

# South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

Vol. XX, No. 13.

Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, April 1, 1882.

Five Cents per Copy.

## D. C. HERBERT,

Dealer in all kinds of

**Boots Shoes**

**Gaiters.**

**HAMMONTON,**  
**N. J.**

A specially made in keeping a

**GOOD ARTICLE**

for the

**LOWEST CASH PRICE.**

**CUSTOM WORK and RE-**

**PAIRING in all its**

branches, neatly

**EXECUTED.**

**THE LADIES' STORE**

**OF**

**HAMMONTON.**

**TOMLIN & SMITH'S,**

*Corner of Bellevue & Horton St.*

Hamburg Embroideries, Laces, White

Goods, Fancy Articles, Toys, and

**MILLINERY GOODS.**

Ladies' Furnishing Goods a Specialty.

Demorest's Spring Fashions have been

received.

**Jos. H. Shinn,**

**INSURANCE AGENT**

**ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,**

*References: Policy holders*

*in the Atlantic City*

*files.*

**SUBSCRIBE FOR THE S. J. R.**

**In Memoriam**

**GARFIELD**

The life and public services

of the Nation's Hero. By

Major Bunday. Complete

to date. Written at Mentor

by invitation under the direction of Mr. Garfield.

Contains 52 colored portraits of Garfield, faithful

portraits of mother, wife and children; also numerous

and explanatory letters covering and

explaining his whole career; ten original testimonial

letters from William College classmates; extracts

from important speeches and writings; endorsement

by Col. Lockwell and the President in every book.

Agents will make \$10 daily. It is the most

attractive, authentic and best. Price, \$1.25. Agents

wanted everywhere. Sent \$1 for terms and

outfit, including copy of book. Address, A. S.

BARNES & CO., 111 & 113 William

St., N. Y.

Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage

in the most pleasant and profitable business

known. Everything new. Capital not re-

quired. We will furnish you everything,

\$10 a day and upwards is easily made without

staying away from home over night. No risk

whatsoever. Many now working wanted at

once. Many are making fortunes at the business.

Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and

girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work

falls to make more money every day than can be made

in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who en-

gage at once will find a short road to fortune. Ad-

dress, H. HALLITT & Co., Portland, Maine.

GO TO

**PACKER'S**

AT THE

**Old Stand,**

**The Hammonton Bakery.**

Where the usual variety of choice bread,

rolls, cakes, pies, and crullers, so well

attested to, in quantity and quality,

by a critical and discriminating

New England public. Also for

this special occasion may be

found a full, complete and

varied assortment of choice

confections. Comprising

mixtures, caramels,

chocolate creams,

bou buns, lozenges, etc. Also a great

variety of penny goods for the little

folks.

Also apples, oranges,

figs golden and common,

dates, raisins, nuts, lem-

ons, coconuts, etc., etc.

Thanking the public for the liberal

share of patronage so generously be-

stowed, we hope by strict attention to

business and fair dealing to merit a

further continuance of the same.

W. D. PACKER.

## Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 27, 1882.

The Senate Committee on the Improvement of the Mississippi River and its Tributaries have agreed upon a bill appropriating \$5,000,000 for the Mississippi River, and \$1,000,000 for the Missouri River, to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of War, in accordance with the plans of the Mississippi River Improvement Commission. A part of the appropriation for the Mississippi is to be made immediately available, in order to repair as quickly as possible some of the damages caused by the recent floods.

The action of the Senate in confirming Samuel Blatchford as Judge of the United States Supreme Court gives that body a full bench for the first time in nearly five years. The latter appointment has notably strengthened it, and it will now be able to do work which has been neglected from sheer inability to perform it. It is, too, a very respectable judicial body as now constituted, although it does not come up to the standard it has reached during some periods of the history of the country.

The President having signed the anti-polygamy bill the suppression of the crime which has so long flouted itself in Utah will now begin in earnest. No differences have existed as to the desirability of legislation which would remove this rank offence from the soil of the United States, though there have been disagreements concerning the policy which ought to be pursued to make it effective. Now that the bill has passed into law there will be general acquiescence in the desire that it should be executed with the simple intent of removing the evil. With wise management it is not improbable that polygamy will in two years have become a thing of the past.

General Grant, accompanied by Mr. John Russell Young, the newly appointed Minister to China, took a three hours' stroll about the city one day last week. The General seemed interested in noting the many improvements established since his residence here in the Executive Mansion. General Grant has always been an ardent friend of Washington. It was during his administration that the comprehensive plan of public improvements was inaugurated, whereby the National Capital was reclaimed from the filth and foul stenches of its repulsive and dilapidated condition, and made the most attractive city on the American continent.

Doubts as to the efficacy of the anti-Chinese bill are already being expressed. Mr. Colby, one of the employees of the House, who has spent some time in China, called the attention of the writer to an easy way for Chinamen to evade the restrictions placed upon their emigration to the United States. Said he: "The island of Hong Kong is a British colony, and large numbers of Chinese go there and become naturalized. Mongolians wishing to come to this country can go to Hong Kong and become British subjects, and then come here without violating his new prohibitory law. I understand that the Six Companies are fully away of this fact, and have made arrangements with British companies who were previously interested in the Coolie trade, to import Chinamen into Hong Kong, have them naturalized there in due season, and send them in large numbers to the United States."

All the papers received by the President bearing on the case of Sergeant Mason have been referred to the Secretary of War, who has placed them in the hands of Judge-Advocate General Swain for report. It has leaked out that sufficient irregularities have been discovered in the proceedings of the court-martial to nullify the verdict. While declining to divulge in advance the nature of the report he should make, the General remarked significantly that he "would be heard from."

The complimentary dinner given by President Arthur to Gen. and Mrs. Grant, his guests, was a most brilliant

event. The State dining room had been under the care of expert hands for several days, in anticipation of the occasion, and it never looked handsomer than it did that evening, decked out as it was in one mass of flowers, placed at every conceivable place, and with ferns and grasses peeping from the mantles and cornices and window-tiles. The table was unusually handsome, both in floral and more substantial decorations.

JOHN.

## Mr. Passmore's Reply.

As for what Mr. King said, I am glad to say that this time I have no fault to find with what he *did* say, but only with what he *did not* say. I will explain by showing what the law means, which Mr. King did not do. He says: "If a man has plotted a tract, laid out streets, mapped the same, and sold lots therefrom, he has no power to withdraw such streets, and the town could claim them when desirable." That is all true; and I never denied it. But I did deny that the town could assess my land as "town lots" while I owned the streets. But I do not think of withdrawing my streets, i. e., to shut them up, or to violate my own engagements—which is what the law means. But I did mean to withdraw my offer, and not allow the town to take them now, and then be able to say that they could legally assess my land as town lots, because the town owned the streets. That is what Mr. King tried to make it appear that the town can do; but that is not true.

As yet, the law and equity are both on my side; but if the town should ever take Mr. King's idea of what the law will allow, then, if I ever do have to go to law, I will go to a Court of Equity, where the equities of the case will be fully considered and regarded, and where the case will be considered solely on the equities, without any reference at all to the letter of the law. For "Equity is the correction of that wherein the law, by reason of its universality, is deficient." And equity will not allow the town—especially now, after formal withdrawal of my offer, for an attempted violation of equity, just to take my streets for nothing, and then to tax my land as town lots, to the point of practical confiscation. And if the town is ever foolish enough, as well as wicked enough, to attempt to do that, then, as I love right, and hate wrong infinitely more than I care for either land or money, I will gladly spend the value of the whole tract in trying to uphold law and equity, and public honor; and public policy and private honor,—rather than feel that I have no rights to my property which anybody and everybody is not bound to respect.

WILLIAM PASSMORE.

Should you be a sufferer from dyspepsia, indigestion, malaria, or weakness, you can be cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

Part of a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic cured me of rheumatism. My dyspeptic wife got so much relief from the balance that she tried another bottle, and now we can truly say we have never had better health.—A Boston Mechanic.

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

## RESCUED FROM DEATH.

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

"I write this hoping every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM. I can be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness."

The woman who does not require of a man the form of respect, invites him to discard its substance; and there is one violation of the form which is recent and gross, and might well be cited as a striking illustration in the decay of manners. It is the practice of smoking in the society of ladies in public and private places, whether driving, walking, sailing or sitting. There are *preux chevaliers* who would be honestly amazed if they were told they did not behave like gentlemen, who, sitting with ladies on a hotel piazza, or strolling in a public park, take out a cigar, light it and puff as tranquilly as if they were alone in their rooms. Or a young man comes alone upon the deck of a steamer and blows clouds of tobacco-smoke in their faces, without even remarking, "Tobacco is disagreeable to some people." A man when he unconcernedly sings false betrays that he has no ear for music; and a man who smokes in this way shows that he is not a gentleman.—*Harper's Magazine.*

It is asked if a note dated on Sunday is legal under the laws of the States of New York and New Jersey. In answer it may be stated that a note made and delivered on Sunday for a purpose rendered illegal by statute on that day is voidable by the maker. If made on Sunday and delivered on a secular day it is valid as if made on the day of delivery. If simply dated on Sunday, as such obligations frequently are to represent the average date of account, and made or delivered on a secular day, the note is as valid as if it bore a different date. This will apply to all the States.

The Central Railroad Company discharged a number of their hands a few days ago, because they refused to square up their store bills.

Hon. George M. Robeson has been selected by the New Jersey Republican delegation in the House as the New Jersey member of the new Congressional Campaign Committee.

The public is warned against a fellow who travels about the country fixing silk hats, attending prayer meetings assiduously, and making temperance speeches, and in due time leaving town in a hurry with board bill and other little matters unadjusted.

The State Gazette, of Trenton, insists that not a cent should be appropriated by the Legislature for monuments in this State, until one in commemoration of the battle of Trenton has been erected, and says: "There is probably not another State among the original glorious thirteen whose capital is so totally barren of public artistic adornment as the historic capital of New Jersey."

The American Newspaper Directory, which will be issued this month by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, will contain the names of 10,611 periodicals in the United States and Territories, which is a gain of 314 in the year just passed. The number of daily papers has increased in a somewhat larger proportion, and is now represented by a total of 996 against 921 in 1881. The largest increase has been in New York—10 dailies, 29 of all sorts. Illinois and Missouri show a percentage of gain which is even greater, while Colorado leads all other in the percentage of increase, both of daily and weekly issues. California, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Vermont, and West Virginia have fallen behind 1881 in the total number of periodicals issued. In Georgia, Maine and Massachusetts the suspensions have exactly counterbalanced the new ventures. In every State not mentioned above, and in the Territories, there has been an increase.

