







### After the Sunday Dinner.

After the Sunday dinner, what? Well, it all depends. A person whose brain is wearied with intellectual work during the week, or whose nervous system is exposed to the strain of business or professional life, ought to sleep within an hour or so after his Sunday dinner, if he can. It is surprising how much like a seven-day clock the brain will work if the habits of a Sunday nap be once formed. Nature will take advantage of it as regularly and gratefully as she does of the nightly sleep, and do her best to make up lost time. People on the other hand, whose week of toil is chiefly physical, may well give their minds activity while their bodies are resting. Two sermons and a three or four hours' solid reading are a rest for some on Sunday. While to others such a course amounts to a positive Sabbath-breaking. Sunday is a day of rest, of work, religious or otherwise. It is a day of repose, not for exhaustion. But what the dogmatists on one side and the liberalists on the other are apt to overlook is the fact that all men do not rest alike any more than they labor alike, and what may help one may kill another.

### Shop Manners.

In an evil hour, writes Miss Kate Field in our Continent, I was lured to a shop where I was assured cheapness prevailed. The shop was very crowded, very noisy and somewhat obnoxiously polyanous. I wanted a dollar's worth of letter paper, and discovered that the great advantage in patronizing this particular shop was that I could purchase my paper for ninety-nine cents. The saving of one cent has wonderful attractions for certain formations of brain. There are women who will spend twenty cents on the elevated railroad, or ten cents in car omnibus for the purpose of saving one cent on a yard. The best sort of economy is the intelligent New Zealander with amusement and causes him to acknowledge the supremacy of our great republic.

The young lady who condescended to wait upon me was an honor to her sex. I call her a "lady" because she calls herself—proof positive that she is a lady. There are no women in this country, consequently there are no saleswomen. Our sales is a lady, and our customer is a lady. The lady in the basement, and our saleswomen are salesladies. Soon there will be no men, and we shall eventually invoke the aid of young elevator gentlemen. If calling human beings by fine names made them fine, what lessons in manners we could give the universe.

The cheap young lady smiled at me as though I were creature too base for consideration, and entertained an abridging public by humming a popular air. In the course of time she deigned to put before the woman standing beside me a parcel and change which was taken by my neighbor, who at once departed.

On hummed cheap young lady  
—I'm most interesting you  
until I ventured to ask for my package.

Cheap Young Lady (in a drawing room)—What do you buy?  
—You surely know what I bought—writing paper.

The cheap young lady ceased to hum, and even became languidly solicitous. She disappeared, and on returning spoke.

C. Y. L.—The lady next you took your paper and change and I think it was very wrong of her.

I—Had you attended to your business she never would have an opportunity to take what belonged to another. I gave you a three-dollar bill. Return it to me.

The cheap young lady turned pale. After all, though a woman, I was not a worm to be trodden upon.

C. Y. L.—You must wait until the floor-walker comes around.

I waited. The floor-walker consumed ten minutes "coming round." Then the cheap young lady reappeared with a three-dollar bill which she flung at me. Thinking her humbly for the great favor conferred, I retired. I had breathed bad air for twenty minutes, had been pounded in the back by eager humanity, had been insulted, and I emerged, without paper, an irritated and wiser woman.

Upon unfolding my short but moving tale to other women who have the misfortune to be born into a world where clothes are de rigueur and shopping necessary, my sorrowing ears

heard of experiences in the light of which my own paled its fire. Then I asked questions of myself.

—Why are shop manners in America the worst in the world?  
—Myself—Because the employees are generally of the humblest origin, and are too ignorant to appreciate the virtue of courtesy.  
—Employees in Europe are equally of humble birth.  
—Myself—True, but Italians and French, for example, are born superficially courteous. An Italian nobleman has no better manners than an Italian cook. In England caste makes employees subservient—rather than civil. The effect of democracy upon vulgar men and women is to inflate them with equality—an equality which they attempt to assert by treating their superiors as no better than themselves.

—Myself—What is the remedy?  
—Education eventually makes a polite nation. Self-interest ought to do so. As honesty is the best policy, so courtesy, and those shopkeepers who bear this fact in mind will thrive the most.

—Myself—It is all very well to fall back upon education and self-interest, but neither avails at present. The next generation may possibly repose upon education. As for self-interest, many persons in business are too narrow to see what is likely to pay best. Propose some speedier remedy.

—Well, then, there is public opinion. So long as customers submit to insult they will be insulted. A river does not rise higher than its source. I do not assert that  
—"Who drives fast does not himself get fat."  
—But if Americans care to deserve the reputation of being well-mannered, they will punish ill breeding in shops by spending their money elsewhere.

