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Five Cents per Copy

DR. JOHN B. SMITH'S TONIC FOR THE CURE OF FEVER AND OR CHILLS AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this fine tonic claims for it all the virtues of the Sarsaparilla, but in a more concentrated form. It is a tonic of the blood, and is a most reliable remedy for all malarial diseases, whether of the blood or of the system. It is a tonic of the blood, and is a most reliable remedy for all malarial diseases, whether of the blood or of the system. It is a tonic of the blood, and is a most reliable remedy for all malarial diseases, whether of the blood or of the system.

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From the Capital.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 8, 1883.
Government receipts to-day,--Internal revenue, \$379,828, customs, \$998,152.62.
Gen. Slocum will soon introduce in the House a bill for the relief of Gen. Fitz-John Porter, similar to that introduced by Gen. Sewell in the Senate, and will take an early opportunity after the holidays to make a speech in its support.
The Civil Service Commissioners have determined to hold examinations in this city for the general departmental service on the first and third Wednesday of every month, for the convenience of residents of remote States in which such examinations are not held, who may be in Washington.

Mr. Carlisle's friends say that he has not in any way committed himself as regards the construction of the House committees. The assumption, they say, that certain men will occupy prominent places is based entirely upon their presumed fitness for the positions, and does not dispose of the possibility that Mr. Carlisle may make entirely different selections. The only chairmanship that it is quite evident is disposed of is that of the Ways and Means. The rest are in doubt, to say the least, and any attempt to name the personnel of the committees would be an assumption which facts would not warrant. The only thing Mr. Carlisle has given his friends to understand as positively settled is that the Ways and Means Committee will be placed under the control of the new members from the West, who were elected upon the tariff issues. This would preclude any slate made up merely with regard to the known fitness of certain old and tried members.

That Mr. Randall will get the chairmanship of the Committee on Appropriations is certainly not positively settled, though his fitness for that position is generally conceded. Mr. Blackburn's friends are urging upon the Speaker the appointment of that gentleman to the position, and, as Mr. Carlisle has not committed himself upon that point, there is no reason to assume that he may not select Mr. Blackburn in preference to Mr. Randall.

It is a matter of common remark that there are more young men in Congress than have been observed among the membership hitherto. In the House there are fifty members, so says one who has made inquiry, under forty years of age. The youngest member is Mr. Post, of Pennsylvania, who is now 27. The youngest Senator is Mr. Kenna, of West Virginia, now 35. The question of interest is: What is bringing the young men to the front in politics? An examination of the faces of the Representatives, as they sit at their desks, will show that the proportionate majority of young men is with the Democrats. Say a Republican who studies the current of politics attentively: "One of my principal fears for the future arises from the visible fact that the young Democrats are asserting themselves. They are taking control of the party, and that means an opposition to us of decision and vigor. The old Democrats have been made timid by frequent defeat, and their vacillating course has helped the Republicans to many a victory. But these youngsters are now crowding the old fellows to the rear, and their influence is felt already. Why, just now, the young element has carried about all the offices in the House. The old fogies were beaten out of their boots. And, ten years hence, the Republican party will have to fight hereafter for all it gets."

HOWARD.
A Butler man in Springfield, Mass., is wearing a straw hat, which he is not to change until he is elected again.
A clear head is indicative of good health and regular habits. When the body feels heavy and languid, and the mind works sluggishly, Ayer's Cathartic Pills will wonderfully assist to a recovery of physical buoyancy and mental vigor. The constipated should use them.

