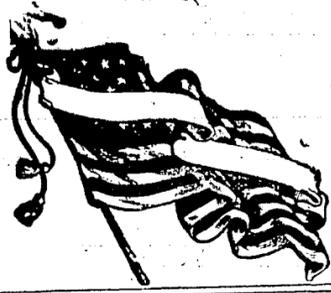


South-Jersey

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.



Republican

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

Vol. XX, No. 9.

Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, March 4, 1882.

Five Cents per Copy.

D. C. HERBERT,

Dealer in all kinds of

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HAMMONTON, N. J.

A specialty made in keeping a **GOOD ARTICLE** for the **LOWEST CASH PRICE.**

CUSTOM WORK and **RE-PAIRING** in all its branches, neatly **EXECUTED.**

THE LADIES' STORE

OF

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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 files.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE S. J. R.

In Memoriam

The life and public services of the Nation's Hero, BY Major Bunker. Complete to date. Written at Mentor by invitation under the direction of Mr. Garfield. Contains a full portrait of Garfield, faithful portraits of his wife and children, also numerous fine engravings; 13 candid and interesting covering and explaining his whole career; ten original testimonials from important speeches and writings; endorsement by Col. Beckwith and the President in every book. Agents everywhere. Price, \$1.25. Sent \$1 for terms and outfit, including copy of book. Address, A. S. BARNES & CO., 111 & 113 William St., N. Y.

85
Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will do for you everything. \$50 a day and \$100 a week made without staying away from home over night. No risk. Many a man and woman wanted at once. **Men are making fortunes at the business.** Ladies make \$500 a month, and young boys and girls make \$250. No one who is willing to work falls to make a few money every day, then can be made in a week of any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address, H. HALLIST & 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 crackers, so well attended to in quantity and quality, by a critical and 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, bonbons, lozenges, etc. Also a great variety of fancy goods for the little folks.

Also apples, oranges, figs, galls and common, dunes, raisins, nuts, kum, onion, potatoes, etc., etc.

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

W. D. PACKER.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 27, 1882.

Two years ago Senator Roscoe Conkling was the recognized leader of the Republican party in New York, and Chester A. Arthur, the deposed Collector of the Port of New York, one of his lieutenants. Friday, President Arthur sent to the Senate the name of Mr. Conkling, a private citizen, for confirmation as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. When the sheet containing his and Mr. Sargent's nomination was passed around and read in the Senate, it created quite a stir, as everybody was surprised, especially at the nomination of Mr. Conkling. There is considerable speculation as to whether Mr. Conkling will accept or decline. It is said he was not communicated with on the subject, and some of his friends think he will decline. Should he do so it is regarded as among the strong probabilities that Senator Edmunds will be appointed. Up to the last moment the friends of Mr. Sargent insisted that he was to be made Secretary of the Interior, and they now say that this was the program recently.

Later in the afternoon it was stated at the Capitol, by those who assumed to know, that Mr. Conkling was formally tendered the appointment on the Supreme Bench before it was made public, and that he signified his acceptance. If this be true, there is no doubt of his confirmation by a unanimous vote.

Gen. Grant will arrive at the White House, on his visit to President Arthur, the first week in March. The exact date of his arrival is not known at the White House. This visit will be of about a week's duration. If he is placed on the retired list under the bill which passed the Senate, his pay will be three-fourths of \$13,500, the pay of the general of the army. A retired officer of the army has not all of the perquisites—such as commutation for fuel, quarters, &c.—enjoyed by officers on the active list.

Lent being upon us, the votaries of pleasure are taking a rest, and until the season is over there will be nothing in the way of social events worthy of chronicling.

Some of our newspapers are doing their best to keep up the Giteau excitement, by printing very sensational accounts of Sergeant Mason's trial, and of the needless (?) and severe confinement he has been subject to since the attempted shooting.

It is high time, however, to put a quietus on this sympathy business. Mason's act was in the law's eye (the law being the solid bulwark of our individual and national safety) just as reprehensible as any attempt to murder, and there is no reason why he should not receive the same treatment that would be given any other criminal of like degree. Mason not only violated his oath and sworn duty as a soldier. It is a well known fact that there must be no laxity in the administration of punishment for offences of this kind in the army, if any show of discipline is to be maintained, outside of the fact that if prompt cognizance, of, and proper penalties for, such actions, are not taken it will seem like the bestowal of a premium on any man or soldier who will take into his own hands the administration of justice according to his individual views. I do not mean to express any compassion for Giteau in saying this—far from it, for it is on these silly effusions this fiend fattens his egotism, and confirms his ideas that the Government is secretly his friend, the difference in the manner of Mason's treatment and in the manner of Giteau's in proof.

Mrs. Deiva Lockwood, the female lawyer, is gaining considerable notice in legal circles; her business is rapidly increasing, and frequently she is found on cases of considerable importance, and has demonstrated the fact that as an opponent her ability has been much underrated. She goes about the city on a tricycle, defying public criticism, and may be seen any day, rain or shine, gliding along our smooth asphalt pavements

to and from court, the cynosure of all eyes.

I am going over to the navy yard next week, and I will give you some of my impressions of the ships there, and what is being done to improve them; and any other items of interest that I may be able to pick up.

JOHN.

Wild Oats.

Of all the "asides" heard in life's drama, there is none more false and pernicious than that in the scene where a son comes in at a late hour and finds the family waiting for his return. His nervous manner and flushed countenance answer all surmises as to where and how he has passed the evening. Suitable paternal reproofs are given at first, followed by more severe words of threatening and contempt, with an order to retire.

Next, the mother and sisters venture to use their influence in favor of the "fast young man" in sentiment, if not in society, and he must sow his wild oats, and get over his rowdiness. That he must do this is untrue, for there are hundreds of young men, of equal nerve and fire, who are not compelled to "sow wild oats." These have grown up and sound and active in mind and body, and capable of bearing the responsibilities which their fellow men have laid on them. They gain place of honor or trust sooner because of their steady, upright conduct while in youth. In some measure, they acquired habits of self-control, so as not to be driven about by every gust of desire or fancy. The increasing tide of vitality was guarded

and diverted into harmless channels, without the disastrous effects which are seen when the levees of good morals are broken through and the cultivation of earlier years is injured by the foul waters of "evil communications." That "corrupt good manners." They never regretted their failure to "sow wild oats," but on the contrary they rejoiced that they had none to gather, which is a matter of greater necessity than the sowing, for the harvest must be gathered by the sower, and not by a proxy. A farmer may have his fields sown by his hired man, who may also care for the crop, without any care for the quality or amount the soil produces. He is paid in cash, and not by a share of the crop. The one who sows "wild oats" must gather them as pay for his sowing. Paul said: "Whoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." In the moral world, every man is responsible for the consequences of his own acts, and he alone must answer for them.

The pernicious nature of the "aside" is, that it is taken as a kind of excuse for the wild and reckless conduct of fast young men.

REV. W.

An effective medicine for kidney diseases, low fevers and nervous prostration, and well worthy of a trial, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for a sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one pill a dose.

Don't condemn a good thing because you have been deceived by worthless nostrums. Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured many in this section, of kidney and nervous disorders, and we commend it heartily to such sufferers. *Expt News.*

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.
It is strange any one will suffer from derangements brought on by impure blood, when SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, will restore health to the physical organization. It is a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria, Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious complaints and Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc.

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA cures pain in Man and Beast.

DR. ROGER'S WORM SYRUP instantly destroys WORMS.

For aged men, women, weak and sickly children, without a rival. Will not cause headache. Brown's Iron Bitters.

All ladies know their faces are more attractive when free from pimples Parker's Ginger Tonic is popular among them, because it banishes impurities from blood and skin and makes the face glow and the eye sparkle with health.

Fitz John Porter's back pay, if he is reinstated in the army, will amount to \$115,000.

Ex Senator Sargeant is another "prominent public man" who began life as a printer, and in his case the printing office stood in Washington, whither he went from Massachusetts.

Colonel Ingersoll inherits his eloquence from his father, who was a thorough believer in Dante's inferno, and of whom it is said that beginning a sermon on one occasion at midday he preached until half of his hearers were moved to tears, and when they quitted the church the sun was setting.