### The Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

The Grand Canyon is about 220 miles long, from five to twelve miles wide and from 5,000 to 6,000 feet deep. Those who have seen it all unite in declaring it is the most sublime and impressive of all natural features of the world. It consists of an outer and inner chasm. The outer chasm is about five or six miles wide with a row of palisades 2,000 feet high on either side, and a broad and comparatively smooth plain between. Within this plain is cut the inner gorge descending more than 3,000 feet lower, and with a width of about 5,500 feet. The upper palisades are of very noble form and uniform profiles with a highly architectural aspect. The region through which the chasm extends consists of a carboniferous strata, but about forty miles north of the river appear strata of later age forming a series of terraces, each terrace being determined by a line of cliffs 1,500 to 2,000 feet high, and of very wonderful sculpture and brilliant color. The strata in this series of terraces are the remains of beds which once stretched unbroken over the district now drained by the Grand Canyon. The total thickness of the beds removed was more than 10,000 feet, and the denuded area more than 11,000 square miles. The denudation began in the Eocene time, and has been continuous until the present time. A great amount of uplifting has also occurred during the same period, varying according to locality from 16,000 to 19,000 feet, and the present altitude of the region is the difference between the amount of uplift and the thickness of strata removed, that is 7,000 to 9,000 feet. The meeting of the Grand Canyon is thus merely the closing episode of a long period of erosion. The cutting of the present chasm is a comparatively recent geological event, and probably had its beginning in the Pliocene time. The process of excavating the canyon consists of the action of two classes of natural causes. The first is the scouring action of the stream upon the rocks in its bed. The stream is a force of torrent carrying large quantities of sharp sand, which acts like a sand blast. A river will always cut down its bed as long as it is capable of carrying it. When this quantity is greater a part of it is thrown down upon the bottom, protecting it from scouring. In this respect the Colorado is an exceptional river. The other process is weathering. The stream cuts a channel no wider than its water surface, but the cut is thus widened by the secular decay of the chasm, which, though slow to the perception, becomes greater after the lapse of many thousand years.—*Captain Dutton, before the American Association.*

### The Migration of Birds.

Familiar as the migration of birds is to us, there is perhaps no question in zoology more obscure. The long flights they take, and the unerring certainty with which they wing their way between the most distant places, arriving and departing at the same period year after year, are points in the history of birds of passage as mysterious as they are interesting. We know that most migrants fly after sundown, though many of them select a moonlight night to cross the Mediterranean. But that their meteorological instinct is not unerring is proved by the fact that thousands are every year drowned in their flights over the Atlantic and other oceans. Northern Africa and Western Asia are selected as winter quarters for most of them and they may be often noticed on their way thither to hang over towns at night, puzzled in spite of experience by the shifting light of the streets and houses. The swallow or the nightingale may sometimes be delayed by unexpected circumstances. Yet it is rarely that they arrive or depart many days sooner or later one year with another. Professor Newton considered that were sea fowl satellites, revolving round the earth, their arrival could hardly be more surely calculated by an astronomer. Four weather or fair, heat or cold, the puffing winds repair to some of their stations punctually on a given day as if their movements were regulated by clock-work. The swiftness of flight which characterizes most birds enables them to cover a vast space in a brief time. The common black swift can fly 276 miles an hour—a speed which, if it could be maintained for less than half a day, would carry the bird from its winter to its summer quarters. The large purple swift is no less capable of even greater speed on the wing. The chimney-swallow is slower, ninety miles per hour being the limit of its power, but the passenger pigeon of the United States can accomplish a journey of 1,000 miles between sunrise and sunset.—*London Standard.*

### Success.

It is a great thing to succeed. A fair success in business is worth all it commonly costs of devotion and industry. And there is, at least, one way by which success may be attained; and that is by learning how to do something that people want done; by doing it well, and striving each day to do it better.

If you are a doctor you should seek to be the best doctor of your neighborhood. Even if you sell fish, you should be sure to deliver them fresh, in nice order, at the most convenient time, and at a fair price. You should be the nearest store where the prompt attention is given to the customer, and where the greatest variety of fish sold in your neighborhood can be found. If you are so unfortunate as to publish a paper, never rest until you have made it the best of its kind in the world. You probably never will place it at the head, but you must always seek for that result. If you do, your paper will be an answer.

Sixty years ago, Peter Cooper kept a little grocery store in the Bowery, New York, within a few yards of the spot where the Cooper Institute now stands. A man came into his store one day and said:  
"I built a glue factory for my son. He can't make it go. I'll sell it to you for two thousand dollars."  
Upon inquiry, Peter Cooper found that all the best glue came from Russia, and brought a high price, while the glue made in New York was very poor stuff, and was sold at a rate that forbade all chance of profit. He said to himself:  
"Why can't glue be made as good in quality here in America as in Russia. I think it can be. I'll try it." He bought the factory. Then he commenced studying the process by which glue is made. He tried on a experiment; superintending every step himself; kept trying for years always improving his product, until Peter Cooper's glue commanded the highest price, and literally ruled the market.

