



Scent of Dogs.

Dogs not only smell odors in an occasional way, but they likewise seem to extract a recognizable odor from almost everything, as Professor Croom Robertson also suggests: Anacharis knows me when I am dressed in clothes he never saw before, by his nose alone. Let me get myself up in a theatrical costume, and cover my face with a mask, yet he will recognize me at once by some, to us, undetectable perfume. Moreover, he will recognize the same odor, as clinging to my clothes after they have been taken off.

If I shy a pebble on the beach, he can pick out the identical pebble amongst a thousand. Even the very ground on which I have trodden, remains to him a permanent record of my presence for hours afterward. The bloodhound can track a human scent a week old, which argues a delicacy of nose almost incredible to human nostrils.

Similarly, too, if you watch Anacharis at this moment, you will see that he runs up and down the path, sniffing away at every stick, stone and plant, as though he got a separate and distinguishable scent out of every one of them.

And so he must, no doubt, for if even the earth keeps a perfume of the person who has walked over it hours before, surely every object about us must have some faint smell or other either of itself or of objects which have touched it. When we remember that a single grain of musk will scent hundreds of handkerchiefs, so as to be recognizable even by our defective organs of smell, there is nothing extravagant in the idea that passing creatures may leave traces, discoverable by keener senses, on all the pebbles and straws which lie across the road.

Thus the smells which make up half of the dog's picture of the universe are probably just as continuous and distinct as the sights which make up the whole picture in our own case, and which doubtless coalesce with the other half in the canine mind.

Keep a Bottle of Lime Water.

If good milk disagrees with a child or grown person, lime water at the rate of three or four table-spoons to the pint, mixed with the milk or taken after it, will usually help digestion, and prevent flatulence. Lime water is a simple antiseptic, and is a little tonic. It often counteracts pain from acid fruit, from "wind in the stomach," and from acids produced by eating candies and other sweets; also, stomach-ache (indigestion from over-eating of any kind). A table-spoonful, for a child of two years old, to a gill or more, for an adult, is an ordinary dose, while considerable more will produce no injury. A pint of cold water dissolves less than ten grains of lime and warm water still less.

Some years ago, there were a number of army officers stopping at a hotel in Washington. Among them were a Capt. Emerson and a Capt. Jones. Emerson and Jones used to have a good deal of fun together, at the dinner-table and elsewhere. One day, at the dinner-table, when the dining-hall was well filled, Capt. Jones finished his dinner first, got up, and walked almost to the dining-hall door, when Emerson called to him, in a loud voice: "Hallo, captain! see here. I want to speak to you a minute." The captain turned, walked back to the table, and bent over him; when Emerson whispered: "I wanted to ask you how far you would have gone if I had not spoken to you."

The captain never changed a muscle, but straightened up, put his fingers into his next pocket, and said: "Capt. Emerson, I don't know of a man in the world I'd rather lend \$5 than you, but the fact is, I haven't a cent with me to-day," and he turned on his heel and walked away. Emerson was the color of a dozen rainbows, but he had to stand it.

"A. M. R." asks this conundrum: "Why do the French eat less than any other nation?" Because one egg is always an *œuf* for them.

A few years ago, Tryon Factory, Chattanooga county, thirty miles from Rome, Ga., commenced business with \$225,000. During the present year, it has declared a dividend of 7 per cent., and before the close of the year, will declare another of the same amount.

What I Live For.

I live for those who love me, Whose hearts are kind and true; For the Heaven that smiles above me, And waits my spirit too; For all human ties that bind me; For the love that God assigns me; For the task by God assigned me; For the bright hopes left behind me; And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story, Who've suffered for my sake; To emulate their glory, Whose deeds were history's page; And time's great volume make. I live to hold communion With all that is divine; To feel their love a union With those who smile and mine; To profit by affliction, To reap truth from fields of pain; To grow wiser from conviction, And fulfill each grand design.

I live to halt that season, By gifts made in their stead; When man shall live for reason, And not alone for gold; When man to man will aid, And the world shall be bright as Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me; For those who know me true; For the heaven that smiles above me, And waits my spirit too; For the cause that lacks assistance; For the wrong that needs redress; And the good that I can do. —G. L. Knapp's Parables.

A Remarkable Star.