Mr. Tilden has never been in such health as now. He has felt well, been able to take his ten-mile constitutional and split his cord of wood before lunch time; but he never was so robustly robust as in this year 1882, and a Presidential campaign only two years off. By the year 1890 Mr. Tilden will be so stalwart in health that he won't be able to sicken and pass away if he wants to.

Mrs. Mary Armstrong died at Trenton last week Tuesday, aged ninety-five. She was of Revolutionary and historic stock, her father having been a classmate at Princeton with Aaron Burr, and afterward a chaplain in the Army. Her mother was one of the Matrons who met Washington, on his journey from Mount Vernon to New York, for the purpose of being inaugurated as the first President.

Victor Hugo feels the shadow of the tomb gathering round him, but is not troubled by it. "My instinct tells me," he recently said to a friend, "that when I pass through the black tunnel called Death, I shall open my eyes to a higher and brighter existence. Why should I not believe in this instinct? It is one of the rare things that never lie." Victor Hugo is happy that he has taught the French people to reverence childhood; the infant is to him a sacred thing.

## Know

That BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

Dispels nervous depression and low spirits.

Restores an exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy.

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

37 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 1881.  
For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia and Constipation, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach, in fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband seeing Brown's Iron Bitters advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time.  
Mrs. L. F. GAFFNEY.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will have a better tonic effect upon any one who needs "bracing up," than any medicine made.

1828—RELIABLE—1882

**BUIST'S SEEDS**

ARE THE BEST SEEDS  
Are entirely the product of our own farms, and are unsurpassed by any in the world for purity and reliability. Buist's Garden Almanac, containing 123 pages useful information, with prices, mailed on receipt of 3c. stamps.  
Wholesale Price-List for Merchants on application.  
ROBERT BUIST, Jr., Seed Crower, PHILADELPHIA.

Leave orders for printing

of all kinds at the SOUTH

JERSEY REPUBLICAN Office,

**BUIST'S PREMIER PEAS**

EXTRA EARLY PEAS

HAVE MADE

A CROP IN 40 DAYS!

For Earliness, Productiveness, and FINE FLAVOR they have NO EQUAL!



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

If you want the Best Extra Early Pea, plant

**BUIST'S PREMIER**

and buy it only in a sealed bag bearing our name and leaden seal, or direct from

**ROBERT BUIST, Jr.**

SEED CROWER,  
(Each Box 6c.) 927 & 924 Market St., Phila.

Scientific and General Notes.

Water-gas is now used in fifty cities and towns in the United States.

The friction of a belt is claimed to be double as much on wood as it is on iron.

The Mount Elina observatory, recently completed, is 6563 feet above the level of the sea.

A silver is the most perfect reflecting metal, absorbing less than 3 per cent. of the rays of light.

To tin small castings clean and boil them with scraps of black tin in a strong solution of cream of tartar.

If you wish to produce a glue that will resist water, boil one pound of glue in two quarts of skimmed milk.

The use of allylic acid for the preservation of food has been prohibited by the French Government as injurious.

Lighting of railroad trains generally in Germany by means of electricity is considered to be merely a question of time.

A novel fan is made of net and wire, circular in shape, to be filled with natural flowers which, of course, must be fresh each time.

A superb and minutely-engraved glass drinking vessel, made by Giovanni, has been bought by the King of Italy for \$25,000.

Over 600,000 bushels of charcoal are used every month in the smelters in Leadville. The price ranges from 12 to 14 cents per bushel.

Another French physician, Dr. Clozel de Boyer, has died from diphtheria contracted in the course of his duties at the Paris Children's Hospital.

A sheep-chase factory, to consume the milk of 600 to 1000 sheep, has been started at Chattanooga, Tenn., by some Austrians, backed by local capital.

It is proposed to hold, in 1884, an Italian National Exhibition in Turin, with the view of stimulating the general industrial interests of the country.

A piece of zinc placed on the live coals in a hot stove will effectually clean out a stove-pipe, the vapors produced carrying off soot by chemical decomposition.

A method for producing an imitation of ground glass may be composed of the following substances: Sand, 18 parts; mastic, 4 parts; ether, 200 parts; benzol, 80 to 100 parts.

It is generally supposed that the thick covering of snow affords the best protection from the severe frosts of winter to the soil beneath. Experiments by Deheran and Kayser prove that grass turf is much more effective.

Within the last fifteen years no fewer than 2800 houses in Edinburgh, Scotland, have been pulled down, and the death rate in that city was 26 per 1000; now it is down to 20 per 1000.

A patent recently granted in Vienna and Berlin uses bands of steel, which are tempered and hardened, to transmit motion from one pulley to the other; the faces of the pulleys being turned perfectly flat and then faced with a varnish of rosins, shellac and asphalt.

The commission appointed by the Government of South Australia to inquire into the matter of the sparrow nuisance recommends that the sparrows, who have multiplied excessively should be destroyed, and that rewards be offered for the heads and eggs of the birds.

A Remarkable Gun.

In the late war between Chili and Peru a curious incident befell an eight-inch Armstrong gun on board the Chilean warship Angamos.

The gun was fired on the morning of the 21st of August, and the projectile, which was standing off at long range of 10,000 yards or so, could do with impunity. The Peruvians at length sent out their fleet of gun-boats to destroy their waspish antagonist, when the other Chilean ships, with their shore rangers, came into action, and drew off the gun-boats all but one, which was sent to engage the Angamos at close quarters.

The Armstrong gun however, sent a shower of Shrapnell bullets on her deck, and the gun-boat retreated. As she was nearing a point, she was fired on by a 6-inch gun, fired at long range and high elevation, managed to hit and sink her. The gun, therefore, did plenty of hard work and valuable service before it finally gave way and was lost in the sea.

Agricultural.

Poor shelter, care and feed will, in a few generations, make scrub will, in the finest thoroughbred stock. Thoroughbred scrubs are but little better than native scrubs, and the farmer who raises either will always be poor.

Breeding the best stock and keeping it in the best possible manner pays the largest profits.

Never set a hen in a box above the ground or floor of the chicken-house, if it is possible to do otherwise, as the eggs dry too fast and lose their vitality. Much better success may be expected if the nests are made upon the ground.

WHAT HENS NEED.—Green food, lime, cooked meat, fresh water are all necessary for the production of eggs in winter. Why? Because in the spring and summer the birds obtain these foraging. Hens must be in good health in order to lay eggs.

Vegetables are so much a necessity to them as to us. Unless able to obtain green food of some nature, your poultry cannot keep healthy.

Lime you must give them, either in the form of powdered oyster shells, old mortar or plastering. Where they have limestone water to drink, it would not be necessary, but they must have it in some form.

FERTILIZING VALUE OF CLOVER.—A speaker in a Western agricultural assembly recently, referring to the exhaustion of prairie soil, by continuous grain cropping, said he knew of a field that had borne corn and wheat for seventeen years without manure, and had become so poor that the crop did not pay for harvesting. The owner decided to clover, which grew well. He cut three crops of clover hay, then re-cut the soil, planted corn—with-out manure—and got a crop as good, or better, than the land had ever produced in the years of its greatest natural fertility. The experiment shows that clover does have the power to draw fertilizing material from the air or from the subsoil, or probably from both. It is in accord with our own experience for many years.

PLAN THE CAMPAIGN.—Spring is apt to come on us suddenly, and work will crowd. Everything seems to want doing at once. We have not thought out our plans for the season's campaign, and of getting it, we have not decided how this or that work shall be done. If we had taken time by the forelock and planned out the Spring's work completely, as fast as one thing was done another could be begun.

The farmer has plenty of leisure during our long winters, to plan for the coming season. He can decide what to do. He can locate his corn fields, and his wheat and oat fields. If old fences are to be mended, or new ones built, it is his building in old ones, he can arrange for it all, and plan such work in such a way that there will be no conflict. By a careful and systematic way of doing business, very often half the time can be saved that would be used if no forethought was taken.—It pays to plan to save time and labor; thereby we save money.

During the winter, all the preparations for Spring's work can be made. Go into the shop, you store the machinery you use on the farm, and look it over carefully. You will find that the plow needs a bolt, or possibly a moldboard, or a coulter. May be one of the handles is badly fractured. If you put in the bolt then, and a new handle, and remember to purchase the coulter or the mold board, the first time you come to use it, you will find you are in luck and put them on. It is ready for use. If you wait until Spring opens, the time for plowing will find you obliged to devote perhaps a whole day's work to putting the implement in proper order. You will be in a hurry, and perhaps slight the work. If it had been attended to in winter, you would have plenty of leisure to do it well.

Corn may be sowed for seed. What can be cleaned. Changes can be made in machinery, where the change will result in improvement of the work to be done, or making the doing of it easier. If you will only take the trouble to think over the hundred and one things to be done when spring comes, and check off a list of those which can be done in advantage of the season, you will be surprised. If you go to bed at night, and think of the season's work, you will be surprised to find how much easier your work seems to be than it does when everything is in confusion, and

Clips.

"Well," said an Irish attorney, "if it please the Court, if I am wrong in this, I have another point that is equally conclusive."

An enterprising showman up in northern Michigan advertises that he has found the missing lynx.

A man is like an egg. You can't tell whether or not he's good until he's broken.

Mustapha Bey, the ruler of Tunis, bought 100,000 umbrellas while in Paris. Mustapha is evidently preparing for a long reign.

"You had better change that rug," said a lady to her servant. "Don't you think it corroborates better with the carpet in this way?" was the response.

The Doubt Resolved. To go or stay, I scarcely know, Perplexed by mandates twain, For while my love pronounced "Adieu," Her aspect said "Remain."

"Twist what I saw and what I heard, My judgment wavered quite— Whether she meant by glance or word To part us or unite.

But now each lover I advise, Like me, to make his choice; In duty to his lady's eyes To disregard her voice.

Such words with kinder light are filled, The nearer we adore; And pointing him I bravely smiled, Will bastianus no more.

The man that says that women never invented anything should listen for a few minutes at the keyhole of the sewing-machine.

"I declare," said Julia, "you take the words right out of my mouth." "No wonder; they are so sweet," said Henry. The day was set that evening.

Student fresh from college, to conductor: "I wish to get on the penultimate car." Conductor—"We have no peanut car; you can take the smoker." Mutually disgusted.

