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Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 6, 1882. After all I could not find much at the Navy Yard that would interest your readers. The fleet now there is a very seedy one, but I believe, compares favorably with our navy as a whole. Three monitors, dirty and much dilapidated in appearance, a torpedo boat, and two hulks of sailing vessels of model so ancient as to suggest the deluge period of ship building, are floating in the turbid waters of the Eastern Branch, and comprise a basis for the large sums now being spent on repairs and renewals at this yard. The torpedo boat, the Alarm, was built by John R. Rich, at Chester, in 1874, at a cost of \$500,000, and after being furnished was accepted by the Government and ordered to the Newport torpedo station. This trip was sufficient to demonstrate the entire unseaworthiness and lack of speed in so ungainly looking a craft. Since that time she has been laid up in ordinary as unserviceable for any present need. While laid up here \$100,000 in repairs have been expended on the machinery and armament of this white elephant. In harbor defense she might be of some benefit, but in event of war with any first-class power all the harbor defenses we are possessed of could be easily reduced before the Alarm would reach any point where she might be of use. The utmost speed attained yet is but eight miles an hour, and this under circumstances that would prevent its continuance for more than a few miles at a time. With the exception of a few cruisers now in different parts of the world, this boat is a fair sample of our progress in the art of naval warfare during the last two decades. And apropos:

There is talk about town that Mr. Wm. E. Chandler will soon be made Secretary of the Navy. From at least one point of view, the appointment would be a good one. As Mr. Chandler only weighs about one hundred and twenty pounds, the navy could flout him without danger of being swamped.

The attempted assassination of Queen Victoria has not created much excitement outside of English circles. The frequent repetition of these occurrences in foreign countries has so far deadened our sensibilities that it is difficult to notice any unusual manifestations when the news of these periodical disasters reaches us. In this instance, however, if the queen had been killed, or even wounded, it would have stirred this nation to its very core in sympathy for her majesty, and in horror of the crime. The deep and heartfelt messages of regret and condolence received by our nation from this gracious lady during the illness and after the death of President Garfield are very fresh in the memories of our people, and these words issuing as they did from both sovereign and woman, have done more to unite the only two English speaking nations on the face of the earth, than it were possible to have effected by any diplomatic resource known, and is equally sure to result in great good to both countries in the future.

In the Senate a bill to authorize the compilation and printing of the naval history of the war was taken up. Mr. Sausbury was opposed to the bill because no history of the war could be written at the present generation that would do justice to the officers of either side. He thought we ought to let the animosities of the war die out before we attempt to write a history of it.

Mr. Jennings, who invented and placed in the White House during the late President's illness, a cooling apparatus, has filed a claim for \$7,000 with the House committee to audit the expenses of General Garfield's illness. Dr. Bliss has recommended its allowance.

JOHN.

"Wild Oats"

This expression that a young man "must sow his wild oats" is no more true than to assert that a farmer must spend the fine days of early Spring in scattering the bad seeds and chaff winnowed from his grain, all over his plowed land. He knows there would be no

value to the crop of weeds which would surely spring up and injure his future cultivation, and wisely leaves the chaff, etc., to be decomposed in the manure heap. He would call any man a fool who should tell him "you must take time and sow your chaff in the Spring." He knows well that he must spend this time in getting only good seed into the ground; and uses great care lest he covers his place with noxious weeds, more especially if he sees them on his neighbor's lot.

This brings up an idea, that hardly anything shows the perverse depravity of man more clearly than the noticeable fact that while they learn from the experience of others to avoid what injures their *tempora* interests, they will persist in those ways that lead to suffering and sorrow here and hereafter.

If young persons get an idea that they are expected to be just a "little wild and coltish," because they are young and full of vital energy, they soon think there is no risk or harm to follow their conduct. A farmer whose fields are filled with nothing but weeds may, by a course of thorough tillage, get rid of those pests, and bring back the strength of his soil to its former state, but wild oats carry a withering influence in their very nature so that the sowing will bring tears from the eyes of beholders. The farmer's heart is filled with joyous feelings and hopeful anticipations of the day when the harvest will be ripe for the gathering. He can tell by experience how long a time he will need to complete the work, and is sure that if he sows any grain he will get the same in return.

A peculiarity of grains such as wheat, rye, barley, oats, etc., is that each of these will reproduce its own kind, and nothing else; and men never call the product of wheat, barley; nor the product of barley, oats; but "wild oats" seldom produce their like. We need not mention the many kinds of these grains, nor specify the excellence of each for cultivation, as this depends on the soil and climate. Compared with "wild oats," either of them is thought to be far more useful and profitable. While this is true, the young are more eager and ready to sow the "wild oats," for which there is no demand in the market of public opinion.

If they would listen to good advice they would be spared much loss and mortification. This is the verdict of those who have had experience in the matter. E. W.

Diversifying Industries.

One of the most gratifying signs of substantial and enduring business prosperity is given in the practical efforts of various sections of the State to diversify their industries. Hitherto many localities rich in local products have been content with agricultural wealth, or with mining wealth, while others have become manufacturing centers; but there are marked indications now that the people are beginning to understand that agriculture and manufacturing are twin helpers of prosperity, and that the mining village that depends on mining alone is subject to severe seasons of depression.