52 DIVIDENDS A YEAR FROM \$3 INVESTED.

That is what any one will receive who subscribes for The Independent of New York. It occupies two fields. First, as a religious journal it is unexceptional and broader than any other. Its aim is to strengthen and extend Evangelical religion and to defend it against the attacks of Materialism, Atheism and Socialism. It is free to approve or criticize in any of the denominations whatever it believes is designed to advance or hinder the progress of the Gospel of Christ.
Among its religious writers are Leonard W. Bacon, D. D., S. C. Bartlett, D. D., Prof. John Bascom, Bishop Thayer, Clark, Rev. Jos. Cook, Bishop A. C. Coe, Geo. R. Crooks, D. D., Howard Crosby, D. D., Theo. L. Cuyler, D. D., Rev. Samuel Dike, Geo. P. Fisher, D. D., Prof. Norman Fox, Washington Gladden, D. D., Bishop F. D. Huntington, Bishop J. F. Hurst, E. D. Morris, D. D., Prof. Noah Porter, Francis L. Patton, J. L. Phillips, Schaff, D. D., R. S. Storrs, D. D., Wm. Taylor, D. D., Wm. C. Whitman, D. D., Prof. T. D. Woolsey.
Second, as a literary journal it stands without a peer among the weekly press. During the past year it has published articles and poems by more than three hundred of the most talented writers in this country and Europe.
Among them Amelia A. Barr, Mary Clemmer, Rose Terry Cooke, Kate Follen, Dora Hord Goodale, Rev. W. E. Glavin, "Grave Greenwood," Thomas Hill, D. D., William D. Howells, "H. H.," Joseph Leland, Joseph Miller, R. A. Oake, Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, Josephine Rollard, Richard Henry Stoddard, Edmund Clarence Steadman, Mrs. Launt Thompson, J. T. Trowbridge, Oella Thaxter, John Greenleaf Whittier, Sarah C. Woolsey, Susan E. Wallace, Wm. C. Ward and Prof. Charles A. Young.
The Independent will, within the next few months, publish stories by Wm. D. Howells, author of "The Virginian," "A Modern Instance," etc.; W. E. Norris, author of "McClure's," "No. 13," etc.; J. S. of Dale, author of "Guerre," etc.; Edward Everett Hall, author of "Ten Times One is Ten," etc.; Julia Schayer, author of "Tiger Lily, and Other Stories," Rebecca Harding Davis, Sarah Orne Jewett, Fred H. Brown, Kate Tipton Clarke, etc., etc. It is also negotiating with other distinguished story writers of England and America, whose names it does not as yet feel at liberty to make public.
In civil and political affairs The Independent stands for sound ideas and principles. It has been in the forefront of the civil service and tariff, the purification of politics, and maintains those principles which the highest ethics and best intelligence require. The Independent has 22 distinct departments, 32 pages in all.

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One subscription five years \$10.00

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THE INDEPENDENT
251 Broadway, New York.

The Trenton Times for 1884.

It would take too long to tell what The Times has done for the people and the State in its fourteen months of existence. Suffice it to say that from the start it has attacked abuses of all sorts, political, municipal, national and financial. It has been fearlessly independent and independently fearless. Corruption is its bitterest enemy. Extravagance in State expenditures has been persistently fought. The Times secured, for one thing, the passage of a Printing Contract Bill through the Legislature that will save the taxpayers of the State at least \$35,000 a year. It has kept bad men out of office and put good men in.

The Times for 1884 will continue its independent, consistent course. It will watch every bill introduced into the Legislature. It will ventilate every piece of jobbery, whether that jobbery be the work of corporations or individuals. It will fight to the death every attempt to add to the taxation of the people. It will not be suppressed by politician or corporations. Monopolies will be viewed with suspicion. The people and the people's interests will be the especial care of The Times.

All the news, all the views and all the truths of the day will be given in The Times. Therefore every citizen of the State of New Jersey will need the paper. Those who have been without it in 1883 cannot afford to be without it in 1884.

The Daily Times is five dollars a year or fifty cents for the season of the Legislature. Send subscriptions always to THE TIMES, Trenton N. J.

Public Sale of Real Estate.

By Virtue of an Order of the Orphans' Court of the County of Atlantic, made the 21st day of September, A. D. 1883, will be sold at

PUBLIC SALE,
ON
Saturday, January 5th, 1884,
At the Camden and Atlantic R. R. Station,
Hammonton,

30 Acres of Value Land
Extending from Chew's Road to Twelfth street, adjoining lands of Seely, three-quarters of a mile from Railroad. Well worthy the attention of purchasers.
Sale to commence at 1 o'clock p. m.
Conditions at Sale.

MARGUED WYNN,
LIZZIE A. WYNN.
EXTRA STOCKS: Agents.
Dated Oct. 24, 1883.

X-MAS Holiday Goods

**Lots of
Pretty
and
Useful
Things**

**AT
Stockwell's,**

Bellevue, Avenue,
Hammonton, New Jersey,

Old Corn Meal and Cracked
Corn, \$1.35 per cwt.

Winter Wheat Bran
\$1.00 per cwt.

Choice Family Flour at the
lowest market price.

Failing!

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.

The only sure remedy yet found is BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it, and rich, strong blood flowing to every part of the system repairs the wasted tissues, drives out disease and gives health and strength.

This is why BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, malaria, intermittent fevers, &c.

303 S. Paca St., Baltimore, Nov. 28, 1883.
I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and for several weeks could eat nothing and was growing weaker every day. I tried BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and am happy to say I now have a good appetite, and am getting stronger.
JOS. McCRAWLEY.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is not a drink and does not contain whiskey. It is the only preparation of Iron that causes no injurious effects. Get the genuine. Don't be imposed on with imitations.

TOMLIN & SMITH'S Ladies' Store, Corner of Bellevue & Horton St. HAMMONTON.

Have a full line of
Winter Goods.

Ladies' and Children's Meino Vests,
Mittens, Woolen Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' Scarlet Wool Vests.

DRESS GOODS.
Also a large supply of
Christmas Goods and Christmas Cards.

Superior Quality
Screenings,
\$1.20 per cwt.