What he did with glue, Gillett did with pens. Jonas Chickering with the piano, Fairbanks with scales; and, if you succeed fairly and handsomely, you must do just so with something.

Two highwaymen recently stole a new York citizen's pocketbook. They were dashed toward the ferry. They were of course captured, as they didn't have money enough to cross.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

### The Sphinx as it Now Is.

Much has been written as to the mystic god of the ancient cradle of civilization, the Sphinx—which is the name for Egypt. I am puzzled to express my idea of it and its temple. We alight amid the sandy heaps and look down into the rock-cut caverns, and up to the half hid genius of the Unknowable.

The temple of the Sphinx is huge red granite columns supporting huge granite blocks. It is thirty feet below the level of the sand. From it a road-way, paved with white flag stones, leads to the pyramids. They seem to have been connected religiously. The nose of the Sphinx is shaved or worn off. It detracts from her dignity. Her headpiece is partially demolished, but her face and form remain for solution. Let Zolpus stand forth! There is no satisfactory guess yet as to any of the gods of Egypt. The pyramids are resolute edifices; but this Sphinx has been from the earliest days as much of a dumb puzzle as the protoplasm. An intelligent and metaphysical writer who was here, regards the Sphinx more wonderful than the pyramids, because so awful and lonely. The pyramids are awful in another sense, awful first, that they have companions. He even finds concealment in the thick lips of the Sphinx, and regards her or it as a forgotten mould of beauty. To my thinking she is simply a monster, begotten of the wild imagination of a sunny people, who, after running out of the animal creation for their delirium, framed this monument. It is said to be an image of the Ddty, because unchangeable, having the same will and intent forever! But it has changed. It is not inexorable. It is a dead rock and subject to mutilation and wear, like any other piece of limestone. I have seen in Corchia forms almost whimsical, bearing resemblance to birds, beasts and creeping things, and to man and devil. The impression, however, which the Sphinx and its emblem produce here on this lonely shifting edge of the unlovely desert, is owing as much to its age as to its insolubility. I cannot connect with it the idea of Ddty or of immortality. Nor can I feel the sameness of vague, nightmarish horror in contemplating its sinister monuments.

Remounting our animals we return to the base of the pyramids. We are pointed out, in a hole in the sand riddled off, the old corners were stripped. We look up to the apex of the large stone, that of Cheops. No line of ascent and height are felt. It is simply enormous. It is specific and general gravity. No room for levity of any kind. Made on a square and with angles geometrical, and with immense stones—and these piled by the aid likely of mounds of earth, or, as some suppose, built from the inside—the impression deepens till the head is dizzy and theophany with solid substance, acres of stoniness. One feels, in a faint way, a sense of the labor and the load by which they were made. Shall we go in, or on top? We resolve first to enter. It is no holiday work especially for a lady. My wife essays it, and I follow. Three Arabs for each, but Dionysius the Greek guide, falls of heart. He has been in once. Once is enough for him. These bronze Arabs dance about, with fragments of bad English on their tongues, and are rather too ready to hit us in the opening. The day is hot. It looks cool inside, but to reach the northern entrance is not to be done in a hurry. Before diving into these acres of piled stone we rest for a farewell glance at the country around. Cairo looks as though half under the yellow water. The majestic river, in reddish yellow, swings through its green banks on, on to the sea. Forty centuries—yes, likely forty times forty—have looked down from these cliffs, have hid in sands, upon this stupendous stream, how beautiful are the green fields of corn and sugar compared with the tawny infinite upon the west!

DENMARK has a law that other nations might well incorporate in their criminal code. It provides for the punishment of persons who willfully refuse to succor helpless persons, in case of death from want of aid. In certain cases the omission even to afford aid is punishable. The law provides that "whoever has refused to help another person in mortal danger without peril to his own life, and that person has perished in consequence, is liable to either imprisonment or fine."

### Lyell in America.

Naturally, as Lyell grew older, after the "Principles and Elements" had made "dull" work, he became an ardent admirer of Darwin's theory of the correspondence with Mr. Darwin's not yet the spoils of evolution—some to date from this period, and the allusions to London society every now and more to which on every page. This tone, however, remains unchanged. Not a trace of narrow specialism anywhere. We got long accounts of such events as a party at Milman's, where Rogers and Whewell discuss Pope, and where Milman gives the fresh opinion of a contemporary on Macaulay's "Bacon." To follow him in all his wanderings after the age of railways would be impossible; a run across to Spain, Italy, or Scandinavia, seemed to him merely an ordinary bit of his week's work.