Several correspondents have lately inquired about a reappearance of the so-called star of Bethlehem. Some have mistaken the planet Jupiter for this phenomenon. It seems to be thought that a reappearance of this star must be one of the wonders of the year. One tells the story of a star that astronomers sometimes call Tycho Brahe's star, and which has been anxiously dubbed the Star of Bethlehem.

In the year 1572, Tycho Brahe, the most famous astronomer of his time, on going out to walk, one evening, was astonished to see a splendid star blazing in the constellation Cassiopeia, where he knew no such star had been before. It was first seen by some wagons driving their teams along the country road at night. For three weeks it outshone all the other stars in the sky, and exhibited, by turns, a variety of brilliant colors. Then it began to fade, and in sixteen months disappeared. It has never been seen since, although a small star was discovered, about fifteen years ago, near the same spot.

In looking over the records of astronomical observations, it was found that a new star had suddenly appeared, near the same place, in the year 1234. The theory was then formed that this might be a variable star, with a period of over 300 years between its maxima. Further research brought to light records of the appearance of a similar star in that part of the sky in the year 945. There is a discrepancy of eleven years between the two periods, but this did not prevent somebody from calculating the supposed series of appearances back and thereupon, announcing that the star must have appeared at the time of the birth of Christ. Jerome Cardan, the astrologer, was one of the first who sought to identify this phenomenon with the star that served the wise men of the East as a guide, to the manger in which the Saviour lay. It was called the Pilgrim.

The constellation Cassiopeia, at this season, is nearly in the zenith early in the evening. It occupied the same position when Tycho Brahe first caught sight of the wonderful star. The constellation may be recognized by its five principal stars. They form a figure resembling the letter W. The new star appeared opposite the right-hand opening of the letter. The observer should not be misled by some small stars, in that neighbor hood, which are easily seen with the naked eye. The star that is said to occupy nearly the place of the phenomenon of 1572, is only visible in telescopes. If this is a variable star, with a period varying between 300 and 310 years, it may be expected to blaze out again, at any time between now and 1891.

Vera Cruz.

A City Where Grass Grows in the Streets. W. H. Bishop, writing of the City of Vera Cruz, says: The city itself, compact and solid, with a line of domes and steeples thickened with time, roofs of substantial red tiles, plentiful balconies, and bits of wall tinted blue, green and pink, is a little like Venice. A large crane hangs out

A Test of Innocence.

A poor, pale seamstress was arraigned for theft, in Paris. She appeared at the bar, with her baby of eleven months on her arm. She went to get some work one day, and stole three gold coins, of ten francs each. The money was missed soon after she left her employer, and a servant was sent to her room to claim it. The servant found her about to quit the room, with the three gold pieces in her hand. She said to the servant: "I am going to carry them back to you." Nevertheless she was carried to the Commissioner of Police, and he ordered her to be sent to the Police Court for trial.

She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and when asked, by the Judge, what she had to say for herself, she replied: "The day I went to my employer's, I carried my child with me. It was in my arms, as it is now. I was not paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantel-piece, and, unknown to me, it stretched out its little hand and seized three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer, to return them, when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for Heaven's sake. The Court could not believe this story. They upbraided the mother for her impudence, in endeavoring to palm off such a manifest lie for the truth. They sought her, for her own sake, to retract so absurd a tale, for it could have no effect, but to oblige the Court to sentence her to a much severer punishment than they were disposed to inflict, upon one so young and evidently so deep in poverty.

These appeals had no effect, except to strengthen the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most guilty criminal can never counterfeit, the Court was at some loss to discover what decision justice demanded. To relieve their embarrassment, one of the judges proposed to renew the scene described by the mother. Three gold coins were placed on the Clerk's table. The mother requested to assume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was a breathless pause in Court. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled, and then stretched forth its tiny hand and clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted.

Notices of a bull-fight for the coming Sunday are posted on the dead-ends. A tram-car of a peculiar pattern runs out in the open fields, where there is a dancing place and ball-ground. There is a view, in passing, of the cemetery, which should be a leading institution indeed at Vera Cruz; and yet when one is on the ground, as is apt to be the case, there are mitigations to be found, even of the terrors of yellow fever.

Pail-bearers in gloomy weeds are naturally expected to form a considerable part of the population, just as murderers and kidnappers of all sorts are expected to abound elsewhere. But an American resident assured me that in four years he had known but one of our countrymen to die of the comto, as it is called, and very few to have it. His chief havoc is among the poor and badly nourished.

