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IF.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-field and glory;
If writ in human hearts, a name
Seems better than a song and story;
If men, instead of nursing Pride,
Would learn to hate and to abhor it;
If more relied on Love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine, (It
And on bruised human souls would pour
If "yours" and "mine" would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If Bigotry would sheath its knife
Till good became more universal;
If Custom, gray with age, grew
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If Talent shone for Truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things,
A feeling less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together and restore it;
If Right made Might in every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

Southern Democrats are so confident of electing the next President that they are buying up all the Confederate bonds they can find.

Canada complains that the best classes of her foreign immigrants cross over to the United States as soon as they can get away.

Morrow, the Republican candidate for Governor of Kentucky, issued to be getting decidedly the better of Knott, his Democratic adversary in their joint debate.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla operates radically upon and through the blood, and is a safe, reliable, and absolute cure for the various diseases, complaints, and disorders, due to debility, or to any constitutional taint or infection.

The Old Testament Company of Revisers have now finished the last revision of the Old Testament and are making up the appendix, which contains the unadjusted differences between the American and English revisers. It is expected that the revision will be completed before the end of this year and published by the University presses of Oxford and Cambridge before next Spring.

Choice Winter Wheat Bran

To arrive next week, at

\$1.00 per cwt.
\$19.00 per ton.

BALED HAY

On track, in lots to suit purchasers,
\$19.00 per ton.

Dr. GEORGE R. SHIDLE,
DENTIST,
HAMMONTON, N. J.
Office Days, — Wednesday Thursday,
Friday, and Saturday of each week.

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.

Mrs. J. Sibley
Begs to inform the Ladies of
HAMMONTON and
VICINITY,
That she is making Ladies' Dresses, and Wraps of all kinds. Also Children's Suits at the **LOWEST CASH PRICES.**
She asks the favor of your patronage, and will be pleased to see Ladies at her residence, on Main Road, opposite Oak, Hammonton, N. J.
Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

From the Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 16, 1883.

Government Receipts to-day.—Internal revenue, \$506,131.45; customs, \$905,274.34.

Appointments by the President.—The President has appointed Albert Woodcock, of Illinois, U. S. consul at Cantania, Italy, and Alexander J. Shriver, of Maryland, delegate to the international, colonial and general export trade exhibition of 1883, to be held at Amsterdam.

The Military Academy.—The board of visitors to West Point Academy have submitted to the Secretary of War a formal report of their proceedings at the academy, which embraces sundry recommendations for the benefit of that institution. The state of discipline is reported to be most excellent, characterized by absolute impartiality. In the opinion of the committee, the result of the course of instruction and training at the academy is in the highest degree satisfactory.

A census of Portland, Me., has just been taken, which shows a population of 35,800, an increase of 2000 in three years.

It is proposed to start a "forfeit" temperance society at Reno, Nev. The initiation fee will be \$25, and when a member slips up on his pledge he will lose his share of the pot.

Washington has 102 churches. Again tools and their money are being parted by the Confederate bond business; this time Richmond men are paying \$4 per \$1000 for them.

Governor Boynton, the successor of Mr. Stephens, as Governor of Georgia, says the negro down there has all the advantages of the white man, and that many of them are building up fortunes.

Berdell, one of the Star Route defendants, pleaded guilty and gave evidence for the Government. When the trial ended on the acquittal of the others, Berdell was in an unpleasant position. The Court relieved him last Saturday by ordering an arrest of judgment, stating that it required at least two to commit a conspiracy.

The Passaic Rolling Mill Company, a liberal concern, has handsomely fitted up a large brick building as an industrial institute for the benefit of their employees. The building was formally opened on Saturday.

Under the proposed reduction of the number of Internal Revenue Collection Districts, it is probable two of the New Jersey Districts will be consolidated, necessitating the dropping of one collector.

At Trenton, ex-Governor Parker delivered the Decoration Day address; at Princeton, Professor Raymond delivered an oration, and at Freehold Theodore Morris was the speaker. There were minor observances at nearly every place in the State.