In 1841, however, he took a more ambitious trip across the Atlantic to lecture at the Lowell Institute, and Canada. Geologically, he was deeply impressed by the great scale of the phenomena he saw, the vast lakes, the enormous glacial deposits, the immense subterranean forests; socially and politically, the trip left lasting effects upon his tone of mind. Singularly unprejudiced to start with, he met American society frankly and cordially, and judged both its merits and defects with somewhat lenient impartiality. But his kindness was not the result of mere unobtrusive and unpretentious good nature. He kept his eyes open, as usual, to all the main social factors, and rightly remarks that many Englishmen set down much to American political institutions which is really due to American circumstances—abundant land, free elbow room, and constant European immigration, often of the poorest and most ignorant class.

On the other hand when he crosses the border at Niagara, he sees the weak points of the colonial system on the north of the great lakes keenly and acutely. "You and I would have more in good society here [in Canada] in one week," he writes to Leonard Horner, "which he should consider narrow-minded and prejudiced and dangerous to foreigners, in matters of politics, religion and political economy; than we heard in nine months in the United States; for they have here all the elements of a colony and the envy of the border added to everything that you might disapprove of which they bring from home." This is less true now than it was then, but there is still much truth in it; and it is painful to think that we have condemned Canada to such a poor and petty mock-national existence for forty years longer, since Lyell wrote, merely for the sake of our own meagerness, Imperial class, which nobody ever seriously means to desert, but which everybody pretends to believe is vitally important.

The interesting thing to note here, however, is the fact that Lyell should have come to so definite and just a conclusion after only a few weeks' sojourn in a new country. It is one of the many proofs of his keen practical penetration which he scattered over every page of his memoranda and journals. Perhaps the chief result of this first American trip was the formation of a close friendship with Mr. Tinkler, of Boston—a member of the well-known publishing firm to whom many of his letters are now forthrightly addressed. They are among the most interesting of broad, general opinions, which would hardly be needed in writing to European friends. Some of them are very characteristic of one of his wide tolerance and his marked tendency toward conciliation and compromise. For example, he writes once: "The time may be nearer than some think when we shall have all sects endowed, which I trust will happen, instead of none being so. But at all events, I abhor the political dissension created in Ireland, Scotland and England by the exclusive privileges of Church of Rome and dissent. It is really the only which is oppressive here, and not the majority, nor the aristocracy. Perhaps feel it too sensitively as a scientific man, since our Puseyites have excluded physical science from Oxford. They are wise in their generation. The subject deference to authority ad nauseam is a salutary thing which can never survive a sound philosophical education."

Tombstone, A.T., is growing so rapidly that they soon expect to be big enough to change its name to Saropoliagus.

### THE SHADOWED CROSS.

For Mabel, seeming so much to be a queen, with all her beauty and her father's wealth, she had been a girl who had exhausted both her own and her mother's liberal allowance. Then came a stormy scene when Mr. Thorne, after a long and painful struggle, had decided to discontinue her education. Mabel was left with a small sum of money, and a broken heart.

Handsome, winning, educated and apparently wealthy, he soon became popular. Yet Mr. Thorne distrusted him; warned Mabel against him, and when she, in a moment of weakness, refused to listen to the warning of her father, he forbade her to visit him on the hillside or to be seen with him upon the street. Mabel had made inquiries concerning him. Mabel now became irritable and moody, while the mother, whose heart yearned over her favorite child, strove to comfort her, but at the same time, Mabel, bursting into a passion of tears, left the room.

While she was sadly pondering over the possibility of seeing her father, she saw Mr. Thorne enter the room. His face was pale and his lips firmly closed, while his features seemed almost convulsed with excitement.

"Where is Mabel?" he asked, and she answered that "she had just left the room," sending a servant to summon her.

Mr. Thorne paced the floor in uncontrolled excitement; as she entered the room he exclaimed: "Why do you do this? Why are you going out in company with that scoundrel? Mabel insolently replied, "because it pleased me." Furious with passion her father caught her by the arm and said, "You have deceived and disgraced me by your conduct. I have learned to-day that you are a gambler and a forger."

"I am his wife!" she proudly replied.

"You are no child of mine, leave me alone," said Mr. Thorne. "Blind with pride and passion Mabel turned and left the house."

For some time Mr. Thorne seemed retired to the spot with horror; she tried to call her name, but her voice had deserted her. Finally she arose to her feet and rushed from the house determined to find and bring back her child.

But it was growing dark and still, and time had elapsed to enable Mabel to pass out of the hall. She had been pressed, eager to find her loved one; she will not return without her, so all the dreary night she continued her search.

In the dusk which precedes the dawn she finds herself near the river, and is attracted by the movements of some men near her, who are trying to raise something from the water. Impelled by some feeling, she drew near as they laid upon the wharf the form of a young girl, whom she saw at a glance was Mabel.