The committee of town authorities and citizens of St. Clair, a mining town in the coal region, have been in this city for several days offering special inducements to manufacturers and intelligent and enterprising mechanics to diversify the industry of St. Clair by the erection of factories; and the active citizens of Chambersburg have stepped to the front and paid a liberal bonus to secure the location of a large manufacturing company at that place. St. Clair has jugged along tolerably well as a mining town and is doing as well or better now than ever before, and Chambersburg has jugged along for a century or so as the commercialemporium of the beautiful harvest of the Cumberland Valley; but the lack of diversified enterprise has driven energetic young men away from their homes, because they have to dump themselves down just where their fathers leave them or seek wider fields for their labors.

The present is a most auspicious time for substantial communities to diversify their industries. There is surplus profit now in both mining and agricultural circles, and the very best investment that can be made of it is in founding factories adapted to the capabilities of each locality. A dozen large factories in Chambersburg would increase the

value of every acre of farming land for miles around; and the introduction of suitable factories in the mining region, would not only increase the demand for labor, but it would educate and elevate industry. Because we have rich mines and fruitful soil in Pennsylvania, is no reason why we should look to the sterile hills of Massachusetts for our manufactured articles. Every village that is upon a railway should have its factories. They are second in importance only to churches and schools, and they are building wisely for themselves and their children who inhabit St. Clair and Chambersburg.

The above is from the Philadelphia Times, of the 4th instant, and breathes the same spirit of my small article in your paper of last week. What we want is some thing or other to wake up. A few funerals would help somewhat, if of the right sort, but death comes slowly to such "critters."

What we should do, is to call a meeting of five citizens let the dead ones sleep—and appoint just such a committee as the above, with the power and capital to act; in fact, let us do a little "spending to spare." Should our land holders give away every third lot, or even every other lot, to those who would build and improve them, wouldn't that alone be a very good way to advance their own interests, as well as letting others see that we are not all dead yet? WM. RUTHERFORD.

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 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 Harts land thirty-nine rods to the centre of Columbia road; thence [6] along the same south eighty degrees west, seven and 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. VanDusen 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 f. 110 1/2.

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 and runs thence [1] along the centre of Basin road north-easterly 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 Luther Halsey by deed, dated October 12, A. D., 1869, and recorded at May's Landing, N. J. in book 37 of Deeds folio 184.

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 Elvaard T. McKean and wife conveyed to Luther Halsey by deed dated May 1st, A. D., 1868, and recorded in Liber 31 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, p. c. \$14.40 Dated Feb. 1, 1882.

PLAIN TRUTHS

The blood is the foundation of life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the only sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood. These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that *nothing* but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will not blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively *not* injurious.

Saved his Child.

17 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. Feb. 12, 1882. Gent's—Upon the recommendation of a friend I tried BROWN'S IRON BITTERS as a tonic and restorative for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly convinced was wasting away with Consumption. Having lost three daughters by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was led to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the illness, but to my great surprise, before my daughter had taken one bottle of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, she began to mend and now is quite restored to former health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and when the physician was consulted he quickly said "Tonics were required," and when informed that the other sister was taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, responded with a large tonic, which I purchased at A. M. PUGH'S.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

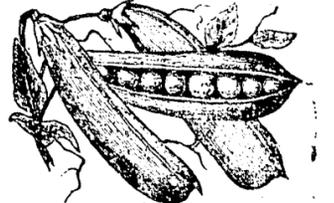
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BUIST'S PREMIER BEXTRA EARLY PEAS HAVE MADE A CROP IN 40 DAYS! NO EQUAL!

For Earliness, Productiveness, and FINE FLAVOR they have



They are now preferred above all others by the extensive pea-growers of New Jersey, Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, and Tennessee— invariably taking First Premiums whenever pitted in competition. They are dwarf in growth, exceedingly productive, entirely distinct in character, and all our gardeners pronounce them "THE BEST EVER PLANTED." If you want the Best Extra Early Peas, plant BUIST'S PREMIER and buy it only in a sealed bag bearing our name and trade mark, or direct from ROBERT BUIST, Jr. SEED CROWER, (Look Box 62) 92 & 924 Market St. Phila.

Youth's Column.

WEBSTER AND CORWIN.—One of the guests at a dinner-party where Daniel Webster was present turned to him and said:

"Mr. Webster, if it will not seem intrusive, I should like to ask you a question. What was the greatest thought which ever occupied your mind?"

The company were torying with the desert and indulging in after-dinner talk. But instantly there was the hush of expectation, as all eyes fastened upon the great statesman.

Mr. Webster's face became grave, as, passing his hand over his massive forehead, he answered in his deepest tones:

"Sir, the greatest thought I ever had was the sense of my responsibility to Almighty God."

There was a pause, one of those solemn pauses which indicate absorbing seriousness, and then the guests, in large discourse, talked on the high theme of time and eternity.

