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Five Cents per Copy.

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT

AN UNFAILING REMEDY FOR ALL SKIN DISEASES. TETTER, ITCH, SORES, PIMPLES, ERYSIPELAS, BLETTCHES, RING WORM.

OINTMENT

THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES

Symptoms are moisture, stinging, itching, worst at night; seems as if pin-worms were crawling about the rectum; the private parts are swollen, inflamed, and painful; economical and positive cure. Swayne's Ointment is superior to any article in the market. Sold by druggists, or send to care of E. C. Swayne, 3 Boxes, 31-25, Address, Dr. Swayne & Son, Phila. Pa.

Mr. EDITOR:—It was with pleasure that I read the communication from "Alpha," in your last issue. It is a candid, honest expression, and as such deserves fair treatment. So let us reason together. I accept every statement he makes as to the evils of intemperance. They are truths of great magnitude and importance. The evil is wide spread, almost universal. None hate it with so bitter a hatred as he who is enchained by it; yet he cannot (or thinks he cannot) let it alone. Its universality is its power. The high and the low are addicted to its use. To legislate on it is to interfere with man's rights, and its universality gives this argument a potency which is lost sight of by most agitators. You have a right to restrain your appetite; but have you a right to say your neighbor shall not use as a beverage what you think is not good for you? Hundreds of thousands of men, and even women, would think their table unfit to invite a friend to without the wine-glass. This is no fancy statement, it is a literal truth everywhere among the wealthy and aristocratic. This makes the difficulty in subduing the evil.

The advocates of extreme measures to put down intemperance have little idea of what they advise. They compare it with slavery, which has been dubbed "the sum of all villainies." They bear no comparison. Slavery was an institution of barbarism. In this they were twins. In other respects they are widely different. Slavery, in this country, became extinct for no reason that can be applied to the other evil. The slave power was destroyed because it was sectional. Had it been as universal as the drinking usage, we should have had slavery to-day. Being sectional, one section was arrayed against the other. Slavery had made the South weak, and it had to yield. Now, is "Alpha," or anybody else, going to destroy the rum power by force? It would be like the fight of the Kilkenny cats. You may legislate, but it will be like leading a horse to water, you cannot make him drink. You cannot legislate for man's appetite. All such laws would be like ropes of sand.

To procure legislation on the temperance question, you must make the temperance issue. To make this an issue is to be defeated, for the majority are not temperance men in the voting sense. To prove this, we need only look at the amount of intoxicants manufactured and used in this country, besides the immense quantities imported. Who supports the hundreds of thousands of saloons and dram shops? Voters. Besides the supporters of these shops, there is an army that would belittle the army of the Persians which crossed the Hellespont, who use intoxicants, who will have them, and keep them in the house, who would not be seen going to a common bar? Are they going to vote away what they consider a right, a pleasure, a luxury? For many years temperance people have talked, and written, and spread illustrations of intemperance broadcast. Many are converted; some are saved, which is remuneration for labor, time and money expended. But is the evil any less? Let our almshouses, our penitentiaries, our insane asylums, and our graveyards answer. The very thought is appalling. Three fourths of all the crimes are attributable to intemperance. A very large percentage of the insane are made so by intemperance. And, oh! how much of the poverty and the wretchedness of the world is caused by intemperance. The picture is a dark one. The victims of intemperance are everywhere. They are not in sections—they are all around us, in our households. The shadow falls on every heartstone; it darkens the portals of the church; it is almost omnipresent. Where, then, are the votes to come from to vote it down?

In this view of the case, is it not better to be on the side in which are found the greatest temperance element? We think so, and feel happy in knowing that we have a glorious company of

men of brains, men of great moral weight, of principle, honesty and integrity, temperance and sobriety, on the side of Republicanism. OMEGA.

From the Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 17, 1883. It is believed to-day that the civil service commissioners will be nominated next Monday. In fact, the President yesterday said he expected to send in the names Monday. He said also that he would appoint one western Democrat but did not name his choice if he had determined upon the man. Representative Hoop, of West Virginia, has been urged for the place, but from what the President has said it is inferred that he will select a man from some of the larger and more populous western states. It seems to be the prevailing opinion that Mr. Dorman B. Eaton has been fixed upon as one of the commissioners, and that as a Democrat will be chosen from the west, a Republican from the New England States will be the third.

A member of the House military committee stated yesterday that there would be no further action by the committee at this session on the Grant retirement bill.

The Treasury Department has decided that breeding cattle are entitled to free entry into this country even though they are imported primarily for sale. The question rose on the importation of one hundred "Jersey" cattle by the "Lord Clive" by a party at Philadelphia.

Mr. Skinner, of New York, introduced a bill appropriating \$500,000 for the relief of the sufferers from the floods in the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, and Mr. Wheeler, of Alabama, introduced a bill appropriating \$100,000 for the same purpose. Both measures were referred to the committee on appropriations.

HOWARD.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for every one in the spring. Emigrants and travelers will find in it an effectual cure for the eruptions, boils, pimples, eczema, etc., that break out on the skin—the effect of disorder in the blood, caused by sea-diet and life on board ship.

It has rained so much at Miami, Ohio, that a company has been formed, and if it doesn't stop raining this week, soon ferryboats will be started on all the principal streets. It has rained so much in that section lately that when it holds up for more than half a day Miami people feel uncomfortable and go and chase the watering-cart around. The appearance of sunshine on Saturday morning caused a member of the Scientific Society to look up the authorities bearing on the subject, and he found from the record that a similar phenomenon had occurred in that section before.

The Jeannette investigation is finished, and the Board of Inquiry find that there is no occasion to blame anybody for anything. Thus the tragedy ends and nobody's character is smirched except, perhaps, Dr. Collins' brother, who foolishly tried to prove that the officers who died bravely in the execution of an almost hopeless duty were cowards.

It is said, perhaps with truth, that Patti, Nilson and Langtry are making more money on the stage than all the other professionals together. Messrs. Mace and Sullivan have not really had a fair chance. The police will not allow them to be as beautiful as they can be.

Sara Bernhardt will visit the United States in 1884, and will play *Rosalind* in English.

If General Hazen's mild winters continue, the Chicago *Times* ventures the opinion that the North Pole may be reached in time. It is likely that the Pole will come South to enjoy the cold weather, when, of course, it will be unnecessary to search for it any further.

Cincinnati houses of the future will have life-raft attachments among other modern improvements.

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

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

"78 E. 54th St., New York, May 16, 1882. Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the feverish itching was allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the Sarsaparilla, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place three facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good."

Yours respectfully, Z. P. Wilds.

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

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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

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

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

Best Purgative Medicine

cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Bilious Disorders.

Sold everywhere. Always reliable.

SUFFER

no longer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, want of Appetite, loss of Strength, lack of Energy, Malaria, Intermittent Fevers, &c.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS never fails to cure all these diseases.

Boston, November 26, 1882.

Gentlemen:—For years I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and could get no relief (having tried everything which was recommended) until, acting on the advice of a friend, who had been benefited by Brown's Iron Bitters, I tried a bottle, with most surprising results. Previous to taking Brown's Iron Bitters, everything I ate distressed me, and I suffered greatly from a burning sensation in the stomach, which was unbearable. Since taking Brown's Iron Bitters, all my troubles are at an end. Can eat any time without any disagreeable results. I am practically another person.

Mrs. W. J. Flynn, 30 Maverick St., E. Boston.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as tasting the food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.

Sold by all Druggists.

Brown Chemical Co.
Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, and have crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Dr. Geo. R. SHIDDLE, SURGEON Dentist.

Dentistry in all its branches skillfully and carefully executed. Artificial teeth administered when desired. All work guaranteed.

Office days, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of each week.

No. 6 Central Ave., Hammonton, N. J.

THE LADIES' STORE OF HAMMONTON.

TOMLIN & SMITH'S,

Corner of Bellevue & Horton St.

Hamburg Embroideries, Laces, White Goods, Fancy Articles, Toys, and MILLINERY GOODS.

Ladies' Furnishing Goods a Specialty.

Demorest's Spring Fashions have been received.

Mrs. J. Sibley

Begs to inform the Ladies of HAMMONTON and VICINITY, That she is making Ladies' Dresses, and Wraps of all kinds. Also Children's Suits at the LOWEST CASH PRICES.

She asks the favor of your patronage, and will be pleased to see Ladies at her residence, on Main Road, opposite Oak, Hammonton, N. J.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

\$5 outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Sit a day and operate as easily as breathing. Steady work from day to night. No risk whatever. Also, new workers wanted at once. Men are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

For Sale and to Rent.

Improved Farms and Village lots with good buildings, pleasantly located, in and near the centre of the town.

For Sale from \$600 to \$3,000

in easy installments.

TO RENT FROM \$5 TO \$10 A MONTH.

Address, T. J. SMITH & SON, HAMMONTON, N. J.

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NOTARY PUBLIC

AND

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Bills of Sale, and other papers executed in a neat, careful and correct manner.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND

Master and Solicitor in Chancery,

MAY'S LANDING, N. J.

C. F. Jahncke, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office at his residence, corner of Vine St. and Central Avenue.

Office hours, 8 to 10 A. M., 5 to 6 P. M.

COAL!

We are now prepared to receive orders for coal, to be delivered at any time through the Fall and Winter, at lowest prices. We deliver coal when desired. The various sizes and best qualities of coal constantly on hand at our Railroad Avenue, opposite the railroad shed shed. Coal furnished direct from cars, monthly. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Give us your orders early.

G. F. SAXTON,

HAMMONTON, N. J.

Choice BALED HAY

On track, in lots of 500 pounds and upwards,

\$19.00 per ton.

At Anderson's

Flour, Grain, and Feed Store.