Western Newspaper Enterprise. The great Italian tenor, Signor Campanini, was careless enough to feel an indisposition a week ago in Detroit, and did not sing as announced. A careful search was made among the dirty dishes in the hotel where he lodged, and the following was published as the slight repast he had taken as a supper on the night that he was unable to appear: Soup, boiled shad, six pounds of roast beef, two pigeons, mashed potatoes, one pound and a half of dinner bread, three bottles of claret, one bottle of Apollinaris water, extra coffee, three hard-boiled eggs and lettuce, three hard-boiled eggs and young onions. If a man had not a light to plead illness after the supper, he would constitute such a right. But the able investigator who made up the list published it with the observation: "Naturally enough the Detroit people are somewhat sceptical as to Campanini's illness." The Detroit people must have large ideas of the capacity of the human stomach. Miss Cary was the next victim. She was unable to sing in Chicago recently because of a sore throat. It was at once announced that she was in "excellent voice but very bad temper" at the rehearsal the night before the concert, and a letter was published from a "reliable party" saying that the sore throat was a mere excuse, and that "she was in high dudgeon" because she had to sing without orchestral accompaniment. The "reliable party" added the valuable and polite information that, "it is said she used some very vehement expressions." A few years ago Salvini and Theodore Thomas happened to be giving performances in Chicago at the same time—one acting "Hamlet" the other giving concerts with his orchestra. Poles of both were put under the heading, "Tom and Sal."

Freaks of Fashion. It is difficult to account for the rise and fall of the freaks of fashion during even the period of a single decade. Like the rhythm of the ebb and flow of the tide, they come and go each marked by some striking peculiarity that makes it for a longer or shorter time an almost universally accepted feature. In the fashionable world, it would be a curious undertaking to trace, if trace we could, the origin and development of a single one of these; to find out when, where, and under what necessity or craze it had its origin; or out of whose brain it sprang, and whose were the hands which first modified and perfected it for public approval. The search would

Clips.

"Well," said an Irish attorney, "if it please the Court, if I am wrong in this, I have another point that is equally conclusive."

An enterprising showman up in northern Michigan advertises that he has found the missing lynx.

A man is like an egg. You can't tell whether or not he's good until he's broken.

Mustapha Bey, the ruler of Tunis, bought 100,000 umbrellas while in Paris. Mustapha is evidently preparing for a long reign.

"You had better change that rug," said a lady to her servant. "Don't you think it corroborates better with the carpet in this way?" was the response.

The Doubt Resolved. To go or stay, I scarcely know, Perplexed by mandates twain, For while my love pronounced "Adieu," Her aspect said "Remain."

"Twist what I saw and what I heard, My judgment wavered quite— Whether she meant by glance or word To part us or unite.

But now each lover I advise, Like me, to make his choice; In duty to his lady's eyes To disregard her voice.

Such words with kinder light are filled, The nearer we adore; And pointing him I bravely smiled, Will bastianus no more.

The man that says that women never invented anything should listen for a few minutes at the keyhole of the sewing-machine.

"I declare," said Julia, "you take the words right out of my mouth." "No wonder; they are so sweet," said Henry. The day was set that evening.

Student fresh from college, to conductor: "I wish to get on the penultimate car." Conductor—"We have no peanut car; you can take the smoker." Mutually disgusted.

Western Newspaper Enterprise. The great Italian tenor, Signor Campanini, was careless enough to feel an indisposition a week ago in Detroit, and did not sing as announced. A careful search was made among the dirty dishes in the hotel where he lodged, and the following was published as the slight repast he had taken as a supper on the night that he was unable to appear: Soup, boiled shad, six pounds of roast beef, two pigeons, mashed potatoes, one pound and a half of dinner bread, three bottles of claret, one bottle of Apollinaris water, extra coffee, three hard-boiled eggs and lettuce, three hard-boiled eggs and young onions. If a man had not a light to plead illness after the supper, he would constitute such a right. But the able investigator who made up the list published it with the observation: "Naturally enough the Detroit people are somewhat sceptical as to Campanini's illness." The Detroit people must have large ideas of the capacity of the human stomach. Miss Cary was the next victim. She was unable to sing in Chicago recently because of a sore throat. It was at once announced that she was in "excellent voice but very bad temper" at the rehearsal the night before the concert, and a letter was published from a "reliable party" saying that the sore throat was a mere excuse, and that "she was in high dudgeon" because she had to sing without orchestral accompaniment. The "reliable party" added the valuable and polite information that, "it is said she used some very vehement expressions." A few years ago Salvini and Theodore Thomas happened to be giving performances in Chicago at the same time—one acting "Hamlet" the other giving concerts with his orchestra. Poles of both were put under the heading, "Tom and Sal."

Freaks of Fashion. It is difficult to account for the rise and fall of the freaks of fashion during even the period of a single decade. Like the rhythm of the ebb and flow of the tide, they come and go each marked by some striking peculiarity that makes it for a longer or shorter time an almost universally accepted feature. In the fashionable world, it would be a curious undertaking to trace, if trace we could, the origin and development of a single one of these; to find out when, where, and under what necessity or craze it had its origin; or out of whose brain it sprang, and whose were the hands which first modified and perfected it for public approval. The search would

Clips.

"Well," said an Irish attorney, "if it please the Court, if I am wrong in this, I have another point that is equally conclusive."

An enterprising showman up in northern Michigan advertises that he has found the missing lynx.

A man is like an egg. You can't tell whether or not he's good until he's broken.

Mustapha Bey, the ruler of Tunis, bought 100,000 umbrellas while in Paris. Mustapha is evidently preparing for a long reign.

"You had better change that rug," said a lady to her servant. "Don't you think it corroborates better with the carpet in this way?" was the response.

The Doubt Resolved. To go or stay, I scarcely know, Perplexed by mandates twain, For while my love pronounced "Adieu," Her aspect said "Remain."

"Twist what I saw and what I heard, My judgment wavered quite— Whether she meant by glance or word To part us or unite.

But now each lover I advise, Like me, to make his choice; In duty to his lady's eyes To disregard her voice.

Such words with kinder light are filled, The nearer we adore; And pointing him I bravely smiled, Will bastianus no more.

The man that says that women never invented anything should listen for a few minutes at the keyhole of the sewing-machine.

"I declare," said Julia, "you take the words right out of my mouth." "No wonder; they are so sweet," said Henry. The day was set that evening.

Student fresh from college, to conductor: "I wish to get on the penultimate car." Conductor—"We have no peanut car; you can take the smoker." Mutually disgusted.

Western Newspaper Enterprise. The great Italian tenor, Signor Campanini, was careless enough to feel an indisposition a week ago in Detroit, and did not sing as announced. A careful search was made among the dirty dishes in the hotel where he lodged, and the following was published as the slight repast he had taken as a supper on the night that he was unable to appear: Soup, boiled shad, six pounds of roast beef, two pigeons, mashed potatoes, one pound and a half of dinner bread, three bottles of claret, one bottle of Apollinaris water, extra coffee, three hard-boiled eggs and lettuce, three hard-boiled eggs and young onions. If a man had not a light to plead illness after the supper, he would constitute such a right. But the able investigator who made up the list published it with the observation: "Naturally enough the Detroit people are somewhat sceptical as to Campanini's illness." The Detroit people must have large ideas of the capacity of the human stomach. Miss Cary was the next victim. She was unable to sing in Chicago recently because of a sore throat. It was at once announced that she was in "excellent voice but very bad temper" at the rehearsal the night before the concert, and a letter was published from a "reliable party" saying that the sore throat was a mere excuse, and that "she was in high dudgeon" because she had to sing without orchestral accompaniment. The "reliable party" added the valuable and polite information that, "it is said she used some very vehement expressions." A few years ago Salvini and Theodore Thomas happened to be giving performances in Chicago at the same time—one acting "Hamlet" the other giving concerts with his orchestra. Poles of both were put under the heading, "Tom and Sal."

Freaks of Fashion. It is difficult to account for the rise and fall of the freaks of fashion during even the period of a single decade. Like the rhythm of the ebb and flow of the tide, they come and go each marked by some striking peculiarity that makes it for a longer or shorter time an almost universally accepted feature. In the fashionable world, it would be a curious undertaking to trace, if trace we could, the origin and development of a single one of these; to find out when, where, and under what necessity or craze it had its origin; or out of whose brain it sprang, and whose were the hands which first modified and perfected it for public approval. The search would

A HOWLERIAN LOVE STORY.

Lowest thou but me, I will be love thee, All my days on my body; short was summer's day, now the lower decay— Come again with Spring so kindly.

What you said last year still rings in my ear, As I all alone am sitting, And your thoughts to try In my heart to stir— Because life is sunbiny sitting.

Let me tell you, Well I hear the boy, Sighs behind the birch leaves hearing, I am in dismay, Thus must show the way, For the night her strand is weaving.

Theresa comes, Ay, sang I of a kiss, No, thou surely art mistaken, Didst thou hear it say? Cast the thought away, Look on me as one forsaken.

Oh, good-night good-night Dreams of eyes so bright, Would me none soft embraces, But that will you? Which thou thought'st unheard, Leave in me of love no trace.

In my window close, I'll hear the boy, Sings from their near retreat, Calling me to smile, And my thoughts beguile— Must I ever for thee be waiting? —Bjarnson Bjarnson

The Century Plant.

"Now, mamma, we're all ready," cried a chorus of sweet voices, and four pairs of bright eyes looked pleadingly into hers.

"There is time for a long, long story to-night," said Addie, of the golden locks.

"Never, never so big, mamma," added little Dick.

"And, mamma," said Julie, "let it be about the old blue jar; you know you have often promised to tell us about it, and we have all chosen it to-night."

"The old blue jar! Well, Robbie, push it around here where we can all see it, and you shall hear its story."

It was a large, old-fashioned jar, or small tub, of Dutch ware; dark blue, with fancy white figures all over it. It was so small, wheels, and Robbie rolled it carefully out of its corner, so that the bright fire-light fell upon it. The children drew their low chairs closer to mamma's, and she began:

"One evening, ever so many years ago, it was very stormy. All day long the snow had been falling, and everything was covered with a soft, white mantle. We were poor in those days, and had no pretty home like this. Your grandfather, my papa, you know, was dead, and grandma worked very hard to get food and clothes for her three little girls—your Aunt Nannie, Aunt Julie and me. We lived in a tiny house, and everything in it was very plain and cheap. There was but one pretty thing, and that was a magnificent centurion plant, which stood in this blue jar. We children knew its history by heart, and loved it dearly, so we did each other.