Proposals.
Sealed proposals will be received by either member of the undersigned committee for all the lumber required for rebuilding the southern portion of Lower Bank bridge over Mallica River.
The bids will be opened on Wednesday, July 18th, 1883, at Egg Harbor City.
Specifications for the same may be seen at the residence of either of the Committee.
The Committee reserve the right to reject any or all bids not deemed advantageous to the County.
Wm. H. Bourne, Egg Harbor City, N. J.
A. S. GAY, Hammonton, N. J.
GABRIEL PARKHURST, Elwood, N. J.
Committee of the Board of Chosen Freeholders of Atlantic County.

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Sam'l Anderson,
Dealer in
Flour, Grain, Feed, etc.

Fertilizers!

Farmers can get
ALMOST ANYTHING
In the way of Fertilizers, at
GEO. ELVINS'
Main Road and Bellevue Avenue, Hammonton.

Mapes' Complete Manures.
Corn Manure,
Potato Manure,
Fodder Corn Manure,
Fruit and Vine Manure,
Early Vegetable and Truck Manure,
Grass and Grain Spring Top-Dressing,

Together with a supply of Peruvian Guano, Land Plaster, German Kainit, and Ground Bone.

Also, the celebrated **STOCK-BRIDGE MANURES** originated by Hon. Levi Stockbridge, President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and Professor of Agriculture.

T. Hartshorn,
Painter and Paper Hanger,
Hammonton, N. J.
Orders left in P. O. Box 24 will receive prompt attention.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office at his residence, corner of Vine St. and Central Avenue.
Office hours, 8 to 10 A. M., 5 to 6 P. M.

TEETH. Life-like sets, \$5, \$8, \$10. Perfect Plates, in all cases solicited. No sets are allowed to leave the office that persons cannot eat with. Old sets remodeled, repairing and filling. Gas, 50 cents; extra 25 cents.
N. V. CHAPMAN, Dentist,
212 S. Eighth St., Philadelphia, removed from Pine Street.
N. B.—The bearer of this advertisement is entitled to a reduction of 50 cts. from the bill.

COAL!

We are now prepared to receive orders for coal, to be delivered at any time through the Fall and Winter, at lowest prices. We deliver coal when desired, in the various sizes and best qualities of coal constantly on hand at our yard on Railroad Avenue, opposite the railroad shed shed. Coal furnished direct from cars, monthly. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Give us your orders early.

G. F. SAXTON.
HAMMONTON, N. J.

Leave all orders for Printing of any kind at the "South Jersey Republican" office.

TUTT'S PILLS

A NOTED DIVINE SAYS:
Dr. TUTT:—Dear Sir: For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. Last spring your pills were recommended to me; I used them (but with little faith). I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and I have gained forty pounds solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.
Rev. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.
Loss of Appetite, Nausea, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, Fatness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASE WILL BE DEVELOPED. TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, and effect such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. Try this remedy fairly, and you will gain a healthy Digestion, Vigorous Body, Pure Blood, Strong Nerves, and a Sound Liver. Price, 25 Cents. Office, 25 Murray St., New York.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

Gray Hair and Whiskers changed to a glossy black by a single application of this dye. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of cash. Office, 25 Murray St., New York.

(DE. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)

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NOTARY PUBLIC
AND
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
Deeds, Mortgages, Acceptances, Bills of Sale, and other papers executed in a neat, careful and correct manner.
Hammonton, N. J.

Gerry Valentines,
UNDETFAKER,
Is prepared to furnish Coils, Packers (with handles and plates), Shrouds, Bolts of any quality wanted. Furnals promptly attended to. Chairs re-seated, and Furniture repaired and renovated.
SHOP on Egg Harbor Road, next to Aiken's Carriage Factory, Hammonton.