Old Corn Meal and Cracked
Corn, \$1.35 per cwt.

Winter Wheat Bran
\$1.00 per cwt.

Choice Family Flour at the
lowest market price.

Sam'l Anderson,

Dealer in
Flour, Grain, Feed, &c.

**GO TO
PACKER'S
AT THE
Old Stand,**

The E. & N. R. Bakery.

Where the usual variety of choice bread,
rolls, cakes, pies, and crullers, so well
attested to, in quantity and quality,
by a critical and a discriminating
New England public. Also for
this special occasion may be
found a full, complete and
varied assortment of choice
confections. Comprising
mixtures, caramels,
chocolate creams,
bon bons, lozenges, etc. Also a great
variety of penny goods for the little
folks.

Also apples, oranges,
figs, goldens and common,
dates, raisins, nuts, lemons,
coconuts, etc., etc.

Thanking the public for the liberal
share of patronage so generously bestowed,
we hope, by strict attention to
business and fair dealing to merit a
future continuance of the same.
W. D. PACKER.

We don't claim to work
cheaper than anybody else,
we can't afford it. We ask "A
fair day's pay for a fair day's
work."

TUTT'S PILLS

**TORPID BOWELS,
DISORDERED LIVER,
AND MALARIA.**

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Fullness after eating, Aversion to exertion of body or mind, Erection of bile, Irritability of temper, Loss of sleep, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Blisters at the corners of the mouth, Constipation, and a general feeling of uneasiness. The use of a remedy that acts directly on the liver. As a liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the kidneys and skin is also powerful, removing all impurities through these organs, and purifying the system. They produce a sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin, no nausea or griping nor interference with daily work and a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
THE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.
I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried all different kinds of pills, and TUTT'S are the first that have done me any good. They have cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural perspiration. I feel like a new man. W. D. EDWARDS, Fall River, O. Sold everywhere. Price, 25 Cents.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a glossy black by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

How worn a theme is that of Time!
 Then why do I begin to rhyme
 Upon it now?
 Because to-night the fire is filled
 With voices that will not be killed—
 They will not cease.
 And always sing the same refrain
 Of Time that will not come again
 Of Time that flies.
 Of all that Time awakens in his flight,
 The voices sing to me to-night,
 Time curses all else.
 That is what I would find believe,
 My heart threaded with its devious line,
 With faith in Time.
 Oh, voices singing, be ye mute,
 You touch a chord on my heart's lute
 But seldom played;
 Yet filling all the air around
 With a sweet melancholy sound
 A song of Time!
 Or time that was, of days so fair
 When all was young, and love was there
 Long days ago!
 Be still! be still! that sad refrain!
 I dare not listen once again
 That sad refrain!
 Maybe I hold those days too high,
 And yield them far too old a sigh,
 Those long days since!
 Yet as they were the fairest yet
 Of all my days, then why forget
 That present time?
 To live it is still should be my fate
 Though I yet happier days, the days
 Of that sweet time.
 I'll bury, then, within the grave
 Which holds all things forgotten, save
 The present time.
 Nor heed a voice which whispers low,
 "The sweetest song is that you know
 Of long ago."

It was a beautiful day in the early spring of 1885. I lived at the West End, where one of those half rural cities for which the West is so famed. I had started out for a drive.

The air was balmy as June. The mud in the streets had dried up, the birds were going mad with joy—the hum of bees and the fragrance of the blossoms mingled with the song of the birds.

Soon I was galloping speedily along the graded road, through Dublin as we called the poorer quarter of the town (though the real Dublin lived in handsome and well built cities), out into the country. The horses seemed to share my pleasure and enthusiasm in the drive, as I have no doubt they did. Their sleek, glossy coats glistened in the sunshine, and they arched their necks and moved proudly, knowing well the hand that held the reins, and loving the tones of the voice behind them.

The odors of the great Dublin Port Packing Establishment were wafted to us as we dashed past its great dark walls and noisome vaults; past the squalid cabins of squatters; past the great distilleries, with their tall chimneys, belching clouds of smoke that seemed to come from subterranean fires; past great rumbling country wagons, some from the distilleries with the money from the sale of their load of corn, except what they had spent for groceries and calico, or drunk up in whisky; past slowly plodding farm teams, with sober farmers in gray—men, women (seated in straight-backed kitchen chairs in the old farm wagons in costumes of all shades and colors with calico sun-bonnets hiding faces as beautiful, as waving and golden alike; past rattling and noisy vehicles of all sorts, out into the soft and spring-like roads, bordered by the green field and the whispering trees of the country, where rattle and sound ceased.

Just ahead of me I saw walking on the road a very small boy. He was dressed in plain clothes, known as Kentucky Jeans. Or his head he wore even then early in the spring, a straw hat; over his shoulder he carried a bundle, tied up in a red handkerchief and swinging up and down. In his hand he held his great heavy shoe while he tugged on manfully and wearily, sore of foot and sore of heart. I had no doubt.