The American Consul, himself a physician, and a resident of twelve years, standing, is strenuous in his views as to the harm done to the commercial interests of both countries by ignorance and misrepresentations on the subject. It is certain that the local authorities do not regard the disease as contagious, putting those afflicted side by side with surgical patients in the hospital; from which it seems that, if the case were really looked into, there may be as little cause of the annoying quarantine against yellow fever, at least of this variety, as if it were simple ague.

Senator Sherman's Three-per-cent. Bill.

Mr. Sherman moved to take up the bill for the issue of three-per-cent. bonds. Objection to its present consideration was made by Mr. Beck, who proposed to antagonize its discussion with that of the tariff commission bill (in the hands of Mr. Bayard, now absent), to be reported on Monday, and by Mr. McPherson, of the finance committee, which reported the bill, who desired to have printed several amendments he had framed.

Mr. Sherman said, as his motion was a notification of his purpose to try to get the bill up on Monday, he had accomplished his present purpose. He withdrew the motion. The amendment of Mr. McPherson makes the bonds redeemable after January 1st, 1891, instead of payable after January 1st, 1887, and extends the time of payment to thirty years from date of issue. Mr. Plumb gave notice of an amendment, directing the use of the fund, now held in the treasury for the redemption of United States notes, in excess of \$100,000,000, for the redemption of the 3 per cent.

How the South is Growing.

The South and the Next Census. The capital to be added to South during the next two years, employed in mining, manufacturing and agriculture, will multiply the resources of that section in an unexampled ratio. The census of 1890 will surprise even the most sanguine optimists.—Cincinnati Gazette.

It is very interesting to note the rapid increase of population, in the last decade, as shown by the recent statistics issued by the Census Bureau. Alabama has gained over a quarter of a million inhabitants, and Louisiana an increase of nearly 300,000. Louisiana is a little behind her neighbors, and only footes up an increase of 213,000, while, during the same period Texas has almost doubled her population, adding 773,000 to a population of 318,000 in 1870, footing up a grand total of 1,091,000 at the time of census taking.

The tenth census sets at rest any apprehensions, which may have existed, as to the tendency of farming in the United States since the change from slave to free labor. We will never have an Irish tenant system in the South. The land is going to be tilled by its owners.—Baltimore American.

Southern Railroad Developments. The business doing on the southern railroads, according to our advice, is simply unprecedented, and most of the roads are compelled to add to their rolling stock. Up to the 1st of January, the Louisville and Nashville, alone, has added 4,000 freight cars to its equipment, since last spring.

This means that the development of the South is proceeding at a rate which a few persons can comprehend. Immigration and capital are now actively employed, in the Southern States, in numberless productive enterprises, and business is, therefore, largely increased, and this increase will, it is believed, continue indefinitely.—American Manufacturer (Boston).

Southern Iron Interests.

There was never known, before, such a pressure for railroad iron. It is absolutely enormous; with all the vast improvements and enlargements in Pennsylvania, heretofore, and yet, the greatest iron-producing State of the Union, her iron works are not able to meet the demands that crowd upon them. It is so every where this side of the Atlantic, where iron works exist.

We have not far to go, to find the cause of this prodigious pressure for steel rails, and whatever else is needed of the furnace for the track laying. It is to be found in the fact, that there never was, before, such a spirit of railroad building, as that which exists in the South and West at this time. It is rampant. The old fogies call it "crazes." Maybe it is, but it cannot be checked by epithets, nor overcomer by temporary barriers. It will have its day.

A competent authority states, that 4,018 miles of new track are laid and laying this year, against 3,205 reported for a corresponding time in 1880. Europe is shut out from competition in the business, by a duty of \$7 per ton on pig iron. It is true, too, that "under any circumstances, American pig iron is worth \$1.50 per ton more than English."—St. Louis Age of Steel.

The Veiled Portrait.

He began to snow. Pale, creamy fell upon the ground, and reached a white carpet over the once green earth. The air was softened, and his gentle breath played about the tree tops, waiting and music to the young face peering from out the window. A desolate scene for a light, girlish heart to ponder over.