The first proof of the new five-cent postage stamp, containing the vignette of the late President Garfield and which is intended for Queen Victoria, has been received at the Post Office Department. The stamp is set in a frame of ebony, containing a mat of sterling silver, upon which is engraved an exquisite border of fine geometric lattice work. This is surrounded by a rod of solid gold nearly a quarter of an inch in diameter cut in barley corn work of new design with brilliant facets by Jacquie. It will be sent to Queen Victoria through the State Department.

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 5th, 1882, between the hours of twelve and five o'clock to wit, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the store of Peter Tilton, in the town of Hammonton, in the county of Atlantic, the following described 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 Atlantic 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 minutes 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 minutes east; seven and twenty-eight hundredths rods; thence [4] along one Winslow 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 beginning 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 Atlantic county clerk's office at May's Landing, in Book 73 folio 413.

Also the following described lot: Beginning in the centre of Basin road, the distance of two hundred and ten 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 minutes west, by the centre of said road to the place of beginning, containing twenty-five acres of land strict measure, being the same lot of land which Mary T. Wilson conveyed to Luther Halsey by deed, dated October 12, A. D. 1869, and recorded at May's Landing, N. J. in book 37 of Deeds folio 181.

Also the following described lot: Beginning 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 minutes 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 recorded 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. f. \$14.40

STRONG FACTS!

A great many people are asking what particular troubles BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is good for.

It will cure Heart Disease, Paralysis, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all similar diseases.

Its wonderful curative power is simply because it purifies and enriches the blood, thus beginning at the foundation, and by building up the system, drives out all disease.

A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1880. My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking Brown's Iron Bitters, and I scarcely had strength enough to attend to my daily household duties. I am now using the third bottle and I am regaining strength daily, and I cheerfully recommend it to all. I cannot say too much in praise of it. Mrs. MARY E. BRUSHMAN, 173 Freshman St.

Kidney Disease Cured.

Christiansburg, Va., 1881. Suffering from kidney disease, from which I could get no relief, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, which cured me completely. A child of mine, recovering from scarlet fever, had no appetite and did not seem to be able to eat at all. I gave him Iron Bitters with the happiest results. J. KEEL MONTAGUE.

Heart Disease.

Vine St., Harrisburg, Pa. Dec. 2, 1881. After trying different physicians and many remedies for palpitation of the heart without receiving any benefit, I was advised to try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used two bottles and never found anything that gave me so much relief. Mrs. JENNIE HESS.

For the peculiar troubles to which ladies are subject, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is invaluable. Try it.

Be sure and get the Genuine.

1828—RELIABLE—1882

BUIST'S SEEDS

ARE THE BEST SEEDS
Are entirely the product of our own farms, and are unsurpassed by any in the world for purity and reliability. Buist's Garden Almanac, containing the prices, cultivation, and uses of all the most valuable seeds, sent free on receipt of 25 cents. Wholesale prices for merchants on application. ROBERT BUIST, Jr., Seed Grower, PHILADELPHIA.

Leave orders for printing

of all kinds at the South

JERSEY REPUBLICAN Office,

BUIST'S PREMIER PEAS

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— invariably taking First Prizes whenever put in competition. They are dwarf in growth, exceedingly productive, entirely distinct in character from all market garden peas, and named "THE BEST EVER PLANTED."

If you want the Best Extra Early Pea, plant BUIST'S PREMIER and buy it only in a sealed bag bearing our name and leader seal, or direct from ROBERT BUIST, Jr. SEED CROWER, (Lock Box 102) 924 & 924 Market St., Phila.

Items General and Personal.

The French indirect taxes have yielded over \$48,000,000 more than the estimate—that is, the yield of the tax on responding to the previous year.

Senorita Barca, the daughter of the Spanish Minister at Washington, is a thorough Andalusian in appearance if not in origin.

What time is it, my dear? asked a wife of her husband, whom she suspected of being drunk, but who was doing his best to look sober.

Life in America is an every-where else, many-sided. There is one side of it—the country life—where the fatal dollar has little authority, and the people remain as quiet and as contented as the men of Allah.

Senorita Cataline Gongara Falls Three-Fourths of a Mile.

A few days ago an Associated Press telegram mentioned briefly the rumor that a Mexican girl had dropped from a balloon in mid-air while exhibiting at Cuantia.

Prose and Poetical Slices. An odd nick-name: A South-end man calls his wife Crystal because she is always on the watch.

Roaring rapture—Somebody heard a Boston girl say: "I think he looked like a perfect ravine angel in his uniform! He was awful heavenly!"

A smart small boy—"Money makes my ma go," said little Skeels when his mother, armed with a \$20 green-back, left for a town shopping tour.

Her Palmyra Show. Each Sabbath, when with the devout I sit in church to think and pray, My eyes, that aim would rove about over all the things that I see, I hold with respect to command On objects grouping near at hand.

There, just before me, without fail, Where the long sunbeams brightest fall, Sit a lady, dressed in white and pale, Enveloped in a palest shawl, Of that old style that never serves From blended tints in palest curves.

And while the preacher talks with force And while the choir sings sweetly low, Along each figure's winding course My eyes go glancing out and in, Till I've done with doctrine old and new.

Roast Armadillo.

On the Isthmus of Panama the tapir and sloth are eaten by the Indians, who also consider the tortoise and other small rodents great delicacies.

Double-barreled metaphor.—Lawyer to witness: "You've brass enough in your face to make a forty-gallon kettle." Witness to lawyer: "And you've sp enough in your head to fill it."

Knocked down by a conundrum.—"It is poor taste to laugh at your own jokes," said Fenderson; "something I never do, though I do say it." "Does anybody else ever laugh at them?" asked Fogg.

A theologian's loss: At a young ladies' seminary recently, during an examination in history, one of the pupils was interrogated thus: "Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the reply; "he was excommunicated by a bull."

He wasn't saying anything.—"Man and wife are all one, are they?" said she. "Yes; what of it?" said he suspiciously. "Why, in that case," said his wife, "I came home awfully tipsy last night and feel terribly ashamed of myself this morning. He never said a word."

Profitable joke-cracking.—A widowed man has been getting a dollar apiece from simple-minded farmers by sending them through the mail, for one dollar, a "recipe" to prevent pumps from freezing on cold nights.

Animals and the Telegraph.

M. Nelson, director of the Norwegian telegraph lines, has just published a curious note upon the impressions that are produced upon animals by the vibrations of telegraph wires.

Having read the story of James Rowe, the miner, who was nearly killed in an explosion at Virginia City, and who every night since the accident has dreamed of dying, the editor of the Nevada Transcript relates a much more curious experience of his own.

When a boy, ten years ago, a gun accidentally discharged sent a load of small shot tearing into his right arm.

He saw a bright flash and felt the horrible sensation of being blown to atoms. He fainted and upon recovering consciousness found a physician bending over him.

He looked at the scars and found that they were bleeding afresh. Since that he has dreamed recently that he was a target for riflemen practicing at short range.

A Fixed Jury.

How an Arkansas Lawyer Made Sure of a Verdict. Down in an extremely rural district of Arkansas an old man was arrested for stealing a hog.

The prosecuting attorney, a young and inexperienced man, agreed to every jurymen selected by the defense, and the judge, although he might have thought the defense stepped over the bounds of judicial courtesy, said nothing.

When the Court adjourned the Judge approached the lawyer for the defense and remarked: "Look here, my friend, I never heard of such a verdict. It is not an impartial disseminator of justice, allow so flagrant an outrage to be perpetrated on this community."

The National Portrait-Gallery in London. The vagaries of popular favor are singular and almost unaccountable. The national portrait gallery has now been in existence for more than twenty years, and in all that time less than a million visitors have crossed its threshold.

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Pious Sentiment.

Though it is painful to walk alone where one went last night with a dear friend, yet ten years after it is sweet to go there and think it all over.

In a Graveyard. Here rests in God. 'Tis all we read: The mouldering stone reveals no more. 'In God.' Or other words that need? Those upon the broad, eternal shore.

