

South-Jersey Republican

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D. C. HERBERT,
Dealer in all kinds of
**Boots Shoes
and Gaiters.**
**HAMMONTON,
N. J.**
A specialty made in keeping a
GOOD ARTICLE
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LOWEST CASH PRICE.
CUSTOM WORK and RE-
PAIRING in all its
branches, neatly
EXECUTED.

**THE LADIES' STORE
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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.

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

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE S. J. R.

In Memoriam The life and public services of
GARFIELD By the author of "The Life of Garfield,"
by invitation under the direction of Mr. Garfield.
Contains 12 steel portraits of Garfield, faithful por-
traits of mother, wife and children; also numerous
and fine engravings; 160 confidential letters covering and
explaining his whole career; 100 original testimonials
from Whittford College, classmates; extracts
from important speeches and writings; endorsement
by Col. Beckwith and the President in every book.
Agents positively making \$10 daily. It is the most
attractive, authentic and best. Price, \$1.25. Agents
wanted everywhere. Agents sent \$1 for terms and
outfit, including copy of book. Address, **A. S.
BARNES & CO., 11
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\$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage
in the most pleasant and profitable business
known. Everything new. Capital not re-
quired. We will do you everything
\$10 a day and more, and will make without
any other work than house work. No risk
whatsoever. Many a woman, and young boys and
girls make money at it. No one who is willing to work
will make more money every day than can be made
in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who en-
gage at once will find a short road to fortune. Ad-
dress, **H. HALL & CO., Portland, Maine.**

**GO TO
PACKER'S
AT THE
Old Stand,
The Hammonton Bakery.**
Where the usual variety of choice bread,
rolls, cakes, pies, and crullers, so well
attested to, in quantity and quality,
by a critical and a discriminating
New England public. Also for
this special occasion may be
found a full, complete and
varied assortment of choice
confections. Comprising
mixtures, caramels,
chocolate creams,
bon bons, lozenges, etc. Also a great
variety of penny goods for the little
folks.
Also apples, oranges,
figs golden and common,
dates, raisins, nuts, lem-
ons, cocoanuts, etc., etc.
Thanking the public for the liberal
share of patronage so generously be-
stowed, we hope by strict attention to
business and fair dealing to merit a
future continuance of the same.
W. D. PACKER.

"With all Your Might."
BY MRS. A. V. MURDER.
In all the transactions of every-day life,
At home or abroad, it is ever the same;
The duty of husband, the duty of wife,
The duty of him who is toiling for fame,
To first ascertain that the motive is right,
Then do what you do with all of your might.
Do you labor for those depending on you?
Then labor in earnest, as God is your friend;
Do all of your duty, in work and in prayer,
The crown of success will your labor attend.
With Love at the helm, the way will seem bright,
Then do what you do with all of your might.
Do you toil with brain, or follow the plow?
At workshop or anvil, or where e'er you please;
The promise is made, "by the sweat of thy brow,"
Then think not that life is made up of ease.
With a purpose to view, and conscience all right,
You should do what you do, with all of your might.
There is no scaling the ladder of Fame,
And gaining the top at one single bound;
But he who would win a high-sounding name
Tells up the activities, round after round.
Then keeping your object ever in sight,
Continue to do with all of your might.
HAMMONTON, Feb. 22, 1882.

Our Washington Letter.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 20, 1882.
A quite general impression prevails
here that Mr. John C. New, of Indiana,
the newly nominated Assistant Sec-
retary of Treasury, in accepting the posi-
tion will only use it as a stepping stone
to the head of the Department, and thus
into Mr. Arthur's Cabinet, as a reward
for his vigorous and successful services
in Indiana during the last Presidential
Campaign.
Gen. Hazen, chief of the signal ser-
vice, has written a letter to Senator
Johnston, recommending an appropri-
ation to defray the expense of establish-
ing and maintaining a system of "frost"
warnings for the benefit of farmers.
The idea is that the signal bureau shall
publish indications of coming frosts, and
it is claimed that this would be very
beneficial to farmers in general, and par-
ticularly so to tobacco growers.
It is apparently fixed that Congress for
the next ten years shall consist of three
hundred and twenty-five members,
which, with the eight delegates already
provided for, will make the most inter-
esting deliberative body ever seen.