The great wit orator and humorist of Ohio, Thomas Corwin, was once talking with several gentlemen. The conversation, which had been witty and epigrammatic, became grave and introspective. Some one of the company made a remark about the unknown future.

"When I re-lect," said Mr. Corwin, taking up the remark, "that I am to be judged by a righteous and omnipotent God, I nearly go mad." And the orator grasped his head with both hands, as if he would press down his famous brain.

"It is not the big sins that trouble me, it is the little snakes," he said on one occasion, with an emphatic pantomime that made the hearers shudder; for, holding up his hands and extending his fingers, he caused them to wriggle as if they had been serpents.

The anecdotes carry their own moral. These were great men, but not men who could "herm on the Decalogue," and less the Sermon on the Mount, "hard feel no self-respect."

Young men sometimes make a mock at sin, and sneer at the judgment to come. Such recklessness never characterized Webster or Corwin. Whatever might have been their transgressions—and they were not saints—they felt too keenly the responsibility of life, and revered too highly the judicial attribute of God, to mock at the terrible reality of sin, or to sneer at the retribution that both natural law and super-natural revelation declare must follow its indulgence.—Youth's Companion.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—"Do you see that nice farm house just over the creek?" said Mr. Franklin to his son Amos, as they were riding along the road to town one fine day in June.

"Yes, father. What of it?"

"Well, that house and this nice farm of two hundred acres belongs to a man who was once in the poor house."

"Oh father! You are trying to get one of your jokes on me now, you have been to the poor house, too, and so have I, but didn't stay there only long enough to look through it."

"Yes, but Mr. Pierson was an inmate for four years, and was taken out when ten years old, and bound to a farmer in this neighborhood."

"Had he no father or mother or home?"

"His mother was dead and his father was a miserable drunkard."

"How did he ever make so much money?" asked Amos.

"By industry, economy and keeping his eyes open. He went to school six winter terms while he lived with Mr. Dawes, and when he was twenty-one he received \$200 and a new suit of clothes, which was the agreement. He worked the next year for \$16 a month, and the following year he enlisted in the army, getting \$700 bounty. When he left for the seat of war he had \$1,000, which he loaned at a good interest. And when he returned his \$1,000 had increased to \$1,200, and he had \$200 besides which he had saved from his wages as a soldier. Then he rented the farm he now owns, and managed so well that in three years he bought it, paying half the money down."

"There were only an old log house and a barn on it then, and the farm had run down under bad management. Well, there were good times for the next eight or ten years, and Mr. Pierson made money fast. He kept steadily at work, day in and day out, took several papers, kept posted, and let no one cheat him out of his earnings."

The Original "Corsican Brothers."

The recent death of M. Charles Blanc recalls a curious story concerning him and his brother, Louis Blanc. "They had," says Burke in his "Family Romances," "a close resemblance in manner, person, and features, and what is still more remarkable, they were connected by one of those mysterious sympathies, the very existence of which we are all too apt to deny because we cannot comprehend its nature. However separated might be these two brothers, an accident could happen to the one without the other having a sympathetic feeling of it."

Thus it chanced one day, while the brother of Louis was enjoying himself among a party of friends, he was suddenly observed to change color and to complain of a sensation as if he had received a blow upon the head, and he avowed his firm conviction that some thing must have befallen his brother, then in Paris. At this precise moment this indicated Louis Blanc, while walking in the streets of Paris, had been knocked down by a blow upon the head dealt by some one who approached him unperceived from behind. So severe was the blow that he fell senseless to the ground and the ruffian escaped.

Again when Louis Blanc found it necessary to seek a temporary asylum in England, he one day experienced a strange feeling as if it was not right with his brother. Here, again, the very minute was noted down, and a short time afterward a letter came from his brother in Paris stating he wrote that, as he might never be able to write again. A pamphlet had been published in France bitterly reflecting on Louis, and his brother had called out the author. But here breaks off the correspondence between the reality and the fiction. It was not the brother who was killed, but the murderer under it. "Open all Night!" The latter, of course, referred to the store and not to the eyes.

A boy who had lived in a certain Western town all his life, met another boy, a new comer on the street:

"Where do you live?" asked the former.

"Stranger—I don't live."

"What do you do?"

"I board."

"As a mother was putting its finest clothes on a crying baby, a little brother exclaimed:

"Well, if here isn't a fancy dress bew!"

Edith—Papa, it is nice to make remarks about people's dresses?"

Papa—Why, certainly not, my child; did you ask that for?"

Edith—Nothing, papa; only mamma said my dress was shabby, and wondered why papa hadn't noticed it long ago."

Edith had the "goods" for a new one the very next day.

Harry was an admirer of our Revolutionary heroes, and he would never admit that the American army was whipped at the Battle of Brandywine.

"Why, Harry," said his father, when they were talking about it one day, "our troops retreated after the battle, didn't they?"

"No, they didn't retreat," replied Harry; "they just 'changed front,' and advanced!"

While some Englishmen pronounce "bishop," "bishup," or "bisheep," During a visit of the English Lord Bishop to a country parish recently, a was composed the following humorous bit of verse, and it actually was sung by the choir:

"Why skip ye so, ye little bish, And wherefore do ye hop? Is it because ye do expect To see the Lord Bish—op?"