With a heavy sigh Marie D'Arnaigne turned her fair face toward the inner room, saying: "This is a dreary old home, aunt; I am dying of ennui. Please tell me, now, the tale you promised to relate, the story of the 'Veiled Portrait,' will you not?" So saying, she threw herself upon a low stool at the feet of a venerable lady, turning her bright face eagerly upward.

There it hung, the portrait with the long black veil thrown to one side. It was like a personification of morning, with her myriad shifting lights brightening up the whole aspect. The cheek was soft and rounded, a delicate bloom resting thereon, as on the mellow peach. The eye was full and dark, from a white brow, and fell in mid-night beauty below a dainty, wisp. Yet the great charm lay in the bright, joyous light that fell over the countenance, as the sunlight, falling over a mountain stream, glides its waters with golden ripples. A pure and innocent soul looked out from those eyes, whose splendor rose upon you, as from twin stars' mid the darkness of night.

Passing her hand over her eyes, and leaving a mournful sigh, Madame D'Arnaigne complied with her fair niece's request, commencing thus: "The name of the lady whose portrait hangs over the mantel-piece is Helene St. Cyr, an ancestor of yours, my child, as you perceive by her name. We were girls together and passed many happy hours in the seclusion of one another's friendship."

The old lady rested her head on her hand. Did her imagination take flight to that happy valley of her youth, where she stood with her beautiful girlhood's friend, crowned with the gorgeous diadem of love and truth? "Ah, yes! We were girls together; I can see her yet, bounding through the old chateau, making the time-worn rooms ring with her merry laughter. She was one of God's fairest women, and alas! there came for her a sudden change when his mind, and her eyes were darkened by sorrow, and the thrilling bird of hope in her heart sang no more melodies. It was the time when there gurgled up from her womanly nature the tideless stream of love—lovely for a young artist, Leon Moreau, whose noble manhood was in the purest handwork of the Creator.

Also for Helene! Her father had still implanted in his bosom the proud seeds of the aristocrat. The conditions of the old feudal system and feudal laws found support in his mind, and would bear a tittle, he sternly refused consent to the union of the lovers and banished Leon from the chateau.

The Marquis D'Orville was rich and powerful, and upon pressing his suit to Monsieur St. Cyr, an answer was given in the affirmative. I remember Helene as she appeared that evening. An exquisite blue-silk fell about her graceful form, setting off to advantage the fairness of her complexion and deepening the blush on her cheeks. Never had she been gayer.

Fickle friend! though I, as the light jest and song floated from her lips; and my eyes filled with tears as the image of the despairing lover, whose grief drove him almost to madness, arose before me. It is not always from gay lips and sparkling eyes that truth flows untruly. Tears and mockery are trooping behind, gazing on the bowed heart to wit laughter. The bridal evening finally arrived, and the festal that was prepared rivaled a scene from the glowing tales of the Arabian Nights. Helene was as pale as the snow that is drifting over the ground. Her robe of white satin fell gleaming like moonbeams on the lake, and clusters of orange blooms peeped in and out the dark coils of her hair. Pearls shimmered on her neck and arms—fatal jewels for a bride—tears, and tears only.

Dear friend! she murmured, through the storm of grief that vented itself in my arms, 'I have promised to meet Leon now, at this very hour. Whatever betide, you will think of me always with affection, and remember me in your prayers to Him who is good to all His sorrowing children.'

She gathered her shining robe about her, glided down the long corridor and

thence into the garden. Peeping some while, I followed silently, keeping in the shadow of the trees. Leon folded his arms about the fair young creature, and pressed passionate kisses upon her weeping face. The moon came from behind the clouds, lighting the clinging form of the maiden.

The sea beat heavily upon the shore, breaking among the rocks in a sort of requiem, and I fancied it a presentment of some dire evil. Never can time blot out the memory of that wild night. Trailing clouds fled across the sky, and the wind rocked the trees shivering with cold. It was similar to the hiss of a serpent, before his deadly fangs are fastened in the flesh of his victim.

I could not hear the hurried words that were whispered near me; nor when they grew louder and louder, and O God! I think the man must have been frenzied into madness, for there gleamed like a flash the steel of a poniard; Helene, the beautiful Helene, fell heavily to the ground, a crimson stream trickling over the shivering folds of her dress. I raised her dear head to the light of the moon, but the spirit had fled, and I held to my bosom only a lifeless form.