Polygamy, judging from the vote in
the Senate, "must go," in the homely
but expressive language of Denis Kear-
ney.
The change in our policy toward the
South American republics bids fair to
have the effect of dismantling Peru so
thoroughly that she will practically be
extinguished as a power among the na-
tions of the South. As it is now, Peru
may be despoiled of all her resources
without protest from us, and annexed,
for all practical purposes, to Chili, and
we shall say nothing and do nothing.
There are people in this country, and
they constitute the majority, who be-
lieve that such a result is disgraceful.

A court-martial has been detailed to
try Sergeant Mason for his assault upon
the assassin Gaitan. It is ordered to
meet in this city on the 20th instant.
This goes to refute the charge that this
man was not to be tried. The court has
found what corresponds to a "true
bill" against the Sergeant, although it
comes rather late, yet it is some conso-
lation to know that it comes at all, and
that an attack upon a defenseless pris-
oner by his guard is not to be passed
over as a matter of course. It is to be
hoped, also, that the construction of
the law of insanity will be quite as
strict in this case as in the trial of the
assassin himself.

The cereal timates of the Depart-
ment of Agriculture for the crop of 1881
are completed, showing a more general
reduction in yield than for many years.
In no season since the inauguration of
crop-reporting has there been so general
disaster. The aggregate product of all
cereals is 2,063,929,570 bushels, against
2,718,193,501 in 1880, a decrease of 24
per cent. The aggregate value of cere-
als grown in 1881 is greater than the
total valuation of 1880. The average
value of corn has advanced from 39.6
cents in 1880 to 63.6 cents in 1881; oats
from 36 to 46.4 cents. Wheat has ad-
vanced from an average of 95 cents to
\$1.19 per bushel. The values are in
round millions, as follows, Corn, 759;

wheat, 553; oats, 193; rye, 19; bar-
ley, 33; buckwheat, 8; total, 1,465,
against 1,361 in 1880.
President Arthur gave a State din-
ner to the Diplomatic Corps. In the
elegance of all its appointments it ex-
celled any like occasion in any adminis-
tration. The east room was transform-
ed into a bower of palms and other ex-
otics. The mantels were bedded a foot
high in flowers. The State dining
room, which was used for the first time
during this administration, was also
beautifully decorated. In the centre of
the table was a mirror, on which swans
rested as on the placid bosom of a lake.
The President was assisted by Secretary
and Mrs. Frelinghuysen. All the fore-
ign ministers were present, but only a
few of the attaches of the legislations.
The new Chinese minister, Chin Chi
Yeung, accompanied by Mr. Bartlett,
attracted considerable attention, this
being his first appearance in a large
social gathering.

"A Member's" Apology.
President Sproul, in his communica-
tion of the 18th, completely demolishes
"Member," by knocking the foundation
from under him with a few words, viz:
"No such amendment as the one he al-
ludes to was made." This being the
case, I do not see that I have a peg left
even to hang a hat upon; therefore
make all possible haste to apologize and
vacate the premises. I most certainly
did understand that the amendment con-
cerning the forfeited dividend, as ar-
gued, was the amendment carried.
Defective hearing is the only excuse
I can offer for my mistake. I now ten-
der to President Sproul, the members
and directors of the Union, and to all
concerned, my humble apology for hav-
ing misstated the case; and also take
unto myself shame and confusion of face
for having so done.

Having made as ample an apology as
my limited command of the English
language permits, I would still like to
say a few words. The President quotes
a law which he says governs us. I find
no such law in the copy of the By-laws
furnished me by the Secretary, therefore
conclude that it is an amended law, and
probably the one concerning which I
have been in error. If so, though it may
govern us in future, it will hardly apply
to the past. Hereafter, members who
violate their pledge to the Union, and
through the Union, to the merchants
who keep faith with us, may still re-
main members of the Union, if the di-
rectors so elect. So much for the future.
Concerning the past, we did have a law
which effectually disposed of such cases
without troubling the directors in the
matter at all. At our last meeting, the
President called attention to the fact
that this law had been violated during
the past season, and the names of the
offending members were read, but I
know of no member who lost, in conse-
quence, membership, dividend, or any
thing else, unless it may have been his
self-respect. The President, after quot-
ing the law which he says governs us,
states, that for the purpose of having
this law discussed and understood, and
for no other reason a member proposed
an amendment to the above section,
which he afterwards proposed to lay on
the table, and it was so ordered.

At that time no such law as he quotes
existed.
Now, President Sproul probably knows
why he allows it to appear that he quoted
an original instead of an amended law.
With the facts before it, the public may
draw its own inference.
Trusting that my apology may obtain
as much publicity as did my error, I
subscribe myself,
A MEMBER,
Not of Congress, but of the Fruit
Growers' Union of Hammonton.