"When our grandmother was a little girl, and came from England to America, she brought it in a little blue mug. It was a wee, little thing then, but it grew nicely, and after she was married her husband brought her this jar from Holland. He was a sea captain, and sailed often across the ocean. The jar was put on wheels so she could move it easily, for it was large and heavy by this time.

"There were a great many hostile Indians in those days, and one afternoon my grandmother saw a band of them coming over the hill toward her home. Grandfather was away from home, and she knew that the Indians would just as likely kill her as not. So she took her baby and ran through the woods to go her nearest neighbor's, half a mile away. But it was nearly dark, and she became bewildered and lost her way. Grandfather came home, and found that the Indians had ransacked the house from top to bottom. Some hunters in the woods found his wife and child and brought them home. My grandmother was completely exhausted, and could only tell them, very feebly, that she ran from the house and got lost. Very soon after she died from the effects of her exposure. The baby was not at all injured by her night in the woods, but grew to be a lovely woman. Her father gave her the centurion plant, and she had it still when she was a widow with three little girls to take care of.

"It had blossomed that winter for the first time in its long life, and to us children it seemed the most beautiful thing in the world. A very tall stalk, crowned with beautiful white blossoms, rose straight up from its long curling leaves, and filled the humble little room with its bright bloom.

"This snowy, cold evening we were sitting by the fire, waiting for mamma to come home, and talking of the queer old jar. We had pulled it out so that the plant stood fully in the fire-light. Presently the door opened and our mamma came in. We sprang up to meet her; one took her umbrella, another her waterpail, and little Julie brought her slippers. We loved our 'pretty mamma,' as we called her, very dearly, and often wished we were boys so we could work for her."

"You can imagine that we were frightened enough when she turned very white, and laying her head down on the table, began crying very hard. With us she had always been bright and cheerful, and we thought something dreadful must have happened. In a few minutes she looked up, and smiling through her tears called us to her.

"My dear little girls," she said, "you will think you have a very foolish mamma, but just for a minute I seemed almost like parting with one of you," and then she went on to tell us that a gentleman with whom she had trusted her small property, had used it in speculation and lost it all. She had, as we knew, sold all her jewelry and valuable furniture, and the only thing left us was our centurion plant. She had thought of this, and stopped at a florist's to try and dispose of it so we should not suffer until she could get some work. Fortunately she met there a gentleman who would give fifty dollars for a plant in full bloom, and he was to come that very evening to take it away.

"We could hardly believe this strange news. To think that she had sold our dear old plant! No wonder she cried. We cried too. How could we part with it? Every day of our young lives we had seen it and tended it so lovingly. It did indeed seem like selling one of our own selves. It was the last of the treasures of our home, the last thing that bound us to the happy past."

"In a few minutes there was a knock at the door, and mamma opened it to admit a gentleman who was followed by two stout negroes. He had a kind, pleasant face, and spoke very politely to mamma, saying that he had never seen a finer plant.

"Nannie watched him very closely, and I saw her shut her lips in a way she had when she was thinking hard. Then she stepped forward and asked him if he could not keep the plant. The gentleman smiled down at her little Nan, and she told him how it had belonged to our grandpa, and how much we loved it and the beautiful plant too. 'And, sir,' she added, looking up at him with very bright, earnest brown eyes, 'you can get another jar, but we can never have another like this.'—How proud we, Julie and I, were of Nannie then! We looked eagerly at the gentleman.

"He spoke very kindly, laying his hand on Nannie's curly head: 'True, my little child, you shall keep your jar. Here, James, I'll bring you a man, go over to Palmer's and get the brown stone tub we looked at this morning. Be quick!'

"Then he sat down and talked with us all very pleasantly, and in a few minutes the man came back with the tub. They loosened the earth carefully from the sides of the jar. It was not an easy thing to do, for the leaves were so long and prickly, but the gentleman took off his gloves and helped them, while we looked on with great interest.

"At last it was all free and they lifted it out. They moved it slowly and steadily so the earth should not be shaken away from the roots, but just as they were about to set it into the stone tub, some of the earth gave way and something heavy fell to the floor. It was a small tin box, three or four inches square, and as many deep. And what do you think it was? Mamma opened it and there fell out a little piece of paper. It was yellow and faded, but still could be easily read.

"The Indians are coming, I dare not take this to me so leave it here. If I don't come back you will find it some day." "JULIA DURAND."

The Holy Well at Mecca.

When Mohammed captured Mecca, which had been regarded for ages by his countrymen as a place of peculiar sanctity, he interfered with the worship of the Black Stone (probably a meteorite) which the angels had brought from heaven, and of the Zemzem, or Holy Well of Hagar, only so far as to suppress the ancient polytheistic rites. This well is close beside the Caaba or Square House, the chief sanctuary of the Mohammedan world,

Clips.

"Well," said an Irish attorney, "if it please the Court, if I am wrong in this, I have another point that is equally conclusive."

An enterprising showman up in northern Michigan advertises that he has found the missing lynx.

A man is like an egg. You can't tell whether or not he's good until he's broken.

Mustapha Bey, the ruler of Tunis, bought 100,000 umbrellas while in Paris. Mustapha is evidently preparing for a long reign.

"You had better change that rug," said a lady to her servant. "Don't you think it corroborates better with the carpet in this way?" was the response.

The Doubt Resolved. To go or stay, I scarcely know, Perplexed by mandates twain, For while my love pronounced "Adieu," Her aspect said "Remain."

"Twist what I saw and what I heard, My judgment wavered quite— Whether she meant by glance or word To part us or unite.

But now each lover I advise, Like me, to make his choice; In duty to his lady's eyes To disregard her voice.

Such words with kinder light are filled, The nearer we adore; And pointing him I bravely smiled, Will bastianus no more.

The man that says that women never invented anything should listen for a few minutes at the keyhole of the sewing-machine.

"I declare," said Julia, "you take the words right out of my mouth." "No wonder; they are so sweet," said Henry. The day was set that evening.

Student fresh from college, to conductor: "I wish to get on the penultimate car." Conductor—"We have no peanut car; you can take the smoker." Mutually disgusted.

Western Newspaper Enterprise. The great Italian tenor, Signor Campanini, was careless enough to feel an indisposition a week ago in Detroit, and did not sing as announced. A careful search was made among the dirty dishes in the hotel where he lodged, and the following was published as the slight repast he had taken as a supper on the night that he was unable to appear: Soup, boiled shad, six pounds of roast beef, two pigeons, mashed potatoes, one pound and a half of dinner bread, three bottles of claret, one bottle of Apollinaris water, extra coffee, three hard-boiled eggs and lettuce, three hard-boiled eggs and young onions. If a man had not a light to plead illness after the supper, he would constitute such a right. But the able investigator who made up the list published it with the observation: "Naturally enough the Detroit people are somewhat sceptical as to Campanini's illness." The Detroit people must have large ideas of the capacity of the human stomach. Miss Cary was the next victim. She was unable to sing in Chicago recently because of a sore throat. It was at once announced that she was in "excellent voice but very bad temper" at the rehearsal the night before the concert, and a letter was published from a "reliable party" saying that the sore throat was a mere excuse, and that "she was in high dudgeon" because she had to sing without orchestral accompaniment. The "reliable party" added the valuable and polite information that, "it is said she used some very vehement expressions." A few years ago Salvini and Theodore Thomas happened to be giving performances in Chicago at the same time—one acting "Hamlet" the other giving concerts with his orchestra. Poles of both were put under the heading, "Tom and Sal."

Freaks of Fashion. It is difficult to account for the rise and fall of the freaks of fashion during even the period of a single decade. Like the rhythm of the ebb and flow of the tide, they come and go each marked by some striking peculiarity that makes it for a longer or shorter time an almost universally accepted feature. In the fashionable world, it would be a curious undertaking to trace, if trace we could, the origin and development of a single one of these; to find out when, where, and under what necessity or craze it had its origin; or out of whose brain it sprang, and whose were the hands which first modified and perfected it for public approval. The search would

often prove fruitless, and the searcher, vain to give it up," would be compelled to follow Mrs. Stowe's Topsy in disposing of the vexed question of her age and origin. Who, for instance, is answerable for the high-heeled boot, tapering forward to the curve of the instep, deforming and torturing the wearer? Out of whose self-consciousness sprang the ideal that a coal-couture bonnet was a thing of beauty? Whose sense of fitness and modesty suffered total eclipse when his or her model of a sitting hoop was launched upon the sea of fashion? And by what model in art or nature were the lines drawn that gave to an astonished world the earliest specimen of a "Grecian Bend"? The past season has given us hats of mammoth proportions and wonderful circumference. At the present moment has arisen a mania for dotted fabrics of every description. How this fashion came to be revived is a question which no man, importer or otherwise, can answer; but the connoisseurs of every leading house in the city show which way the fickle wind of fashion is blowing just now. Hoisery of silk, satin, and cotton has caught the polka-dotted mania, ruffs and fichus of polka-dotted net are trimmed with fillets polka-dotted lace; percales, calicoes and satines look as if they had been vaccinated all over. New French fabrics of silk and satin gleam forth with lunar dots, crescents, and stars. Great moons of gold and silver shine out from fabrics of surah or mervelleux over changeable groundworks resembling the aurora-borealis; and a thousand hence, arched in all these "heavenly" looking garments, the young lady of the period will "walk in beauty like the night."

Sponge Underclothing. Sponge underclothing is the very latest, some German genius having recently invented and patented a line of underwear manufactured from this porous substance. It is claimed for it that it can be cleaned more easily than woolen goods, and being more flexible, does not chafe the skin so much. It is a bad conductor, and tends to keep the temperature uniform. One who wears this underclothing is not liable to take cold for it absorbs the perspiration without checking it. After the mineral and vegetable impurities in the sponges have been sufficiently beaten by a heavy hammer to admit of being readily washed out, the sponges are dried and pared with a sharp knife. The arils are then sewed into the fabric in preparation for the use of poisonous dyes which, as incorporated in cloth underclothing, sometimes prove very deleterious to the system, and are used on great occasions and in great emergencies, as when stricken with disease. Every pilgrim to Mecca and thousands come thither from all countries—visit the well and is purified by drinking the water or Campanini's illness." The Detroit people must have large ideas of the capacity of the human stomach. Miss Cary was the next victim. She was unable to sing in Chicago recently because of a sore throat. It was at once announced that she was in "excellent voice but very bad temper" at the rehearsal the night before the concert, and a letter was published from a "reliable party" saying that the sore throat was a mere excuse, and that "she was in high dudgeon" because she had to sing without orchestral accompaniment. The "reliable party" added the valuable and polite information that, "it is said she used some very vehement expressions." A few years ago Salvini and Theodore Thomas happened to be giving performances in Chicago at the same time—one acting "Hamlet" the other giving concerts with his orchestra. Poles of both were put under the heading, "Tom and Sal."