I drove quickly past, and then stopped and looked back, and waited until the little fellow came up.

"Halloo!" I said, "don't you want ride?"

"To be sure I do," said he.

"Then, why didn't you ask me?" said I.

"Because," said he, "I had asked so many times and been refused so often that I had got discouraged, and I didn't think you would let me," with some emphasis on the "you."

"Well," I said, "get in." He stood looking hopelessly up into the cushions and carpeted buggy, and down at his bundle and his sick and his heavy shoes.

"I am afraid I ain't very clean," he said at last.

"Oh! never mind," I said. "Get in. This vehicle was made for use."

"'Oh, better leave my stick,' he said.
"I said, 'No.' I answered, 'you may want it again.'
"And so we climbed in, and the bundle was stowed away under the seat and the stick put down between us.
"I never rode in such a nice carriage before, and I don't think I ever saw such horses," he went on, and his eyes flashed.
"Do you want to drive?"
"May I?"
"Yes, if you know how." And so I gave him the reins, and we were friends at once.
"Who did you like to let you ride?"
"Oh! all those men in the great farm house."
"And what did they say?"
"If they had a load they said they couldn't, and if they had no load they either smacked their great whips and rattled by the faster, and yelled at me to get out of the road."
"And you didn't ask me. Did you think because I had nice horses and a fine carriage and wore good clothes and looked like a gentleman that therefore I was one?" I said, laughing.
"Well, yes—I'm afraid I did; but," he continued, looking me square in the face, "do gentlemen always let boys ride when they want to?"
It was my turn to be a little bit puzzled; and I said, "I don't think they do, but a gentleman is one who always does all he can to help others and to make them happy."
"Well," said he, "I think you are a gentleman, at any rate."
And I said, "Will you tell me who you are, for I think you are a gentleman also?" and yet, he hadn't said "thank you" in words once, all this time.
Then he told me his story. His mother lived in a log cabin in a little clearing in the woods, in Boone county. His father was dead. They were very poor. He had worked for a good Quaker farmer the summer before, and was very kind to his boy, and he was going to work for him again. He had walked to him twenty miles that day, and had five miles farther to go. His feet had become very sore, and so he had taken off his shoes and stockings, putting his stockings in the bundle and carrying the shoes in his hand.
"With all these things to carry what do you carry a stick for?" I asked.
"Why, so that I can carry the bundle over my shoulder," he answered.
"Is the bundle heavy?"
"It didn't seem heavy when I started," he replied, "but it is now."
"Where did you get the stick?"
"Where did it cut it for me in the woods, and told me it was just what I needed to help to carry the bundle."
"Well, which is the heavier—the bundle or the stick?"
"I never thought of that. I believe the stick is—I know it is," he said at last.
"Well, now, that was a mistake. You took the heavy stick when you might have had a light one—didn't you? I haven't a doubt but that man laughed to see that you were so simple."
"He did laugh," said the little fellow; and his eyes fairly flashed and his face flushed with anger as he spoke: "That was real mean—don't you think so?"
"Yes, I do; and I don't think that man was a gentleman; and he pretended all the time to be doing you a kindness. Don't you ever impose on a fellow that's smaller than you are, in that way."
"I don't mean to," said he.
"But you haven't told me your name yet."
"My name is Richard—they call me Dick for short; but I could never find out why. I don't like nicknames. Do you?"
"No, I don't. Almost every body has a nickname, however; but why Richard? Dick is one of those things one can never find out."
"Mr. Hollyhead, the farmer I am going to work for, always calls me Richard. He's a real good man, only I don't get used to the thees and thous yet."
"Got any girls?" I asked.
He looked at me a moment to see if I was making fun, but I kept a sober face, and thus reassured, he said: "I guess he has. He has got one."
"Guess?" I said. "Don't you know?"
"Well, I think I ought to. She's just as pretty as she can be, and I like her first mile. He always calls me Richard, and that makes me feel like a man."
"Do you live far from the railroad?" I asked.
"Close by," he answered.
"Why didn't you come on the cars, then?"
He hesitated a little, then said "Cause 't wouldn't pay."
"What do you mean by that?" I asked.
"Maybe you didn't have the money."
"Yes, I did. Mother gave me the money, and she said maybe I could come at half price, as I did last year; but, you see, I don't begin work until

"To-morrow, and I wanted to see the country, and—and—well, I just thought I'd walk. Mother put me up a nice snack, and so I laid the money in the leather of the big Bible, right at the thirty-seventh psalm, that mother made me write out for next Sunday. Now I know that she would read it at the same time—with all the notes pinned to it, saying that I would walk. But I didn't know it was so awful muddy all through the woods; or, I don't believe I could have done it; but I'm glad I did it; for you, and I might, I shouldn't have known it. I hadn't never before known real gentleman in all my life."