"Why hop ye so, ye little bish, And wherefore do ye skip? Is it because ye do expect To see the Lord Bish—op?"

"Why hop ye so, ye little bish, And wherefore do ye leap? Is it because ye long to see His Grace, the Lord—Bish—op?"

"Why jump ye so, ye little bish, And wherefore do ye leap? Is it because ye long to see His Grace, the Lord—Bish—op?"

Out on the Next Deal.

"But I pass," said a minister recently in dismissing one theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it apades," yelled a man from the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, assisted by one of the deacons.

Childish Humor.

Tommy, who is not quite four years old, recently ate some macaroni for the first time. He liked it so well that he said to his father:

"Please give me some more."

"Some more of what?" asked his father.

"Some more Yankee Doodle!" replied the young person.

Willie went out for a walk, one morning, and along the roadside saw several men blasting rock. He watched the work closely, and learned how it was done. Some time after this, when it was supposed that he had forgotten all about the blasting incident, his father was sitting with him at their boarding-house breakfast-table, trying vainly to cut a tough piece of beef-steak. Seeing, finally, that she was making no headway, Willie exclaimed:

"Mamma, why don't you blast it?"

A little boy who was walking along the street with his father saw a sign which read "Job Printing."

"Papa," said the boy, "is that the same Mr. Job we read about in the Bible?"

In a druggist's window, in Chicago, there was for many years a sign: "Artificial Eyes!" and immediately under it "Open all Night!" The latter, of course, referred to the store and not to the eyes.

A boy who had lived in a certain Western town all his life, met another boy, a new comer on the street:

"Where do you live?" asked the former.

"Stranger—I don't live."

"What do you do?"

"I board."

BROWN STEW.—Take three pounds of good round of beef, cut it in small squares, brown them in a stewpan in two tablespoonful of flour, stirring it gradually in and stirring till the flour is brown; add a carrot small, peel half a dozen small onions, and put with the beef; season with half a dozen cloves—as many of allspice, a half-spoonful of black pepper, a pinch of herbs, thyme, sage, and marjoram; cover with boiling water and let it simmer steadily for three hours; just before serving, a gill of tomato catsup can be added, or, if preferred, a glass of sherry.

POTATO PASTRY.—Chop cold beef fine. Season with pepper and drawn butter, adding parsley and pickled onions chopped fine. Four this mixture into a greased bake-dish; cover with sliced hard boiled eggs. Work a large cup of mashed potatoes soft with a cup of milk and two tablespoonful of butter. Roll into a thick sheet. Spread upon the surface of your mince, printing the edges, and bake in a moderate oven to a fine brown. This is an excellent dish for supper or Sunday night tea.

LIVER HASH.—This hash is delicate and appetizing, and nice as a change from the liver and onion known to all cooks. Boll the liver until thoroughly tender—there must not be even a suspicion of hardness about it. Then mince it finely with a chopping knife. Heat the mince very hot in a sauce of roux of butter and browned flour. The seasoning is pepper, salt, a little dash of lemon, or a little piquant sauce, such as mushroom catsup.

A GOOD PLAIN CAKE.—Take six ounces of ground rice, the same of flour, the yolks and whites of nine eggs beaten separately, one pound of loaf sugar well pounded. Whisk the yolk and the rice and flour. Butter well some white paper and put round it and over the bottom of the tin. It to be baked in, and bake it in a slow oven. Run a knife into it; if it comes out clean it is baked enough.

A Vassar college girl upon being asked if she liked coldfish balls said she never attended any.

What Young Men Have Done.

Before he was thirty, the great Napoleon had conducted one of the most brilliant campaigns the world ever saw. Caracuban, the famous scholar of the sixteenth century, was appointed professor of Greek at twenty-two, and Helmsius, of Leyden, at eighteen. At the age of twenty-eight, Linnaeus, the botanist, wrote his great work.

At twenty-six, Cuvier was appointed professor at Paris. Kent, the commentator on the American law was lecturer in Columbia College at thirty-one. Professor Dana, of Yale College, published his book on mineralogy at twenty-five, only four years after graduation.

Edward Everett, at twenty, was ordained pastor of a church in Boston, and within two years attained distinguished fame as an orator; at twenty-one, he was appointed professor of Greek at Harvard.

The late Benjamin Pierce, one of the profoundest mathematicians of America, was chosen professor of mathematics at Cambridge at the age of twenty-four.

Three of the well-known poets of this century—Byron, Shelley, and Keats—died before the age of forty; Byron at thirty-six, Shelley as he was completing his thirtieth year; Keats at twenty-five.

"Thanatopsis," the most widely known of all the poems of William Cullen Bryant, was written by him in his nineteenth year.

A Wild Horse-Race.

The Time When Rocky Mountain Chief Beat the Famous Border Ruffian.