**Aesthetic and Otherwise.**

Darwin's new book on Monkey Ethnics will show that the monkey in skinning does not really reflect on man. It will show that the Garden of Eden was an apocryphal.

A lady about to marry was warned that her intended husband, although a good man, was very eccentric. "Well," she said, "it is a very unlikely man, he is more likely to be a good husband."

A telegraph man went to a concert. The violinist played very nicely, holding his audience spell-bound, until suddenly a string snapped. The telegraph man shouted, "Wire down, by George!"

A delegation of boarding house keepers who went to see the play of "Macbeth," got mad as blazes at the witch scene, declaring that the coloring of flesh on the stage was a deliberate slur at them.

An Esthetic Bride. I shall wear aesthetic. Quite regardless of expense; All I ask is, that she's sister. And all things which become. Simp, of course, and tank, she must be. Clad in minor notes of green; Semantically soulful, earnest. What she be, my previous question. We shall feast on this diet. Quaint draught of beauty fair. With a dash of cream on Sunday. Or a peacock's feather necklace. And her hair down our lives forever. Like two gently-sungling lilies. Breathing sweet and too-too. And her hair down our lives forever.

A handsome lady entered a dry-goods store and inquired for a "bow." The polite clerk thrust himself back and remarked that he was at her service. "Yes," but I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply.

An unostentatious vocalist went to the working house and delighted the inmates with his singing. He said it was a natural thing for him to do, and he had been singing to poor houses ever since he began his career.

"Why," said Mrs. Jones, the esthete, to Oscar, as they were getting into a hooch car, "how political the papers are getting. They must be speaking of me as an alien, out West when they say that there are plenty of cow boys."

"There, I have it!" exclaimed Jones, who had been looking at Gladstone's painting. "The trouble is this, he uses too much ochre." "Yes," said Fogg; "medicore."

**Sanitary.**

Flowers in Sleeping Rooms. The public are again warned against the use of flowers in sleeping parlors, and wonderful stories are told of the deleterious effects which have followed their presence in a limited atmosphere respired by invalids. Curious enough, these appalling "instances" of the evil influence of plants do not for the most part apply to flowers. Nevertheless we agree that it is safe to banish growing plants and flowers from bed rooms. They can do no good, and they may do some harm.

A Disinfectant. Probably the most effective, and assuredly the cheapest disinfectant, costing less than one farthing a gallon, is the solution of chloride of lead, so strongly recommended by the late Dr. Golden. Of St. Thomas' Hospital, as the most simple, the most powerful and economical agent for disinfecting sulphide of hydrogen from the atmosphere, as well as from all organic matter in a state of decomposition or putridity. It is prepared thus: Half a drachm of nitrate of lead, dissolved in a pint or so of boiling water in which two drachms of common salt has been dissolved. A cloth dipped in the solution and hung up in any place where bad odors prevail will sweeten the fatal atmosphere instantaneously, or thrown down a sink, water-closet or drain, or over a heap of refuse, will produce a like result.

The Eyes. Many persons injure their eyes very seriously by using them too soon after a severe illness. Diphtheria, measles, and scarlatina, especially weaken the eye, and in some instances destroy its power of adapting itself to see objects at different distances. As sunlight the eyes should not be used, but the patient should wait till the muscles gain tone and strength. Every care should be taken to avoid prostration of the nervous system, and the eyes must be sparingly used until they regain the ability to work without fatiguing effort. Whatever wears the eye unduly, injures it, is a maxim which, if regarded, would do as much to preserve the eyes as physicians can. This would banish all reading

**Floriculture.**

The Flower Garden. At length the finished garden to the view its vistas open, and it stays green.

Along these blushing borders, bright with dew, And hung with mingled wilderness of flowers, Fair-banded spring umbrellas every gear, Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first. The daisy, primrose, violet daisy blue, And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes; The yellow wall flower, stained with iron bloom; And lavish stock that scents the garden round; From the soft wing of vernal breezes beat, Anemones, auriculas, enriched. With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves; And full narcissus, of glowing red, Then comes the tall, race, where beauty plays. Her tide breaks from family diffused To family, and while they break On the chaffard eye, the exulting forlorn marks. With secret pride, the warden of his hand, No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud, First-born of Spring to Summer's manly tribes; Nor hyacinth, of palest virgin white, Low bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquil, Or potent fragrance, nor narcissus tall, As over the habit of hanging still. Nor broad fragrances, nor gay spotted pink; Nor, showed from every bush, the damask rose. Indolent summer, delicate, smells. With lush on lush expression can not paint, The breath of nature and her endless bloom.

Thompson's Seasons. A Few Cholinians. There is no hardy evergreen climber that is suitable to the climate of the Northern States. The old ivy, rich in tradition and romance and poetry, is not exactly what we need, and yet it is all we have. It is a variable and perverse plant, loving neither heat or cold. Shade and moisture are its especial delights, and in moist England, with a comparative mild climate, it thrives admirably. The form called Irish ivy, perhaps, the most salt-factory, and is less capricious in its constitution than most of others, the names of which are legion.

Of the class of cutting hardy vines that attach themselves to walls by means of sucky-like discs, I prefer the new *Ampelopsis Vitis*. It is closely related to the well-known American or Virginian ivy, is deciduous and is just suited to the needs of our capricious climate. All Summer long the rich, glossy foliage is a perpetual delight to the eye, and it is so dense as to invariably form a complete mass of verdure. In the Autumn, however, after having assumed its brilliant crimson tints, we can readily say it is truly glorious. Of the very easiest propagation, there is no excuse for the neglect of planters in allowing its claims to be unacknowledged.

Another vine, clinging to walls in the same manner, as the above, is the great flowered trumpet creeper, or to speak botanically, the *Tecoma* (not *Bignonia*) *Grandiflora*. This is a plant that always looks well in every position, although we must acknowledge it is a little coarse. The great masses of bright orange flowers, however, fully compensate for this, and the pretty foliage, standing well out from its support, adds an additional charm. It is a rapid grower, and soon covers the side of a large building, hanging from the eaves in graceful profusion. When trained to a tall post, as for instance, a stout cedar with long arms left on it, it is especially charming.

For trellises, I cannot satisfactorily settle in my mind whether I prefer the vigorous growing Chinese *Wistaria*, or the newer Japanese *Akebia quinata*, or less pretentious habit. The great, long racemes of pale blue flowers of the former will at all times entitle it to favor, and as it is of the very easiest cultivation, we should employ it freely. It looks well on the lawn trained to a single stem, as a small tree, the body for a few years at first being tied to a stout stake. The *Akebia* is especially noticeable on account of its light, pleasing foliage, which is unusually numerous; but the peculiar fragrant bloom, of a dull reddish-purple color, is very attractive as well.

The very names of *climatis* and *honeyuckle* suggest so many beautiful pictures that I am afraid to particularize on varieties, but the delicious fragrance of the old *Clematis flammula* and the rich mass of bright purple flowers of the *C. Jackmanii* certainly entitle them to more than a passing notice. Were I obliged to confine myself to three honeyuckles, my choice would be the Golden-veined, Evergreen and Halliana.—*Joseph Hoopes.*

The Pansy. Pansies are all descended from the well-known ladies' delight, or heart's

**Wild Horses and Sparrows in Australia.**

While the value of horses is perpetually rising and the supply decreasing in all the great cities of western Europe, it is not a little remarkable that prices should simultaneously be set in three of the Australian colonies upon the heads of "brumbies," or wild horses, and that in the Pampas of South America countless swarms of "aguales," as they are locally called, should always be found. The horse, it must be remembered, is not an indigenous product either of Australia or of South America. Upon the latter continent the "noble animal," as we are accustomed to call him in England, was first introduced by the Spaniards, when they invaded the country four centuries since in pursuit of gold, while at the Antipodes the "brumbies" owe their origin to a few tame animals which escaped from the control of man, their master, and multiplied with inconceivable rapidity in the trackless "bush." It is computed that at this moment there are about 1,000,000 head of tame horses upon the Australian mainland, to which must be added, roughly speaking, about 120,000 "brumbies," which hang perpetually upon the skirts of civilization, and are a ceaseless cause of annoyance and loss to outlying squatters. During the night the "mobs" of wild horses are in the habit of jumping into the "corrals," or inclosed spaces where their tame brethren and sisters are herded and of tempting them to escape and join the runaways.

Furthermore, the pasturage upon which the squatters depend as supply of food for their flocks and herds is devoured by what the French call "bouches inutile," a term which is applicable not only to wild horses, but also to the teeming swarms of rabbits, which, within the last twenty years have proved such a nuisance to Australian agriculturists, and finally to sparrows—another import from England—which, like the locusts of Scripture, "eat up every green thing in the land." Who can wonder that, under these circumstances, the colonial Legislatures should have found it necessary to aim at the destruction of these three pests—by passing special acts setting prices upon the heads of the insatiable predators? Thus we read that the Government of South Australia has just placed a premium of six pounds per dozen on the heads of sparrows, acting on the advice of a commission appointed to inquire into the "sparrow question." Many will remember the efforts made not long ago to acclimatize the English sparrow at the Antipodes and in the United States. The arrival of the first few pairs of English-sparrows was hailed with exultation at Melbourne and New York, and now there is walling and weeping in both cities that the bold and rapacious little stranger should ever have been introduced to continents in which nature has provided no sparrow-hawk to keep down his swarming flocks. In the soft climate of Australia the prolific birds have multiplied with such amazing fecundity that, in the words of a contemporary, neither apocrita, cherries, figs, grapes, apples, plums, peaches, pears, nectarines, olives, walnuts, barley, peas, cabbage, cauliflower, nor seeds, nor fruit of any kind are spared by its omnivorous bill; and all means of defence tried against its depredations, whether scarecrows, traps, nets, shooting or poisoning, are declared insufficient to cope with the enemy.