Gerry Valentine, UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish Coffins, Caskets (with handles and plates), Shrouds, Robes of any quality wanted. Funerals promptly attended to. Chairs, seated, and Furniture repaired and renovated.

SHOP on Egg Harbor Road, next to Aiken's Carriage Factory, Hammonton.

T. Hartshorn, Painter and Paper Hanger,

Hammonton, N. J.

Orders left in P. O. Box 24 will receive prompt attention.

A SMART BOY.—"You had better ask for numbers than money," said a finely dressed gentleman to a beggar boy who had asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the boy's reply. But if you are afflicted with itching piles, pimples and blotches on the face, or any skin disease, ask for Swayne's Ointment, and do not be bashful about it, either. A stitch in time saves ninety-nine, you know—and a word to the wise is sufficient.

Agricultural.

Field, Farm and Garden.
In the New York Tribune a resident of Oil Creek warns fruit-growers against using petroleum on fruit trees and shrubs. It kills all trees around where it is pumped, and a neighboring orchard that had been painted with it began to decline. This applies to crude oil, but others claim that refined oil, as used for lamps, is less harmful. It kills flies and destroys the eggs of insects if brushed on lightly in winter, but in summer must not be applied to the foliage except when largely diluted with water, which should be kept constantly stirred.
Sorghum seed is said by Dr. Wilhelm, of Minnesota, to be equal to corn as feed for all kinds of stock, and twenty-five bushels may be obtained from an acre. It also makes a flour equal to that from buckwheat. The skimings from the pans, when boiling for sugar, are found to be very valuable as food for hogs, they taking on flesh rapidly when fed on this alone. Good vinegar is made from the clear liquor. The seed and vinegar are estimated at \$30, and a material used for making wrapping paper yields \$12, or \$42 per acre, without estimating sugar.
It is a common remark that most anything is good enough for a hog, and to this senseless proposition is traced the disease among swine owned by breeders who endorse it. Since time immemorial the hog has been called the farm scavenger, but, nevertheless, the successful breeder is he who relies the least upon this over-estimated characteristic of the animal. Bad water, worse treatment in handling, and a superabundance of filth are the foundation of all diseases to which hogs are subject, and it is consequently easy to believe that the health of the animal and the quality of the meat must increase in proportion to the cleanliness of the food and surroundings.
M. Pasteur, of France, says that the grass grown over the graves of cattle that died of splenic fever is a source of infection to the cattle feeding on it. He points to the agency of earthworms in carrying the germs of deadly bacteria from buried carcasses to living animals. Having introduced worms into a pit which had contained the carcasses of cattle that died from splenic fever, he filled it with earth. In a short time he procured from the intestines of these worms the means of reproducing the disease in its worst forms by inoculation. He also showed that the worms, by casting out over the surface earth containing the bacteria germs, gave the disease to all cattle that grazed over it.
A correspondent of the Country Gentleman claims that he gets the greatest number of eggs when he feeds his hens on wheat screenings. He feeds in this way: "I have fed sorghum seed, corn meal, oats, corn middlings, and have concluded that feeding wheat in the morning and shelling corn at night, with a feed of ship-stuffs wet up, having a good dose of ground pepper put in, and then baked and fed twice a week, and once in a while substituting powdered sulphur in place of pepper, is the best plan. I have good shelter and good, clean nests; feed regularly and allow them a good range, with plenty of gravel to scratch in. I sell the fowls when they are two years old, and always keep the hens for hatching."
Concerning his experience with ensilage W. C. Strong, of Brighton, Mass., writes: Having a cement tank which had been used as a reservoir for water, I tried the experiment of using it as a silo in 1880. Ten acres of Hungarian grass (about 130 tons), very foul with pig or rag weed, so that it would have been unmerchantable in a dry state, was cut fine and packed in the usual way, and gold during the winter to milkmen at \$7 per ton, they doing the carting. They reported that the cows sought the ensilage with avidity, ate it clean and seemed to thrive and give an improved quality of milk over that produced from hay and brewers' grains. Last season the silo was filled with corn of excellent quality, and the bulk of it sold to milkmen at \$7 per ton, they coming for it, in loads of 1500 to 2000 pounds, about once a week. The reports have been emphatic from purchasers that it was an economical and excellent fodder, the quality of the milk exciting the notice of consumers as more like June milk than they had ever had before. A smaller allowance of hay and brewers' grains was used with the ensilage. I feed my own cows from a silo at my home farm, and made June butter in January—a new

Play Your Hand for all its Worth.

There is no greater barrier to a man's success in life than his willingness to fall into line with the stupid fellows who play second fiddle; the Jacques Straps to the Robert Monroies. They should learn that the world laughs at a clown and they despise the assumed gravity of the serious imitator. Then again this class should learn that the fools whom you would deceive can be of no service to you, and the wise men who would serve an honest intention, or a candid presentation, can see through your stupid efforts to wear gracefully the solemn dignity of the owl, or the gaudy trappings of the peafowl, and if you put on the shaggy mane of the king of beasts, but open your mouth and your bray soon dispels the delusion, and the idiot of false pretense stands out in all his comical deformities; a laughing stock to half the world, a subject of pity to the rest.
Too many of the *genus homo* are but clowns who howl from society's pit when the chief signals the supposed good points upon the stage. They are but silly pats, and rarely reach distinction; yowling like derisives to impress society with your "piety"; compiling other men's ideas to assert your hoped-for position on the plane of journalism, basing like a "yaller" dog at the main in the moon, to show your sympathies when modesty would sit more becomingly on the strongest of us; all these are but the outcroppings of imbecility that writes brass upon its frontlets, and prints ape upon its phylacteries. To such grotesque characters we will say, the strongest card you can play is the one nature provided you with, that is your own natural force. If you fail with this hand, even if you play alone, you can retire with dignity, but nine times in ten you will succeed, whereas, the assumption of a character as mimic or harlequin, will result in a most miserable failure, making you a laughing stock for the world to jeer at.
If you are born to be a woodworker, hew to the line, let the chips fall where they will, don't imagine you can play Blackstone on the one hand or Galen on the other. Don't imagine if nature cut you out for a hewer of wood and drawer of water, that had you the chance of other men you would have been an Astor or a Vanderbilt; not a bit of it. Nature has kingly put you exactly where you belong, and there is no use of kicking in the traces. If you take the "studs" you will find society ready to cudgel you into line. If you show your heels like the artless mule the world will tie your legs and mercilessly sit down upon you. "There is no use kicking against the pricks," is biblical, old and true. Conform to the places where you may find yourself, in the workshop, at the bar, or behind the counter. Play your hand for all it is really worth. If you hold trumps so much the better, but remember, that no wise card player attempts to catch the right bower with the left. This is a good lesson for the moralist. Let mankind profit by it and we will be wiser if not richer. We cannot transform ourselves into the condition of others, and if we could we question if we could play the role of the stranger as well as the one nature has planned out for us; no logic or sophistry can change the decrees of fate. A man at thirty is either a fool or his own physician, and the same rule will apply all through the varied phases of life. Don't imagine you will gain knowledge with age. You are not white, although many of our readers may be full of it, just as you please, the juice of the grape or the idea. What a man doesn't know at thirty he will never learn. If at that age you are a shoemaker, stick to your last. If an attorney, even should your coat be out at the elbows, or if a kind providence had placed you in one of its highest niches, say mounted, you booted and spurred on the editorial tripod, ride your nag, until his tail drops off rather than think you can dismount and scuffle in the gutter for place among the not so blessed. *—Thoroughbred Stock Journal.*
In 1776 Sarah Goddard printed a paper in Newport, Rhode Island, ably conducting it, afterward associating with her John Carter. The firm was announced Sarah Goddard & Co., all taking the partnership precedence, as was proper and right.
An Illinois court has decided that a woman's lib about her age doesn't vitiate her insurance policy.

How to Split a Sheet of Paper.

It is one of the most remarkable properties of that wonderful product, paper, that it can be split into two or three even parts, however thin the sheet. We have seen a leaf of the *Illustrated News*, thus divided into three parts, or three thin leaves. One consisted of the surface on which the engravings are printed; another was the slide containing the letter-press, and a perfectly blank piece on each side was the paper that lay between. Many people who have not seen this done might think this impossible; yet it is not only possible but extremely easy, as we shall show. Get a piece of plate glass and place on it a sheet of paper; then let the latter be thoroughly soaked. With care and a little dexterity the sheet can be split, by the top surface being removed. But the best plan is to paste a piece of cloth or strong paper to each side of the sheet without hesitation pull the two pieces asunder, when part of the sheet will be found to have adhered to one and part to the other. Soften the paste in water and the pieces can be easily removed from the cloth. The process is generally demonstrated as a matter of curiosity, yet it can be utilized in various ways. If we want to paste in a scrap-book a newspaper article printed on both sides of the paper, and possess only one copy, it is very convenient to know how to detach the one side from the other. The paper, when split, as may be imagined, is more transparent than it was before being subjected to the operation, and the printing ink somewhat duller; otherwise the two pieces present the appearance of the original if brought together. Some time ago the information how to do this splitting was advertised to be sold for a considerable sum. We now impart it to all our readers.
The Robber and the Editor.
"Listen, my children," said a venerable man, "and I will tell you a story, beautiful and true. Once upon a time there was a lad, bold robber, who had his haunt in the wilds of a mountain. At the foot of the mountain, in the valley, was a village. It was not a very large village, yet in it a newspaper was printed. The robber looked upon the editor of the newspaper as being the chief man of the village, and thought he must be very rich. So one dark night he came down from his den in the mountain and stole into the dwelling of the editor and then into the room where he slept. The editor, being a good man, slept as soundly and sweetly as a child. The robber searched all the place, but could not find the caskets of gold and diamonds he had supposed to be stored up in the room. He then put his hands in all the pockets of the clothes of the editor, but found no money in any of them. The robber then stood for a time as in a stupor. He was like one awakened from a dream. He listened for some moments to the deep, regular breathing of the sleeping editor, and as he stood so he began to feel sad. The heart of the bold, bad man was touched. Quietly he took from his purse \$4.75, placed the money in the editor's pocket, and softly stole from the house. In the morning, when the editor got up and put on his pantaloons, there was a jingle as of money. A look of astonishment came into the face of the editor. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out the money. When he saw this great wealth the knees of the editor smote together; he turned pale, fainted and fell to the floor, and there lay as one who is dead.
"Oh! oh! grandfather, did they catch the bad robber man and hang him on a tree?"
"No, my dears, they did not catch the bold, bad robber. He is still living. From that day he reformed, and got a place as cashier in a big bank, where you will be glad to hear that he is doing well and is greatly respected by all his countrymen."
"And the poor editor man, grandfather! What became of him?"
"Ah, yes, my darlings! I had almost forgotten him. Well, when he came out of his faint, and his eyes saw all the money lying about the room where it had fallen, he was sorely perplexed. At last he felt sure it had been quietly placed in his pocket in the night by a great and rich neighbor who owned a tanyard and was running for the Legislature. So for days and days he printed in his paper whole columns of

Lenetel Regulations.