A true assistant to nature in restor-
ing the system to perfect health, thus
enabling it to resist disease, is Brown's
Iron Bitters.
Backache is almost immediately re-
lieved by wearing one of Carter's Smart
Weed and Belladonna Backache Plas-
ters. Try one and be free from pain.
Price 25 cents.

A prominent attorney of Montgom-
ery, Ala., publishes in a paper of that
city over his own signature, the state-
ment that many contractors who hire
county convicts retain them in involun-
tary servitude indefinitely after the
terms for which they were sentenced
have expired. As there is no provision
of the law requiring any county officer
to look after this matter, the question
will be presented to the Legislature
next year to afford a remedy.

A plot to assassinate the Emperor of
Russia was discovered in St. Petersburg
a few days ago. It would have succeed-
ed had the Emperor taken the route
through the streets which had first been
laid out. The conspirators are said to
be under arrest.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.
William J. Coughlin of Somerville,
Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was
taken with bleeding of the lungs followed
by a severe cough. I lost my appetite
and flesh, and was confined to my bed.
In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital.
The doctors said I had a hole in my
lung as big as a half dollar. At one
time a report went around that I was
dead. I gave up hope, but a friend
told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S
BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a
bottle, when to my surprise, I com-
menced to feel better, and to day I feel
better than for three years past.

I write this hoping every one af-
flicted with Diseased Lungs will take
DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM,
and be convinced that CONSUMP-
TION CAN BE CURED. I can posi-
tively say it has done more good than
all the other medicines I have taken
since my sickness.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF
Real Estate—By virtue of an order
of the Orphans' Court of the county of
Atlantic and State of New Jersey, there
will be exposed at public sale on
Saturday, April 8th, 1882

between the hours of twelve and five
o'clock to wit, at two o'clock in the after-
noon of said day, at the store of Peter
Tilton, in the town of Hammonton, in
the county of Atlantic, the following de-
scribed Real Estate and premises, that
is to say:

All that certain piece or tract of land
and premises situate, lying and being in
the town of Hammonton, county of Atlan-
tic and State of New Jersey, bounded and
described as follows:

Beginning in the centre of Basin road
at the northeasterly corner of one Peaches
land; thence extending [1] along Peaches
land south forty-five degrees thirty min-
utes, east eighty rods; thence [2] north
forty-four degrees thirty minutes east,
one hundred and ten rods to a corner of
one Elvins land; thence [3] along the
same south forty-five degrees thirty min-
utes east, seven and twenty-eight hun-
dredths rods; thence [4] along one Wins-
lows land north forty-four degrees thirty
minutes east, twenty-two rods; thence [5]
north forty-five degrees thirty minutes
west, along one Platts land thirty-nine
rods to the centre of Columbia road;
thence [6] along the same south eighty
degrees west, seventy-three rods to the
centre of Basin road; thence [7] along
the same south forty-four degrees thirty
minutes west, sixty rods to the place of be-
ginning containing fifty-six acres of land,
being the same premises which Abram
H. VanDoren and wife quit claimed to
Luther Halsey by deed, dated October
14th A. D., 1879, and recorded in the At-
lantic county clerk's office at May's Land-
ing, in Book 73 folio 413.

Also the following described lot. Be-
ginning in the centre of Basin road at the
distance of two hundred and ten perches
northeast of Main road and runs thence
[1] along the centre of Basin road north-
erly course forty perches to land owned
by Luther Halsey; thence [2] by Halsey's
land southeasterly course eighty perches
to a point in a swamp; thence [3] along
the line of said swamp southwesterly
course forty perches to a point; thence
[4] at right angles with said Basin road
eighty perches to the place of beginning
containing twenty acres of land strict
measure, being the same lot of land
which Mary T. Wilson conveyed to Lu-
ther Halsey by deed, dated October 12,
A. D., 1880, and recorded at May's Land-
ing, N. J., in book 37 of Deeds folio 184.

Also the following described lot: Be-
ginning in the centre of Basin road at
the distance of two hundred and forty
perches northeast of Main road; thence
extending [1] north forty-five degrees and
thirty minutes west, one hundred perches
to a point; thence [2] north forty-four
degrees thirty minutes east, forty perches
to a point; thence [3] south forty-five
degrees thirty minutes east, one hundred
perches to Basin road aforesaid; thence
[4] south forty-four degrees thirty min-
utes west, by the centre of said road to the
place of beginning, containing twenty-
five acres of land strict measure, being
the same land that Edward T. McKean
and wife conveyed to Luther Halsey by
deed dated May 1st, A. D., 1868, and re-
corded in Liber 34 of Deeds Folio 40 &c.,
at May's Landing, N. J.

