4th Point,

Cash Returned.

This is simply a concession on our part to our customers to secure them full confidence in dealing for goods THEY KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT, and we think prevent any occasion for dissatisfaction than any and every cause whatsoever. If the purchase is not exactly what you thought, if your taste changes, if the "home folks" prefer another color or another shape, bring it back, unworn and undamaged, and the full amount of money you paid will be returned on the spot.

We have for years been working towards the present point, and though naturally falling into the current methods of trade, we observed and noted the defects of the old system, and have been carefully weighing for a long time these newer plans, and preparing for this

ENTIRE CHANGE OF BASE.

We now swing clear of all combinations or customs, and burn the bridges behind us. With all departments reconstructed, we begin business

Saturday, October 3d, 1874,

for the Fall Trade, and anticipate that

Marvelous and Unprecedented Increase of Business for which we are well prepared.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

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PHILADELPHIA.