The following we believe are the general Lenetel regulations.
1. All the faithful who have completed their twenty-first year, are, unless legitimately dispensed, bound to observe the Fast of Lent.
2. But one meal a day is allowed, Sundays excepted.
3. This meal is not to be taken until about noon.
4. When permission is granted to eat meat, flesh meat and fish are not to be used at the same meal, even by way of sauce or condiment.
5. A collation is allowed in the evening. The quantity of food used thereat, according to the practice of regular Christians, does not exceed the fourth part of an ordinary meal.
6. All kinds of fruit, bread, vegetables and fish are allowed at the collation. At that time, however, eggs, butter, milk and cheese are permitted by the Church only to those who being bound to fast, live where the use of such articles at the collation has grown into a custom. But they are not allowed even there at the collation on Ash Wednesday or Good Friday.
7. General custom has made it lawful to drink in the morning some warm liquid, as tea, coffee, or thin chocolate mixed with water.
8. Necessity and custom have authorized the use of lard instead of butter in preparing fish, vegetables, etc.
9. The following persons are exempt from the obligations of fasting, viz: All under twenty-one years of age, the sick, women during pregnancy or while nursing children at the breast, persons obliged to hard labor, and all who through weakness cannot fast without injury to their health.
10. By dispensation the use of flesh meat is allowed at any time on Sundays, once a day on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, with the exception of Holy Thursday and the second and last Saturdays in Lent.
11. Persons exempt from the obligation of fasting on account of age or hard labor, are not restricted to the use of meat at one meal only on those days on which its use is granted by dispensation. Those dispensed from the fast for other causes, as well as persons who are obliged to fast, are permitted to use meat only at one meal.
12. The time within which the paschal precept can be complied with commences on the first Sunday of Lent and expires on Trinity Sunday, inclusive.
Discovery of Mont Blanc.
Mont Blanc, the highest of the Alps is, strange to say, a modern discovery. At least, no mention is made of this colossus of European peaks in any itinerary, or in any literary work whatever, till recent times. M. Charles Durier, in his work "Le Mont Blanc," says: "This mountain rises in the centre of the most populous and civilized states of Europe; it is, in fact, the axis around which European civilization has revolved and still does revolve. Its height is considerable; it dominates everything in its vicinity, and to make its appearance more striking on the background of the blue sky, its summit, though placed in a favored, temperate latitude, is ever covered with a mantle of snow. And yet, during twenty centuries, no historian, no traveler, no savant, no poet names it, or so much as alludes to it. As the sun describes his daily track, that peak throws its shadow upon at least three countries possessing different languages, but still it was profoundly ignored." The same author informs us of a map of the region round about Mont Blanc, published in the second half of the sixteenth century, but which gives no hint as to the existence of the mountain, which, nevertheless, is visible from all sides at distances of sixty leagues.
The academy of sciences decided that raw meat is easier of digestion than that which is cooked. In prescribing it preference should be given to flesh that has been frozen, as very low temperatures destroy the eggs of the many parasites which often infest meats of all kinds.

THE MILLER'S SON.

Why is the birds sing sweet to-day?
Why is the sky so bright?
Why is that time flies faster to-day?
And the moments are winged with delight?
All the day long
She is thinking of one,
None so handsome and strong—
The miller's son.
For he loves her, he loves her; and, whistling
"I was only last night that he told her so!"
To what is her heart set dancing to-day,
Hark to that glad refrain!
How oft in the glass she's gazing to-day,
And eagerly watching the lane.
Home, home again,
All his duties well done,
Comes the noblest of men—
The miller's son!
Oh! he's coming, he's coming, he's well on the way;
And to-morrow, to-morrow's the wedding day.
Why is it she lies there so cold, still and white?
What is it has turned her glad noon into night?
Off into space
The swift engine rushed
With a mighty leap!
Then down, down, down!
To kill and draw!
No moment of grace;
But mangled and crushed,
Heap upon heap!
And the foremost one
Was the miller's son!
More bright grow her eyes and more faint
grows her breath:
And she marries the man she has hated
groom—Doubt!
Stress of Weather.
Of course it was very cold, but fine, seasonable weather. So said each of the three middle-aged gentlemen as they drew themselves up for a final warm at their dining-room fires, waited on by such feminine slaves as happened to exist for them in the shape of wives, daughters or housekeepers. What a hero a man must feel who sees his mittens laid in the fender, his great coat heated, and regretful admiration in the surrounding countenances!
Arrived at the railway station, and deprived of their natural worship, these three men were just as ordinary, comfortable-looking citizens as you could well meet with. They were all strangers to each other, and chanced at the same hour to look themselves for Paddington, all doing it cheerily, for how could they tell what was going to happen! There was a look of having outwitted somebody—a complacent look—on Mr. Dolman's countenance as he pocketed his ticket and purchased his newspaper. "I'll drop in upon them before breakfast," he muttered to himself, with a self-satisfied nod. Mr. Weaver secured neither a *Times* nor a *Telegraph*, but the latest edition of a scientific journal. Mr. Podbury supplied himself with *Punch*, *Fun* and *Truth*; laughter and polite lies being his usual requirements for a happy journey.
Then these three middle-aged gentlemen got into the same first-class compartment, obtained steaming hot tins for their feet, and occupied the minutes before starting their sixty-mile journey in rolling themselves in stout railway rugs. The whistle sounded, the train moved with a prophetic groan, and each man, like a true Briton, opened wide his newspaper and shut out any possible sight of his fellow-travelers.
An hour later the newspapers are all dropped, and the gentlemen are all engaged in forming their own private opinions as to the meaning of a very fierce wind that has risen, and is now engaged in blowing snow as fine as sifted sugar through the cracks in the carriage windows. Mr. Podbury, indeed, changed his seat, having a clear objection to being ornamented like a Christmas cake. At last he—the most genial of the three men—spoke.
"Never saw such a sky! Full of snow!"
"Humph! think it's getting thicker?" inquired Mr. Dolman.
"Thicker, sir?" broke in Mr. Weaver, solemnly. "There are evidences about us that the elements are preparing for a struggle—a great struggle, sir."
At this pronounced opinion from so evidently scientific a man, Mr. Dolman looked in amazement at his opposite neighbor. Mr. Podbury laughed cheerily.
"Good gracious! Cats and dogs, I dare say, in snow form!" A great swirl of wind drove the snow hard against the glass as he spoke, and, for a minute or so the windows were blinded. Slower and slower moved the train, and finally stopped.
"What now?" cried Mr. Dolman, as he and Mr. Podbury thrust their heads out of opposite windows and as suddenly drew them in again. A guard plodding

THE MILLER'S SON.