To be sold as the property of Luther
Halsey deceased, by
ALLEN B. ENDICOTT,
Administrator.
Dated Feb. 1, 1882. p. 1. \$14.40

No Whiskey!

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
is one of the very few tonic
medicines that are not com-
posed mostly of alcohol or
whiskey, thus becoming a
fruitful source of intemper-
ance by promoting a desire
for rum.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
is guaranteed to be a non-
intoxicating stimulant, and
it will, in nearly every case,
take the place of all liquor,
and at the same time abso-
lutely kill the desire for
whiskey and other intoxi-
cating beverages.

Rev. G. W. RICE, editor of
the American Christian Re-
view, says of Brown's Iron
Bitters:

Cin., O., Nov. 16, 1881.
Gents:—The foolish wast-
ing of vital force in business,
pleasure, and vicious indul-
gence of our people, makes
your preparation a necessity;
and if applied, will save hun-
dreds who resort to saloons
for temporary recuperation.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
has been thoroughly tested
for dyspepsia, indigestion,
biliousness, weakness, debili-
ty, overwork, rheumatism,
neuralgia, consumption,
liver complaints, kidney
troubles, &c., and it never
fails to render speedy and
permanent relief.

1828—RELIABLE—1882

BUIST'S SEEDS
ARE THE
BEST SEEDS
Are entirely the product of our own farms, and
are raised by a man of the world for purity
and reliability. Buist's Garden Almanac,
containing the most complete information, with prices,
mailed on receipt of 25 cents.
ROBERT BUIST, Jr., Seed Grower,
PHILADELPHIA.

Leave orders for printing

of all kinds at the South

JERSEY REPUBLICAN Office,

**BUIST'S PREMIER
EXTRA EARLY PEAS**
HAVE MADE
A CROP IN 40 DAYS!
For Earliness, Productiveness,
and FINE FLAVOR they have **NO EQUAL!**



They are now preferred above all others by the
extensive pea-growers of New Jersey, Virginia,
North Carolina, Florida, and Tennessee—in-
variably taking "First Premiums" whenever
put in competition. They are dwarf in growth,
exceedingly productive, entirely distinct in
character, and all market gardeners pronounce
them "THE BEST EVER PLANTED."

BUIST'S PREMIER
and buy it only in a sealed bag bearing our
name and leader seal, or direct from
ROBERT BUIST, Jr.,
SEED GROWER,
(Lock Box 62) 1022 & 1024 Market St., Phila.

The Sun Do Move.

An interesting interview with a remarkable colored preacher.

The Rev. John Jasper is the pastor of the Fifth Mt. Zion Baptist Church of Richmond, Va. He is the most famous and wealthiest colored preacher in the South, and his fame has gone abroad. Throughout the South he is regarded as the most eminent of colored divines. He is sixty-nine years old, and has been a preacher during the last forty-one years, having adopted the clerical profession when a slave. His sermons have been published, and he is quoted in the newspapers. He is particularly known as the author of the formula: "The sun do move!" That is to say, the earth is fixed and the sun revolves around it. Having been disappointed in my desire to hear the reverend gentleman preach, I heard the sermon on the sun, I called at his residence to get from him, or at least some points in relation thereto. I found him seated, reading the Bible and smoking a pipe, in a cozy little room in his two-story frame dwelling on St. James street, and he readily consented to lay aside his silver spectacles and converse on his favorite topic. The doctor is a tall, portly, built man, jet black, and, though his hair is slightly tinged with gray, still strong and well preserved. His dress was not of the usual clerical cut; but that, of course, is a small matter to a man who is ready to be a martyr in defense of his faith.