With a anguish she screamed aloud, to find her mother standing by her side. On a step she arose, bathed her face and went to look at the babe now safe from sorrow, temptation and sin. And in after years when her thoughts reverted to her dream she would look upon her noble sons and lovely daughters and softly murmur, "Thy Will Be Done."

### A Rich Girl's Bridal Chamber.

A gorgeous bridal chamber has just been completed for the reception of a bride who has never known the want of money and by whom one hundred dollars is spent with as little thought as many people would tender a ten-cent piece. The walls are covered with heavy white satin, tufted with gold buttons, and mirrors are interjected here and there. The ceiling is painted in the most artistic manner, and the curtains are of white silk embroidered in gold and rich colors in floral designs. The curtains are mounted on gilt poles, and when drawn back, disclose a view of the great portion of Utah, with grain and flour, but it supplies the greater portion of South-eastern Nevada with flour and a goodly portion of grain.

### THE MORMON TEMPLE.

The construction of the grand temple of worship now being erected by the Mormon church at Salt Lake City, Utah, is being pushed ahead with as large a force of workmen as convenience will permit, and the walls of the building are beginning to loom up and are covered with scaffolding and ladders. The temple is being constructed of white limestone. The building is situated on top of a mountain, a spur of the Wasatch range, that extends out into the town of Mant, and is called by the people of Utah the mountain of the Lord. The foundation of the temple is sixty-three feet above the level of the road, and is set in solid rock; the top of the mountain having been excavated and leveled, making levels, ninety-five feet in width and 172 in length. From the ground to the square will be eighty-two feet in height. There will be two towers erected, one at the east, and the other at the west corner of the building. The tower at the east corner will be 179 feet in height, while that at the west corner will be ten feet lower, or 169 feet in height. They are thirty feet square at the base. There are four terraces walls around the mountain in front of the temple, which will average about seven feet in height and are about 900 feet in length, and all contain about 2,400 cords of rock, as at present built, and 3,000 yards of debris has been excavated and hauled away. The stairway from the road to the upper terrace is sixty-three feet, and will contain 132 stone steps, sixteen feet in width. The back of the terrace will be filled with rich soil, to the top of the stone work, and trees and shrubbery planted, and the tops of the terraces are to be ornamented by neatly dressed and cut stone, and statues will be placed at various and appropriate places. The water to supply the temple will be brought in wooden pipes from a spring situated about one and a quarter miles east of the temple, back in the mountains, and will be carried down the mountain side, and will be about fifty feet to the reservoir, and one hundred feet from the reservoir to the lower terrace. The whole side of the mountain is to be planted with trees and flowers, and the crystal stream poured forth by the little spring, as it winds its way down the side of the mountain, will travel from root to root, quenching their thirst, thus assisting the trees to produce their foliage in spring, the flowers to bloom as the grass to grow. The building of the temple was first commenced five years ago, and has been worked on ever since, and it is expected that it will be in such condition in about three years that it can be used, but it is estimated that it will take fully five years to complete the building. The building will be fifty feet in height, and the excavation at the east end for the basement is about forty-six feet in depth. It was President Young's intention when he ordered the erection of this temple that it should be the grandest and most imposing structure erected on the American continent, and all indications point to such being the case.

Mant is situated about 125 miles, a little east of south of Salt Lake City, and is quite a large town, being the third oldest settlement in Utah territory. It is located at the foot of the east side of the Wasatch mountains, in one of the most fertile valleys in the territory, which is dotted the entire length with well irrigated farms and large orchards. The Saupchik river, a tributary to the Jordan river, flows through the town, supplying the people with water for all necessary purposes, including irrigation. The Mant and surrounding valleys is the granary of the mountain country. Its fruitful farms not only produce a sufficient quantity of grain to supply the greater portion of Utah, with grain and flour, but it supplies the greater portion of South-eastern Nevada with flour and a goodly portion of grain.

It was the privilege of the writer to visit the picturesque little town of Arlington, Vt., which at the time bore a population of 2,601, three churches, five stores, two hotels, an extensive car works, and a blind and chair factory, all of a peg factory, which by the courtesy of the foreman, Mr. L. E. White, (who had been employed there twenty nine years) was shown through, and received valuable information. The mill machinery is of a fine quality, which is cut into pieces four feet in length, varying in diameter from eight to fourteen inches. These logs are piled in a building in winter and the frost