his way along and bending to the tempt- ed, showed the most remarkable instance of railway-official-forbearance on record, for he waited to hear and answer the two heads out of one and the same window.
"Why have you stopped, guard?" asked the one.
"Why don't you go on, guard?" asked the other.
"We're fast in a drift, sirs, and can't get no further."
At this astounding news the questioners became momentarily dumb; even from Mr. Podbury's cheerful face the light died out.
"It's disgraceful!—to-day of all days, guard—I shall be too late, after all!" guard forth Mr. Dolman in angry reproach. But the guard passed quietly onward, and the gentlemen shut up the window.
The only one of the three who wore an air of comfort and composure was Mr. Weaver. He read a short paragraph in his scientific journal, and murmured to himself:
"Most interesting! Wonderful!"
"What is, sir?" testily inquired Mr. Dolman. "Our being stuck in the snow?"
Mr. Weaver glanced up from his review with a mild remark: "I have been engaged for some years in the study of the glacial period, sir. As it was in the past it will undoubtedly be again. I see a beautiful corroboration in the scene around me of the evident near approach of the extraordinary cold phenomena we are led by the most learned of our men to expect."
"Every one to his taste," cried Mr. Podbury, shivering. "I hate ice myself," and he drew out a well-filled pocket-task. Mr. Dolman, evidently put out by some private, serious complication, frowned and glowered silently. The snow was getting uncommonly deep, and presently the guard appeared again.
"No chance of moving, gentlemen, till we can get some men to dig us out. Nearest station just one mile off." And away he went.
"Does the fellow think we can walk?" demanded Mr. Dolman of Mr. Podbury.
"No, no. We must grin and bear it."
"I can't bear it, sir!" said Mr. Dolman, unreasonably. "If I don't get to Paddington in an hour, my niece and my niece's fortune will be lost to me forever."
"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Podbury, with keen amusement at this chance of a little amusing scandal, "how's that, sir?" Even the Glacial Period man looked across with mild interest.
"My niece, a charming young lady, is also my ward," said Mr. Dolman. "I have always intended that she should marry my son. Unfortunately I was persuaded to allow the girl to visit her aunt—one of those dreadful women who act for themselves and think they are cleverer than men—and under this misguided person's roof she has been persuaded to renew a childish love affair of which I had entirely disapproved and put a stop to. The result is that they are to be married this morning at Paddington Church at half past 11. A clerk of mine found that I and telegraphed for me, so that I might be in time to stop the mischief. And I should have been in time but for this—this—!" and finding no adequate word ready to express his wrath, Mr. Dolman glared fiercely out at the fair but impeding snow wreaths.
"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," smiled Mr. Podbury, with an attempt at pleasantry, which the aggrieved uncle bitterly resented.
"How jolly glad the young couple will be, sir, when they hear that you stuck fast on the right side of Reading!"
"Ugh!" growled the miserable Mr. Dolman. "Her money's all tied up, that's one comfort. Young Weaver can't make ducks and drakes of it."
"Weaver, sir?" said the scientific gentleman, with difficulty recalling himself from antiquarian dreams. "That's my name—and my son, Tom Weaver, of the Engineers, is going to be married to-day. I was on my way to be present at the wedding. He is a downright good fellow, sir, and the pretty young girl is Mary Dolman."
"Good gracious!" cried Mr. Podbury, laughing heartily, "one on his way to assist, the other to prevent, and both stopped by the snow! Ha! ha! ha! I must say it's good!"
If Mr. Dolman could have roared Mr. Podbury and converted Mr. Weaver

Recent Legal Decisions.

SALE—WARRANTY—REPRESENTATIONS.—The purchaser of a reaping machine sued the vendor for damages upon the warranty he had given. The defense was that there was no warranty given. On the trial of the case—Neave vs. Arntz—the plaintiff proved that the defendant in the negotiations for the sale represented that the reaper was one of the best machines made and of great efficiency, and he got a judgment. The defendant appealed to the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, which affirmed the judgment. Judge Cassaday, in the opinion, said: "Undoubtedly any assertion or affirmation made by the seller to the purchaser during the negotiations to effect the sale respecting the quality of the article or the efficiency of the machine sold will be regarded as a warranty if relied upon by the purchaser in buying. Here the negotiations were conducted by the seller in person, the words employed were his own. While he denies giving a warranty he admits using the words proven, and as these words were representations constituting a warranty this denial is simply that the law is what it is."
CONDITIONAL SALE—GOODS TO BE SOLD BY DEALER—TITLE TO GOODS UNSOLD.—Merchants sold liquors to a retailer upon the condition that the title to the goods should remain in them until paid for, with the understanding that sales might be made in the course of business, the condition to be enforced against the unsold liquors. No payment whatever was made, and the vendor, learning that the creditors of the vendee had attached the liquors which remained in the store, brought suit to recover them. In this case—Lewis vs. McCabe—the defendants had judgment, and the plaintiffs carried the case to the Supreme Court of Errors of Connecticut. Judge Loomis, in the opinion in favor of merchants, said: "The title of the vendee to the unsold stock is good against the attaching creditors. The Courts of this State are in harmony with those of Maine, Vermont and Massachusetts on this question, who hold that the condition that the right of property shall remain in the vendor until payment is good, not only as between the original parties, but also against purchasers from and creditors of the vendee, even when possession goes with the sale and there is nothing to indicate that it is not absolute. There is much contradiction of reasoning and decision relative to the validity of conditional sales in the different States, and often to some extent in the same State. In Pennsylvania the Courts have firmly established the rule that a sale and delivery of personal property with an agreement that the ownership shall remain in the vendor until the purchase money is paid, is fraudulent and void as to creditors of the vendee and innocent purchasers; and the Courts of New York concur in holding conditional sales void as to purchasers, but give them effect against execution creditors assignments for the benefit of creditors or as security for the payment of antecedent debts."
SHARES OF STOCK—CERTIFICATE WITH POWER OF ATTORNEY—ATTACHING CREDITORS.—A creditor of a shareholder in a national bank sued him in Connecticut, where the bank was located, on July 20, 1893, and attached the stock. He recovered judgment and sold his shares in execution, and on the Sheriff's certificate of sale, the bank transferred the stock to the purchaser, issued to him a new certificate and paid him the subsequent dividends. On May 20, 1898, the owner of the shares assigned them to D, giving him a power of attorney to make the transfer, and he said, "Then God will hab to make some more folks! He will hab to!"—*Pittsburg Catholic.*
His Lordship Declined.
Like many other professional "wits," Sergeant Ballantine never takes a joke against himself kindly. On one occasion he had a lady client with the peculiar name of Tickle, for whom he appeared before the late Baron Martin in a breach of promise case. A point of law arose, and Mr. Ballantine began an address to the Judge in these words: "Tickle, my client, my lord—" Here he was interrupted by his lordship's saying: "Tickle her yourself, my learned brother." Everybody in the Court roared with laughter except Mr. Ballantine, who looked glum and was very grumpy throughout the day.

Sanitary.

Dr. Playter, of Toronto, has gathered facts in regard to consumptives from 250 doctors. Their replies showed that the average age of patients was twenty-seven; 46 per cent. were males, 54 per cent. females, and 28 per cent. were married. The average size of the chest was 34 inches; the chest of persons of the same average height, 5 feet 5 inches, would usually average 37 inches. About 55 per cent. had light hair and eyes, two-thirds did indoor work, had slept in small rooms and wore no flannel. Only 46 per cent. had consumptive ancestors, and the majority were of the nervous temperament.
M. Pasteur for the past ten years has been spending much of his time in the company of mad dogs, in order to test the value of his inoculation theory. He has just communicated the most recent results of his investigations to the French academy of sciences. He states that all the dogs that he had inoculated with the virus, and had been cured of the disease thus communicated, enjoyed perfect immunity from a second attack. Hence he argues that dogs, being the originators of hydrophobia, should be compelled to pass through the ordeal of inoculation, in order that they might thereafter be powerless to drive man mad.
Alcohol for Catarrh.—The Rev. William H. Bergfels thinks he has discovered a simple and certain remedy for catarrh, which has so long baffled medical science. Mr. Bergfels was pastor of the Baptist church at Lyon's Farms, New Jersey, but in 1872 he was compelled to give up preaching on account of a severe catarrhal affection. He is a member of a nickel-plating company, and one evening, after going in his business a laquois composed of alcohol, he found that his disease was not so bad. He then put alcohol into an inhaler and tried breathing the vapor arising from it. He did this for a month, night and morning, and was greatly relieved of the catarrhal trouble. A few months later he was cured, and he is now again pastor of the Lyons Farm church. His family finds that the vapor from alcohol also prevents colds.
The New Jersey State Board of Agriculture closed a two-days' session in Trenton. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Thomas H. Dudley; Secretary, P. T. Quinn; Executive Committee—T. H. Kinney, William S. Taylor and Edward Burroughs.

Children's Droll Sayings.

Children's remarks are at times even more entertaining than their comical queries and replies.
A BLUE COW.—One of the two children who were amusing themselves by coloring pictures, suddenly exclaimed:—
"How stupid of you to paint that cow blue!"
"Oh, it's blue with the cold!" quickly observed the other. "Don't you see it is winter, and the poor thing is most frozen!"
A GOOD TIME TO WRITE IT DOWN.—A little girl on being told something which greatly amused her, said that "She would remember it the whole of her life, and when she forgot it she would write it down."
VERY CONSIDERATE.—A gentleman had a cat which had five kittens. On ordering three of them to be drowned, his little boy said: "Pa, do not throw them into cold water. Warm it first; they may catch cold."
OPINIONS OF OLD FOLKS.—The following remark of a little girl shows an opinion of her elders the reverse of flattering—
"Oh dear," she exclaimed to her doll, "I never saw such an uneasy thing in all my life. Why don't you act like grown folks, and be still and stupid for awhile?"
In contrast with this was the delicate compliment which a little boy paid to his mother. The family were discussing at the supper table the qualities which go to make up a good wife. Nobody thought that the little fellow had been listening, or could understand the talk, until he leaned over the table and kissed his mother and said—
"Mamma, when I get big enough I'm going to marry a lady just exactly like you."—*Christian at Work.*
A GENTLE HINT.—A small boy of four summers was riding on a hobby horse with a companion. He was seated rather uncomfortably on the horse's neck. After a reflective pause he said: "I think if one of us gets off, I could ride much better."
DEATH AND LIFE.—A little four-year-old boy was greatly troubled with the idea of dying, having been told that everyone must die sometime. "Will papa die sometime?" "Yes." "Will grandma die too?" "Yes, dear, sometime." "Will Auntie die?" "Yes." So he went through with the family, mournfully asking about each one, then suddenly brightening up, he said, "Then God will hab to make some more folks! He will hab to!"—*Pittsburg Catholic.*
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Editorial Selections. The bill of the Senate Meritt now before the Senate providing that hereafter members of the Board of Chosen Freeholders of the several counties in this State shall be elected for three years...

The question of an adjournment of the Legislature is just beginning to be discussed in Trenton. The members themselves do not appear as yet to have given it much thought.

The workmen of this country stand head and shoulders above those of any other country on the globe for intelligence and a full appreciation of their needs.

RARE INDUCEMENT. A pretty Wisconsin schoolman, to encourage promptness...

Social Notices.