The sea beat louder, and the clouds fled swiftly across the face of the night. Then the hurried tramp of feet was heard, and the household came near and looked upon the bride for whom the bridegroom was searching. He lifted her in his strong arms and bore her to the chateau. Helene St. Cyr was gloriously buried with life, and her dear young steps. So also was she in death. Like a white rose upon its leaves did she lie in her coffin, waxen and pure.

They buried her beside her mother, whose heart would have broken had she lived to witness the finale of her daughter's young life. Monsieur St. Cyr's grief was intense. He could not bear to look upon Helene's face, and caused a black veil to be bound over her picture, which has since borne the name of the "Veiled Portrait."

The old lady ceased, and stroked the golden hair laid upon her knee. Marie, with tearful eyes, lifted her face and asked: "But what became of Leon?" "Ah, child, his body was found one morning by a fisherman, cast up by the sea; his love gave of that passionate, stormy nature, which would break no denial; the world would be better off if there were no lovers in it. Do you not think so?"

"The young girl shook her head, and with her eyes fixed on the lovely features above her, exclaimed: 'To be loved by a good, noble man, I would welcome with joy the sad face of the beautiful original of the veiled portrait, and I do believe love will come to destroy that closed sweetly around the world, illumining over some hearts like the sea gulls over the sea, but building in others nests strong and abiding, which no storms can shake.' Still the snow fell, wrapping the earth in a mantle of white ermine, and sending sweet thoughts to the young face glancing peering out of the window.

This love story had awakened a tide of emotion in the girl's heart, emotions that closed sweetly around her, filling the void of loneliness which sometimes creeps in unawares. And so we leave her to those dreams, hoping that gentle as the falling snow may be the current of her onward life.

The Smoke of the British Metropolis. A large company, including the Lord Mayor, the Marquis of Lorne and other dignitaries, recently assembled in London, to open an exhibition of inventions and appliances designed to destroy their common enemy, the smoke of the British metropolis.

In the course of the British metropolis, the Lord Mayor showed himself disposed to recognize a silver lining to the cloud of smoke hanging over the city, by reminding the company that, in years gone past, ague had prevailed in the marshes of the Thames, but that, after the extinction of the great factory chimneys, the disease had not affected people in that neighborhood.

This agreeable circumstance put the audience in a somewhat more cheerful humor, until Sir H. Thompson arose in turn and ridiculed the Lord Mayor's idea, that smoke prevented in any way the spread of ague, and pointed out that the disease had probably decreased in consequence of the drying and clearing of the ground, produced by the erection of large furnaces.

Letter from England. St. Ives, Huntingdon, The Protector's Baptist Entry, Hinchbrook, the ancestral seat of the Cromwells. Thrapston, Drayton Manor, Islip, Northampton. Queen Eleanor's Cross.

Northampton, Dec. 1st 1881. I have felt Cambridge temporarily, for a visit to St. Ives, Huntingdon, Northampton, Bedford and Rugby. At St. Ives, I found little of personal interest, as the house in which Oliver Cromwell lived there, has been entirely pulled down.

At Huntingdon, I went to St. Mary's where I saw the name R. Cromwell, inscribed on a tablet upon the wall, as an officer of the church; and to the church of All Saints, in which Robert Cromwell, father of the Lord Protector, was buried. We were shown the celebrated baptismal entry, which is in Latin, and, as you know, descends Oliver as the well-born son of Robert Cromwell, "Robert Cromwell, generous friend."

The epithet "well-born" was testified by the extent and magnificence of the paternal domain. I soon found, at Hinchbrook, the stately house of Sir Henry Cromwell, the "Golden Knight," grandfather of the Protector. The house stands at the top of a slope, half a mile from the little town of Huntingdon (formerly of much greater importance), and is one of the finest among the old seats of the gentry in the eastern counties. The buildings form a quadrangle, one side of which is very ancient, having once been a manor. The court-yard is enclosed by an impressive old gate of stone, covered with tracery. On each side are two niches, bearing quaint, antique effigies.

The house is filled with old oak. The great bow window in the dining-room has very beautiful, old Flemish folding-shutters of oak, black as jet, and carved in bold relief, with heads, flowers, leaves and tracery. I bought a series of photographs, of the house in various aspects, the gateway, etc. There is a very quaint, old, plastered lodge, with gable roof, in the park and an ancient avenue of almost druggal oaks. As you know, James was repeatedly entertained at Hinchbrook, and, I think, Elizabeth.