The wild horse-race ever known in this country took place on the Denver track on September 10th, 1880. The horses were Border Ruffian and Rocky Mountain Chief; the purse \$85,000 in gold. Ruffian was backed by Tom Hunt, his owner, and Jim Harrison, notorious gamblers. Shortly before Hunt had murdered a prominent Mormon, and after a brief trial he was condemned to hang for his crime. The scaffold was erected on the outskirts of Salt Lake, near the overland road, and the murderer was to swing midist all the pomp of legal execution. In the excitement attending the preparations on the morning of the expected hanging Harrison entered Ruffian's stable unobserved and spirited the racer away. Mounted on another horse and leading Ruffian Harrison rode to the gallows unsuspected, slipped two six-shooters into his hands and before the officials or multitude had recovered from their surprise—the outlaws were charging down the Weber canyon trail at speed which defied capture. One of a number of parting rifle shots killed Harrison's horse, and it became necessary for Ruffian to carry both men. The Mormons pursued the desperadoes night and day, but were powerless to overtake them, so wonderful was the speed and endurance of the stolen bay. Not until one hundred miles had been covered did men on foot or on horse, and on the morning of the tenth day they arrived at Denver, six hundred miles from the Mormon capital. These facts once circulated Ruffian became the hero of the hour.

In the Denver race the Greer boys, who owned Chief, backed him. Thousands of men and women decked to the track. There was long delay, but at last, amid frenzied cheers, the horses got a start, Ruffian forging ahead from the stand. Chief few the track, went over a steep embankment, and before he could recover the first heat was practically decided in Ruffian's lead. A yell of disappointment went up from the multitude and a rush was made to lynch the man who started Chief. He succeeded in escaping the mob unharmed, however. More than \$100,000 changed hands on the heat.

An even start was obtained in the second heat, the two horses passing into the quarter stretch neck to neck. At the half pole Ruffian, in response to hard whipping, slowly took the lead. All this time Chief had been given a free rein, but had been spared the lash. Charles Hamilton, a desperado, who had all his earthly possessions staked on Chief, stood at the back-stretch pole as the horses approached, a navy revolver in either hand. "Lay the whip to that horse or I'll drop you from the saddle," he shouted to Eugene Teas, Chief's rider, sighting both of his weapons. Teas knew that Hamilton would keep his word unless the order was obeyed, and, although he was confident that Chief would win the second heat without urging, he loss no time

in applying the whip. He drew blood at every stroke and Chief went under the wire a winner of the heat by 100 feet in 1:42.

Then commenced a riot and turmoil the like of which was never before or since witnessed on a race course. Men pulled their six-shooters and fired madly, indiscriminately, and gold dust, in the quarrel for stakes, was scattered recklessly in the sand. Ruffian was completely broken down after this heat and the gamblers, appreciating that they were beaten, became frantic with rage. Con. Organ and Charles Switz, who afterwards became noted prize-fighters, stood at the door to the stand and held the mob at bay until the judges had given their decision. Chief was ordered on the track and after making the half-mile wire was declared winner of the race. The judges had to be escorted from the track to town by an armed escort composed of volunteers from the winning side.

Mounted on Broncho ponies, with pistols and bowie knives drawn, the Greer brothers and a party of friends made their way to the \$95,000 nugget and out it to the ground. It was loaded into a wagon and taken to town, a guard accompanying the precious freight. There were a large number of people stabled and shot in the melee, but fortunately none died from their wounds. That night Denver was one blazing revelry, one gorgeous orgie. The immense nugget was cut up into smaller and more commercial commodities. Teas was presented with \$5,000 worth of these. The balance of the winnings were equally divided among the brothers, and in less than forty-five hours they had squandered all.—Denver News.

The Polar Night.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Arctic winter, in the higher latitudes, is a long, dreary one of opaque darkness. The highest latitude yet reached by man is 82 deg. 20' min., 20 sec., and there twilight lasts four hours and forty-two minutes on Dec. 23d, the shortest day of the northern year. Man will have to go some 225 miles further north than he has yet gone if he is to reach the region of absolute darkness. The pole itself is in the dark but seventy-seven days—from Nov. 12th to Jan. 24th. There is a period of about four days in the year during which the sun shines on both poles at the same time. This is due to the fact that the sun is larger than the earth, and that his rays are bent by the earth's atmosphere in such a way as to converge upon his own surface.

A Snake Story.

A Man Bitten Five Years Ago Still Suffers Therefrom.

Several days ago a Reporter representative chanced to meet Colonel Charles Hanson in this city, and, observing him suffering intense pain in both eyes, was inquisitive enough to ask him what was the cause of the trouble and what produced the peculiar and frightful appearance about his eyes.

The Colonel some five years ago was engaged in getting out saw-logs in Edmondson county, near the Mammoth Cave. After having loaded a log on to his wagon he knelt upon his knee, and was in the act of reaching for a chain when, without warning, a rattlesnake struck and hit him in one of his eyes. From the effects of the bite he was blind for three hours. Remedies were applied, but to no good until he visited an eminent physician in Cincinnati, and received comparative relief.

The Colonel says the expense attending this unfortunate hit has amounted to more than \$2,000. He says that every year, about the time he was bitten, his head swells to an enormous size, at times as large as a bucket, and his eyes give him great pain.