Having been furnished with a printed summary of the sermon on the sun, I propounded my first question: "What, doctor, is the cardinal point of your doctrine?" "The Bible, and the Bible strictly," I goes by that intently. I bases my teaching on nothing but what I or any man can find in the Scriptures, for all what I say, I gives the plain as I find it, and I don't care for no learning like other preachers who have been to the colleges and seminaries, and I use no big words, but I know what I say always, and intend to stick to the Bible as long as there is life in my body. Many turn up here at my preaching, but they're just opposing me because they can't draw the congregation that I can. They have done so since I came, since they see all the world is on my side, white and black; but the opposition is still in them, only they're feared to let it come out. I have been preaching this sermon on the rotation of the sun for some seven years, though I always say it was the truth; I began to preach it at first as a caution to the people to mend their ways, by their showing how it was of power of the Lord to punish them for their sins. Some preachers got in my pulpit by accident, or when I was absent, and denounced my course; when I returned I came out squarely with the whole truth as I now give it. On that Sunday I preached in the morning on the sun's rotation, and in the evening another sermon on the whole as followed by Jonah—no, I should have said Jonah was saved by the whale. The audience intently agreed with me both times, and from that day to this the idea has been spreading. The editors took it up, commenced to write about it in their papers, and other preachers preached against me. I kept right on, and intend to speak out the truth for the people's souls. I feel killed for it two minutes after I say it, everybody can be sure of that. I ain't afraid to speak what I think, and what I hold is all in the Bible. Nobody can go against that or they'll get the worst of it."

"Have you been successful lecturing?" "Yes; I went to Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, with a young man as my treasurer and agent. I preached everywhere, and seven sermons in New Jersey. I did not go to New York, because the young man got tired, and we had to return to Richmond. I was successful, and the people that heard me said they could not see how a man with a head on his shoulders could speak so wise and have so much to say. One white man in Washington tried to catch me, but he didn't. He got up in the congregation and said: 'Mr. speaker, I would like to ask you a question.' 'Ask it on,' said I. 'You say the sun rises and the sun sets; now where does it go?' I immediately referred him to the 1st chapter, 6th verse of Ecclesiastes, where it says that the

sun ariseth, and the sun goeth down and hasteth to the place where he arose. Then all the audience applauded me and clapped their hands. In Philadelphia they got to fighting about me, and things was warm. One colored man came up to me to rebuke me, saying: 'You come up here for nigger, what you come up here for? You come up here for nigger? Go back South with your old foolish idea, where you belong, or you'll be sent back there nailed up in a pine box.' I thought that was rude to rebuke a man before he was heard, so I got up and preached my sermon, and so convinced them all that the rebukers were in the wrong, and they were retracted, the congregation went, and they all hugged and kissed me—all of them if I had let them."

"I suppose, doctor, you are aware that science is alleged to be in conflict with your theory of the solar system?" "Yes, I know it, but they can't prove they're right. Notice what I say. In Revelation, chapter seven, verse 1, it is said: 'And after these things I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth, that the wind should not blow on the earth, nor on the sea, nor on any tree.' So, you see, we are living on a four-cornered earth, which is fixed and steady in the sky. Now, as to the rotation of the sun, around as the earth, which is square and cannot roll, I have already told you the points as laid down in Ecclesiastes. Joshua made the sun to stand still, it is true, for a short time; but afterward it commenced to move around its usual course, and has been moving on ever since. We have strict Bible authority to believe these facts I argue for. There is other points about the subject referred to in the wars of Joshua with the Amorites, which is stronger than the ones printed in the sermon; but I just quotes them when I gets up in the pulpit. As to science it is all wrong where it's against the Bible. A friend of mine sent me down from Philadelphia the works of nine philosophers, and I looked over them and nearly read one through; but I got tired, and didn't finish it. No two of them agree. One philosopher says the sun is distant from the earth 93,000,000 miles, another 79,000,000, another 80,000,000, another 90,000,000 (leaving out fractions), and one goes so far as to put the figures at 104,000,000. They know nothing about it; no one can, except he gets it from the Bible. There is puzzles in the Bible for me, because I has to spell out all the big words, and some parts I don't want to read in the pulpit, because I don't want to be laughed at by the congregation. I am no grammarian, and got no learning except what I gave myself; but I can spell out all the texts here at home by myself, though I have to feel my way through the Bible in these parts just like a blind man do his way in the streets."

"What salary do you get?" "Seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. The committee have been trying for many years to raise it, but I won't let 'em. I preach for the people's souls; I'm not preaching after money, and I don't care for any more. This is a free State now, and I own considerable property. I've just given an order to sell all my houses and lots except this I live in, so that my first wife (divorced) can't get any of my savings; and if I see cause I'll sell this one, in which I live with my son's family. I had a great deal of trouble with that woman. She went and married another man and had twins by him, and ever since she has been trying to shorten my days in order to get possession of my property, by influencing my children. She's threatened my life three times, and she done tried to kill me once by putting poison in my sup. I drank it, but the doctor saved me. She is still not afraid of me. I'm not afraid of her, though, in the streets or anywhere else; and I'm going to do my way and speak the truth if I'm killed for it the very next minute. I'm not in it."