extracted by steam. They are then run through a saw to cross pieces, or blanks of the thickness desired for the length of the pegs. These are sorted and the knots cut out, and are then passed on to a long bench, which contains six rollers composed of fluted rollers. The blanks are then run between these rollers, which quench on both sides. They are then drawn out on a cross piece, or blank out on the sides of the pegs. They then go to a long bench, which contains six rollers, which are set with a cross piece, and cut the blanks to the pegs. As they pass the last machine they are sorted, and all knots and discarded ones removed, as they are brushed off into large baskets. The machines are under the care of young women, who appear much more happy and useful than many of those who, thumping at the piano, would consider such employment, mental. The next process is bleaching, which is accomplished by the fumes of brimstone, which is unhealthy—(those who labor hereabout their lives). They are then placed in large cylinders, which hold eleven barrels, and have six hundred steam pipes running through them, and revolve one and one-half times to the minute, drying two charges per day to each cylinder. They are then passed into large wooden casks, or cylinders, which, revolving rapidly, polish them by the friction, the refuse falling through wire sieves or screen openings, after which they are again passed into a sifter, which separates all the single pegs and drops them into tubs or boxes, leaving those which have not been separated in the machine. They are then put in barrels ready for market. The factory running full time turned out one hundred and fifty bushels, or fifty barrels per day. The sizes go from eight up to sixteen to an inch. The lengths go by eights, two and one-half to twelve. Twenty-six hands are employed, half of them being women. The products of this mill are mostly shipped to Germany and France, and enter largely into the manufacture of toys and fancy goods as well as into the manufacture of the chairs of commerce to far away countries, among children to sparkle the eyes of happy holiday in toys, in which these toys have become an important factor.

A Few Words About Advertising Schemes.

Business men are bored to death with every conceivable scheme for advertising. The number of snide schemes by which they are reeked of money for which they see a plenty is astonishing. Young, middle aged and elderly men are every day for a hotel register that get their cards filled out, and are sent to give their card, costing only \$5 or \$10 for some gorgeous frame to be hung in the postoffice or placed in a hotel, or for a programme that nobody reads, or a "new paper" to be sent to everybody free, like a poster, and only worth as much, or to the genius who gets up a card with a bit of sandpaper on it to be posted in saloons or on cigar counters, or catch penny cards with a dozen firms represented. The demand upon business men to consent to patronize these schemes and hundreds of dollars are paid annually without the reasonable hope being indulged in by the men who pay the bills that these cards and signs ever do their business any real good.

The advertisers of the United States, men and firms who have expended tens of thousands of dollars in experimenting as to the best and cheapest method of reaching the eye and ear of the public, have always settled down to the conclusion that this method is through regular newspapers. Advertising pays, but giving away to every applicant who has a cheap catch-penny scheme does not pay. A newspaper goes to a regular reading constituency, and every paper averages about eight readers to each subscriber, and the highest rates any publisher will ask will be cheaper to the advertiser than the same scheme allowed to a publisher. Papers that are given away have no more character or value than a bad bill. The place to make known business advantages is through the columns of a generally circulated and regularly published newspaper.

A two-foot rule—Keep your feet dry. A gentleman whose vocabulary was unimpaired, wished to praise a certain lady reader of this city. "Yes," said he, "besides being a very fine educationist, she has a great deal of ejaculations."

Nice in Winter. Nice is full of English people, American, German, and Russian (writes a correspondent from that city). I am a warm admirer of England, claim it as the home of my ancestors, and am proud to be a subject of the British crown, but I am sure they would acknowledge them to their own credit, that they believe themselves really a little better than any other people in the world, yet I feel confident they think every one does or should wish himself an Englishman. They are not much troubled with diffidence. One night at the table d'hôte at the Hotel de France, a young Englishman, sat next to me and beyond him a friend.

They seemed to have met at Nice by chance, though they were evidently old acquaintances, and each was travelling by carriage through the south of Europe. They conversed in quite a loud tone, as if what they had to say must be of interest to all about them, and if not, what was of no consequence. After a while my neighbor asked his friend how he got along with the language, and the reply was, "Oh, there is almost always some one about who speaks English, so I get on all right." "Well," said my neighbor, "I always speak French down here and I make the waiter talk French to me;" then turning to the waiter, and in a loud voice, "Garçon, parlez!" And the waiter, though a German, understood that the Englishman wanted some bread.

I have recently returned from a visit to the ruins of the old Roman amphitheatre at Cimiez. As one stands within the crumbling walls, and traces the tiers upon tiers of seats, and sees the entrance to the arena, it is easy to let one's thoughts wander back to the scenes once enacted there. It is easy to imagine those walls lined with joyous crowds eager for the crowd sport, but it is hard to realize that man and woman with warm human hearts have not only watched such dreadful scenes, but even enjoyed and applauded them. One pitiful picture becomes very real, and it has been in my mind ever since I went to Cimiez. In that picture a young and beautiful Christian girl has just stepped into the arena. Doubtless her body trembles and grows sick with fear, but her heart is brave and steadfast as she waits for the coming of the dreadful beasts. A roar fills at her feet. In all that bloodthirsty throng one heart softens and grows kind, and she casts a grateful, imploring glance toward that pitying face, then turns to meet her fate. They say the place is haunted. The people will not pass through it after dark, and it seems no wonder. The season has been very delightful. As I write the perfume of mignonette, heliotrope and violet blossoms are in the air, and the roses are in bloom. The first spring flowers are already in bloom, and the buds on the fig trees begin to swell. Already preparations are making for the carnival, which is said to be very elaborate here. The people from all the surrounding towns come in, and we are told the city becomes so full that it is difficult to get food as a rule.