"Ladies' Tonic."—THE GREAT ESSENCE REMEDY, is prepared by the Women's Medical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., and is their favorite prescription for ladies who are suffering from any weakness or complaints common to the sex.

A great many Philadelphia dealers to get with the privilege of buying a house, with its contents, at a low price...

Use Dr. May's Electric Body Battery, for the prevention and cure of disease. Read advertisement.

A Form for sale. FOR SALE. A farm of 120 acres, 10 in cultivation...

The Rest. Also a first mill, saw mill, and blacksmith shop, with a fair run of custom and three apartment houses. Apply to A. B. VAN DOREN, Liberty, Virginia.

A Card. To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, free of charge.

CANADA WOOD ASHES. The subscriber is now prepared to take orders for Canada Wood Ashes. It is necessary to order early, as it takes from three to four weeks after the order goes for them to reach us.

Don't forget that the oldest, best and cheapest insurance company in the South America. Assets nearly \$2,000,000. Agents in Hammonton is A. J. KING.

GO TO P. W. PCKER'S AT THE Old Stand, The Bismont Bakery. Where the usual variety of choice bread rolls, cakes, pies, and crackers, so well adapted to, in quantity and quality by a critical and discriminating New-England public.

Wise people are always on the lookout for a chance to increase their earning and in this become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty.

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Special from February 1875 Private Office of Mr. John Wanamaker. Six Paragraphs to Out-of-town Customers. City residents are in the store every day and know what is going on. This is to give some of the same information to those who are not in town every day.

- No. 1. Reductions are made since stock-taking in Linens, Ladies' Dresses and Coats, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Underwear, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hosiery, Little Boys' Clothing. No. 2. 56 pieces of the same Black Silks that a few weeks ago were good at \$1.35, open this month at One Dollar per yard. No. 3. Muslins have been lowered in price—almost all the makes. No. 4. The Dress Goods part of our business compels, in addition to the Eleven counters, two more of 140 feet. This Spring's Stock will be the best we have ever shown. No. 5. We are enlarging the Store by adding another on the Chestnut Street front. No. 6. In answer to many inquiries as to the size of the Store: Its floors and galleries now occupied cover Nine acres; the highest number of people employed is 3,292. It is the largest Store in the United States.

We send Samples and Goods by Mail. Address, John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.

FRANK P. CALE THE NEW BUTCHER. DEALS IN ALL KINDS OF MEAT. His wagon will be found on the streets near the station every day except Tuesday. Will make a circuit of the town every Thursday and Saturday.

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Charles Hunt, SHOEMAKER. Solicits orders for Repairing of New Work. Sole Leases called at Hammonton, N. J., at 140 South Fourth St., Philadelphia.

Sale for Taxes of 1881. Town of Hammonton. Return of taxes laid on unimproved, and unimproved land, and on hand property, for the year 1881, and on real estate, in the town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic, for the year 1881.

THOMPSON & HOFFMAN, Attorneys-at-Law, Masters in Chancery, Notaries Public, Commissioners of Deeds, Supreme Court Commissioners. City Hall, Atlantic City, N. Y.

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GARDNER & SHINN, INSURANCE AGENTS. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Reference Policy Holders in the Atlantic Coast.

FOUND AT LAST. PRESSEY IMPROVED Common-Sense Lubricator. Hatches seventy-five to ninety per cent of an amateur. Now is the time to send your order which will be filed and filled in regular order.

BOOTS AND SHOES WHICH FIT AND WEAR WELL. Are the Best to buy. And they can be found at E. H. Carpenter's, Hammonton, N. J.

Boots, - Shoes, - and - Rubbers. Landreth's Extra Early Peas. The origin is well known to all. Extra Early Peas. Matures in 30 days, and is the best of all. Landreth's Beans. Watermelon. Landreth's Best Cabbages.

Landreth's Rural Register and Almanac, containing a full calendar of the month, and a full calendar of the year. Price, 10 cents. Sent by mail on application. Landreth's seeds are in solid packages, with name and catalogue on each.

MRS. VAN DOREN'S LADIES' TONIC. The Great Female Remedy. The Favorite Prescription of the Women's Medical Institute, BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.

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The Republican. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1883. LOCAL MISCELLANY. Special meeting of Russell Post, this evening, to act upon the by-laws.

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Three deaths recorded this week. Whose shall be next—yours, or mine? From Our County Papers. From the RECORD. A hot summer and unusually long season is predicted for 1883.

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Mrs. Dr. Bowles is in town for a visit. She was warmly welcomed. Regular meeting of Colwell this (Saturday) evening. There is just a prospect (another) also-factory in Hammonton. We will welcome any new industry.

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AYER'S Hair Vigor restores the hair and promotes its growth, and is a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thickened, and becomes soft, though not always cured.

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The Rivals

It was young Count Lindens twenty-first birthday, and a grand fancy-ball was being given in his honor at his father's country-house in Schloss Marburg, in Westphalia. Among the cavaliers, every one noticed Conrad von Rosenhain, a handsome young fellow of two-and-twenty, straight and lithe, who in his costume borrowed from the court of Louis XV, attracted the brightest eyes in the room.

The fourth quadrille was under way, and Conrad with a pretty little Alsatian peasant as partner, was trying his wit against hers, to the amusement of all who overheard. But to the young knight's flow of repartee there came presently a sudden chilling shock, which way in the dance some one tapped him on the shoulder and said, in a sepulchral whisper:

"Make yourself scarce as soon as possible—you have a long slip-in-the-back of your stocking!"

The horror of that moment was overwhelming for Conrad von Rosenhain—he, the hero of the ball, changed to an object of ridicule, if any one were rude enough to laugh! Raging at the flimsy products of all modern looms, Von Rosenhain dashed through the heavy silk portieres in search of some one to restore order to his toilet. It was a big rent, and he wondered that the people in the ball-room restrained their merriment as well as they did. They were probably laughing at him now, confound them! A man in livery told him that by going to the end of a long corridor and pushing open a certain door he would find one of the lady-maids, who would take the necessary stitches in the unucky stocking.

Following the man's directions, Von Rosenhain found himself at length in a large, dimly-lighted apartment, hung at one end with half-drawn curtains, through which a light gleamed. He advanced quietly, and was about to speak, when surprise at the tableau before him silenced him. The lovely girl sitting with the light glinting on her fair hair was no lady-maid; in her light blue velvet dress, with soft old lace about the neck and sleeves, she seemed more like a young princess.

"I have mistaken the room," he said to himself, "and had better take myself off as quickly as possible."

But, as he turned, he slipped and nearly fell, and the girl, startled, looked up frightened.

"Pray do not be alarmed," said Conrad, advancing. "I was sent in search of a maid who would mend a rent in my dress; but I must have mistaken the man's directions."

"No, there is no mistake I sent my maid to bed half an hour ago, as she had a bad headache. Perhaps you could remedy the defect in your dress," the girl returned, with a charming smile.

"Oh, no; not for worlds would I trouble you! I will go in search of some one else," said Conrad, with something like a blush.

"But the pretty little fairy would not hear of his going, and, almost before he realized what she was doing, she had threaded a needle with a bit of lilac silk and had dropped upon her knees before him on the wollo's skin on which he stood. Deftly and quickly she mended the rent in the much-revised stocking, and rose lightly to her feet, scarcely touching Conrad's arm offered in assistance.

"I am very much obliged to you," began the young man, in earnest tones, "and I—"

"Oh, never mind thanks for such a trifle! Any one would have done as much. Now you may go back to the little Alsatian peasant with whom you have been flirting all the evening."

Von Rosenhain seemed in no hurry to go.

"So, you have seen me before my appearance here this evening? Surely I see you for the first time now?" he said, wondering.

"Yes, I was among the lookers-on in the gallery, near the musicians, and I watched you particularly during the hour that I was allowed to stay. My aunt declares that I am too young to appear at the ball as a guest—do you not think it a shame? I shall be sixteen next birthday, and I love dancing!"

"It is an unpardonable shame!" exclaimed Conrad excitedly, as he looked into her plaintive, violet eyes, dewy with tears. "I will go and beg your aunt to let you come. Describe her to me and I will search till I find her."

"Pray do nothing of the kind, Herr von Rosenhain," said the girl, laying her pretty hand on Conrad's sleeve; "it

is kind of you—very kind—to interest yourself in me; but it is too late now."

"I must do as you wish, of course," returned Conrad reluctantly. "However, it matters me that you cared to discover my name."

"You would like to know mine, I suppose," she said with a saucy smile; but I am not going to tell it to you. Call me Penelope, or one of the Fates, or any one who sits working busily while others are amusing themselves, and weave some kind of interesting romance about me. Now leave me, I beg of you. I hope you will enjoy the remainder of the ball, and I am very glad I have been of service to you."

"I thank you heartily," said Conrad, pressing one of her soft white hands gallantly to his lips.

Upon his return to the ball-room the festive scene seemed to have lost all its charm for Conrad von Rosenhain; the guests' voices were now girlish tones to which he had just been listening, and there was not a face in all the throng that did not pale before the delicate loveliness of the one he had been bending over the heap of colored silks in the little boudoir.

The next day was a dark one for Schloss Marburg; the news spread like wild-fire that the Countess Linden was stricken down with a violent fever, and the frightened guests were begged to disperse with all possible haste. Von Rosenhain was obliged to take his departure with the others, much though he yearned to find out who his benefactress was, of whose childish violet eyes and lovely pink-tinted face he had been dreaming ever since. It would have been heartless to pursue his investigations at such a time, and he could not stay and be a burden upon the stricken house.

A few weeks later Conrad von Rosenhain, together with many another brave youth, was called upon to assist in the defence of his fatherland against the French, and in the excitement of army life his mind had less time to dwell upon the pretty little unknown who had so fascinated him.