"But," I said, "didn't the man you loved go with you?"

"Well, yes, I suppose he is; but he isn't like gentleman."

"No," I said; "there are a great many real gentlemen and ladies in the world. I think this Quaker farmer is gentleman, and that your mother is lady. It is said 'fine feathers make fine birds,' but fuss and feathers, fine manners and fine clothes, and fine farms do make real gentlemen and ladies. Only I can't make a gentleman."

"Did you ever read the story of Jacob?" I asked.

"No," he said.

"Jacob," I said, but he knew about Joseph.

And so I made him promise to read about Jacob, who went out from his country, with only a stick and a bundle, or wallet—much as he had done—and slept with a stone for a pillow; and I asked him to be sure and find out what Jacob saw there, and what might be his duty to the stars, and what he should do when he came to the house, he heard, out to him, which I knew would be a little difficult, as Laban changed his wages ten times. Then I asked what wages he had.

He said \$9 a month, which I thought was very good for a small boy.

And so we rode on together, talking about the wages the devil pays to the who work for him, and the yoke Christ gives to us to bear, until we came to the farm-yard again, where I turned in. He dismounted with his stick and hat, and I lingered a moment longer, and he bade me good-by and tramped briskly down the road.

One evening in the December following—it was almost Christmas time—I sat by a glowing wood fire in my parlor; it was raining and freezing without. I drew nearer to the embers as the door was opened, and a great blast of cold air came rushing in, without so much as saying, "By your leave," and with it came my friend Richard.

He had grown a great deal. He was neatly dressed, and was so glad to see me, and so glad to see him, that all enmities were taken away at once.

I introduced him to my wife and my boy, and together we recalled the story of the drive; but it was evident Richard had come with a purpose.—There was something in his manner which meant business.

And so I said, "Well, Richard, what is it? Have you and your pretty little girl at the farm had a quarrel?"

"Not exactly; but I—I have given her up."

"Ah! how was that?"

"You see, one day she told me she wished I wouldn't speak to her when there were other girls there, unless I had some nice clothes, for I was such a small boy, and worked for her father; and the girls laughed at her about me; and I said I wouldn't, and I didn't, and I haven't spoken to her since, and I have given up farming too."

"Given up farming," I said. "Why, what are you going to do?"

"Well, I'm going to try to be a gentleman," he answered.

"Can't a farmer be a gentleman?" I said, thinking what foolishness I must have put into his head, by his head, by his tail, during this ride.

"Yes, I know he can; but you said there were different sorts of gentlemen, and you see I want to try to be another kind. When you told me what a gentleman was, I thought I'd like to be one; but I didn't find it as easy as I expected. Then I remembered you said only God could make a gentleman. I didn't know exactly what you meant, but after I had almost discouraged trying, it came to me to ask God to help me, and so I said 'trying'—and then ever," he said, "what sort of a gentleman are you going to be?" I asked.

"That's it," he said. "You see, I'm so little, I thought maybe I could do more to help others, and take care of mother, if I tried something else besides farm work."

"Had any supper?" I asked.

"Guess I have," he answered proudly.

"I'm stopping at a place," I said.

"Think it will pay?" I said, smiling.

"Well, yes, I think Holyhead brought me in. The hotel is coming again to-morrow. The hotel is filled with teamsters and teams, so I asked the landlord if I might stay if I would help take care of the horses, and he said 'he'd put me through,' and he did; and that's the

"You want I should help you?" do you.

"No," I don't want any help. I only want to be a gentleman."

And so we talked it all over. He hadn't been to school much, and he needed more education; and yet he wanted to help support his mother; and finally we decided that he should go in the morning to the office of *The Daily Blunderbuss*, and see if he could get employment there, and learn type-setting. I told him he might refer to me.

The reason why I should refer to me in the morning, I offered, and I used to see him occasionally at work, with his shoulders rolled up, his face and hands smeared with ink; but at night, and on Sundays, he was neatly dressed, and he and my boys became great friends.

At the end of the year I took him into my office, for I suspected the printing office was hardly the best place for him, and he proved faithful in all his ways.

And so we were studying history at that time, and they gave him a nickname, which I don't think he de objects to—it was "Richard, Coeur de Lion."

After he had been with me nearly a year, I one day asked him suddenly, "what sort of a gentleman he meant to be?"

"That's it?" said he. "I haven't got a notion enough, and I must go to school and work half the time."

So I got him a situation as book-keeper in a bank, and he worked and went to night school, and finally fitted himself for college. It was a long and hard struggle, but a few years since he was graduated with honors at the Michigan State University, and went to Chicago, where he soon obtained a position on one of the daily papers of that city, and got a home for himself.

When the great fire came, his business was swept away, but the cottage where his mother lived "on the west side," was mercifully spared. In the meantime I had moved to the East, and had lost sight of Richard, except as I occasionally heard from him by letter, or heard of him from others.