And deep within its leafy breast Some tuneful bird has sought a home; The tiny brood within the nest, Fearless and free to go and come.

A holy quietude is here, Save when the happy bird's song Breaks through the autumn haze and cheer, And sends the dark firs among.

Step on, sleep on, thou painless heart, Where jacinths stars drop golden rain, From every troubled thought apart, Forgotten every earthly pain.

Shooting Chamois. To tell a buck from a barren doe in early autumn at any but the shortest distance requires long practice, and even then mistakes not infrequently occur.

My glass assures me, however, that not only is the animal a buck, but the large size of the horns ranks him unquestionably among the very largest—the so-called "capitals-bucks."

My "express"—the same that in the far West has rolled over, in no dissimilarly wild surroundings, many a proud big-horn—gives forth its loud report, and the solid bullet is preferably missile to the usual expanding bullet for such small game as chamois.

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Early Manuscripts of the New Testament.

All we have to depend upon for our translations of the New Testament are copies, ancient versions, translations, and the quotations made by the Fathers of the Church.

The new, about one thousand five hundred. The very old and very valuable manuscripts are only five. Of these, the Alexandrian Codex was originally discovered at Alexandria, and was sent to King Charles I. in 1628.

It is now in the British Museum. Nothing is known of the origin of this, but it is usually assigned to the middle of the fifth century. It is much mutilated, twenty-four chapters of the first Gospel, two of the fourth, and eight of one of the Epistles being missing.

The next is the Vatican manuscript, supposed to have been written in the fourth century. A copy of this was never made till 1968, when a fac-simile was issued. The condition of this is much more perfect. The third manuscript is that in the National Library at Paris, whither it was brought by Catherine de Medici.

This had been used for other writings; but, in spite of that, the original has been deciphered. It is assigned to the early part of the fifth century. The fourth manuscript is that now at Cambridge. This is the least valuable, as it is much mutilated. It belongs to the sixth century. The manuscript found in 1841 in the convent of St. Catharine on Mount Sinai by Tischendorf, and copied by him in 1859, is the most valuable of the five, as it contains the New Testament complete.

This is supposed to have been written in the fourth century. None of these most valuable authorities were consulted in any of the past English versions of the Bible, even in making that of King James' time. The Latin Vulgate, the plentiful curative manuscripts and the translations were used.

The Jews in Russia.

Referring to the relief movement in England for the persecuted Jews of Russia, the Journal of St. Petersburg (Russia) angrily comments on this agitation in England.

It says that though the agitation is carried on under the mask of philanthropy, it has its mainspring in a feeling of hatred towards Russia and in the displeasure with which political factions view the excellent relations between Russia and England, which have existed since the accession of Mr. Gladstone.

The Journal declares that the account of riots are manifestly exaggerated. As the Government is considering legislative measures in regard to the Jews, the Journal begs the foreign press not to inflame the questions already bristling with difficulties.

A Hopeful Celestial.

That wily Hong Kong merchant, Ling, sent as Commissioner to England, predicts the downfall of English commerce within five and twenty years.

"The letting loose," he says, "of the Chinese people has given to the world a new obstacle against which a light to the death will soon be commenced. The Chinese are made for commerce only. You men of the West will be fighting us long, while we shall be making commercial profit of the opportunity of superceding you peacefully throughout the world. We mean to establish our centers in every great commercial center in Europe, in London, Liverpool, Belfast, Bristol, Havre, Hamburg, Marseilles and Genoa. Europe will for a little while retain her financial supremacy, but we shall seize that power in the course of time, and the position of the English at Shanghai will, in a few years, be on a level with that of the Portuguese at Macao. The rich men will be driven out by Chinese competition, and none but the poor will remain to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the nation as the Portuguese at Macao."

Massachusetts has \$148 miles of rail-road track representing, with rolling stock \$129,165,814. Last year 184 persons were killed and 118 injured.

Never Mind What "They" Say.

Don't worry nor fret About what people think Or say or do or write, Of your good or your evil, If you know you are doing Your best every day, With the right on your side, Never mind what "they" say.

Lay out in the morning Your plans for each hour, And never forget That old time has a power, This also remember, 'Tis not the old and new—The world is too busy To think much of you.

Then garner the minutes That make up the hours, And prick in your pilgrimage Hours' bright and gloom, And should your minutes be sure Your course will not pay, With conscience at rest, Never mind what "they" say.

Then let us, forgetting The inane things, That jostle us daily While marching along, Press onward upward, And make no delay—And though people talk, Never mind what "they" say.

The Ghost-Raiser.

Uncle Beagley, who commenced his commercial career very early in the present century as a bagman, will tell stories. Among them, he tells his "Single Ghost" story so often, that I am heartily tired of it.

In self defense, therefore, I publish the tale in order that when next the good, kind old gentleman offers to bore us with it, everybody can say they know it. I remember every word of it.

One fine autumn evening about forty years ago I was traveling on horseback from Shrewsbury to Chester. I felt tolerably tired, and was beginning to look out for some snug night-lun, where I might pass the night, when a sudden and violent thunder storm came on.

My horse, terrified by the lightning, fairly took the bridle between his teeth and started off with me at a full gallop through lanes and cross-roads, until at length I managed to pull him up just near the door of a neat-looking country inn.

"Well," thought I, "there was wit in your madness, old boy, since it brought us to this comfortable refuge." And alighting, I gave him in charge to the stout farmer's boy who acted as hostler. The inn kitchen, which was also the guest room, was large, neat and comfortable, very like the pleasant hostelry described by Isaac Walton.

There were several travelers already in the room—probably like myself, driven there for shelter—and they were all warming themselves by the blazing fire while waiting for supper. I joined the party. Presently, being summoned by the hostess, we all sat down, twice in number to a smoking repast of bacon and eggs, corned beef and carrots, and stewed horse.

The conversation naturally turned on the mishaps caused by the storm, of which all seemed to have had their share. One had been thrown off his horse, another, driving a pig, had been upset into a muddy dike; all had had a thorough wetting, and agreed unanimously that it was dreadful weather—a regular witches' Sabbath!

"Witches and ghosts prefer for their Sabbath a fine moonlight to such weather as this!"

"These words were uttered in a solemn tone, and with a strange emphasis, by one of the company. He was a tall, dark-looking man, and I had set him down as a traveling merchant or pedlar. My next neighbor was a gay, well-looking, fashionably-dressed young man, who, bursting into a peal of laughter said:

"You must know the manners and customs of ghosts very well, to be able to tell that they dislike getting wet or muddy."

The first speaker, giving him a dark, fierce look, said: "Young man, speak not so lightly of things above your comprehension."

"Do you mean to imply that there are such things as ghosts?"

"Perhaps there are, if you had the courage to look at them."

The young man stood up, flushed with anger, but presently resuming his seat, he said, calmly: "That's tantamount to you dear if it were not such a foolish one."

"A foolish one!" exclaimed the merchant, throwing on the table a heavy leather purse. "There are fifty guineas. I am content to lose them if before an hour is ended I do not succeed in showing you, who are so obstinately prejudiced; the form of any deceased friends; and if, after

You have recognized him, you allow him to kiss your lips."

We all looked at each other, but my young neighbor, still in the same mocking manner, replied: "You will do that, will you?"

"Yes," said the other; "I will stake these fifty guineas on condition that you say a similar aim if you lose."

After a short silence the young man said, gaily: "Fifty guineas, my worthy sorerer, are more than a poor college sizar ever possessed; but here are five, which, if you are satisfied, I shall be most willing to wager."

The other took up his purse, saying in a contemptuous tone: "Young gentleman you wish to draw back?"

"I draw back!" exclaimed the student. "Well, if I had the fifty guineas, you should see whether I wished to draw back."

"Here," said I, "are four guineas which I stake on your wager."

No sooner had I made this proposition, than the rest of the company, attracted by the singularity of the affair, came forward to lay down their money, and in a moment or two the fifty guineas were subscribed. The merchant appeared so sure of winning that he placed the stakes in the student's hands and prepared for his experiment. We selected for the purpose a small summer-house in the garden, perfectly isolated, and having no means of exit but a window and a door, which we carefully fastened, after placing the young man within.