While here in Henderson he was suffering greatly, his eyes were terribly inflamed and running yet.

A lawyer once asked the late Judge Pickens, of Alabama, to charge the jury, "It is better that ninety and nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should be punished." "Yes," said the witty judge. "I will give that charge, but in the opinion of the Court the ninety and nine guilty men have already escaped in this county."

A Sunday-school teacher in Albion, N. Y., asked her class the question: "What did Simon say?" "Thumbs up!" says a little girl.

Sunday Reading.

SAVIOUR MINE. I rest my hopes on Thee, My refuge ever be, Jesus divine, My righteousness Thou art, All other hopes depart, Shrouded in my loving heart, Be always mine.

I place my trust in Thee; Thou wilt forever be Unfailing, true; My days pass swiftly by, The evening shadows fly, My soul mounts up the sky, With Thee in view.

Thy peace prevades my breast, And is a welcome guest, Precious to me; No burden will I heed, My soul on Thee doth feed, And finds its every need, As I meet in Thee.

Love of my soul Thou art, And, dwelling in my heart, I pray Thee bless; Ouse, Ouse may I live, Eysid to others give, Increase of love receive, And Thee beside.

Consider that you will never in this life be free from annoyances, and that you may as well bear them patiently as fret about them.

There are some young fellows who want to put their legs on the top of the ladder at once, but, believe me, step by step is the only way to climb.

"TO AN OLD SERVANT. I would have smatched a bay leaf from thy brow, Wreathing the chaplet of an honored head: In peace and charity I bring thee home, A gift of my own hand."

"Pure as thy purpose, blameless as thy song, Sweet as thy spirit may this offering be; Forget the bitter blame that did the wrong, And take the gift from me!"

Politeness Under Vexations.

When one is treated politely it is usually easy to be polite, but when one is treated rudely, one is tempted to be rude in return. Yet, however unkindness to him who does the wrong.

A young man tried to engage Sir Philip Sydney, who died in 1586, in a fight, and went so far as to spit in his face.

"Young man," remarked Sir Philip to him, "if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience as I can wipe this insult from my face, I would this moment take your life!"

"Where are the children?" she queried; "are they all in?"

"Poor old man! how could he answer her?—the children who had slept for long years in the old churchyard—who had outlived childhood and borne the heat and burden of the day, and growing old, had laid down the cross and gone to wear the crown, before the old father and mother had finished their sojourn."

"The children, are safe," answered the old man tremulously; "don't think of them, Janet, think of yourself; does the way seem dark?"

"My trust is in Thee; let me never be confounded. What does it matter if the way is dark?"

"I'd rather walk with God in the dark, than walk alone in the light."

"I'd rather walk with him by faith than walk alone by sight."

"John, where's little Charlie?" she asked. Her mind was chaotic in the past. The grave-dust of twenty years had laid on Charlie's golden hair, but the mother had never forgotten him!

The old man patted her cold hands—hands that had labored so hard that they were seamed and wrinkled and calloused with years of toil, and the wedding ring was worn to a mere thread of gold—and then he pressed his thin lips to them and cried. She had encouraged and strengthened him in every toll of life. Why, what a woman she had been! What a worker! What a leader in Israel! Always with the gift of prayer or service. They had stood at many a death-bed together—closed the eyes of loved ones, and then sat down with the Bible between them to read the promises. Now she was about to cross the dark river alone into the times.

"If I had a boy to bring up I would not bring him up too softly," began Brother Gardner, as Samuel Shinn finally quit poking the fire. "Every day of my life I meet men who were brung up softly. As boys they were kissed an' petted an' stuffed wid sweet cake and crled ober. As young men they had nuffin to do but spend money, dress like monkeys, loaf on de streets an' look down on honest labor. As men they am a failure. Peep who do don't into 'em and avoid 'em till they die." "An' dat's just as bad. When I see a man who every body dislikes, I realize dat he was brung up on de goody good plan as de boy."

Marshal Vendome.

Feudal Habits of One of France's Eminent Marshals.

If you could not have ranked as a branch of philosophy, France could boast of having produced the greatest philosopher of the last twenty centuries. Louis-Joseph, Duke of Vendome, great-grandson of Henry IV., was a man of principles. He used to take a bath on the first day of every month, and during the remaining four weeks avoided water in every form—his toilet articles being limited to a jack-kite and a piece of beeswax. On the day of the monthly purification, his rooms were also cleaned, his study with a broom and his bedroom dogs shared his couch and often reared their progeny under his bed. The destruction of all earthly labors would not have shaken the peace of his manly soul; his underwear consisted of a buckskin shirt and short socks of the same material, his bed of a bunk and three blankets, one of them rolled up in the shape of a pillow. At the table of the Comte d'Ambleve he often gorged himself till he could hardly rise from the chair, but at home he took to avoid that difficulty by taking his meals in bed, and there were weeks when he did not leave his bed at all. Brushes, combs, looking-glasses, marriage-rings, prayer books, handkerchiefs, soap and wash-basins, were luxuries the noble warrior managed to dispense with; ceremonies were his grand aversion, and the demerits of the frail sex the subject of his daily musings. But this man, whom the priests accorded all the virtues mentioned in Peter Lombard's revised catalogue, was a Mars on the battlefield, the idol of the army, and, in the opinion of Prince Eugene, the one soldier who could have saved France if the petticoat-government had not thwarted him.