In an engagement near the village of Kirchfeld, Lieut. von Rosenhain was wounded in the shoulder—so severely, though he managed to limp until service for some weeks. As no hospital was in the neighborhood, Schloss Rosenhain, the home of a certain Baron von Remsthal, was chosen as quarters for the invalid, and thither von Rosenhain was sent to await recovery.

Schloss Rosenhain was a fine old mansion rapidly falling into decay, the shrubberies were tangled and unkempt, the statues crumbled unheeded. And within doors the desolation was nearly as great—the once beautiful furniture and tapestries were worn eaten and in tatters. Moreover, there were very few servants; and rumors reached Conrad's ears of the Baron von Remsthal being deeply involved in debt.

One bright sunny day, as Conrad was walking in the garden, rejoicing at the thought of soon being able to rejoin his regiment, some one advanced towards him whom he had not seen before at Schloss Hohenstein—a graceful young girl in a pretty, fur-trimmed dress, her cheeks flushed with the cold crisp air. Surely he had seen those eyes before? Was he dreaming, or was this really the same mysterious fairy who had mended his stocking at the fancy ball?

"Good morning, Lieut. von Rosenhain," she said with a lovely smile he remembered so well. "I am so glad you are well enough to be out again. I have inquired for you every day, but have not had the pleasure of seeing you before. I hope you have not forgotten me."

"Never!" declared Conrad, retaining the little hand so frankly proffered him.

"How odd that we should meet again, quite by chance! But you do not know me. I must introduce myself now, because I am your hostess. I am Daphne von Remsthal, and I live here with my father."

"So, at last I know the name of the fair unknown who helped me out of my very unpleasant predicament at Count Marburg's ball! It is a question that I have asked myself in vain thousands of times since."

"It is astonishing how much these two who had never met before but once found to say to each other in the old garden, and the summons to luncheon came all too soon. From this day on the invalid soldier found nothing so beneficial for his health as a stroll in the shrubbery, even when the weather

seemed to others unpropitious; and Daphne, as hostess, could not but chat with her guest when they met.

The two were sitting one day near an old moss-grown sundial at the end of the garden walk, and a very pretty tableau they made—she with a bright color in her cheeks, her light curly hair tossed about her forehead, and her eyes like diamonds; and he with enough pallor—the result of his illness—to lend a new interest to his face, and his fine figure set off by his uniform. Daphne had gathered a tiny bunch of winter violets, and was showing her treasures to Conrad, who bent his head over hers to see them, when both were startled by a voice saying, in not the gentlest of tones:

"Lieut. von Rosenhain, you are very imprudent to sit in this damp garden while you are still an invalid. Daphne, you will accompany me to the house, as Frau Lindes, your governess, seem to have deserted you."

Daphne arose with a frightened look in her eyes, and took her father's arm; for it was the old baron who had so ruthlessly broken in upon her tete-a-tete with Conrad.

The next day Lieut. von Rosenhain took his stroll in the garden alone. Towards evening he was requested to honor Baron von Remsthal with a visit in his study. The baron received the young man with elaborate politeness, and proceeded to tell him that a summons had come for him to rejoin his regiment; he would regret losing so agreeable a guest from his house, but it could not be helped.

"By-the-way," continued the old man, "it would perhaps interest you to hear that my daughter Daphne is about to be betrothed to a distant cousin of mine, Hugo von Pleyel, a man considerably her senior, but of excellent character, and possessed of a handsome fortune. It is an unspeakable relief to me to know that my child's future is secure."

But alas for the fond dreams of either now! He, a young officer, with no other property in the world than his horse and sword, could ill offer himself as rival to the rich Baron von Pleyel, who the Von Remsthals were on the verge of bankruptcy. How the young man hated this stranger who was to bear off the prize he so yearned for!

As Conrad strode past a half-trimmed summer-house standing a little back from the avenue, the sound of smothered sobbing reached his ear. In another moment he stood in the little arbor, clasping both Daphne's hands in his, and looking down into her tear-brimming eyes with a world of love and pity in his own.

"Am I not to congratulate you on your engagement?" he asked, with a bitter ring in his voice.

"Oh, no, no! I am so unhappy. But what can I do? We are very poor—almost on the verge of want, and I cannot disappoint my father."

"Do you love anyone else?" Conrad asked, eagerly watching her face.

For reply she leaned her pretty head upon his shoulder, and the young soldier knew the truth.

The next day Lieutenant von Rosenhain took his departure. His heart was heavy at the thought that he would perhaps never see Daphne again; but the memory that she loved him awakened a song of triumph within him, hopeless though their love was.

There had been a sharp engagement between French and Prussians on the outskirts of the little village of Apfel-dorf, and the contending parties hovered still about the place for another attack on the morrow. At nightfall Lieutenant von Rosenhain and a few other officers and men gathered round a meager camp-fire to try to snatch a few hours' sleep.

"It is a pity we can have no better fire on this bitter cold night; go to the house yonder, Wilhelm, and see if you can find any fuel," said one of the officers.

The man took a lantern and went towards the deserted-looking building standing in its own grounds, the abandoned home of some rich family. He returned with his arms full of books.

"The place has been plundered, sir, of everything but these; but they will make a fine fire."

As do one objected, the soldier flung the armful of books on the dying flames.

"Bring more—the idea is not bad," and soon the camp-fire burned merrily, and by scores of priceless old volumes.

"A pity—a great pity; but our men cannot freeze," said a man, lying wrapped in his cloak, near Von Rosenhain.

—It is bad policy to wash harness with soap, as the potash injures the leather. If the harness becomes rusty rub off the dirt as well as possible with a soft brush and supply a dressing of grain black, followed with oil or tallow, which will soften the collar and make the leather pliable.

—While workmen were digging sand near Scranton last week they found thousands of living *potato bugs* frozen to the surface.

The Fair Sex.

The richest treasure a man ever gets in this world is a good wife. The poorest investment he ever makes is a poor wife, no matter how much money she has. Marriage is a transaction which should be removed as far as possible from the motives of either party. The happiest homes everywhere have been bought and paid for by the mutual earnings after marriage. Nothing is truer than that a good wife in the home is as surely a money-earner as the husband who toils with hand or brain. The best motto for every young man or woman is, "Marry for love and work for riches." It may be an old fogy idea, but millions of homes will bear testimony to its truthfulness.

Women to the front—Oregon has passed a law which is to be voted to the people, allowing women to sit for all offices in that State. The prejudice against women occupying offices and public positions is steadily decreasing as years roll by. This is especially noticeable in connection with educational matters. Women are now eligible as school officers in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Virginia, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New York, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Wyoming, and to any office in Wisconsin except that of State superintendent. In Mississippi the law requires that at least one woman shall be a member of the State board of education. But conservative England is far ahead of this country, and women who have property have always voted for municipal offices.

Augusta Shakle, once a favorite danseuse of Paris and Berlin, and the principal attraction of the Viceroy of Egypt's imported ballet troupe, is past her dancing days, and is directing the terpsichorean entertainment in a Philadelphia variety theatre. She says that American girls would make the most superb dancers in the world if they were not too lazy to go through with the requisite course of training. They practice an hour, and then begin to cry over their aching toes. English girls are fully as bad, and usually awkward, too. German girls, as a rule, are clumsy. The Italians and French make the best dancers, as they are generally graceful and not afraid to work. "The dancer's toes," she asserts, "should not get tired, if she loves her art." No one ever hears that the fingers of a good piano player are stiff and sore that he is unable to play the piano. The dancer's toes should be like the piano player's fingers.

Conrad looked at the man in silence. The idea took sudden possession of him that his hated rival was before him; but he could not bear to hear the truth from the man's own lips.

On the first opportunity that offered, he asked one of the men who the tall officer was with the eagle eyes and gray mustache.

"That is Col. Hugo von Pleyel," was the reply.

The next night it was necessary to send an important message to a certain point three miles distant. The way lay through the village, and was dangerous as many French soldiers were skulking about. Conrad von Rosenhain was chosen one messenger, and oddly enough it fell to the lot of Col. von Pleyel to accompany him.

At dark the two men set forth on their dangerous errand, the elder knowing little of the late for him in the younger one's breast. On the way they spoke little, and followed each other in the darkness as well as they could. Passing through a narrow gateway at the end of the village street, Von Rosenhain's sword slipped and struck on the ground.

"Who goes there?" called a gruff voice in French, followed by the sharp report of a musket.

"Foolish fellow to waste his bullet aiming in the dark!" said Conrad to himself.

Outside the village the danger was over, and Von Rosenhain having wandered out of hearing of his companion, hurried on alone, delivered his message, and returned to the camp. The next morning, on inquiring for Col. von Pleyel, Conrad heard to his astonishment that he had not returned. Wondering, he set out again over the road that they had traversed together on the previous evening, and as he neared the little gate at the end of the deserted street, he saw to his surprise Col. von Pleyel sitting on a bench beside a cottage.

"We were wondering at your absence, colonel," he was about to say, but the words froze on his lips. Hugo von Pleyel was gone dead, shot through the brain.

Von Rosenhain remembered with a shock the striking of his saber on the ground, the challenge of the French soldier, and the bullet fired. That bullet had struck down the man whom he had hated above all others on earth. He had fallen upon the stone bench without a cry, and supported by the wall of the house, had sat in ghastly silence ever since.

A successor was needed to fill the post of the lamented Col. von Pleyel, and to Conrad von Rosenhain's delight it was offered to him as a reward for his past bravery. The first person to whom the young man wrote of his advancement was the Baron von Remsthal, and the letter contained a formal request for the hand of his daughter Daphne in marriage. Daphne herself replied with a happy glowing letter; and when the summer came the soldier-lover claimed his bride. Daphne in her orange-blossoms was "beautiful as an angel," the neighbors said.