Fortunately, his capital was in his brains, and a great congregation could not destroy that; and he was soon at work again.

A few months since, I received a letter, quaint and curious, in a lady's handwriting, which commenced, "*Respected Friend*,"—it was full of these, and thus, and it said; "Richard" (no other name), "who was formerly in type employment, has applied to me for a position as son-in-law. He refers to thee. Thou knowest—there be adventures abroad. I have done so now, to thee. God has given me one only daughter. What canst thou say of Richard?"

I wrote, "I have no doubt he will fill admirably the position—he is willing to accept. He is a gentleman, in the best sense of the word, and any lady in the land may be proud to become his wife."

Soon after, Richard was married, and now it is Christmas time again. I have just received a letter from him in which he says, "I have returned to thee. I feel that I give thee my *real* life, as I have ever one, I am sure. I have got used to the thees and thous, and learned to love to be called simply Richard, better than ever."

"We found a double surprise awaited us. First, an invitation to me taking the position of editor-in-chief of *The Daily Chicagoan*, one of the largest papers there, which I have accepted. It has been agreed that we were to come back to thee, then we spent a few days before going to my own house. When we reached the house we found my mother there, and everything arranged to make it a permanent home for us all.

"Mother-in-law said she could no live in the house alone."

"After dinner was over Esther and I explored the house, and Esther showed me its treasures of closets, and spoils of linen and all that; and I explored the house, and we were all gathered together, and gathered in the back parlor for prayer."

"On the table lay mother's big well-worn Bible. I opened to the thirty-seventh Psalm, and there was the money, plumed to thy note in my boyish handwriting, just as I had left it twenty years before. It seems more could never, in her darkest hour, make up her mind to use that money, I tried to read, but my voice failed, I cried, 'Thee! thee! thee! thee! thee! thee!'"

And Esther knew what it meant: the mother told Mrs. Gwynne the story of the walk and the drive, and we wished that you were here to share our happiness."

And so it was that the boy who worked for me has become a real gentleman.

Prepare yourselves for the world, the Grecian athletes used to do for their games. Give all your mind and your powers to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility. Strength alone will not do.

—The new hospital at Austin, Texas, will cost \$10,000.

—England annually consumes \$10,000,000 eggs a year.

—Hemp sells at \$1.50 per dozen in some parts of Montana.

—In 1871 Whinnip's population was 300; in 1882, 25 persons.

—A mountain of copper ore has been discovered in Nevada.

—Brooklyn has decreased its debt \$1,000,000 in two years.

—The City of Derby has an income of \$1,000,000 per annum.

—The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

—A gallon of gas gasoline stove in Butte, M. T., cost \$3.60.

—Neal Drow says \$1,200,000,000 is spent for drink annually.

—A preventative of typhoid fever is to boil the drinking water.

—A railroad is to be built from the top of Pike's Peak, Colorado.

—There are three cattle men in Nevada worth \$1,000,000 each.

—Iowa saloon-keepers favor prohibition rather than high license.

—A Dresden house is making children carriages out of soap pulp.

—The freshman class at Harvard this year number 185 and at Yale 170.

—A Chattanooga firm has sold three million feet of lumber to one firm in Boston.

—The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 beats minute; in manhood 80; 60 years, 60.

—The burning of the exposition building at Pittsburgh involved a loss of \$1,000,000.

—The Georgia owners of the *Befugio* Silver Mine, in Mexico, refuse to sell it for \$500,000.

—Lima has been called the Boston of South America. Probably because of the Lima beans.

—A Forked-tail lizard is one of the curiosities of the office of the Kosciuszko Mission, St. Paul.

—Maine law forbids hunting deer with dogs, and limits the number that one person may shoot.

—A farmer of Suwanee county, Fla., has galled two crooks of peaches from his trees this year.

—A company has been organized in London to insure against bicycle and tricycle accidents.

—The annual products of the British America sea fisheries are set down at about \$10,000,000.

—A Washington telegram says that the order suspending Mr. Pelsa Lockwood from practice in the Pennsylvania bar has been revoked.

—Recent forest fires in Oregon and Washington Territories have destroyed, and estimated \$1,000,000 worth of timber.

—Mincola has the longest wagon road bridge in Texas, if not in the world. It is across the Sabine river and swamp—a mile and three quarters.

—A novelty in English cheese is chives cheese, favored in imitation of the famous chives cheese fancied by the Arabs in Syria and in Turkey and Greece.

—Advices from Rheims are to the effect that village organizations have been organized for the purpose of opposing rain, champagne is likely to be scarce and dear.

—A golden eagle, now becomes a rare bird in the Scotch Highlands, was shot a few weeks ago on the hill of Morven, within a few miles of Ballater. It was a fine specimen, and measured between the tips of the wings 5 feet and 3 inches.