The President's Carriage.

President Arthur's carriage, and horses are now in Washington. The establishment is in every way a rich and handsome one; indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that it is the finest which has ever appeared in the streets of the Capital. At the same time, however, all its appointments are subdued, modest, and in the best of taste. The Carriage, from the New York Broome street Brewsters, is a landau of novel design, painted a dark mellow green, relieved with enough picking out of red, to show the outline without being conspicuous. The trimmings are of moor and cloth, the cushions and doors being faced with heavy lace. The harness has been made in keeping with the carriage, and is heavily mounted with plain silver. The dress blankets are of heavy dark green kersey, and the coachman's lap robe of green English box cloth. These are all ornamented with the President's monogram. The lap robe for the inside of the carriage is Labrador otter, beautifully lined with dark green, and having the monogram "C. A. A." worked in silk. The horses, two in number are magnificent, trained and managed by boys with black points and without a white spot anywhere. They are five years old; sixteen hands high, have fine flowing manes and tails and are half brothers. They are matched almost to a hair, were raised by the same man, and have always been driven together. Their heads and necks are particularly fine, and though very stylish and showy, they are prompt, firm, and resolute, yet very kind and gentle. They can be driven on an easy rein, without check or martinet. They were the President's personal selection, as was also the carriage, and reflect no little credit upon his judgment as a horseman. The entire "turn out" is a model of quiet magnificence and good taste.

The Cobweb as a Curative.

The Spanish physician, Dr. Oliver, deduces the following conclusions from 119 observations: 1. The cobweb, when taken as a powder, cures daily or tertian malaria fevers. 2. When administered by two granule doses to men and one-granule doses to children, it stops fevers, usually after the second attack. 3. Its action is not so rapid as that of the sulphate of quinine, so until further researches, cobweb powder ought not to be used in cases of pernicious fevers. 4. The powder, being tasteless, is easier to take than quinine, especially for children. 5. This remedy is a very good preservative. To make cobweb powder, clean the cobwebs, dry them in the sun, and pound them in a mortar. One gets thus an ash-brown powder, insoluble in water, and hardly soluble in alcohol.

Time and Money.

"How much will you charge a lesson?" asked Mrs. Slignt of the German Professor, who had just tried her voice.

"Well, Madame, I sharge two dollars, but you seeing so beautiful it's better I dale you for ve quarter."

So Mrs. Slignt hurried home and told her husband how Professor Pumpernickle had been so anxious to secure her for his "concert pupil" that he had cut his terms down from two dollars to twenty-five cents a lesson. Slignt had discouraged his wife's lyric flights, but he decided that he could stand the extravagance under the circumstances, and Mrs. Slignt sang away.

At the end of the three months Pumpernickle's little bill came in. It very naturally called for forty dollars. Old Slignt looked at it as though he had been scalped and pulling his hat down over his ears, lit out homeward.

"See here, Mrs. Slignt!" he howled, "didn't you tell me that your infernal squawking with Pumpernickle was to cost but a quarter?"

"A quarter for each lesson, my dear that would be let me see, twenty lesson—five dollars, you know."

"And Slignt—sailed forth again, and stormed into the Professor's room just as he was executing some offending composition or other.

"What do you mean by this outrageous bill, Sir?" he demanded.

"Got lah dot?" replied the astonished Pumpernickle; "got beel is perfectly correct."

"But Mrs. Slignt says you told her; you would get to take her for a quarter—"

"Dot's so! dot's so! I like rather I geeve lessons by the quarter, and three months is von quarter, and von quarter is forty dollar."

And Slignt rubbed his ears a moment in silence, while something dawned upon him. Then returning home, with a word or two for his wife's private ear, he remonstrated that after all there are cases where time is not money.

Phun.

A little boy, whose impetuous parents are always moving from one house to another, was asked by the Sunday-school teacher:

"Why did the Israelites move out of Egypt?"

"Because they couldn't pay their rent, I reckon," was the reply.

Here we have a Joke and a Man. The joke is very old. It is bald and toothless. It must be about 1,000 years old. The man wears a big diamond and a shiny plug hat. He is a negro minstrel. Gm and give the old, old joke to him and he will take care of it cleverly. It is his business. He gets \$10 a week for it.

A man got into one of the main street cars this morning, having a large square of glass done up in brown paper under his arm. When he had laid it carefully upon a seat, went to the box and deposited his fare and then went back and sat down upon it, smelting it to pieces, the other passengers laughed.

Laudably, entire ignorance of grammatical knowledge, advertises that she has a "fine, airy, well-furnished bedroom for a gentleman twelve foot square;" another has "a cheap and desirable suite of rooms for a respectable family in good repair;" still another has "a hall bedroom for a single woman eight by twelve."