We put writing materials on a table in the summer-house, and took away the candles. We remained outside, with the merchant among us. In a low, solemn voice he began to chant: "What riseth soul from the ocean caves And the stormy sea? The phantom pale sets his blackened foot On the fresh, green turf? Then raising his voice solemnly, he said: "You asked to see your friend, Frank Villiers, who was drowned three years ago off the coast of South America—what do you see?"

"I see," replied the student, "a white light rising near the window; but it has no form—it is like an uncertain cloud."

"Are you afraid?" asked the merchant in a loud voice.

"I am not," replied the student, firmly.

After a moment's silence, the merchant stamped three times on the ground, and said: "And the phantom white, whose stay-cold face was so fair, Drove his shroud his clinging vest And his rusted hair? Once more the solemn question: "You, who would see revealed the mysteries of the tomb—what do you see now?"

The student answered in a calm voice, but like that of a man describing things as they pass before him: "I see the cloud taking the form of a phantom—it had covered with a veil."

"Are you afraid?" "I am not!" The merchant then chanted in a sepulchral voice: "And the phantom said, as he arose from the wave, He shall know me in sooth; I will go to my friend, gay, smiling and fond, As in our first youth? "What do you see?" said he.

"I see the phantom advance—he lifts his veil—'tis Francis Villiers!—he approaches the table—he writes—it is his signature!"

"Are you afraid?" "A fearful moment of silence ensued; then the student replied, but in an altered voice: "I am not!"

We looked at each other in horror-stricken silence, while the merchant raising his arms above his head, with frantic gestures, then sang: "And the phantom said to the mocking seer, I come from the south! Put thy hand on my hand—thy heart on my heart? "Thy mouth on my mouth!" "What do you see?" "He comes—he approaches—he pursues me—he is stretching out his arms—he will have me! Help! help! Save me!"

"Are you afraid now?" asked the merchant, in a mocking voice. "A piercing cry, and then a stifled groan, were the only reply to this terrible question.

"Help that rash youth!" said the merchant, bitterly. "I have, I think now the water; but it is sufficient for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep his money and be wiser for the future."

He walked rapidly away.

We opened the door of the summer-house and found the student in convulsions.

A paper signed with the name "Francis Villiers" was on the table. As soon as the student's senses were restored he asked vehemently where was the vile sorcerer who had subjected him to such a horrible ordeal.

"He would kill him!" he sought him throughout the inn in vain; then with the speed of a madman, he dashed off across the fields in pursuit of him—and we never saw either of them again.

"That, children, is my ghost story!" "And how is it, good uncle, that after that you don't believe in ghosts?" said I the first time I heard it.

"Because, my boy," replied my uncle, "neither the student or the merchant ever returned; and the forty-five guineas belonging to me and the other travelers continued equally inviolable. These two swindlers carried them off, after having acted a farce, which we, like ninnyes, believed to be real."

Food for Thought.

It is ill to live twice to be able to enjoy the retrospect of your past life.

Have patience with all things, but chiefly have patience with yourself.

If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone.

If peace of mind is our possession, we may smile at every misfortune or loss.

Men often judge the person, but not the cause, which is not justice, but malice.

There is nothing that so refines the face and mind as the presence of great thoughts.

We may laugh or weep at the madness of mankind; we have no right whatever to vilify them.

The natural affections are debased by vice as they are ennobled and refined by virtue.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

It seems that the men who are wanted here are the men who are not wanted in the other world.

Anger ventilated often hurries toward forgiveness; anger concealed often hinders into revenge.

He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

Training the hand and eye to do work well leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects.

Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them.

Wicked men stumble over hills in the way to destruction.

It ever is the marked propensity of reckless and sapling minds to look into the stretch of dark futurity.

A Solid Editorial on the Season.

If the cold has come to stay, or only to last a few days, it has come so suddenly upon systems relaxed with the open dampness of the season heretofore that people need to take extraordinary care of themselves.

We have not yet, in this country, invented lunge to match the "climate"—or rather the climate will not stand still long enough to be matched. The Greenlander knows his season, and so does the Cuban, and the Englishman makes up his mind to breathe cold fog from November through till April.

But the pattern of American lungs is not suited to either fog or frost except by long sojourn in either. Arctic explorers get frost-bitten limbs and snow-blindness, or suffer from meat diet or from too nearly a diet; but they do not get pneumonia or influenza. The only way to bear such sudden changes as come now along the whole coast country of the United States is to be extra weather-wise.

The fashions of change which he marked in California that must dress and sealin jackets are worn the same day by the same people is a part of our general coast climate now. It is still relied on that you can get steady weather in the interior and among the mountains. The winter thermometer is said to stand at one level in Minnesota, and upon our own Alleghenies; but neither the sea we get every "sample" of a thermometer. The theory that our winter grows steadily milder seems to be disproved by last winter's experience, and it takes a long run of averages to prove anything about it. But what no averages do show, and what are highly important in selecting winter climates for invalids, are the jumps of the thermometer. A land where you can sit by the open window in the morning, and must shiver over a blazing fire by night, may have its yearly mean temperature all right, but let those who have suffered with the damp chilliness of the South Carolina coast at night, or St. Augustine, set about a new sort of table-making for weather reports.

But the few people who need a traveler's guide to climate are insignificant to the hundreds of thousands of stay-at-homes, who must live in Philadelphia and take what comes along. It is more important that doctors should devote themselves to helping people how to live here than to making the best selections in ordering them away.

While everybody is watching the small box list, look at the consumptives! Look at the lung inflammations! There is not a "lung" in the city, and yet how fatal was the acute dampness of the fortnight. Seventy-seven deaths from consumption, fifty-four from congestion of the lungs, fifty-four from inflammation of the lungs, thirteen inflammation of the bronchi, one hundred and fifty in all, or exactly one-third of the deaths from all causes set down in the city for the week last.

Look at the clear, bleak cold, with the searching winds; we have the dirt of the street frozen stiff and safe—only so long as it is not ground up to dust under the wheels of vehicles. We have the weather that must make old persons careful and delicate people, whereas the mortality of last week's reports was more heavily marked among people of between twenty and thirty years (54 deaths) and between thirty and forty years (48 deaths) than for other times of life. Younger folks were caught by the damp strain of the horse-cars, the wet feet and soaked garments of the pedestrian. These are the sufferers so far this week from the stiffening of the cold. Except little children and old age, the brisk cold weather helps most folks to get their blood in more active motion and so defend themselves. But for old folks this is the time for caution. A piercing cry, and then a stifled groan, were the only reply to this terrible question.

"Help that rash youth!" said the merchant, bitterly. "I have, I think now the water; but it is sufficient for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep his money and be wiser for the future."

He walked rapidly away.

A War Incident.

The cry of "On to Richmond!" awakened enthusiasm in the hearts of the "Third Ohio" one day when they found themselves en route as prisoners of war for that famous capital. Nor were they enthusiastic when they halted for the night and prepared to stink supperless into dream-land.

The Fifty-fourth Virginia regiment was encamped near by, and some of the men came down to have a look at the "Yanks."

"Had your coffee?" asked one of a blue coat, stretched disconsolate on the bank.

"Not a sup," answered the other. "Ain't you had any rations tonight?"

"Only a crumb or two from the bottoms of our haversacks."

This was told to the boys of the Fifty-fourth, and old Virginia's hospitality showed itself at once. The men soon made their appearance with coffee-kettles, corn-bread and meat the best they had. In a few minutes the coffee was steaming, the bacon cooked, and prisoners and captors sat down together around the camp-fire, like kinsmen—true and brothers—tried. The hungry, grateful Yankees ate with a relish such as no one can appreciate unless he has been in a like situation.

No wonder there was a warm spot in every heart of the Third Ohio ever after for the generous Fifty-fourth.