The latest Parisian caprice in gloves is kids, undressed or dressed, of a pale pink, just the shade of the flowers of the ground laurel. They are immensely long, and worn only in the evening with almost sleeveless toilet. It is scarcely possible by daylight to tell where the gloves end, as they are so near the color of the flesh when worn by a blonde.

The latest caprice of London is the wearing of polonaises made of a handsome cashmere shawl over a skirt of velvet or velveteen, dark green, brown, plum, or maroon, whichever suits best; the general tint produced by the mixture of the shawl and the skirt being a rich, dark green, brown, or garnet crystal blue, on which are various tints of enamel.

Considerable surprise and excitement were created in Wall street the other day by a prominent operator appearing on the steps of the Treasury building with his hands in his pockets.

A chapel in memory of the Rev. William Morley Furness, D. D., is to be built in Colerwy, Wales. It will cost \$30,000.

How do you know? asked a companion.

"How do you know?" asked a companion.

"How do you know?" asked a companion.

"How do you know?" asked a companion.

**The Jewess Roudnia.**

We bought him a box for his books and things.

And a cricket bag for his bat; And he looked the brightest and best of kings, Under his straw hat. We handed him into the railway train With a troop of his young companions, And we made as though it were dusk and rain. We're filling our eyes with tears. We looked in his innocent face to see The sign of a sorrowful heart; But he only shrugged his hat with a gloe And wondered when they would start.

But he not that he loved not as herebefore, For the boy was tender and kind; But this was a world that was all before, And ours was a world behind.

But he not his fluttering heart was cold, For the child was loyal and true; And the parents love the love that is old, And the children, the love that is new.

And we came to know that love is a flower Which only groweth down; And we scarcely spoke for the space of an hour As we drove back through the town.

We were passing through Poland in great haste. Pressing business urged us on; but then that almost flat country, marshy and unhealthy, which stretches out between Minsk and the Gulf of Bohnia, offers none of those attractions which induce the traveler to pause. The villages and towns succeeded each other along the interminable road, very much alike and differing only in the quality of houses and huts in the number or importance of the churches. As the view afforded nothing of the picturesque which the post-stations alone gave us pleasure.

But when one is in a hurry a thousand disagreeable accidents are quite sure to entangle themselves together. Of course, such accidents always happen even when one has plenty of leisure, but then they escape attention. This time, however, a sort of fatality seemed to pursue us, for at every relay or two, no horses were at the station, and we were forced to wait, sometimes an hour, or even half a day, which may be explained by the small importance of the road we had taken.

At last, by a happy stroke of luck, we got over a pretty long stretch of a country without hindrance.

"Some dreadful catastrophe must certainly overtake us," said I, with a laugh, to my traveling companion, "or fortune will not be satisfied with her day's work."

"I had scarcely finished speaking when the postilion, half turning round upon his seat, pointed with the tip of his whip towards the town we were approaching.

**THE SCHOOL BOY.**

"I smell the stench!" answered the wag, laughing heartily.

The schoolboy suddenly turned a corner at the risk of being upset, and stopped in front of the post station. It was, in truth, the wooden house of a Jewish butcher. The well-known lists of the poor fellow were throwing his furniture out of the front windows, the fire having engulfed the rear of the dwelling. The front was yet entirely dark, but that deep obscurity which precedes combustion. A few plumes of smoke, bluish in color, streamed here and there through the roof, preasing the conflagration that was not far distant.

A conflagration is not a rare thing in Poland; but when a Jew's house is on fire only the Jews run forth and endeavor to extinguish it, while the others stand motionless, looking on—not, perhaps, without a secret satisfaction, for perih the iniquitously acquired property of the sons of Abraham seems, at such times, to be their motto.

This inhumanity is explained, if not excused, by the rapacity of the Israelites, who, by reason of their commercial ability, keep in their hands the greater part of the revenue of the unfortunate people who are generally very poor, and are still further impoverished by the system of usury largely in vogue in Poland.

The wife and children of the butcher, seated in the centre of the square, filled the air with bitter lamentations. Dogs were barking, and our unhitched horses were shaking their collars covered with tiny bells, while the other bells were being fastened to the harness of the fresh animals, the whole forming an inexpressible confusion of sounds, made up chiefly of sharp notes. I stopped my ears.

Suddenly I saw the Jews, who were removing the furniture, rush precipitately from the windows and the door. A flood of white smoke filled the house as they left it. The interior partition was still burning, the Jew took no heed of this, he slowly drew from his bosom a greasy wall, opened it with a white, rummaged in it many times, and finally took from it a ragged bill which he presented to the Cossack.

"A rouble," cried the Cossack, hurling away his pipe, "a rouble for having risked my life—a rouble! Ah, accused dog! I prefer to return for nothing."

He caught the wretched old woman in his arms, and before any one could guess his purpose leaped toward the house. The steps were not yet on fire. He bounded upon them with his breast and cast it into the flames. Then returning to the crowd, he shouted: "A rouble! robber! beast! now go and get your mother out for nothing!"

The horrified Cossack stood as if stricken dumb. I sprang into the caliche and my friend followed.

"A rouble," cried the Cossack, "as fast as possible!" I said to the police.

**THE JEWESS ROUDNIA.**

Translated from the French of Henry Gravelle by George D. Cox.

We were passing through Poland in great haste. Pressing business urged us on; but then that almost flat country, marshy and unhealthy, which stretches out between Minsk and the Gulf of Bohnia, offers none of those attractions which induce the traveler to pause. The villages and towns succeeded each other along the interminable road, very much alike and differing only in the quality of houses and huts in the number or importance of the churches. As the view afforded nothing of the picturesque which the post-stations alone gave us pleasure.

But when one is in a hurry a thousand disagreeable accidents are quite sure to entangle themselves together. Of course, such accidents always happen even when one has plenty of leisure, but then they escape attention. This time, however, a sort of fatality seemed to pursue us, for at every relay or two, no horses were at the station, and we were forced to wait, sometimes an hour, or even half a day, which may be explained by the small importance of the road we had taken.

At last, by a happy stroke of luck, we got over a pretty long stretch of a country without hindrance.

"Some dreadful catastrophe must certainly overtake us," said I, with a laugh, to my traveling companion, "or fortune will not be satisfied with her day's work."

"I had scarcely finished speaking when the postilion, half turning round upon his seat, pointed with the tip of his whip towards the town we were approaching.

"It is on fire!" said he phlegmatically.

A pink flush was visible, near at hand, beneath the sky, the light blue of which—that periwinkle blue peculiar to the countries of the North—was darkened by the approaching night. The slightly jagged silhouette of the town was pictured in the focus, from whence escaped great whirl-winds of smoke, and the dimmed dome of the Russian church reflected the flames like an imperfectly silvered mirror.

"What do you call that place?" asked I, of the postilion, as he vigorously whipped up his horses.

"Roudnia," said he: "it is the town of Roudnia."

**THE JEWESS ROUDNIA.**

Translated from the French of Henry Gravelle by George D. Cox.

We were passing through Poland in great haste. Pressing business urged us on; but then that almost flat country, marshy and unhealthy, which stretches out between Minsk and the Gulf of Bohnia, offers none of those attractions which induce the traveler to pause. The villages and towns succeeded each other along the interminable road, very much alike and differing only in the quality of houses and huts in the number or importance of the churches. As the view afforded nothing of the picturesque which the post-stations alone gave us pleasure.

But when one is in a hurry a thousand disagreeable accidents are quite sure to entangle themselves together. Of course, such accidents always happen even when one has plenty of leisure, but then they escape attention. This time, however, a sort of fatality seemed to pursue us, for at every relay or two, no horses were at the station, and we were forced to wait, sometimes an hour, or even half a day, which may be explained by the small importance of the road we had taken.

At last, by a happy stroke of luck, we got over a pretty long stretch of a country without hindrance.

"Some dreadful catastrophe must certainly overtake us," said I, with a laugh, to my traveling companion, "or fortune will not be satisfied with her day's work."

"I had scarcely finished speaking when the postilion, half turning round upon his seat, pointed with the tip of his whip towards the town we were approaching.

"It is on fire!" said he phlegmatically.

A pink flush was visible, near at hand, beneath the sky, the light blue of which—that periwinkle blue peculiar to the countries of the North—was darkened by the approaching night. The slightly jagged silhouette of the town was pictured in the focus, from whence escaped great whirl-winds of smoke, and the dimmed dome of the Russian church reflected the flames like an imperfectly silvered mirror.

"What do you call that place?" asked I, of the postilion, as he vigorously whipped up his horses.

"Roudnia," said he: "it is the town of Roudnia."

**THE JEWESS ROUDNIA.**

Translated from the French of Henry Gravelle by George D. Cox.

We were passing through Poland in great haste. Pressing business urged us on; but then that almost flat country, marshy and unhealthy, which stretches out between Minsk and the Gulf of Bohnia, offers none of those attractions which induce the traveler to pause. The villages and towns succeeded each other along the interminable road, very much alike and differing only in the quality of houses and huts in the number or importance of the churches. As the view afforded nothing of the picturesque which the post-stations alone gave us pleasure.

But when one is in a hurry a thousand disagreeable accidents are quite sure to entangle themselves together. Of course, such accidents always happen even when one has plenty of leisure, but then they escape attention. This time, however, a sort of fatality seemed to pursue us, for at every relay or two, no horses were at the station, and we were forced to wait, sometimes an hour, or even half a day, which may be explained by the small importance of the road we had taken.

At last, by a happy stroke of luck, we got over a pretty long stretch of a country without hindrance.

"Some dreadful catastrophe must certainly overtake us," said I, with a laugh, to my traveling companion, "or fortune will not be satisfied with her day's work."

"I had scarcely finished speaking when the postilion, half turning round upon his seat, pointed with the tip of his whip towards the town we were approaching.

"It is on fire!" said he phlegmatically.

A pink flush was visible, near at hand, beneath the sky, the light blue of which—that periwinkle blue peculiar to the countries of the North—was darkened by the approaching night. The slightly jagged silhouette of the town was pictured in the focus, from whence escaped great whirl-winds of smoke, and the dimmed dome of the Russian church reflected the flames like an imperfectly silvered mirror.

"What do you call that place?" asked I, of the postilion, as he vigorously whipped up his horses.

"Roudnia," said he: "it is the town of Roudnia."

**THE JEWESS ROUDNIA.**

Translated from the French of Henry Gravelle by George D. Cox.