Having stopped over two nights, at Huntingdon, I set out for Thrapston, whence I was to make an excursion to two interesting churches and the old Drayton Manor-house, all in Northamptonshire. The last is three miles and a half from Thrapston, and the others intermediate. It rained that day, however; so I remained over night, and started on the next morning.

I was delighted at the quaint, almost primitive villages, with their churches; that of Islip, graceful and true in all its proportions; that of Loddwick, comparatively rough, but interesting, and possessing curious, old, stained glass, and nobly wrought, fifteenth-century effigies of past lords of Drayton Manor, clad in steel.

I walked through a great estate of some thirty miles, abandoned, avenues swelling moor, to Drayton House, which was very impressive in the twilight, though, of course, the smaller details were not visible. I then walked through a mile and a half of almost trees, rolling moorland, belonging to the estate, and passed through one of the numerous park gates, to the highway, by which I proceeded, three-quarters of a mile, to Twywell.

Here, after an hour's waiting, I took the train for Kettering, where I had to wait another hour for the Northampton train. I used this time in perambulating the town, and examining the church, which chanced to be open for choir practice.

Very interesting, I have studied two very interesting Norman churches, and walked to the "Queen's Cross," placed by King Edward I, in memory of Queen Eleanor. This stands a mile and a half from the town, on a country road, away from any houses, at the top of a gentle rise. My principal object, in coming to Northampton, was to see this, said to be the most perfect cross in England.

I intend to visit Rugby to-morrow, stopping to see Earl Spencer's obelisk on the way, leaving Castle Ashby till afterward. I shall stop at Bedford on my way back to Cambridge, where I shall stay till the Michaelmas term closes. Northampton, which the conservatives consider the centre of radicalism, and infidelity, is one of the handsomest and cleanest of the small towns I have visited, and has an air of active prosperity which many of them lack.

How Plate Glass is Made.

To cast, roll, polish and burnish plate glass, requires machinery of peculiar construction, and a "plant," that is costly, by reason of its complex nature. The pouring of liquid glass, from the furnace, upon the cast iron plate, and the subsequent rolling, are processes comparatively simple. It is the succeeding processes of grinding and polishing, and final burnishing, that require time and costly mechanism. After leaving the rolls and rough, the glass is rippled and skylights, and only fit for gratings or eadlights. Each plate must be transferred to machines resembling the turn-tables of a railway. On the platform, the glass is cemented into a bed of plaster of Paris, and the machine started.

Bearing heavily on the surface of the glass are blocks of metal, and while in motion, the surfaces are kept supplied with sharp sand, and a constant stream of water. The next stage of the glass grinding process is the same, as to machinery, but instead of sand, coarse emery is used. Finer emery is used in another revolving table, and so on for half a dozen times. The final polishing is done by rouge, reciprocating devices, fed with rouge, and maintaining a constant back-and-forward motion, and also lateral movement, over the surface of the crystal. All this requires the assistance of a large force of men, many of them skilled laborers. After going through these different grindings and polishings, the plate that measured an inch in thickness, is only three-quarters of an inch thick, has lost all its roughness, and is ready for the show window of the purchaser.

A Terrible Possibility.

Mr. Park Benjamin, an ex naval officer and an accomplished scientist, has written a sketch which ought to wake up the American people to a sense of their naval and military weakness. The story purports to be a forecast of what is very likely to take place.

For some slight or offence, Spain declares war against the United States, and four Spanish iron-clads are thereupon sent to the port of New York. The Franklin, our very best war ship, engages the Salamanca, but the guns of the Spanish vessel can tear the American—iron vessel, before the latter can get within range. The object of Mr. Benjamin is to bring home vividly to the American people, that while they have an extensive sea-coast, and rich and populous cities liable to capture, they have no navy, nor have they any large guns.

To build and get in readiness a very modest naval force, would require five years. To construct the machinery necessary to make an Armstrong or a Krupp gun, would require eighteen months of time.

The largest guns we could put in position would be ineffective for a greater distance than three miles; but the Spanish vessel would carry guns which could shell New York at a distance of eleven or twelve miles. Mr. Benjamin's statements are borne out by the official reports of our leading naval and military authorities.