"My dear child," observed a good deacon to an urchin who was polishing a cat's back with a blacking brush on the Lord's day: "Have you never attended Sunday-school?" "Naw," responded the urchin frankly: "I don't go to places of amusement."

Professor—"Which is the most delicate of the senses?" Sophomore—"The touch." Professor—"Prove it." Sophomore—"When you sit on a pin you can't see it, you can't hear it, you can't taste it, you can't smell it, but it's there."

Volunteer captain (setting major first time)—"Now, then, what are you boys staring at? Did you never see a war horse before?" Boys (who had followed whetting a spear)—"Aye, we've whelped seen a war horse, but never a war rider."

"Why were you not at church last Sunday, Clara?" asked Amelia. Clara—"I couldn't, didn't have anything to wear. I shall go next Sunday if my new sack is done." Amelia—"Oh you sack-religious thing!"

"That prisoner has a very smooth countenance," said the judge to the sheriff. "Yes," said the sheriff, "he was ironed just before he was brought in."

Jinks' parents have to send him money every month to keep his landlord from evicting him. Jinks, in writing back his gratitude, always begins his dear "Pay-rons."

Proud young father—"Oh—er—I wish to register the birth of a daughter." Registrar—"No, no; you must go back, my boy, and tell your father to come himself."

Willie has found some horse radish. It is in a Jar labeled Jank. He has just taken a Big Mouthful of the Horse Radish. There are Tears in his Eyes. Perhaps he is Crying because he Loves In Vain."

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Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Time-table of May 7, 1881.

	M'd		Acc.		Sun'dy	
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Philadelphia.....	4:45	8:20	4:00	8:00	8:20	8:20
Crofton.....	4:57	8:27	4:12	8:12	8:32	8:32
Williamstown Junction.....	5:09	8:39	4:24	8:24	8:44	8:44
Cedar Brook.....	5:21	8:51	4:36	8:36	8:56	8:56
Winslow.....	5:33	9:03	4:48	8:48	9:08	9:08
Hammononton.....	5:45	9:15	5:00	9:00	9:20	9:20
Da Costa.....	5:57	9:27	5:12	9:12	9:32	9:32
Elwood.....	6:09	9:39	5:24	9:24	9:44	9:44
Egg Harbor.....	6:21	9:51	5:36	9:36	9:56	9:56
Pomona.....	6:33	10:03	5:48	9:48	10:08	10:08
Atlantic City, Ar.....	6:45	10:15	6:00	10:00	10:20	10:20

Camden & Atlantic City

DOWN TRAINS.

Stations	H. A.		S. A.	
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Philadelphia.....	6:45	10:15	6:00	9:30
Cooper's Point.....	7:00	10:30	6:15	9:45
Penn. R. R. Jure.....	7:15	10:45	6:30	10:00
Williamstown Junction.....	7:30	11:00	6:45	10:15
Arlwood.....	7:45	11:15	7:00	10:30
Kirkwood.....	8:00	11:30	7:15	10:45
Berlin.....	8:15	11:45	7:30	11:00
Arc.....	8:30	12:00	7:45	11:15
Waterford.....	8:45	12:15	8:00	11:30
Ancora.....	9:00	12:30	8:15	11:45
Winslow Junction.....	9:15	12:45	8:30	12:00
Hammononton.....	9:30	1:00	8:45	12:15
Da Costa.....	9:45	1:15	9:00	12:30
Elwood.....	10:00	1:30	9:15	12:45
Egg Harbor.....	10:15	1:45	9:30	1:00
Pomona.....	10:30	2:00	9:45	1:15
Abscon.....	10:45	2:15	10:00	1:30
Atlantic.....	11:00	2:30	10:15	1:45
May's Landing.....	11:15	2:45	10:30	2:00

U TRAINS.

Station	U		F. S.	
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Philadelphia.....	7:35	9:20	5:50	8:20
Cooper's Point.....	7:50	9:35	6:05	8:35
Penn. R. R. Jure.....	8:05	9:50	6:20	8:50
Williamstown Junction.....	8:20	10:05	6:35	9:05
Arlwood.....	8:35	10:20	6:50	9:20
Kirkwood.....	8:50	10:35	7:05	9:35
Berlin.....	9:05	10:50	7:20	9:50
Arc.....	9:20	11:05	7:35	10:05
Waterford.....	9:35	11:20	7:50	10:20
Ancora.....	9:50	11:35	8:05	10:35
Winslow Junction.....	10:05	11:50	8:20	10:50
Hammononton.....	10:20	12:05	8:35	11:05
Da Costa.....	10:35	12:20	8:50	11:20
Elwood.....	10:50	12:35	9:05	11:35
Egg Harbor.....	11:05	12:50	9:20	11:50
Pomona.....	11:20	1:05	9:35	12:05
Abscon.....	11:35	1:20	9:50	12:20
Atlantic.....	11:50	1:35	10:05	12:35
May's Landing.....	12:05	1:50	10:20	12:50

Up express stops at Hammononton 8:48 A. M. Philadelphia 9:50. Down express leaves Philly at 3:30 p.m., Hammononton, 4:29. Atlantic 5:16

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