A fresh slide in the magic lantern gives another of these shifting war pictures. In the distance is Mission Ridge, which has just been stormed. That long line of prisoners passing over the pontoon bridge and up the stony mountain road is the Fifty-fourth Virginia. A soldier on duty at Kelly's Ferry asked indifferently of one of the prisoners, as the regiment passed: "What regiment is this?"

"The Fifty-fourth Virginia," was the reply.

In an instant the loungers sprang to their feet and rushed to camp. "The Fifty-fourth Virginia is at the ferry!" they shouted, as they run in and out among the tents of the Third Ohio.

The Ohio boys were quickly in motion. Boxes from home and all restoratives were speedily ransacked. Coffee and sugar, beef and canned peaches and the best they had of everything were freely brought forth. They remembered gratefully their debt of honor, and paid it nobly. It was the same old scene over, with the shading reversed. For one night at least both Confederates and Yankees enjoyed again the sweet grace of hospitality that could bring a smile even to the grim visage of war.

The Field of Science.

It is predicted by M. Duponchel that the next sun-spot maximum period will be before 1890. It may perhaps occur in 1888, but the great probability is that it will present itself in 1892.

A locomotive provided with an electric head-light has been placed on the French Northern Railroad. The electricity is furnished by the application of the surplus power of the engine.

A series of experiments is in progress at Portsmouth, England, in order to determine the selection of the best dynamo-electric machine for the working of "search" lights on board of war vessels.

A prize of \$50 is offered by the Royal Italian Scientific Institution, at Venice, for a statement of the hypotheses recently advanced by physicists on the causes of the phenomena of light, heat, electricity and magnetism.

The New York State Medical Society condemns the use of the so-called "foods" for infants. These foods are sold in large quantities, although nothing is known of their composition, or whether they are not worse than useless.

A thick vein of a peculiar substance, which, according to local chemists, contains 50 per cent. of pure paraffine, has been discovered at Hawkes Bay, New Zealand. It is said to be worth \$200 per ton, and to exist in enormous quantities.

Professor Palmieri, of the Mount Vesuvius Observatory, has in the course of his spectro-analytical examinations of lava just discovered a new line which corresponds exactly with that of helium, the famous element hitherto seen in the solar spectrum only.

Dr. Stephan, Secretary of the Imperial Post Office, Berlin, does not believe that houses are endangered by overhead telephone wires, but he says that it is important that in arranging the wires due provision be made that atmospheric discharges of electricity find a ready path to earth.

It is recommended by M. Duboscq that the carbons in the electric arc lamps should not be placed exactly in the same line. When they are so arranged he says that the positive carbon is formed into a depression, at the bottom of which and marked by its edges, is found the most intense light.

Messrs. Howard and Hodgkin have extracted from the bark of China copra an alkaloid resembling quinine in its general properties. It differs from quinine in the solubility of its salts and in the readiness with which the alkaloid crystallizes from ether. This new substance has been named homouquine.

Why should not the "Glasgow (Scotland) Health Lectures" be instituted in the large cities here? These addresses are stripped of all technicalities, and deal with sanitary matters in a plain, common-sense way. When a lecture is delivered it is printed and sold to the audience attending the next lecture at the low price of 2 cents.

The Sanitary Engineer gives this valuable piece of advice to house-keepers: Beware of deuced "conventicles," and don't trust to the memory of any one for filling the visible trap with water. Better remove the whole fixture and seal up its outlet if not wanted for frequent use. Moreover, don't you put such an antiquated device as a pan-closet in a first-class house anywhere. Even if its receiver be ventilated, the vent-pipe may work the wrong way and deceive you.

At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, on December 5, M. Faye criticized the proposal to establish meteorological stations in high latitudes. He does not think that much is to be learned at these places in the case of science. It is simply a matter of conjecture whether the ice of the polar regions is the regulator of the climates of the temperate zones. Modern science shows the regulator to be rather in the vast equatorial zone, whence storms travel over the two hemispheres. Instead of organizing a meteorological station at Cape Horn the French Government would do better to found one in the Azores.

"We all know," said a cockney school committee man to the new teacher he was examining for her position, "that A, B and C is vowels; but we want to know is vy they be so."

Sanitary.

Attend to Your Feet. We devote a large amount of space this week to our sanitary condition, as this is a season of the year when it is imperatively demanded that we should guard our health, and in no way can we use preventives to better advantage than by observing the following laws and suggestions from good authority.

Care of the Feet. The Scientific American says: Many are careless in the keeping of the feet. If they wash them once a week they think they are doing well. They do not consider that the largest pores are located in the bottom of the foot, and that the most offensive matter is discharged through the pores.

An Ohio man offers ten dollars for every corn not cured in three days by binding cotton batting upon it and wetting three times a day with spirits of turpentine.

Soft corns may be cured by boiling tobacco to an extract, mix with pitch and apply renewing it once a week till the corn disappears.

Dr. Foote says, take coal tar, saltpetre and brown sugar equal parts and mix well, spread a plaster of the mixture on a piece of old glove, bind it on, leave for two or three days and when you remove it the corn will come with it.

Wet Bores.—When you take them off at night fill them with dry oats. They will rapidly draw water from the leather, and as they gather moisture they will swell and fill the boot, stretching it and keeping the form perfect without hardening the leather.

In the morning shake out the oats and hang them in a bag near the fire to dry, ready for the next wet night, then draw on your boots and go happy about your day's work.

To put back a cold. So soon as you feel that you are taking a cold—and you will generally have notice before it amounts to much—place your feet into water made as warm as you can bear, and keep them there about ten minutes. Change them, then, into a vessel containing cold water—if ice-water, all the better—and hold them in it about a minute; after which wipe dry and put on warm stockings.

The only way by which capital can increase is by saving. If you spend so much as you get, you will never be richer than you are.

The happiness of the human race in this world does not consist in our being devoid of passions, but in our learning to command them.

There is no time in a man's life when he is so great as when he cheerfully bows to the necessity of his position, and makes the best of it.

He who has been spoiled by success may readily be sweetened, but he who has been spoiled by non-success has lost wholesomeness forever.

Treat the evil-companion—with "skilled negligence," and you will never have to bear the curses that come home to roost.

L'Estrange says: "So long as we stand hoggling at imaginary evils let us never blame a horse for starting at a shadow."

Love is a great deal like the small pox. It is hard to determine at first whether it is the genuine disease or a kind of varioloid.

One principal point of good breeding is to suit our behavior to the three several degrees of man—our superiors, our equals, and those below us.

aid instead of the ammonia, which you can procure at any drug-gist's. Bathe your feet in spirits of ammonia. If that fails, use tannic acid. It is highly recommended to harden the feet and prevent excessive perspiration.

A correspondent of the Cleveland Herald gives the following remedy for chilblains: Use the coldest water you can get, put your feet, from three to five minutes, follow with a brisk and thorough rubbing with a coarse towel. This treatment faithfully carried out a sufficient length of time is a certain cure. We have seen it tested.

An Ohio man offers ten dollars for every corn not cured in three days by binding cotton batting upon it and wetting three times a day with spirits of turpentine.

Lay pieces of raw fat pork on your corns and it is said they will disappear in a few days.

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Fishing in Japan.

Fishing in the rivers and streams of the Main Island is not considered as a sport by the Japanese, but as a means of livelihood, and therefore "the gentleman" will not receive much encouragement from the brotherhood in the Land of the Rising Sun.

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Various Paragraphs.

Few are the men who are content to give up their country for the sake of their principles. One has been found in the person of Honor Joaquin Nabarro, the eminent Brazilian politician.

He has withdrawn from the Chamber of Deputies and from public life in Brazil because he is unable to persuade his fellow-countrymen to emancipate the millage and a half of slaves they hold. He has arrived in London where he intends to live in future, having shaken the dust of Brazil from his feet forever.

The advantages of the American baggage system in trading and recovering lost packages was strikingly illustrated on Tuesday evening. A Despatch of Isaac Walton was fishing off the Howard street bridge for tom cod with a baggage check attached to his line for a sinker, when, feeling a strong tug at his hook, he pulled up and found a valise securely fastened to the line. This extraordinary luck has induced a number of down-towners to go fishing for the key.—New London Day.