An exchange says the difference between a hungry man and a glutton is: "One longs to eat and the other eats too long."

"America," says an Englishman, "is a country where a man's statement is not worth two cents unless backed up with an order to bet you \$10."

An Irishman on board a vessel, when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck as the vessel was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck to see himself drowned.

A Practical Lesson.

There is no use in putting up the motto, "God bless our home," if the father is a rough old bear and the spirit of discarding children and by the older to the younger. There is use in putting up a motto, "The Lord will provide," while the father and mother are shiftless and the boys refuse to work and the girls busy themselves over gawags and finery. There is no use in putting up the motto, "The greatest of these is charity," while the tongue of the backbiting wife in the family and silly gossip is dispensed at the tea-table. There is no use in putting up the motto, "The liberal man deviseth liberal things," while the money in the pockets of the head of the household is groaning to get out to see the light of day, and there are dimes and dollars for wines and tobaccos and other luxuries but positively not one cent to the church. In how many homes are these mottoes standing, but as they hang—arcs—arcs which serve only to point a jest and adorn a satire. The beauty of quiet lives, of truthful, hopeful, free-handed charitable lives is one of surpassing loveliness, and these lives shed their own incomparable fragrance and the world knows where to find them. And they still remain, fresh and fadeless when the colors of pigment and the worsted and the dyes have faded and the frames have rotted away in their joints.

How the Policeman got a Heat.

"Talk about bold bank burglaries," said a member of the police force this morning, "the slickest steal I ever heard of was the robbery of a bank down in Rhode Island, six or seven years ago. It was a bitter, cold night and a night patrolman noticing a dim light in the bank window, went up to the door and rapped."

"Is that you, patrolman?" asked a voice from within.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Step in and get a heat," said the voice from within. The patrolman stepped inside and encountered a dapper little fellow wearing a green shade over his eyes and a pen behind his ear.

"You're working late to night," said the patrolman.

"Yes, said the dapper little fellow. 'I've been delayed to night straightening up accounts.'"

"The patrolman warmed himself at the roaring fire that blazed on his hearth, and went out again on his beat. An hour after the patrolman came that way, and still seeing the light through the window, rapped again.

"Is that you, patrolman?"

"Yes."

"Come in and warm yourself."

The patrolman accepted the invitation.

"It's a howling cold night," said the man with a green shade over his eyes.

"You bet," said the patrolman. So he took another heat and returned to his beat. He was rather surprised next day to learn that his friend's friend of the night before had got away with some \$50,000 of the bank's funds."

Agricultural.

Stock Water.

The question of permanent water for stock and other purposes on the farm, in view of the continued droughts for the last few years, has become one of great importance to the farmer. Where the lay of the land renders it feasible, an excavation and embankment is the cheapest means of securing this much needed acquisition upon the farm. The water secured, fish may be introduced, and thus may be added a cheap means of supplying the family with a food difficult to get in the country. The newly introduced German carp is not only a good fish, and profitable when introduced, but they will live and thrive in any pond water which is not stagnant.

When a dam across a depression may be made the matter is quite simple. In no case will the dam be so high as to cause great pressure of water. All that is necessary is to provide solidity at the bottom, so the overflow will not wash away the foundation by undermining, and that the top is secured against water finding its way under. So provision must be made so that muskrats and other water animals cannot burrow through. In ordinary cases a dam of earth and brush or stone and earth will suffice.

The pond, however, especially if intended for fish should be at least five feet deep in some portion, and if water is scarce, and evaporation considerable the deeper the pond the less loss from evaporation and for obvious reasons.

The excavation may be cheaply done by any of the modern dredging machines, and by which the driver may at the same time spread the material as wanted, so that but little spreading will be needed. When the supply of water is light or not permanent on the surface, the dam centering to the well will supply the leakage, or a wall of never failing water will supply it by means of a self-operating windmill. So the pond may be made to supply the house, and outbuildings by means of a force pump and windmill, and by means of underground pipes of sufficient strength to stand the pressure of the water.

Clipping Horses.

There has been much talk pro and con, upon the subject of clipping horses; that is, the shearing of the hair close to the skin by means of an implement made for the purpose. The farmer has no business with horses that have been clipped. They must be blanketed in the stable, and doubly blanketed out of doors when standing. No man owning horses should ever allow them to be clipped, except that class who use them for light work and who can afford to care for the best of care of them in and out of the stable. Coach horses or any horse or horses left standing in the cold should never be clipped. In this connection a word upon stable management may be in place.