We were passing through Poland in great haste. Pressing business urged us on; but then that almost flat country, marshy and unhealthy, which stretches out between Minsk and the Gulf of Bohnia, offers none of those attractions which induce the traveler to pause. The villages and towns succeeded each other along the interminable road, very much alike and differing only in the quality of houses and huts in the number or importance of the churches. As the view afforded nothing of the picturesque which the post-stations alone gave us pleasure.

But when one is in a hurry a thousand disagreeable accidents are quite sure to entangle themselves together. Of course, such accidents always happen even when one has plenty of leisure, but then they escape attention. This time, however, a sort of fatality seemed to pursue us, for at every relay or two, no horses were at the station, and we were forced to wait, sometimes an hour, or even half a day, which may be explained by the small importance of the road we had taken.

At last, by a happy stroke of luck, we got over a pretty long stretch of a country without hindrance.

"Some dreadful catastrophe must certainly overtake us," said I, with a laugh, to my traveling companion, "or fortune will not be satisfied with her day's work."

"I had scarcely finished speaking when the postilion, half turning round upon his seat, pointed with the tip of his whip towards the town we were approaching.

"It is on fire!" said he phlegmatically.

A pink flush was visible, near at hand, beneath the sky, the light blue of which—that periwinkle blue peculiar to the countries of the North—was darkened by the approaching night. The slightly jagged silhouette of the town was pictured in the focus, from whence escaped great whirl-winds of smoke, and the dimmed dome of the Russian church reflected the flames like an imperfectly silvered mirror.

"What do you call that place?" asked I, of the postilion, as he vigorously whipped up his horses.

"Roudnia," said he: "it is the town of Roudnia."

**Lost—A Bag of Gold.**

The Story of a Rack-driver.

"Are you engaged, coachman?" I had stopped at that moment to water my horses, and to quench my own thirst in a saloon near. I had scarcely reached my horses heads, when I heard the above question, and saw, as I turned around, a young lady standing near my cab. Without delay I answered, and opening the carriage door, I helped the lady in.

As soon as I found the number which the lady had given me, I stopped, got out of the box, and opened the door to help her out. She appeared to be in great agitation, as if an unpleasant interview was before her. I received from her over the price of her fare, which she evidently knew, a little drizzling money, thanked her, and she hurried away, while I turned my carriage toward a saloon to invest in a glass of beer.

But before I went in, I proceeded to fix the carriage cushions, and see that all was right inside. As soon as I opened the door I saw some object lying on the seat. It was a small linen sack—without doubt what the lady had held in her lap. With not a little curiosity I looked at it again and again, and at last tried to open it. It was easily done for the bag was fastened only by a piece of string.

One could imagine my surprise when I found it filled with gold pieces? I dared not look at them further in this place, as a policeman might possibly notice, and ask how I came by the gold. Meanwhile, I tied the sack again, and put it in the wide pocket of my coat. Instead of indulging in a glass of beer, I drove to the nearest bank of the line of carriage, so that I could be sure of not being wanted for the next half hour.

I got into my carriage, as hackmen often do when they want a little rest, and I examined for the second time my new found treasure. I shook the contents of the bag on the seat, and sat with dazed eyes before quite a pile of gold. After delighting my eyes with it for awhile, I counted the money partly twenty, partly ten dollar pieces, singly, again into the sack, and found that it amounted to fifteen hundred dollars.

While I now looked more closely at the bag, I found written in ink upon it the address: "Miss Mildred Berkeley, No. 4 Madison place." This address, which had hitherto escaped me, I read with as much disgust as astonishment, for there now remained to me, as an honorable man, but one way. I meditated over it awhile, but could come to no conclusion. "With honesty," said one voice in my soul, "you will earn no bread; with dishonesty you can get your old age, to the poor house."

At last selfish interest and conscience came to a compromise, and I resolved to keep the money till the following day. I then thought a reward would be offered, and no one could blame me for at least profiting by that.

I remained all day in a fever of excitement; and when night came, I felt really ill. I could not sleep. Next morning I was pale and wretched. I went to breakfast where hackmen are, and eagerly looked for the morning paper. Sure enough, at the top of the column for lost and found articles I saw this advertisement:

Lost.—Yesterday, in a hack, a bag of gold. The finder is earnestly entreated to bring the money to No. 75 Grattan street, three flights up, where he will receive a liberal reward.

**THE JEWESS ROUDNIA.**

Translated from the French of Henry Gravelle by George D. Cox.

We were passing through Poland in great haste. Pressing business urged us on; but then that almost flat country, marshy and unhealthy, which stretches out between Minsk and the Gulf of Bohnia, offers none of those attractions which induce the traveler to pause. The villages and towns succeeded each other along the interminable road, very much alike and differing only in the quality of houses and huts in the number or importance of the churches. As the view afforded nothing of the picturesque which the post-stations alone gave us pleasure.

But when one is in a hurry a thousand disagreeable accidents are quite sure to entangle themselves together. Of course, such accidents always happen even when one has plenty of leisure, but then they escape attention. This time, however, a sort of fatality seemed to pursue us, for at every relay or two, no horses were at the station, and we were forced to wait, sometimes an hour, or even half a day, which may be explained by the small importance of the road we had taken.

At last, by a happy stroke of luck, we got over a pretty long stretch of a country without hindrance.

"Some dreadful catastrophe must certainly overtake us," said I, with a laugh, to my traveling companion, "or fortune will not be satisfied with her day's work."

"I had scarcely finished speaking when the postilion, half turning round upon his seat, pointed with the tip of his whip towards the town we were approaching.

"It is on fire!" said he phlegmatically.

A pink flush was visible, near at hand, beneath the sky, the light blue of which—that periwinkle blue peculiar to the countries of the North—was darkened by the approaching night. The slightly jagged silhouette of the town was pictured in the focus, from whence escaped great whirl-winds of smoke, and the dimmed dome of the Russian church reflected the flames like an imperfectly silvered mirror.

"What do you call that place?" asked I, of the postilion, as he vigorously whipped up his horses.

"Roudnia," said he: "it is the town of Roudnia."

# M. L. JACKSON

IS SELLING



CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

ALSO, VEGETABLES IN SEASON.

Our Wagon Runs through Town every Wednesday and Saturday

Special Announcement! Special Announcement!

## Samuel Lees,

Nos. 3, 5, 7, 9, North Second St., ab Market, Philadelphia.

OFFERS GREAT INDUCEMENTS IN

Black Silks, Cashmeres, Dress Goods, Table Linens, Muslins, Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear,

NOTIONS, Etc.

STOREKEEPERS Supplied at LOWEST Jobbing Rates

## Samuel Lees,

Nos. 3, 5, 7, 9, North Second Street, and N. E. Cor. Eighth and Spring Garden Streets, PHILADELPHIA.

## PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

A Pure Family Medicine that Invigorates without Intoxicating.



Parker's Hair Balsam.

The Best, Cleanest, and Most Economical Hair Dressing. Never fails to restore the youthful color to gray hair.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a Lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you have Dyspepsia, Kidney or Urinary Complaints, or if you are troubled with any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves you can be cured by PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

There are hundreds of miserable sufferers daily dying from blood, kidney and nervous diseases who might be saved by using PARKER'S GINGER TONIC in time.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours. Ask your neighbor or druggist about it, or send for a circular to HISCOX & CO., New York

50c. and \$1 sizes. Great saving in buying dollar size.

USE **TOLU** ROCK AND RYE SURE CURE

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, and All Diseases of THROAT and LUNGS.

Put up in Quart-Size Bottles for Family Use.

Scientifically prepared of Balsam Tolu, Crystallized Glycerin, Old Rye, and other tonic. The Formula known to our best physicians, is highly commended by them, and the analysis of our most prominent chemists, Prof. A. MARINE, in Chicago, is on the label of every bottle. It is well known to the medical profession that TOLU ROCK AND RYE will afford the most reliable relief for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Weak Lungs, also Consumption, in the most advanced stages.

Used as a BEVERAGE and APPETIZER, it makes a delightful tonic for family use. It is pleasant to take; if weak or debilitated, it gives tone, activity and strength to the whole human frame.

**CAUTION.** DON'T BE DECEIVED by unprincipled dealers who try to palm off upon you Rock and Rye in place of our TOLU ROCK AND RYE, which is the only medicinal article made in America having a GOVERNMENT STAMP on each bottle. LAWRENCE & MARTIN, Proprietors, 111 Madison Street, Chicago.

Ask your Druggist for it! Ask your Grocer for it! Ask your Wine Merchant for it! Children, ask your Mamma for it!

Sold by DRUGGISTS, GROCERS and WINE MERCHANTS everywhere.

AND BY LAWRENCE & MARTIN, No. 6 Barclay St. New York.

### Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Time-table of May 7, 1881.

Station	M'd		Acc		Sund'y	
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Philadelphia	4:45	8:00	4:00	7:15	8:00	8:22
Camden	4:57	8:12	4:12	7:27	8:12	8:34
Oakland	5:09	8:24	4:24	7:39	8:24	8:46
Williamstown Junction	5:21	8:36	4:36	7:51	8:36	8:58
Cedar Brook	5:33	8:48	4:48	8:03	8:48	9:10
Winslow	5:45	9:00	5:00	8:15	9:00	9:22
Hammononton	5:57	9:12	5:12	8:27	9:12	9:34
Da Costa	6:09	9:24	5:24	8:39	9:24	9:46
Elwood	6:21	9:36	5:36	8:51	9:36	9:58
Egg Harbor	6:33	9:48	5:48	9:03	9:48	10:05
Pleasantville	6:45	10:00	6:00	9:15	10:00	10:22
Atlantic City, A.	6:57	10:12	6:12	9:27	10:12	10:34

Station	A.C.		M'd		Acc		W'd	
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Atlantic City	7:15	10:45	7:15	10:45	7:15	10:45	7:15	10:45
Pleasantville	7:30	11:00	7:30	11:00	7:30	11:00	7:30	11:00
Egg Harbor	7:45	11:15	7:45	11:15	7:45	11:15	7:45	11:15
Elwood	8:00	11:30	8:00	11:30	8:00	11:30	8:00	11:30
Da Costa	8:15	11:45	8:15	11:45	8:15	11:45	8:15	11:45
Hammononton	8:30	12:00	8:30	12:00	8:30	12:00	8:30	12:00
Winslow	8:45	12:15	8:45	12:15	8:45	12:15	8:45	12:15
Cedar Brook	9:00	12:30	9:00	12:30	9:00	12:30	9:00	12:30
Williamstown Junction	9:15	12:45	9:15	12:45	9:15	12:45	9:15	12:45
Oakland	9:30	1:00	9:30	1:00	9:30	1:00	9:30	1:00
Camden	9:45	1:15	9:45	1:15	9:45	1:15	9:45	1:15
Philadelphia	10:00	1:30	10:00	1:30	10:00	1:30	10:00	1:30

**CUT THIS OUT!**

AGENTS MAKE \$15 TO \$40 PER WEEK.