Compliments.

"If I owned that kind of yours," suggested a florid gentleman bubbling over with good advice, "I'd cut it up in building lots, sell 'em and make enough to live easy the rest of my life." "And if I was sure you had as much faculty to manage your own business as I have faculty to give advice to others, I would lend you that \$1,500 you asked for yesterday." And the train rolled on and the florid gentleman changed his seat.

WHY NOT GAVE MOTHER.

The farmer sat in his easy chair between the fire and the lamp-light's glare. His face was ruddy and his hair and eyes were bright. He had three small boys in the chimney nook. One of the boys was reading a book, one was writing a letter, and the third was eating a nut. The father looked at the boys and smiled. He was a good man, and his wife was a good woman. They were a happy family.

At last, between the clouds of smoke that wreathed his lips, the farmer spoke: "There's taxes to pay and interest to pay, and if there should come a rainy day 't would be mighty handy, I'm bound to say 't have something put by. For folks must die."

An' there's funeral bills, and grave-stones to buy. Enough to swap a man, purty nigh. Besides, there's Edward an' Dick an' Joe 't be provided for when we go. So, if I were you, I'd tell you what I'd do: I'd beavin' of wood as ever I could. Extra fire to wash my feet in. I'd beavin' of soap an' savin' of it. And run up some candles once in a while. I'd rather be savin' of coffee and tea. For sugar is high.

An' all by buy. And elder is good enough drink for me: I'd bekin' careful about my clogs. And look out sharp how the money goes. Gogswas is no use, water knows. For trimmin' 's the name of money. I'd sell the best of my cypress an' honey. An' eggs is good, rich best, as th' money. An' as to the carpet 't wanted new— I guess we can make the old one do. And as for 't washin' an' sewin' machine. Them smoothed turgid agents, or sally men.

Your better get rid of 'em, clean an' clean. What do they know 'bout women's work? Do they callikate women was made to shirk?

Dick and Edward and little Joe sat in the corner in a row. They saw the patient mother go on ceaseless errands to and fro, and they saw that her form was bent and thin. Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in; they saw the quiver of lip and chin—and then, with a wretch he could not smother.

Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother: "An' tea an' sugar all the while, But you never talk of savin' mother!"

Economies of Science.

The fact that an aniline black can be formed with vanadium has provoked investigation into the feasibility of the production of that metal for commerce. M. M. Osmond and G. Witz have found a considerable source of supply in the foundry scoriae of Creuzet, France, which contain two per cent. of vanadic acid. The scoriae have only to be treated with hydrochloric acid to obtain from them a green liquor which can be used directly in dyeing.

A foreign technical journal gives the following method for detecting the presence of lead in tinfil: A drop of concentrated acetic acid is let fall upon the suspected lead, and a drop of the solution of potassium iodide is added. If there is least present there is formed in two or three minutes a yellowish spot of lead iodide. Dr. Kopp moistens the leaf to be examined with sulphuric acid. If the tin is pure the spot remains white, but if lead is present there is a black spot.

Works are projected in Vienna for obtaining a great quantity of electrical power by means of the water of the Danube. The electricity is to be stored in "accumulators," of different dimensions, which would be delivered to customers for use either for electric lighting or for motive power. Besides being thus accumulated the electricity is also to be conducted through underground wires. By combining the two methods together electrical centres will be erected in several parts of the town, from which the manufacturers, etc., will receive the required current.

The case of the City of Worcester, which went ashore in New York Harbor just at the lower end of Blackwell's Island, suggests the plan proposed some time ago by Edison to light the channels of New York Harbor by a number of submerged incandescent lights. "Even in a fog," says *Mechanics*, "a row of these lights along the banks of a channel would probably be sufficiently visible to enable a steambow to feel her way in and out with comparatively little danger. The wicks of a single year would pay for the cost of the establishment of the system, and the continued saving in wreckage would more than pay for the cost of maintenance."

The *Textile Record* says that a new departure in cotton mills will be found in Augusta, Ga., viz., The Riverside Mills—a cotton mill whose source of power is a water wheel whose source of which will follow the collar and make the leather pliable.

burning the trash and seed husks; and even the old bagging is sewed together and put on the market again in rolls like as first, before it was used at all. This mill has the very finest machinery, all moved by a 300 horse-power Corliss engine.

Dr. Merkel states that the height of an individual after a night's rest, measured before rising from the bed, is two inches greater than it is in the evening, measured standing. There is a gradual diminution in height, caused by the yielding of the plantar arches and of the intervertebral disks, and a sudden diminution, when the individual rises, occurring at the articulations of the lower extremities. The sinking at the ankle is one-third inch; at the knee, one-twelfth to one-eighth inch; at the hip, two-fifths inch. The shortening at the knee is probably due to the elasticity of the cartilages. At the hip there is, in addition, a sinking of the head of the femur into the cotyloid cavity.

Algiers is said to abound in deposits of copper, silver-bearing lead, zinc, and especially iron, and one of the principal mines is reported to yield 1800 tons of iron-ore per day. Materials for construction, building stones, lime, marble, etc., are also abundant, and salt is found in great many places. The number of men employed in the various mines already exceeds 3500. The cultivation of tobacco has increased largely within the last years, but the greatest future expectations are based upon the culture of vineyards, and the extent of land devoted to vines is about 30,000 acres. Public works also have reached considerable importance, and there are now 5028 miles of highway and about 800 miles of railroad in course of construction.

The Philadelphia *Medical Times* has found some choice reading in a small manual used for children of 11 or 12 years old in the schools of Manchester, England. In one of them the author explains—scientifically—the things of common life. Youths of 12 are quite ignorant of what jumping means. He tells them "jumping or leaping is effected (1) by the sudden contraction of the muscles of the calf, by which the heels are suddenly raised and the body jerked off the ground; (2) by the simultaneous contraction of the muscles which bend the thigh upon the pelvis; (3) by the sudden extension of the legs by the contraction of extensor muscles, this movement following immediately, as the two movements first described." Should this be called condensed milk for babies?

Professor Reinsch, in a lecture lately delivered, gave the results of his researches regarding the manner in which coal has been formed. He had examined with a microscope not less than 2500 sections of coal, and had come to the conclusion that coal had not been formed by the alteration of accumulated land-plants, but that it consisted of microscopic furms of a lower order of protoplasm, and although he had carefully examined the cells and other remains of plants of a higher order, he computed that they have contributed only a fraction of the mass of coal veins however numerous they may have been in some instances. He referred to the fact that Dr. Muck, of Bochum, held that alga have mainly contributed to the formation of coal, and that marine plants were rarely found in coal because of their tendency to decompose, and that calcareous remains of mollusks disappeared on account of the rapid formation of carbonic acid during the process of carbonization.

An Old Actor's Reminiscence.

Speaking of love scenes between actors, I once knew two actors of the opposite sex who positively disliked each other, but were forced by their parts into the most devotional tenderness of conduct. One evening as he was playing at love she was to rush into his arms. Being a true artist, she did her work with energy, and between speeches he muttered: "You need not swallow me." She replied, "You are too tight a dose." While holding her in his fond embrace wrapped in delicious transport, he growled in a whisper: "Don't lean so hard against a man." With her head in tender repose upon his breast she retorted: "You are paid for holding me, and I intend you shall earn your salary." She married another actor, and clings still to the dialke for the man with whom she plays.

For Our Youth.

To Young Men.

Young man, in the following paragraph you will find the entire law and the testimony: Young man, save that penny; pick up that pin; let that account be correct to a farthing; find out what you take bit of ribbon costs before you cut the chimney. He tried so often to do so, that those who watched his anxious little efforts were quite sorry for him; and then at last he disappeared, disappointed, with the task given up.

But not so! A short time afterwards he reappeared, bringing with him another mouse—one evidently of a former generation, being both larger and stronger than himself—and this "friend in need" he conducted to the piece of rind, which had once picked up, the two then returning triumphantly, through the chimney, home together.

We may well be astonished at the sagacity of the little mouse who so cleverly gained his end. Perhaps he had said to himself, as he gave up his task, "I am too little to carry it, but I know one who is older and bigger than I am, and therefore stronger, so I will fetch him to carry it away for me." Then he had his friend (perhaps his own mother), to tell his trouble, to communicate his wishes, to persuade to a counter danger and come with him; or perhaps he had said that they were kind people whence that cheese came, whom she need not fear, and then he had led her to the spot. There was much for a little mouse to settle before his rind could be safely taken home for him; but, as we see, he succeeded, and then, no doubt, the friends gladly shared and distributed their nice supper, for I believe mice are very good and generous in sharing food with one another.

Surely there seems to be something very like reasoning in all this!

How wonderful is the instinct of a little animal! I read a beautiful definition of instinct in a book one day, which said that "instinct was reason without reasoning as it came straight from God." But does there not seem to be also some reason without reasoning.—*Children's Friend*.

Poor Billy.

Among the most remarkable of canine experiences was Billy's, who went into the jaws of a crocodile and came out alive. A sportsman, an Englishman, on his morning excursion in South Central Africa, was strolling along a narrow, deep stream one evening, looking for birds. The dog Billy, was running along the water's edge, doing his best to drive up game for his master.

There was, however, a small crocodile who was also on the still hunt, and as Billy ran along the bank, he seized the poor animal by the hind quarters and pulled him into the water. Seeing what had happened, the master jumped down the bank, and standing close to the water, waited for a chance to save his dog.

Poor Billy's head soon came above the surface, but was the next instant dragged out of sight again. As the crocodile turned with the dog, its white belly seemed to be just under the water. Thinking to make the reptile lose his hold, the hunter fired both barrels at it.