There is economy in a blanket for every horse doing work in the stable, and out when standing at rest. The cost is but little, and this cost will be saved in one winter in the saving of feed, to say nothing of the comfort to the poor dumb brutes, the most faithful as they are the most useful of our four-footed servants. Do not, therefore, listen to interested parties. Those of our patrons who keep horses in stables and other suburban localities, should have blankets on one set for the stable and one set for the street—and use them. These will soon show in the sleek glossy coats, if faithful work is laid out in grooming, (remembering a stable horse cannot clean himself) and in any event in a general improvement in condition.

Proverbial Sayings.

What unmitigated nonsense the making of proverbs must have been to those who knew them intimately. Take for example the unvarnished motto that was propagated by the saying: "Children should be seen and not heard!" Did he want them born dumb? Imagine what an interesting individual the author of "Soft words butter no parsnips," must have been. What kind of words would he have had, and why could he not have left the parsnips to the cook.

And then, too, how contradictory proverbs are. One saying reads: "Gather no moss," another says: "Gather no moss on a log till you become moss-grown and unfit even for the fire?"

What is the use of proverbs anyway? All sorts of uncomfortable people quote them to us upon all manner of occasions, and no sooner do we think we have succeeded in mastering the deep meaning that underlies them, than our brains are taken away by some other uncomfortable person asserting the deep truth of another directly opposite. Such, for example, as we recover from the mastery of the "rolling stone," as "A setting hen never gets fat." How is this? or should it be the hen that rolled and the stone that sat?

So after all we may come back to our first position, that the makers of proverbs are unmitigated nuisances.

A depositor dropped in at the office of the cashier one morning to get a note discounted. The official was absent, but on his chair reclined a note, and the depositor, looking at it, observed: "Appears to be on pretty friendly terms with Morpheus?" "It's his habit," responded the gentlemanly clerk; "he always goes to sleep when he comes here." "Has business, I suppose, with the cashier?" "O yes! He's one of the Government bank-examiners."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A professional beauty, though two words, is really only one silly belle.

The Superlative.

Mr. Emerson discourses of the weakness of the Superlative Form in Speech.

There is a superlative temper which has no medium range, but which oscillates from the freezing to the boiling point and which affects the manners of those who share it with a certain desperation. Their aspect is grimace. They go tearing, convulsed through life—walling, praying, exclaiming, swearing. We talk, sometimes, with people whose conversation would lead you to suppose that they had lived in a museum, where all the objects were monsters and extremes. Their good people are phonies; their naughty are like the prophet's figs. They use the superlative of grammar: "most perfect," "most exquisite," "most horrible." Like the French, they are enchanted, they are desolate because you have got or have not got a shoestring or a wafer you happen to want—not perceiving that superlatives are the disintegratives and weaken; that the positive is the shew of speech, the fashionable bait, crowded with the beauty and refinement of the city, she would have been singled out as an object of peculiar admiration. Her blonde features and golden hair were made brilliant and noticeable by her black eyes, which were fatuous in their intense light. Large and lustrous they were, full of a beauty that fascinated while it maddened you. She was an orphan niece of Mr. Howard, whom he had reared as his child. "Until recently," said Mr. F., "he had repaid all his kindness with affection, and even up to the event which drove her out into the world alone she had shown to him a love which owed none of its fervor and slowness to pretension."

His own daughter was of a different style of beauty and with a haughty and imperious manner which repelled friendship and esteem. But that she had, hid under all the calm pride, a heart quick to feel and passionate to resent real or supposed injury, her jealousy of her cousin discovered. The admiration which the orphan every where excited maddened her and I do not doubt she had sworn in her fierce and bitter wrath to crush or kill her.

You must not understand that I knew this until long afterward. When Mr. F. and myself were called on to investigate the robbery which involved the loss of a diamond by a guest in the house, none suspected its existence. But after a patient research we became satisfied that the robbery had been committed by some one in the house, and so stated to Mr. Howard. I noticed for one moment a wild light, a cruel gleam of intelligence, burn in the eyes of his daughter. What it meant then I did not know, but I was even then sure it had an evil significance.

"You do not mean to tell me that one of my own family has done this deed," demanded Mr. Howard.

"That can be ascertained, sir; but that some one in the house did it is evident," I rejoined.