### The Head-Liner.

The professor of journalism, who periodically tells us all about newspapers, has failed to notice a comparatively modern and a very important feature of the newspaper, namely, the headline. This is the department of the paper which has recently conquered for itself an influence which every newspaper manager sometimes inadequately recognizes. It often happens that the ingenious artist in this department is really editing the paper. He can convey an impression which the writers of ponderous leaders are endeavoring to avoid. He can create a doubt or awaken suspicion by a single aptly chosen word or so broadness of opinion which it may be the cause of writing to show is unfounded. Suggestions that are buried in the body of articles may attract no attention; but the flaming headline takes the eye at once, and its diagnosis of the matter which it criticizes may be very wide of the mark without the average reader applying any corrective. The headline largely regulates the emphasis that is given to the report of current events. Substantive in the way may be magnified, and mere conjectures invested with nearly the dignity of established facts.

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A perfect restorer & dressing, elegantly perfumed and entirely harmless. Removes dandruff, restores natural color and prevents baldness.

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### Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Time-table of May 7, last.

Station	M. & D. A.M.	Acc.	M. & D. P.M.	Acc.	Sunday
Philadelphia	7:15	8:45	4:00	4:00	8:22
Campden	4:45	8:25	4:20	4:20	8:29
Oakland	4:57	8:27	4:27	4:27	8:31
Williamstown Junction	5:08	8:38	5:08	5:08	8:42
Cedar Brook	6:12	9:12	5:12	5:12	9:14
Winslow	7:15	9:15	5:25	5:25	9:21
Hammoncton	7:35	9:28	5:32	5:32	9:31
Da Costa	7:50	9:43	5:38	5:38	9:37
Elwood	8:10	9:41	5:45	5:45	9:45
Egg Harbor	8:25	9:1	5:55	5:55	9:55
Pomona	9:15	10:10	6:02	6:02	10:21
Atlantic City, Ar.	9:22	10:30	6:10	6:10	10:28

Station	Acc.	M. & D. A.M.	Acc.	Sunday
Atlantic City	7:15	10:45	6:35	6:35
Pleasantville	7:30	11:15	6:50	6:50
Egg Harbor	7:45	11:45	7:15	7:15
Elwood	8:10	12:10	7:40	7:40
Da Costa	8:15	12:30	7:45	7:45
Hammoncton	8:25	12:45	7:55	7:55
Winslow	8:35	12:55	8:05	8:05
Cedar Brook	8:45	1:10	8:15	8:15
Williamstown Junction	8:55	1:20	8:25	8:25
Oakland	9:10	1:25	8:35	8:35
Campden	9:15	1:30	8:40	8:40
Philadelphia	9:30	1:45	9:05	9:05

### Campden & Atlantic City DOWN TRAINS.

Station	H.A.	A.A.	M.	S.A.
Philadelphia	6:10	6:30	6:00	6:00
Campden's Point	12:40	8:10	8:12	8:12
Penn. R. R. June	6:18	4:40	8:15	8:15
Haddonfield	6:3	1:7	8:2	8:2
Ashland	6:4	5:04	8:32	8:32
Kirkwood	6:50	5:08	8:7	8:45
Berlin	7:04	5:21	8:7	8:55
Arcos	7:1	28	8:6	9:02
Waterford	7:2	37	9:05	9:11
Ancora	7:26	42	9:11	9:16
Winslow June	7:31	48	9:17	9:22
Hammoncton	7:37	53	9:23	9:29
Da Costa	6:10	6:10	9:28	9:33
Elwood	6:19	9:38	9:42	9:47
Egg Harbor	6:18	9:47	9:53	9:58
Pomona	6:28	9:57	10:02	10:07
Abecon	6:38	10:08	10:12	10:17
Atlantic	6:5	10:21	10:22	10:27
May's Landing	6:45	10:08		