Princess Jeanne, the intelligent and pretty daughter of Prince Pierre Bonaparte and his milliner wife, is about to be married to the Marquis de Villeneuve Espartero. Her dowry of 2,000,000 francs is probably a part of the firm's marriage with Mlle. Blanc. Her future husband has, he himself, aesthetic tastes, and the young pair became acquainted by contributing, one to the preface, the other to the illustrations of some forthcoming Provencal poems by William Bonaparte Wyse, the friend of M. de Villeneuve and cousin to the Princess.

A law office noted for graduating successful politicians has at last been opened at Ashabula, Ohio. It was opened in 1821 by Joshua B. Giddings, and among the subsequent partners in the firm were Benjamin F. Wade and R. P. Ranney. There were only seven partners altogether, yet they furnished one Vice-President of the United States, one United States Senator, one Congressman, one Judge of the Ohio Supreme Court, one Consul-General to Canada, two Ohio Common Pleas Judges, one member of the Ohio Constitutional Convention, two State Senators, two State Representatives, one Probate Judge, one Provost Marshal and a number of local officers.

St. Gothard Tunnel. The St. Gothard tunnel is now daily traversed by eight trains, four each way. Touching solidity of construction, the tunnel leaves nothing to be desired. The official inspectors express themselves perfectly satisfied with the condition of the work. Particular attention was paid to the warty stretch, which has caused so much trouble, and given rise to so many fears, but the massive granite masonry with which this part of the passage is stayed seems admirably adapted to its purpose, and shows no signs of yielding to the immense pressure that weighs upon it. The ventilation is good, and no inconvenience was experienced from the temperature. The tunnel is lighted by lamps placed a kilometre apart.

Gems From the Heart and Soul. As if anybody was ever quite lost sight of in this little world, where if you flee from London to Caiffaria, you shall find your old next-door neighbor's brother living in the nearest shanty.

It is a sad fact, but a true one, that there is no time for a mother to indulge her private grief, nor convenient days in which she may huddle about and take her ease.—Fannie H. Gallagher.

Equality generally means that one is as good as one's superior, but better than one's equals, and above touching. It is not what is said, but what is said, that gives a word half its weight; and so I think the best way to be sure of saying shewing words at the right time, is to say them always.—Jd.

That added shade of meaning which quoted words always have.—Edward Garrett.

Those who do much, always find time for more; and what ever does not cost money, involves a loss of soul and moral worth which is not so easily acquired.—Jd.

Better to be disappointed in people, than grow so wise as never to trust, or to forget in little matters where there may be mutual misunderstandings.—Jd.

The Autumn of Life.

The old man sits at his cottage door, In the gloom of the dying day; His heart is calm as the silent shore When the winds have passed away; His thoughts as still as the fragrant breeze That whispers of peace to the azure sea.

He is the beauty of earth and air, The glow of the twilight hours; He feels that glory wry where Is breathing from woodland flowers; And his heart grows young though his years are old.

At the wondrous sight of the sunset glow, He thoughtfully with gentle hand, And breaths on Ray's wings He thought for her own immortal soul, Where the past forever lies Of joys that brightened the fair day of God, Ere Zephthips faded with friends long dead And the past, though sad, for the love that is gone.

In sweet to the old man's mind; Like the birds that sang to those years, have flown; The hopes he hath left behind; Yet memory bring from each bygone day Some gift of peace or his lonely way!

And the children love that old man dear As he sits in the twilight there, Listing a rhyme they can not hear, From the sea and the volcanic air; And gather around the pleasant flowers, As he tells them tales of the vanished hours.

And as the Present is made more bright By the lessons the Past hath taught; As the east reflects the wondrous light Of the west, by sunset brought; Although his vision is growing dim, God maketh his pathway bright to him.

His age is peace; yet he joys to think That a deeper than earth can know Shall be his, when his tranquillous soul shall drink Ora balmer twilight glow, In that happier home, where his thoughts at last Shall yearn no more for the distant Past!

Ruth.

I know I was a selfish old idiot, now, when I look around me and see the mercies given me in my helpless old age, feel the love around me on all sides, and realize the desolation my own hand reached forth to grasp; but I was blind to the future in those days when I so nearly wrecked all my happiness.

This was how it happened: After Martha died—my wife, I mean, with whom forty happy years of my life were spent—and all my children were dead or married, excepting Ruth, there fell upon me the heavy misfortune of a wife.

It chanced me to this chair, or my bed, for fifteen many years. I had been a hard-working man all my life—a wheelwright by trade—with a large family to rear, to clothe, to feed, to educate, and, as I feel one to bury in the old churchyard, till only Mary, James, and Ruth, our baby, were left to me.

James took his small fortune of a few hard-earned dollars and left us for the golden land of promise, California, and only little Ruth was left to us. Then the angel of death came for Martha, and only six months later I was stricken helpless with paralysis.

But even in that time of rebellious mourning, of bitterest repining, there was some consolation. First, there was the house and five acres of land, my very own, free of debt or mortgage, and small sum in the bank, the interest of which I received above actual want. Then I had Ruth.

She was just twenty when her mother died, and other beside her father thought her face the fat one for miles around. She had the bluest eyes, like the patches of summer sky, and hair that was the color of corn silk, and nestled in little baby curls all over her head—rebellious hair, that would never lie straight under any coaming, but kicked up in tangles that were full of sun-heat. Her skin was white as milk; her cheeks like the heart of a blush rose, and her smile showed the prettiest rows of pearly teeth I ever saw.

She coaxed me from my wicked repinings by coming to me for directions, making me feel that my head was still needed to direct the work, though my feet would never move far from me over the doors! Then she lifted up for me a large back room that overlooked the farm and had fitted out, and put me in a deep-cushioned chair by the window, where I could see the barn, the poultry-yard, the well, and the fields of waving corn and wheat. She made me feel myself of importance by giving me thus the mastery over my own little domain; and she brought up her own meals to eat with me in the room where my infirmity held me a prisoner.

She devised little dainty dishes to tempt me to eat; she put saucers of flowers on my table, that I might cheat myself into fancying I was out doors, as their perfume crept out on the

air; she assured me, petted me, loved me, till even my misfortune seemed blessings drawing us nearer together. And when she was all the world to me, all that gazed me from infancy, Ruth Hayes asked me to give him Ruth for his wife. I could have struck him dead when he stood before me, a young giant in strength, with his handsome sun-burnt face, glowing with health, and wanted to take away my one blessing, my only home child, "I will be a true son to you, Mr. Martin," he said earnestly. "I will never take Ruth from here; but let me come and share her life, and lift some of the burdens from her shoulders."

I laughed bitterly. I know well what such sharing would be when Ruth had a husband, and perhaps children, to take her time and her love from me. But I was not his hand to give her to another man's house and bid him never speak to Ruth again, much as I longed to do it. I worked more cautiously. I let him go from me to Ruth; and when he left her and she came to me, all my rosy blushes to tell me, with drooping lids, and moist eyes, of her new happiness, I worked upon her love and her sense of duty till she believed herself a monster of ungrateful wickedness to think of leaving me or taking any divided duty upon her hands.

I wept, asked her if she could face her dead mother, after deserting her helpless father. I pointed out to her the unceasing round of wifely duty that would keep her from my side, and proved to her that the duties of wife and child must clash, if undertaken under such circumstances as were proposed.

The loving, tender heart yielded to me, and John was tearfully dismissed. Through the warm autumn months, when the corn ripened and was garnered—when our crops were blessed and the little bank fund was increased by the price of farm produce—Ruth grew very quiet and subdued. She was not sad, having always a cheery word, and a pleasant smile for me; but the rose that left her round cheeks, and I no longer heard her singing at her work. When I read the best page in my books to her, I could see her eyes fixed dreamily on some far away thought, her work lying idle, till she woke with a start from her reveries.

The winter came in early that year, and before Christmas everything was frozen up tight, and the cold was intense. We pulled up coal in the stoves, listed doors and windows—that is, Ruth did the work, and I enjoyed the result; but there came one cold day—one Friday—when I seemed no cools, no heating, could conquer the cold children from the way to school that day, and were found, stiff and stark, leaning against the fences. Food froze on the tables.