But when Billy's head again appeared, the crocodile was still clinging to the dog's leg. Reaching out the gun by the barrels, the hunter put out the stock near the dog's mouth. It was seized by the dog and held with the grip of death. Getting hold of Billy's head, his master pulled with such force as to draw the crocodile's head out of water.

Just then, a friend appeared on the bank, and fired a charge of shot into the reptile's eyes, which made him let go his hold in a hurry and swim away. The narrowness of the stream—it was only six feet in width, but deep—prevented the crocodile from using its strength, though it left three bad wounds on Billy, which marked him as a dog who had "escaped by the skin of his teeth."

A Knowing Mouse.

Have you ever wondered, children, how animals and insects carry on their conversations with one another? I have frequently; and perhaps when we see little dogs, as we do so often, standing at the corners of the streets, wagging their wise heads and knocking their noses together, they are communicating some grand piece of intelligence that would be well worth our hearing, and would interest us very much, if we could only understand them.

When ants want to warn their neighbors of approaching danger, they knock their heads against one another; and surely the little bees must have a very wonderful way of making themselves understood, to be able to form, and carry out, all their little business arrangements as cleverly as they do.

But we seldom hear, or think anything about mouse conversation, and perhaps it is a very good thing for the little mice that we do not overhear their plans; but I cannot help thinking these pretty little creatures—and surely they are very pretty—have also a good deal to say to one another, and that they, too, plan and arrange things in a very clever manner, as the little true story, that I am now going to tell you, will show.

A little mouse, living somewhere in the vicinity of a dining-room chimney, showed his fondness for cheese by coming down part of the meal consisted of that commodity. He was encouraged to do so by having little bits regularly thrown

to him which he quickly picked up, and with which he hurried back to his home.

One day a large piece of rind was thrown to him, so large, that although the little visitor ran at it greedily, he could hardly lift it at all. The persevering little fellow, however, managed to take it a very short distance, but he could not anyhow succeed in getting it into the chimney. He tried so often to do so, that those who watched his anxious little efforts were quite sorry for him; and then at last he disappeared, disappointed, with the task given up.

But not so! A short time afterwards he reappeared, bringing with him another mouse—one evidently of a former generation, being both larger and stronger than himself—and this "friend in need" he conducted to the piece of rind, which had once picked up, the two then returning triumphantly, through the chimney, home together.

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Lord Erskine, while going circuit, was asked by the landlord of the hotel how he had slept. He replied dogmatically, "Union's strength, a fact of which some of your inmates appear to be unaware; for had they been unanimous last night they could easily have pushed me out of bed." "Fleas?" the landlord exclaimed, affecting great astonishment. "I was not aware that I had a single flea in the house." "I don't believe you have," retorted his lordship, "they are all married, I think, and have uncommonly large families."

Lord Ellenborough showing some impatience at a barrister's speech, the gentleman paused and said: "Is it the pleasure of the court that I should proceed with my statement?" "Pleasure, sir, has been out of the question for a long time; but you may proceed."

The first daily newspaper printed in the world was established and edited by a woman—Elizabeth Mallet, in London, 1702—almost two hundred years ago. In her salutatory she said she had established a newspaper "to spare the public half the impertinence which the ordinary papers contain." Woman-like; her paper was reformatory.

The first newspaper published in America of which we have any record was in Massachusetts. It was called the *Massachusetts Gazette and News-Letter*. After the death of the editor the widow edited it in the most spirited manner for two or three years. It was the only paper that did not suspend operations when Boston was besieged by the British. The widow's name was Margaret Craper.

In 1632 Rhode Island issued the first newspaper. It was owned and edited by Anna Franklin. She and her two daughters did the printing, and their servants worked the printing press. History tells us that for her quickness and correctness she was appointed printer to the colony, supplying pamphlets, etc., to the Colonial officers. She also printed an edition of the colonial laws of 340 pages.

In 1773 Clementine Reid published a paper in Virginia favoring the Colonial cause, and greatly offended the Royalists; and two years after another paper was started in the interests of the Crown by Mrs. H. Boyle, borrowing the name of *Mrs. Reid's paper*, which was the *Virginia Gazette*, but which was short-lived. Both of the papers were published in the town of Williamsburg. The Colonial paper was the first newspaper in which the Declaration of Independence was printed.

In 1773 Elizabeth Timothy published and edited a paper in Charleston, South Carolina. After the Revolution, Annie Timothy became its editor, and was appointed State Printer, which position she held seventeen years. Mary Crouch published a paper in Charleston about the same time, in special opposition to the Stamp act. She afterwards removed her paper to Salem, Massachusetts, and continued its publication there for years after.

Selected Humor.

"In choosing a wife," says an exchange, "be governed by her chin." The worst of it is that, after choosing a wife, one is apt to keep on being governed in the same way.

A single Pennsylvania establishment sent out last year \$30,000 worth of frogs. It is not likely that a cent's worth of these will be eaten, however. Not because epicures don't like frogs' legs, but because these particular frogs had no legs, and were intended for railway tracks.

"Can you help me a little," said a tramp, poking his head into a country shop. "Not you help yourself?" said the proprietor angrily. "Thank you, I will," said the tramp, as he picked up a Dutch cheese and two loaves of bread and disappeared like a lightning streak, followed by half-a-dozen lumps of coal.

A preacher, raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of his sermon, was paralyzed with amazement to see his rude boy in the gallery petting the hearers in the pews below with horse chestnuts. But, while the good man was preparing a frown of reproof, the young hopeful cried out: "You tend to your preaching, daddy. I'll keep them awake."

—AN ECLOGUE OF FLY-WYVERS.—Erskine observed, on coming into court one day, that Mr. Balfour, a brother barrister, had his ankle bound up with a silk handkerchief. "What's the matter, Balfour?" he inquired. "The sufferer, whose mode of expressing himself was always very elaborate, replied: 'I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's grounds, when, coming to a gate, I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and grazed the epidemis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of blood.'" "You may thank your lucky stars," observed Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not so lofty as your style; or you must have broken your neck!"

Lord Erskine, while going circuit, was asked by the landlord of the hotel how he had slept. He replied dogmatically, "Union's strength, a fact of which some of your inmates appear to be unaware; for had they been unanimous last night they could easily have pushed me out of bed." "Fleas?" the landlord exclaimed, affecting great astonishment. "I was not aware that I had a single flea

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Camden	9 10	5 42	9 40	7 28
Penna. R. R. Junction	9 05	5 37	9 35	7 22
Haddonfield	8 55	5 27	9 25	7 12
Berlin	8 45	5 17	9 15	7 02
Waterford	8 35	5 07	9 05	6 52
Winslow	8 25	4 57	8 55	6 42
Hammononton	8 15	4 47	8 45	6 32
DaCosta	8 05	4 37	8 35	6 22
Elwood	7 55	4 27	8 25	6 12
Egg Harbor City	7 45	4 17	8 15	6 02
Atlantic City	7 35	4 07	8 05	5 52

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac. p.m.	Mall a.m.	Su. Ac. p.m.	Ha. Ac. p.m.
Philadelphia	4 30	8 00	4 40	6 00
Camden	4 40	8 10	4 50	6 10
Penna. R. R. Junction	4 45	8 15	4 55	6 15
Haddonfield	4 55	8 25	5 05	6 25
Berlin	5 05	8 35	5 15	6 35
Waterford	5 15	8 45	5 25	6 45
Winslow	5 25	8 55	5 35	6 55
Hammononton	5 35	9 05	5 45	7 05
DaCosta	5 45	9 15	5 55	7 15
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Philadelphia	4 40	8 00	4 00	8 00
Camden	4 50	8 10	4 10	8 10
Oakland	4 57	8 17	4 17	8 17
Williamstown Junction	5 08	8 28	4 28	8 28
Cedar Brook	5 12	8 32	4 32	8 32
Winslow	5 21	8 41	4 41	8 41
Hammononton	5 30	8 50	4 50	8 50
DaCosta	5 39	8 59	4 59	8 59
Elwood	5 48	9 08	5 08	9 08
Egg Harbor	5 57	9 17	5 17	9 17
Pleasantville	6 06	9 26	5 26	9 26
Atlantic City, Ar.	6 15	9 35	5 35	9 35

Acc. M. & A. A.M. P.M. SUNDAY P.M.

Atlantic City, Ar. 6 15 9 35 5 35 9 35

Philadelphia 4 40 8 00 4 00 8 00

Camden 4 50 8 10 4 10 8 10

Oakland 4 57 8 17 4 17 8 17

Williamstown Junction 5 08 8 28 4 28 8 28

Cedar Brook 5 12 8 32 4 32 8 32

Winslow 5 21 8 41 4 41 8 41

Hammononton 5 30 8 50 4 50 8 50

DaCosta 5 39 8 59 4 59 8 59

Elwood 5 48 9 08 5 08 9 08

Egg Harbor 5 57 9 17 5 17 9 17

Pleasantville 6 06 9 26 5 26 9 26

Atlantic City, Ar. 6 15 9 35 5 35 9 35

Philadelphia 4 40 8 00 4 00 8 00

Camden 4 50 8 10 4 10 8 10

Oakland 4 57 8 17 4 17 8 17

Williamstown Junction 5 08 8 28 4 28 8 28

Cedar Brook 5 12 8 32 4 32 8 32

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DaCosta 5 39 8 59 4 59 8 59

Elwood 5 48 9 08 5 08 9 08

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Elwood 5 48 9 08 5 08 9 08

Egg Harbor 5 57 9 17 5 17 9 17

Pleasantville 6 06 9 26 5 26 9 26

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