But the American people pay no heed. Democracies are proverbially short-sighted, and never realize peril until it comes. Every school boy knows that, potentially, we are the greatest naval and military power on earth, but the average American can not realize that it takes time to create great guns, and that an unarmed giant is at the mercy of a seven-year-old boy armed with a pistol. Nothing but some fearful disaster, like the capture of the city of New York by some contemptible naval power, will make our people realize the situation.

Haskell & Schullhafer, a dry goods firm at Atlanta, Ga., failed for \$12,000. The assets are not yet known. Tench, a French food-fish, have been introduced in the Central park pond, in New York.

Philosophy and Sentiment.

If there is one thing more than another, which most people defeat, it is the obligation to be just to those with whom they differ. Touch us gently, Time! I am not proud nor soaring wings; Our ambition, our content, Lies simple in our hands; Humble voyagers are we; O'er life's dim unbounded sea; Seeking only some calm cove; Touch us gently, gentle Time!

Stars of the Night. Stars of the crystalline night, Held there by infinite will;—Traces that reflect the light Of the great Monarch still; Gems of his palace walls;—Lamps of eternal halls! One thought my spirit fills: God in His might! Stars of the dawn's faint glow, Silvered in sunrise ray, Where the dark rivers flow Brilliant in breaking day; Lights that are burning while Sunshine but veils your smile, This thought my soul doth stay: God in His truth.

Stars of the evening sky, Shining when sunset fades, While on the depths they die, And in the depths are laid; As o'er their burning gleams Verse in twilight dreams, This thought, the last, is nigh: God in His love! —DOROTHY JOURNAL.

Humorous Briefs.

It was Johnson who said: "The diminutive chains of habit are seldom heavy enough to be felt; until they are too strong to be broken." —It is no use to attempt to put on style, unless you have a good gain. —Politicians ought to make good telegraph repair men. They are used to pulling wires.

Medical Advice.

Take the open air—The more you get the better; Follow nature's laws To the very letter. Let the physis go To the bay of Biscay; Eat alone the fish, The bread and the whiskey. Freely exercise; Keep your spirits cheerful; Let no dream of sickness Make you ever fearful. Eat the simplest food; Take the pure cold water; That you will well, Or at least you ought to.

Why may a tipsy man fall into the river with impunity? Because he won't drown as long as his head swims. "What can I do for you, to induce you to go to bed now?" asked a Lowell mamma, of her five-year-old boy, Monday evening. "You can let me sit up a little longer," was the youngster's reply.

Little Miss Moffet Sat on a tuffet, Wondering what her lover would say; He asked for a kiss, Which caused her such bliss, She hadn't the heart to say nay. Old Mother Hubbard Went to her cupboard, To look for four-per-cent bonds. When she got there, The cupboard was bare, And she bit the old man with the tongue.

I had a little husband, No bigger than my thumb; Let him travel with Barnum, And lived on the income. Oh! the dusty coachman oughter Not run off with his employer's daughter. —A lady writes, that no man will stare long at a woman who does not stare back. That sounds well; but if she does not stare back, how is she to know whether the man has stopped staring or not? —We hope something will be done to check the romantic notion, of marrying men in order to reform them. It will be impossible to accommodate any more such couples at the almshouse, as that institution is full. —We regret to inform our fair correspondent, Mrs. McRafferty, of Stevenson street, that, after diligent search, we find there is no clause in the Constitution of the United States, making it a penal offense for Mrs. O'Hoolihan, whose back yard is to the windward of Mrs. P.'s, to sit ashore while the McRafferty linen is hung out to dry. It is just these inexcusable omissions to protect the most sacred rights of our prominent citizens, that are, slowly but surely, bringing about the downfall of this august Republic. —OUR lives should be like snow-fields, where our footsteps leave a trace, but not a stain.

ORVILLE E. HOYT, Editor and Publisher. HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC CO. N. J. SATURDAY, JAN. 14, 1882.

The Saturday evening, a tempest blowing with the force of the M. E. Church, was dispersed by the storm, and the services were postponed.

The Harmonist Band are not to be disappointed. Last Saturday evening they were to have given a concert at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. B. but the storm prevented.