Of course he demanded the strictest investigation; and while the search was being prosecuted his daughter exhibited excellent self-control. But the missing jewel was at last found in Della Howard's work box. I knew the expression of guilt too well to confound it with the look of unaffected surprise which changed to amazement when her cousin said:

"I saw her put it there!"

Astonishment, which for a moment held soul and sense spell-bound, passed away in a moment. The indignant blood flushed face and brow, and the great black eyes flashed out a fierce, bitter scorn.

"I am innocent!"

The young head was thrown back, the form drawn up with a dignity almost regal as she looked upon her cousin.

"How dare you asperse me so?"

"It is true!"

"It is not. Oh, uncle, believe me, I am innocent. I did not do such a deed!" And she knelt at the feet of the stern old man who felt only the disgrace.

The simple fact is that the man who when asked to contribute to a charitable or church object, pleads poverty and in addition says, "If I were as well off as Blank, now, I would do it with delight," would not give thought to the other hand, the man who says, "Hearty, 'why don't you cross over and get them?' The grapes are always on the other side. You have got to cross over to get them. That which costs nothing is worth nothing. God puts everything valuable a little out of our reach, that we may struggle for it."

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The Lost Jewel.

A Detective's Experience.

I have never seen so perfect a specimen of feminine beauty as that of Della Howard. She was just on the verge of young womanhood when I knew her first. Petite in form, yet with a physical development so singularly lovely that even in a fashionable theatre, crowded with the beauty and refinement of the city, she would have been singled out as an object of peculiar admiration. Her blonde features and golden hair were made brilliant and noticeable by her black eyes, which were fatuous in their intense light. Large and lustrous they were, full of a beauty that fascinated while it maddened you. She was an orphan niece of Mr. Howard, whom he had reared as his child. "Until recently," said Mr. F., "he had repaid all his kindness with affection, and even up to the event which drove her out into the world alone she had shown to him a love which owed none of its fervor and slowness to pretension."

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Men and Dogs.

How the Intelligent Collie got to Search of the Bury Oak of the Bury Oak.

The best of these shepherd dogs are worth \$200, or even more. One herder whom we met at Cold Spring ranch, showed us a very pretty one that he said he would not sell for \$500. She had at that time four young puppies. The night we arrived we visited his camp and were greatly interested in the little mother and her snuggling babies. Amid these wild, raised mountains, this little nest of motherly devotion and baby trust was very beautiful. While we were examining, the assistant herder came to say that there were over twenty sheep missing. Two male dogs, both larger than the little mother, were standing about the puppies. The boss insisted that she must go. The sun was setting. There was no time to lose. Flora was called and told to hunt for lost sheep, while her master pointed to a great forest, through which they had passed on their way up. She raised her head, very loth to leave her babies. The boss called sharply to her. She rose, looking very tired and low-spirited, with head and tail down, and trotted off toward the forest. I said:

"That's too bad."

"Oh, she'll be right back. She's lightning on stray sheep."

The next morning I went over to learn whether Flora found the strays. While we were speaking the sheep were returning, driven by the little dog who did not raise her head or wag her tail, but crawled to her puppies and lay down by them, offering the little empty breasts. She had been out all night, and while her hungry babies were tugging away, full asleep. I have never seen anything so touching. So far as I am concerned, there was not a dry eye in the house."

How often that scene came back to me—the vast, gloomy forest and that little creature, with her nose and feet, her heart crying for her babies, limping and creeping about in the wild canons all through the long, dark hours, finding and gathering in the lost sheep.

I wonder if any preacher of the gospel ever searched for lost sheep under circumstances so hard and with such painful sacrifices? But, then, we must not expect too much of men. It is the dog that stands for fidelity to his master. The best part of man is the dog that is in him.

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Honor is like the eye, which cannot suffer the least injury without danger to itself; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw.

The Christmas time stands in my dictionary for an exalted kind of sentimental dynamics, whose special mission is to move our hearts to gentle and generous impulses.

Christmas has come around and the unkind feelings that have struggled against better dispositions during the year, have melted away before its genial influence like half-formed ice beneath the morning sun.

Christmas is very near, and while I write my soul exults at what I know the Merry Day shall bring to countless fellow creatures; both best and dearest, to the children of all Christendom.

Between us and everything bright and beautiful and prosperous there is a river of difficulty that we must cross. "O," said the Israelites to Joshua, "grapes!" "Well," said Joshua "why don't you cross over and get them?" The grapes are always on the other side. You have got to cross over to get them. That which costs nothing is worth nothing. God puts everything valuable a little out of our reach, that we may struggle for it."

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