The Style She Wanted.

"They climbed down out of a lumber wagon in front of a photographer's, and after he had hitched the horses and she and brushed the dust off his overcoat they walked up stairs.

"She wants her fotrgrat took," observed the old man to the attendant.

"How many?"

"Well, I reckon we kin use five or six."

"What style and price?"

The woman pulled a parcel from her pocket and carefully unwrapped it and revealed a cabinet photo of Mary Anderson.

"I want jist sich a plectur' as that," she explained.

"You mean the same size?"

"No sir; I want it finished off to look juss as good as she does, except that juss as closely as you can."

The attendant had some explanations to make in regard to photography, and these explanations disturbed the couple very much.

"Will you guarantee to make her look as good as that picture?" asked the husband.

He couldn't.

"Then we don't trade! We want what we want, or we don't pay. Come, come, come."

"But it seems as if you could, if we paid for it," she pleaded with the attendant.

He was firm.

"All right, then," she announced, as she pulled on her gloves. "I told him in the first place it was better to show two shillings apiece for these photos than to have a picture on 'em, but it was a rainy day and he jist aslell hang around the city for half a day. Sorry we can't trade, but that photograph is me juss the same."

In the recent electric exhibition in Vienna there was shown a thermo-electric pile, which was capable of generating powerful concentric rings of thirty-two elements each, the rings being insulated from one another by means of asbestos. The elements consist of an alloy of two elements, the one of which is not to be named, and the other of which is not being completed, the inventor would not state the exact composition, which runs at 800 degrees C.; on heating this alloy a electric current runs, generated in the direction of the heat, and in the centre, and a considerable space separates the wires from the concentric rings, so that the heating of the alloy is not interfered with. The heat is so regulated that the alloy is heated does not exceed 800 to 400 degrees C. Each concentric ring has its own terminal screw, so that the whole or part of the pile can be used for any purpose. It has an electro-motive force of 20 volts and 12 ohms resistance. The battery is intended for galvanoplastic, but (and this is an important point) if the stove, as is the case, is used for heating, it can, on any day, enough current power can be obtained, even charge a number of accumulators sufficient for domestic lighting purposes or to drive a small motor—for domestic work, without any extra charge.

Herr Gruenbach, professor of Chemical Science in the University of Upsala, announces that he will undertake, by his process, to freeze up any lady or gentleman willing to submit to the examination, and the lady will have the appearance of vitality, plunging his work to bring them round again at the expiration of two years, with no prejudicial effects to mind or body. (Somehow, however, the process is not to be named.) He comes forward to supply the assent with the desired opportunity, so he has submitted his marvelous invention to the Swedish Government, with a request that the criminal justice should be placed to be provided to enable him to demonstrate the efficacy of his discovery. If this request is granted he will set to work at once.

One of the most successful experiments made during the capacity of electricity as a motive power has been that made on a pleasure launch upon the river Thames. The boat is forty feet long and is propelled by a screw driven by a small electric motor. The sailor Volkmar accumulators. Eight miles an hour is the speed that has been attained. The expense has been found to be the same as that of steam, and the same—the chief advantage lying in the small space taken up by the accumulators. A twenty-foot electric launch accommodates twenty passengers as a steam launch.

An officer of a school in Boston for the blind says that the nightmen persons may become the most expert piano tuners. Hearing the constant exercise the faculty of touch becomes so acute that the touch of a single string, while no other strings are to be unnoticed by the blind persons, are readily detected by the blind. The slightest imperfection in the union is discerned. The piano in places is obtained through the use of models and the dissection of old instruments. Besides, they are thoroughly taught in that branch of physics which relates to sound, and the transmission of laws of its production and transmission.

In Prussia the sale of poisonous and chemical fly papers is only permitted to chemists and those who are authorized to deal in poisons. Such persons even have to give a receipt for the same, and the same regulations as must be observed in the sale of all poisons. These regulations require that a poison certificate be given with them, and also that the receipt be given to the person who buys them. In this country children have more than once been seriously injured by the poison upon fly-papers, carelessly sold without caution.

Dr. L. De Plasse, in an article translated for *Le Courrier*, highly commends the use of oysters as a food, and as a palatable and digestible article of food. "But all the preparations of oysters," he says, "are indigestible. Oyster soup, baked oysters, roast oysters, fried oysters, and all the other preparations are suited only to torment and disturb the stomach and to develop dyspepsia and gastritis. The roast and pan-fried oysters are very good to eat, but some like to be preserved, and all the albumen has been converted by heat."

A druggist in Paris, convicted of adulterating sulphate of quinine, has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment at hard labor for having adulterated the name of the same, and a crime will be published in twelve political and twelve professional papers, and should he ever reopen his store, on the door will be affixed a notice to the effect that he is a dealer in adulterated sulphate of quinine." It is a very severe, but it is no more than just.