We have stores in 15 leading Cities, from which our agents obtain their goods quickly. Our Factories and Principal Offices are at Erie, Pa. Send for our New Catalogue and Terms to agents.

M. N. LOVELL, 118 Spring Garden St. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

### Camden & Atlantic Railroad

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At Ac.		Mail		Su. Ac.		Ha. Ac.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Philadelphia	9:50	6:50	9:50	6:50	7:35			
Camden	9:15	6:40	9:15	6:40	7:28			
Penna. R. R. Junction	9:08	6:35	9:08	6:35	7:23			
Haddonfield	8:58	6:25	8:58	6:25	7:17			
Berlin	8:50	6:15	8:50	6:15	7:10			
Atco	8:42	6:05	8:42	6:05	7:02			
Webster	8:34	5:55	8:34	5:55	6:54			
Winslow	8:26	5:45	8:26	5:45	6:46			
Hammononton	8:18	5:35	8:18	5:35	6:38			
Da Costa	8:10	5:25	8:10	5:25	6:30			
Elwood	8:02	5:15	8:02	5:15	6:22			
Egg Harbor City	7:54	5:05	7:54	5:05	6:14			
Absecon	7:46	4:55	7:46	4:55	6:06			
Atlantic City	7:38	4:45	7:38	4:45	5:58			

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At Ac.		Mail		Su. Ac.		Ha. Ac.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Philadelphia	4:30	8:00	4:30	8:00	6:00			
Camden	4:40	8:10	4:40	8:10	6:10			
Penna. R. R. Junction	4:45	8:15	4:45	8:15	6:15			
Haddonfield	4:50	8:20	4:50	8:20	6:20			
Berlin	4:55	8:25	4:55	8:25	6:25			
Atco	5:00	8:30	5:00	8:30	6:30			
Webster	5:05	8:35	5:05	8:35	6:35			
Winslow	5:10	8:40	5:10	8:40	6:40			
Hammononton	5:15	8:45	5:15	8:45	6:45			
Da Costa	5:20	8:50	5:20	8:50	6:50			
Elwood	5:25	8:55	5:25	8:55	6:55			
Egg Harbor City	5:30	9:00	5:30	9:00	7:00			
Absecon	5:35	9:05	5:35	9:05	7:05			
Atlantic City	5:40	9:10	5:40	9:10	7:10			

**RIGGS & BROTHER**

**AMERICAN WATCHES**

221 WALNUT ST. DOCK ST. PHILADELPHIA.

WATCHES & JEWELRY REPAIRED.

**SICK HEADACHE**

POSITIVELY CURED BY

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

We Mean Cured, Not Merely Relieved

And Can Prove What we Claim.

There are no failures and no cheap imitations. If you are troubled with SICK HEADACHE you can be easily and positively cured, as hundreds have been cured. We shall be pleased to mail a copy of testimonials to any interested.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

Also cure all forms of Biliousness, prevent Constipation and Dyspepsia, promote Digestion, relieve distress from too hearty eating, correct Disorders of the Stomach, Stimulate the Liver, and Regulate the Bowels. They do all this by taking just one little pill at a dose. They are purely vegetable, do not purge or purge, and are as nearly perfect as it is possible for a pill to be. Price 25 cents, 5 for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere or sent by mail, to CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

The SOUTH JERSEY REPUBLICAN contains more reading matter than any other paper in the County.

ESTABLISHED 1864

**HOWARD A. SNOW,**

Washington, D. C.

SOLICITOR OF

**AMERICAN and FOREIGN PATENTS,**

Successor to GILMORE, SMITH & Co., and CHIPMAN, HOSMER & Co.

Patents procured upon the same plan which was originated and successfully practiced by the above-named firms. Pamphlet of sixty pages sent upon receipt of stamp.

**GOLD**

Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve their chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. An one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expenses and outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address Taux & Co., Portland, Maine.

**ONLY \$20**

for this style of PHILADELPHIA SILVER. Equal to any Silver in the market. Remember, send it to be examined before you pay for it. This is the same style other companies retail for \$50. All Machines warranted for 3 years. Send for Illustrated Circular and Testimonials. Address CHARLES A. WOOD & CO., 17 N. Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**\$2**

Watches. Stem winders \$2.50. White Metal Hunting Case \$2.50. Initial gold \$2.50. Solid gold \$12.50. Cheapest and best ten times ordinary wages. Send for Circular. THOMPSON & CO., 128 N. Tenth St., New York.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1882.

**First Class Family Magazine**

FOR ONLY \$3.00 per annum.

**LIPPINCOTT'S Magazine.**

An illustrated Monthly of Popular Literature.

At the beginning of the present year Lippincott's Magazine entered on a new series, at a reduced price, with the distinctive purpose of presenting such a variety of reading matter—for the most part light and entertaining, yet of real literary merit—as should commend it to the general mass of cultivated persons, and ensure it a welcome in many American homes. Devoting a large proportion of its space to fiction, in which short stories are made a noticeable feature, and to sketches illustrative of social life and manners, it has included in its list of subjects curiosities of science, especially natural history, popularly treated, travel and adventure at home and abroad, field sports and angling, and, occasionally, political, historical and educational topics susceptible of fresh and lively discussion. The serial stories published during the year have been marked by a piquant originality, and have met with a warm reception; while the general attractiveness of the magazine has gained for it a cordial approval and a greatly increased circulation.

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 "STEPHEN PICKENS," 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 higher character than any that have hitherto appeared in the magazine.

For sale by all Book and Newsdealers.

TERMS.—Yearly subscription, \$3; single number, 25 cents.—Liberal Club Rates.

Specimen number mailed, postpaid, on receipt of twenty cents. (Postage stamps afford a convenient form of remittance.)

**J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Publishers,**  
715-716 Market St., Philadelphia.

**HELP**

Yourself by making money when golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve their chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. An one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expenses and outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address Taux & Co., Portland Maine.

1882.

**HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.**

An Illustrated Weekly. Sixteen Pages.

Suited to Boys of from six to sixteen years of age.

Vol. III commenced Nov. 1, 1881. Now is the time to subscribe.

The Young People has been from the first successful beyond anticipation.—N. Y. Evening Post.

It has a distinct purpose to which it steadily adheres,—that, namely, of supplanting the vicious papers for the young with a paper more attractive, as well as more wholesome.—Boston Journal.

For neatness, elegance of engraving, and contents generally, it is unsurpassed by any publication of the kind yet brought to our notice.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Its weekly visits are eagerly looked for, not only by the children, but also by parents who are anxious to provide pure literature for their girls and boys.—Christian Advocate, Buffalo, N. Y.

A weekly paper for children which parents need not fear to let their children read at the family fireside.—Harford Daily Times.

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

**TERMS.**

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, per year, postage paid, \$1.50

Single numbers, four cents each.

The Bound Volume for 1881 is ready—price \$3 postage prepaid. Cover for Young People for 1881, 35 cts., postage 13 cents additional.

Subscriptions should be made by Post-office money or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Orders should not be sent to copy this advertisement without express order of Harper & Bros.

**HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

**TURKISH, RUSSIAN AND OTHER BATHS,**

No 25 S. Tenth St., Philadelphia.

WM. A. ELVINS, Prop'r

**WM. MOORE, Jr.**

Attorney-at-Law

AND

Solicitor in Chancery.

MAY'N LANDING, N. J.

**The CENTURY Magazine,**

Scribner's Monthly

For the Coming Year,

With the November number began the new series under the title of "The Century Magazine," which will be, in fact, a new, enlarged, and improved "Scribner." The page is somewhat 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. Burnett (Author of "That sea of Love," etc.) entitled "Through One Administration," a story of Washington life.

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

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

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

The Opera in New York, by Richard 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 household 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 Dean Stanley), Matthew Arnold, Christina Rossetti, and Cardinal Newman, and of the younger American authors, William D. Howells, Henry James, Jr., and Geo. W. Cable.

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

The Reform of the Civil Service. Arrangements have been made for a series of able 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. Steedman.

Stories, Sketches, and Essays. May be expected from Charles Dudley Warner, W. D. Howells, "Mark Twain," Edward Eggleston, Henry James, Jr., John Muir, Miss Gordon Cumming, "H. H." George W. Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, A. C. Rowland, F. D. Millet, Noah Brooks, Frank R. Stockton, Constance F. Weston, R. H. Boyesen, Albert Sickney, Washington Gladden, John Burroughs, Parkes Godwin, Tommaso Salvini, Henry Kissel, Ernest Ingersoll, E. L. Godkin, E. B. Washburne, and many others.

One or two papers on "The Adventures of the Tit Club," and an original life of Swick, the engraver, by Austin Dobson, are among other features to be later announced.

**THE CENTURY COMPANY,**

Union Square, New York City.

**MILLVILLE MUTUAL**

**Marine & Fire Ins. Co.**

This Company have disposed entirely of all its STOCK PLAN BUSINESS, and having been RE-ORGANIZED, has decided to in the future do a

**Strictly Mutual Home Business.**

Having succeeded in paying ALL ITS LIABILITIES, and securing an

**Actual Net Available Surplus of Over \$30,000,**

the Directors feel that they can offer to all who desire insurance not only at LOW RATES and UNQUESTIONABLE SECURITY, but much greater probability of immunity from assessment for years to come, than other Companies, since this surplus is large enough to pay all probable losses on the policies now in force, until their expiration, without any dependence on receipts from new business—a condition of things that can be shown by but very few companies in the State. The present Directors pledge to the Policy Holder an

**ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT**

and a

**Careful Supervision of the business**

and will continue in the future, as in the past, to act on the principle of

**PROMPT PAYMENT**

OF

**HONEST LOSSES**

without seeking to EVADE them on technical grounds.

Hereafter, no notes will be subject to assessment, until they are a year old.

We would call especial attention to our

**Marine Department,**

our LOW RATES and FAVORABLE FORM OF POLICIES.

Any information cheerfully given by the officers of the Company or its Agents,

**F. L. MULFORD, Pres.**

**R. J. HOWELL, Sec'y.**