The Senate, being the President, agreed to advance upon the President and several officers, and upon voting to order, Tuesday afternoon, proceeded to elect them, as follows:

President—Garret A. Hobart, of Paterson. Secretary—Geo. Wurtz. Asst. Sec'y.—Wm. Hunt. Engraving Clerk—A. L. English. Sergeant-at-Arms—David Claypool.

In contrast, in the House, the Democrats with a majority of two, could not agree in the caucus. The Hudson delegation claimed the right to name the Sergeant-at-Arms, and when this was refused, two of the number bled the caucus.

Mr. Shinn, of Atlantic, followed, creating much consternation, as but twenty-eight Democrats remained, while the Republicans had twenty-nine solid votes; but Mr. S. soon retired, having merely retired in the capacity of peace-maker. Peace did not result, however.

For when the House was called to order and the members sworn in, a rule was adopted which made thirty-one votes necessary to elect a Speaker. Mr. McAdoo, of Hudson, nominated Mr. Bell, of Monmouth, for temporary Speaker, but the question, and declared him elected; but he was not the caucus nominee, and refused to take the Chair.

Mr. McAdoo then nominated Mr. McDermott for Clerk, but the question, and declared him elected. He was not regular, but attempted to take the seat, but Mr. Cooper, Clerk of last House and Parliamentary Speaker, would not organize.

The excitement and confusion had been indescribable, so far; and now the crushing crowd were coming to the rescue, when Mr. Dunn, of Union, the caucus nominee for Speaker, came to the rescue, and moved an adjournment, which was carried.

Middle Road School. For the week ending Thursday, January 12, 1882.

Magnolia School. For week ending Thursday, Jan. 12, 1882.

Central High School. For the week ending Thursday, Jan. 12, 1882.

INTERMEDIATE. For the week ending Thursday, Jan. 12, 1882.

ALMA E. ELLIOTT, Teacher. PEARL. For the week ending Thursday, Jan. 12, 1882.

Charles Whitney, CIVIL ENGINEER. Will attend to the Surveying of Railroads and Water Powers, with plans and estimates of cost.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND FINE-TONED A.B. Chase Organ. All recent improvements. Beautiful Cases.

Mason & Hamlin ORGAN. Too well known to need recommendation.

Acme Organ Speaks for Itself. I buy for not cash, in lots, direct from the manufacturers, and at the lowest possible figures.

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Hammonton, N. J. What England says of it. "The Spectator" writes the best of all children's magazines.

Brilliant Features of the Coming Year. The sixth volume, which begins with the number for November, 1881, will contain a New Serial Story by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge.

THE SINGWALT Family Sewing Machine. Price only \$25.

Anderson's. To our Friends and Patrons: We take pleasure in publicly thanking you for your encouragement and support during the year just closed.

MANHOOD. HOW I LOST. HOW RESTORED. Just published, a new edition of the "Manhood" by Dr. J. C. G. G.

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THE REPUBLICAN. SATURDAY, JAN. 14, 1882. PLEASANT STREET HOUSE Hammonton, N. J.

LOCAL MISCELLANY. Dr. Joseph North, of Waterford, has received the appointment of postmaster at that place.

Dr. Robt. H. Anderson's little daughter died last Saturday morning, aged about four days.

A Library Association, to be organized in Hammonton, N. J., will meet on Wednesday evening, Jan. 17th, at 7 o'clock.

The man who stops his home paper to economize, should next cut off his nose to save the expense of handkerchiefs.—Chicago.

The Narrow Gauge Railroad Company are selling round trip tickets to Philadelphia for sixty cents. If that isn't cheap enough to suit you, please wait.

Dr. Peebles' Rev. Mr. Provost, Rev. Mr. Jacob, Rev. Mr. Smith, and possibly others, will take part in the temperance meeting this evening, at the M. E. Church.

Rev. J. C. Jacob will deliver the second lecture of the Library Association's course, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 25th, subject, "Things I have seen in my travels."

A Philadelphia gentleman has purchased Mrs. Riser's property, on the lake shore, fronting on Central Avenue, is repairing the house, and will occupy the same when completed.

The Sons of Temperance will find their hall rather small to accommodate the host of visitors from Atlantic, on Monday evening, Jan. 23d, but they will find a way to make them comfortable.

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S. H. D. Hoffman, ATTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC and COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS.

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