### U. TRAINS.

Station	H.A.	A.A.	M.	F.	S.A.
Philadelphia	7:35	9:20	5:50	6:20	6:20
Campden's Point	7:28	9:12	5:40	6:12	6:12
Penn. R. R. June	7:23	9:08	5:35	6:05	6:05
Haddonfield	7:07	8:58	5:24	5:54	5:54
Ashland	6:57	8:52	5:18	5:47	5:47
Kirkwood	6:52	8:48	5:17	5:47	5:47
Berlin	6:39	8:35	5:02	5:32	5:32
Arcos	6:32	8:28	4:56	5:26	5:26
Waterford	6:24	8:19	4:47	5:17	5:17
Ancora	6:18	8:13	4:41	5:11	5:11
Winslow June	6:13	8:07	4:35	5:05	5:05
Hammoncton	6:05	8:00	4:29	4:59	4:59
Da Costa	7:5	7:5	4:23	4:53	4:53
Elwood	7:46	4:17	4:53	4:53	4:53
Egg Harbor	7:37	4:00	4:45	4:45	4:45
Pomona	7:28	3:55	4:36	4:36	4:36
Abecon	7:18	3:45	4:25	4:25	4:25
Atlantic	7:0	3:30	4:15	4:15	4:15
May's Landing	7:10	4:00	4:10	4:10	4:10

Up express stops at Hammoncton 8:48 A. M. Philadelphia 9:50. Down express leave city at 5:30 p.m., Hammoncton, 4:29 Atlantic 5:15

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The conductors of the magazine hope not only to maintain its reputation, but to enhance and extend it by constant improvement in the same direction. Their arrangements for the coming year embrace a larger number than ever before of contributions of a popular character.

A serial story entitled "SCOTT'S 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.

The Editorial departments will maintain their present standard of acknowledged excellence, and the illustrations will be of a high character than any that have hitherto appeared in the magazine.

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 Now is the time to subscribe.

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For neatness of appearance and contents generally, it is unsurpassed by any publication of the kind for sale in our country. Pittsburg Gazette.

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Just the paper to take the eye and secure the attention of the boys and girls.—Pitt. Field Union.

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**Attorney-at-Law**  
 AND  
**Solicitor in Chancery.**  
 MAY'S LANDING, N. J.

**The CENTURY Magazine,**  
 Scribner's Monthly  
 For the Coming Year.

With the November number begins the new series under the title of "The Century Magazine," which will be, in fact, a new, enlarged, and improved "Century." The paper is a market longer and wider, admitting pictures of a larger size, and increasing the reading matter about

**Fourteen Additional Pages.**

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

**A new novel by Mrs. Barrett**  
 (Author of "That son of Lawrie's," 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 manners 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. Long E. Mitchell, to contain the best 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 Grant 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-architect and housewife; with many practical as well as beautiful 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 (by the late Charles Stanley), Matthew Arnold, Christina Rossetti, and Cardinal Newman, and of the younger American authors, William V. Howells, Henry James, Jr., and Geo. W. Cable.

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

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

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

**Stories, Sketches, and Essays**  
 May be expected from Charles Dudley Warner, W. D. Howells, "Mark Twain," Edward Eggar, Henry James, Jr., John Fair, Miss Gordon Cumming, "H. H.," George W. Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, A. C. Howland, F. D. Millet, Noah Brooks, Frank R. Stockton, Charlotte F. Woolson, H. H. Boyesen, Albert Blakely, Washburn Channing, John Burroughs, Parke Godwin, Tommaso Salvini, Henry Kiss, Ernest Ingersoll, E. L. Oakes, E. R. Whipple, and many others.

One of two papers on "The Adventures of the Theodora," an original life of Bewick, the engraver, by Austin Leitch, are among other features to be later announced.

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

The price of *The Century Magazine* will remain at \$4 per year—35 cents a number. The portrait size (11x17) of the late Dr. H. H. Hall is just published, and will, photographed from a life-size drawing by W. H. Eaton, will possess a special interest to the readers of the magazine. It is offered at \$2.00, together with "The Century Magazine" for \$2.50. Number plates are taken by the publishers, and by book-sellers and newsdealers everywhere.

**THE CENTURY COMPANY,**  
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**Marine & Fire Ins. Co.**

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 Having succeeded in paying ALL ITS CLAIMS, and securing a

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ne Directors feel that they can offer to all who desire insurance not only at LOW RATES and UNQUESTIONABLE SECURITY, but such greater probability of immunity from assessment (as yet to come), than other Companies. The surplus is large enough to pay all assessments on the policy now in force, and their expiration, without any dependence on receipts from new business.—A condition of policy can be shown by but very few companies in the State. The present Directors pledge to the Policy Holders

**ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT**  
 and a  
**Careful Supervision of the business**  
 and the continuation in the future, as in the past, on the principle of

**PROMPT PAYMENT**  
 OF  
**HONEST LOSSES**

They are looking to EVADU them on technicalities. Hereafter, no notes will be sent of an assessment until they are a year old.

We would call especial attention to our

**Marine Department,**  
 which offers RATES and FAVORABLE FORMS OF POLICIES.

And the attention cheerfully given by the Officers of the Company or its Agents.

**F. L. MULLFORD, Treas.**  
**R. J. HOWELL, Sec'y.**