The common method of copying drawings by contact with the blue process or sensitive silver paper which requires an exposure of from ten to fifteen minutes to half an hour, is now likely to be superseded to some extent by the introduction of improved gelatine bromide of silver paper. At first gelatine paper was intended to prepare, and not to copy, drawings. Now, however, they are turned out uniformly coated and in large sheets.

In Alghero, August 27, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians lately killed himself in London by shooting himself in the head with a rifle. His motive for committing this fatal crime or employment (he was objected to on the score of color) after he had exhausted his means in qualifying himself for the profession of a surgeon.

[illegible]

YOUR Uncle Tilden, my son, now stands in the attitude of a disgruntled giant, his head bowed, his long white mane raggedly trimmed, his tall stork staff with decedent buzz, his shapely flanks concealed by a ragged blanket.

"I have just come bugged with as old burster and told him that—And this driver declaring that he has 'just come in from the farm to look at the races,' and that 'this horse' can't run, and that 'he never saw no man' but by gum he's good to let him go around once, just to see, what there is in 'im if some gentleman with a good horse will just go round back with us to add our own little bit to the matter."

Never take too big odds against the strange horse, my son, and don't be too sure that your Uncle Tilden isn't just to get on the track and run, merely because his jockeys say that he isn't.

PASSENGER.—"Well, driver how much do I owe you?"

HACKMAN.—"Six dollars and seventy-five cents, sir."

Passenger.—"But I hired the hack by the hour and have only had it an hour. There are the rates on the inside." My bill should be seventy-five cents."

Hackman.—"That is what I said seventy-five cents."

Passenger.—"Then what are the six dollars for?"

Hackman.—"Them is for driving 'the hack back to the stand, sir, after you get out, sir. The rates for driving the empty hack back are not posted up here."

TREATED CORN.—"I notice that a favorite device for Irving in a moment of deep feeling is for him to clench and perhaps tear off one of his ears or loose some hair around his neck."

Scoff Manufacturer.—"Well, I declare! That is the best news that I have heard for a long time. Three cheers for living."

Theater-goer.—"Why man are you demoted?"

Scoff Manufacturer.—"Not at all. Can't you see? The five hundred thousand dollar fortune in this case may still all-be-irving-Irving, and the result will be the biggest kind of a boom in soars."

They are in society?

No, not at all.

But I hear they have a good deal of company.

No, yes; I suppose they do of one sort and another. They have little receptions five times a week, but nobody goes except authors and artists and comic professors and musicians and scientists and stout people. None of our set would think of associating with them."

It isn't that the Shuttle family has a particularly hearty supper. "I say, Mrs. S," said Job, the other evening, "this is a somewhat light and delicate dinner. I know you like it, but you see I had nothing but skim milk for the toast"—"Oh, I see. You toasted the toast"—"poored the milk over it. The idea is worthy of prescience!" And she is the immortal pages of a cook book."

Mrs. D.—"I see that Susan B. Anthony has been visiting her birthplace, a stone farm house erected by her father just before she was born."

Mrs. D.—"How did she find the site?"

Mrs. D.—"By the house on out, of course."

Mrs. D.—"Dew tell! And is the house still standing?"

FRANKIE went with his mother to the museum the other day, and the optical illusions interested him very much. When he came away he was talking about them to his friends, who told him that they were all wrong and illusions were easy enough. "Did you understand them all?" asked a gentleman. "Of course, anybody with any sense could understand them right away. Mamma couldn't, but I could."

A **PRISONER** by the name of RIZKI has treated the cholera in the district of Javan, where he lives, with sweat and five drops of camphor dissolved in rectified spirits of wine. Out of three hundred and ninety-one patients, so far, he has not lost a single one.

Out of the five drops of this camphor solution on a lump of sugar, taken three times a day, will prevent the infection.

A **SEVERY** individual who applied for admission to a hospital ten days ago said he was a "victim of the Javan eruptions." The lady of the house, looked at his nose and asked if "Javan" and whiskey were not synonymous terms. He said that indeed they were, and as the stamp hurried off, his language sounded like an Irish eruption.

A **BOSKON** lady says that women who have husbands to support must make them work. She is a millionaire, and while she averages \$2000 a year at her business, her husband cooks, washes, dresses, and does every thing else. (She says if husbands won't work, women will have to consider them as luxuries which they must do without.)

"Oh, my!" said an old lady, who fell out of bed in a Boston hotel, might before last. "I've hurt the exterior of my spinal column." "Good enough—I'll fetch you a new one," said the attendant sitting not upright in bed, "we'll give the proprietor for damages."

When it becomes expedient to stop an engine, place a heavy fire in the furnace, place a layer of fresh coal on the fire, shift the damper, and start the injector or pump for the purpose of keeping up the circulation in the boiler.

[illegible]