On this cold Friday, Ruth hurried through her work in the morning, making my room the warmest place in the house, covering my arm-chair with soft woollens, and moving it near the stove. I would have it face the window, for my glimpses of outdoor life was too precious to resign, but I was not as usual, near it, for Ruth said there might be a draught.

When all was done in-doors, I saw from my chair Ruth, with a scarlet cloak and hood thrown over her, going to the well with an empty bucket. She stepped along quickly over the hard, frozen ground, and I was admiring the trim little feet and the dainty figure, when I saw her slide to the two steps that were above the well walls and fall. She had slipped, and the lay doctored up between the two wooden steps and the rough side of the well as if she could not rise. Two or three times her hands clutched the lower steps, and she raised herself half way up, only to fall back again, as if her limbs would not support her.

And I could only look on, powerless to move to aid her. Oh, the agony of it! To know she was hurt, unable to rise, and helpless as a log. I screamed and called for help. Still was I nowhere, I could not tell where, and I called loudly for him. I could see after a time that Ruth, after her frantic struggles, was growing drowsy with the death-sleep of cold. The scarlet hood drooped more and more, till it rested against the well-side and the blue-veined lids closed over her eyes. The sight called from me such a cry of agony as I thought must be heard for miles.

It was heard. A moment later John Hayes, panting and eager-eyed burst upon my door. "What is it?" he cried, "I heard you calling on the road." "Ruth! Ruth!" I screamed, "She is freezing to death by the well." He stopped to hear no more. Out

upon the hard, slippery ground, down the steps with a rapid stride, and then I saw him atop, lift the little scarlet-cloaked figure in his strong arms and come swiftly back, bending his face down over the senseless one on his arm, while hot tears rained down his brown cheeks. He put her on a lounge near my chair, and then dashed out for snow.

"Rub her, rub her!" he said. I am going for a doctor and for my mother!" Before it seemed possible he could have crossed the lot to his home, his mother was with me, and lifted Ruth away from the fire to the bed. The doctor came, and the two worked my heart back with utter hopelessness before the blue eyes opened again, and the breath fluttered through the pale lips.

But it did not last, and John joined me in a fervent "Thank God!" But Ruth had broken her leg, and we knew that she must lie helpless for many weeks before she could be our own active right girl again.

"Do not grieve so," he said, gently. "She will live." "Thanks to you," I said. "Oh, John, if she gets well she is yours. Give me your strong arm for life, John, in case of my helplessness. I see to-day where my selfish love has nearly cost her her life!"

"Do you mean that?" John asked, with a little trembling in his voice; "do you really mean that?" "I do indeed. Let her stay here, John. I will not be a burden on your purse, for the house and barn and all I have saved are Ruth's; but let her give me what time and love she can spare from you."

But he had to wait until the banes were called in church, three times, though he came to that day, caring for me with the tenderness of a son, while his mother nursed Ruth. They were alone together as we were, and they had shut up their house, and come to live with us, never to leave again. For one morning, Ruth was dressed in white by Mrs. Hayes, and propped up with pillows, and we had a wedding in the little room. My chair was moved in, and the neighbors came from far and near to hear the stent, words that made John and Ruth man and wife.

And happiness has shed its true light upon our home ever since.—American Sentry.

Inherited Perils.

Foremost among the perils-to-life, in all its stages, but especially in its early stages are the inherited. We may safely say that no one is born free from taint of disease, and we may almost say with equal certainty that none is free from disease that does not admit of being called hereditary, unless it be accidentally produced. To what is known as specific disease, the disease of diseases; to struma or scrofula and its ally, if not the same, tubercular affection; to cancer, to rheumatism and gout, and to alcoholic degeneration, the grand perils of life are mainly due. These are the bases of so many diseases which bear direct taint, these so modify diseases which men in themselves do not distinguish that if they were removed the dangers would be reduced to a minimum.

These diseased conditions do not, however, exhaust the list of fatal common inheritances. On many occasions for several years past I have observed, and maintained the observation, that some diseases, as communicable, infectious or contagious, are also classifiable under this head. I am satisfied that quincy, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and even what is called brain fever, typhoid, are often of hereditary character. I have known a family in which four members have suffered from diphtheria, a parent having had the same affection, and probably a grandparent. I have known a family in which five members have, at various periods, suffered from typhoid, a parent and a grandparent having been subject to the same disease. I have known a family in which quincy has been the mark of the family characteristic for four generations. These persons have been the sufferers from the diseases named, without any obvious contraction of the disease, and without having any companions in their sufferings. They were, in fact, predisposed to procure the poison of the disease in their own bodies; as the seeds are to be traced to the poisonous secretion which in its case is a part of the natural organization.

The lame chimney swallow has a defective flow.

Clips of All Sorts.

A Baltimore church has adopted the electric light. The present population of London is nearly 4,500,000. According to the opinion of the Irish press a general European war is imminent. According to the census the population of Rome and suburbs is 500,222, an increase of 68,800 since 1871.

Glycerine is recommended as a preservative for many organic substances by M. H. Danzer, of Lyons, France. Nearly \$10,000,000 was taken from the mines of Utah last year, and a billion product of \$18,000,000 is predicted for the present year.

The Mexican National railway is now operating regular passenger trains twenty-five miles west of Laredo, and the track is laid several miles beyond. M. l'abbé Laborde is said to have devised an arrangement by which eight, ten and perhaps twelve dispatches may be forwarded at once over a single wire.

Forty-seven persons over seventy years of age died during the past year in Pawtucket, R. I. Of these twenty-six were of American, and twenty-one of foreign parentage.

It is said that the railroad offices in Austria employ upward of 3000 women. They receive a salary of from \$5 to \$30 per month. They are invariably the near relatives of dead or active male employees of the road.

The London Tablet says: The loss to the country during the last three years by deficient harvests is estimated at from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000 each year. The land under wheat in England has decreased by one-fourth since 1870.

It is reported that a colossal railway scheme has been organized in New Mexico. The scheme contemplates the construction of a network of railroads in the south of New Mexico and all tributary to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road. Eighteen different roads are said to be provided for in the incorporation papers.

A Princely Library. A Great Free Library. Mr. Enoch Pratt, a wealthy citizen of Baltimore, has made the following offer to the authorities of that city: BALTIMORE.—To the Honorable Mayor and City Council of Baltimore: I have for some years contemplated establishing a free circulating library for the benefit of our whole city, and, in pursuance of this plan, I have entered into a contract to erect a fire-proof building on my Mulberry street lot capable of holding 200,000 volumes, my purpose being to have branches connected with it in the four quarters of the city under the same management.—The excavation for the foundation has been commenced, and the building will be well advanced this year and completed in the summer of 1883. It will cost, when ready for occupancy, about two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars (\$225,000), and upon its completion I propose to devote it to the city. The title to all the books and property is to be vested in the city, and I will pay to your honorable body upon its completion the additional sum of eight hundred and thirty-three thousand three hundred thirty-three and one-third dollars, provided the city will grant and create an annuity of fifty thousand dollars (\$50,000) per annum forever, payable quarterly, to the board of trustees for the support and maintenance of the library and its branches.

I propose that a board of nine trustees be incorporated for the management of "The Pratt Free Library of the City of Baltimore," the board to be selected by myself from our best citizens, and all vacancies which shall occur shall be filled by the board. The articles of incorporation will contain a provision that no trustee or officer shall be appointed or re-elected on religious or political grounds. The trustees are to receive from the city the quarterly payments, and to expend it at their discretion for the purposes of the library.

It is believed that this annual sum will afford a sufficient fund for the purchase of books for establishing the branches, and for the general management of the library.

The trustees will be required to make an annual report to the Mayor and City Council of the proceedings and of the condition of the library; and the report will contain a full account of the money received and expended.

This plan is suggested not without due consideration of the power of the city to carry it out. The city is expressly authorized by its charter to accept trusts "for any general corporation purpose" or "for the general purposes of education;" and although its power of creating debts is limited by the Constitution of the State, yet, as the property of the library is to belong to the city, and as it will receive a sum of money to be disposed of as it pleased, with the engagement only to pay an annual sum for the support of its own institution, it is believed that such a transaction will not involve the creation of a debt within the meaning of the constitutional prohibition.

I suggest that if the money to be paid by me as above stated were added to the sinking fund and the interest carefully funded it would in no very long time pay off the debt of the city; but this is intended only as a suggestion, and the disposal of the money is left to your honorable body.

If, however, your honorable body should, on mature consideration, be of the opinion that the annual payments as proposed would involve the creation of a debt, authority for that may be obtained by complying with the provisions of the Constitution; that is, the debt may be created by the city, provided it be authorized by an act of the General Assembly of Maryland and by an ordinance of the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore, submitted to the legal voters of the city of Baltimore, at such time and place as may be fixed by said ordinance, and approved by a majority of the votes cast at such time and place. I cannot but think that such an authority from the General Assembly and from the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore and of the city would be cheerfully given.

The plan proposed for the support and management of the library is the result of long and careful consideration, and, I am satisfied, is well adapted to promote the great object in view, the free circulation of the books of a large and ever-growing library among the people of the whole city.

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Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Time-table of May 7, 1901.

Station	M'd	Acc	Sund'y
Philadelphia	4:45	8:00	8:00
Hammoncton	4:57	8:27	8:22
Williamstown Junction	5:08	8:38	8:29
Cedar Brook	5:19	8:49	8:40
Winslow	5:31	9:01	8:52
Hammoncton	7:35	9:28	9:31
Da Costa	7:46	9:39	9:37
Elwood	8:03	9:41	9:45
Egg Harbor	8:20	9:51	9:55
Pleasantville	9:05	10:16	10:22
Atlantic City, Ar.	9:25	10:50	10:55

Station	Acc.	M'd	Acc.	Sund'y
Atlantic City	7:15	10:45	8:45	4:35
Pleasantville	7:30	11:00	9:00	4:50
Egg Harbor	7:45	11:15	9:15	5:05
Elwood	8:00	11:30	9:30	5:20
Da Costa	8:15	11:45	9:45	5:35
Hammoncton	8:30	12:00	10:00	5:50
Winslow	8:45	12:15	10:15	6:05
Cedar Brook	9:00	12:30	10:30	6:20
Williamstown Junction	9:15	12:45	10:45	6:35
Oakland	9:30	1:00	11:00	6:50
Camden	9:45	1:15	11:15	7:05
Philadelphia	10:00	1:30	11:30	7:20

Camden & Atlantic City

Stations H. A. A. M. B. A.

Station	H.	A.	A.	M.	B. A.
Philadelphia	6:15	7:30	8:00	8:00	8:00
Cooper's Point	6:25	7:40	8:10	8:10	8:10
Penn. R. R. Junc.	6:35	7:50	8:20	8:20	8:20
Williamstown	6:45	8:00	8:30	8:30	8:30
Kirkwood	6:55	8:10	8:40	8:40	8:40
Berlin	7:05	8:20	8:50	8:50	8:50
Waterford	7:15	8:30	9:00	9:00	9:00
Ancora	7:25	8:40	9:10	9:10	9:10
Winslow Junc.	7:35	8:50	9:20	9:20	9:20
Hammoncton	7:45	9:00	9:30	9:30	9:30
Da Costa	7:55	9:10	9:40	9:40	9:40
Elwood	8:05	9:20	9:50	9:50	9:50
Egg Harbor	8:15	9:30	10:00	10:00	10:00
Pomona	8:25	9:40	10:10	10:10	10:10
Absecon	8:35	9:50	10:20	10:20	10:20
Atlantic	8:45	10:00	10:30	10:30	10:30
May's Landing	8:55	10:10	10:40	10:40	10:40

UP TRAINS.

Station	H.	A.	A.	M.	F.	S.
Philadelphia	7:35	9:20	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30
Cooper's Point	7:45	9:30	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40
Penn. R. R. Junc.	7:55	9:40	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50
Williamstown	8:05	9:50	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00
Kirkwood	8:15	10:00	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10
Berlin	8:25	10:10	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20
Waterford	8:35	10:20	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30
Ancora	8:45	10:30	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40
Winslow Junc.	8:55	10:40	10:50	10:50	10:50	10:50
Hammoncton	9:05	10:50	11:00	11:00	11:00	11:00
Da Costa	9:15	11:00	11:10	11:10	11:10	11:10
Elwood	9:25	11:10	11:20	11:20	11:20	11:20
Egg Harbor	9:35	11:20	11:30	11:30	11:30	11:30
Pomona	9:45	11:30	11:40	11:40	11:40	11:40
Absecon	9:55	11:40	11:50	11:50	11:50	11:50
Atlantic	10:05	11:50	12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00
May's Landing	10:15	12:00	12:10	12:10	12:10	12:10

Up-express stops at Hammoncton 8:48 A. M. Philadelphia 9:50. Down-express leaves city at 3:30 p. m. Hammoncton, 4:20. Atlantic, 5:15

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A serial story entitled "SCENES IN LIFE" which some peculiar and striking phases of American life are vividly and dramatically treated, will begin in the January number and run through six months.

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Fourteen Additional Pages.

The following is a summary of the leading features of the year—

A new novel by Mrs. Burnett (Author of "That Old Law," etc.) entitled "Through One Administration," a story of Washington life.

Studies of the Louisiana Creoles, by Geo. W. Cable, author of "The Grandissimes," etc. A series of illustrated papers on the traditions and romance of Creole life in Louisiana.

A Novel by W. D. Howells, Author of "A Chance Acquaintance," etc., dealing with characteristic features of American life.

Ancient and Modern Sculpture. A "History of Ancient Sculpture," by Mrs. Lucy M. Mitchell, to contain the finest series of engravings yet published of the masterpieces of sculpture. There will also be papers on "Living English Sculptors," and on the "Younger Sculptors of America," fully illustrated.

The Opera in New York. By Richard Graul White. A popular and valuable series, to be illustrated with wonderful completeness and beauty.

Architecture and Decoration in America. Will be treated in a way to interest both non-holder and house-keeper; with many practical as well as artistic illustrations from recent designs.

Representative Men and Women of the Nineteenth Century. Biographical sketches, accompanied by portraits of George Eliot, Robert Browning, Rev. Frederick W. Robertson (for the time being), Matthew Arnold, Christina Rossetti, and Cardinal Newman, and of the younger American authors, William D. Howells, Henry James, Jr., and Geo. W. Cable.

Scenes of Thackeray's, Hawthorne's and George Eliot's Novels. Succeding the illustrated series on the scenes of Dickens's novels.

The Reform of the Civil Service. Arrangements have been made for a series of addresses on this pressing political question.

Poetry and Poets in America. There will be studies of Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, and others, by E. C. Steedman.

Stories, Sketches, and Essays. May be expected from Charles Dudley Warner, W. D. Howells, Mark Twain, Edward Eggleston, Henry James, Jr., John Muir, Miss Gordon Cumming, "H. H.," George W. Cable, and Chandler Harris, A. C. Rowland, F. D. Millet, Noah Brooks, Paul E. Stockton, Constantine P. Wolfson, H. H. Boyesen, Albert Steiner, Washington Gladden, John Burroughs, Parke Godwin, Tommaso Salvadori, Henry Kiss, Ernest Ingersoll, E. L. Godkin, E. B. Washburne, and many others.

One or two papers on "The Adventures of the Tule Club," and an original Life of Bewick, the engraver, by Austin D. Low, are among other features to be later announced.

The Editorial Departments. Throughout will be unusually complete, and "The World's Work" will be considerably enlarged.

The price of "The Century Magazine" will remain at \$4 per year—25 cents a number. The portrait (size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2) of the late Dr. Holt and issued just before his death, photographed from a life-sized drawing by W. T. Eaton, will pass as a new feature to the readers of this magazine. It is offered at \$3 retail, or together with "The Century Magazine" for \$6.50. Subscriptions are taken by the publishers, and by book-sellers and aud newsmen everywhere.

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