Avoid by all means the use of calomel for bilious complaints. Ayer's Cathartic Pills compounded entirely of vegetable ingredients, have been tested for forty years, and are acknowledged to be the best remedy ever devised for torpidity of the liver, costiveness, and all derangements of the digestive apparatus.

HOWARD.

Horticultural.

Cultivating Tuberoses. Tuberoses, in order to preserve their germ, which will perish in a low temperature if accompanied with moisture, need to be kept dry and warm. The temperature should not fall below 65, and near 70 is better. A drawer in a warm room is a good place to keep them in the best condition. Take the old bulb and remove each small one separately. Sometimes the young bulbs need another season's growth to be strong enough to bloom. A bulb never blooms but once. A good plan in this climate would be to start the bulbs about the first of February, in four-inch pots, or tin cans will do, as they are not to be set in the window. Set them on a high shelf back or near the kitchen stove, or other warm place, and water just enough to keep them from drying out. When the leaf buds begin to start, give a little more water; turn at the side of the pot, never on the bulb. When the season becomes warm, transplant to the open ground—being careful to disturb them as little as possible in transplanting. I have treated bulbs in this way that gave me blossoms on the Fourth of July, and during the season thirty-three blossoms on the stem.

How to Keep Cut Flowers. A reporter found his way into a florist's yesterday afternoon, and feasted his eyes and nose on the beautiful buds that lay in bouquets there.

"How long will this clove pink last?" he inquired.

"Oh, with care, a week or ten days. A solid rosebud will last about the same time. There's a good deal in knowing how to keep flowers fresh."

"Do you use any preparations? Any salt in the water, or ammonia, or the like?"

"Not at all. That's all nonsense. All that is necessary to keep flowers fresh is to keep them moist and cool. If people, instead of dipping flowers in water, would simply wrap them up in a wet newspaper, they would find that they would keep fresher over night. A wet towel or napkin would be two heavy and crush the blooms too much, and, besides, it would allow the moisture to evaporate too easily. So that a box of flowers in wet paper, and you might say they are fresher now than when they came off the bush."

"Why do you send clear to Boston for rose buds? Haven't you got the same kind of roses here?"

"Exactly the same kind, but they won't grow so nicely here. Take this Boston bud, for example, and put it beside a native bud. They are of exactly the same variety, both being Boston Silences. But the stem of the Boston bud is far longer and stouter than that of the native bud. The colors are far more brilliant and the bud is more durable. When the stem is long and thick we don't have to use so much wire to strengthen it, and that makes it much more convenient."

"What advantage has Boston over Cleveland in the raising of roses?"

"It's the climate. It is true that it isn't so warm there here, and it hasn't been extremely sultry here this winter. But temperature in a green-house is easily enough regulated, as well as the quantity of moisture in the air, and the soil is made just so rich with all gardeners."

"It can't be because they are more skillful in raising flowers there than we are here, for I know of gardeners who have come here from the East and expected to do the same things they did there, and failed completely. Even in New York the florist sell ten Boston buds to one of their own growth, and it's just so all over the country. You know the more culture there is bestowed upon a rose the more double it becomes—that is the more of these stems turn into petals. Well I suppose that as Boston is credited with possessing an atmosphere of 'culcha,' that has something to do with it."

Scientific and Useful.

The largest serolite in the world is in the British museum. It weighs nearly two tons. The largest one in the Smithsonian at Washington, weighs less than a ton.

Hickory, dogwood and persimmon, which, a short time ago, were almost worthless in North Carolina, is now in demand at five dollars a cord, for saving iron blocks for the purpose of manufacturing them into power-loam shuttles.

The Journal de Pharmacie says that

a maillage composed as follows will unite wood, porcelain or glass: 5 lb ounces of gum arabic in strong solution, 20 grains of solution of alumina dissolved in two-thirds of an ounce of water.

An English experimentalist finds that for every pound of mineral matter assimilated by a plant an average of 2000 pounds of water is absorbed. As the French observatory of Mont Souit it was found that in rich soil 727 pounds of water passed through the roots of wheat plants for every pound of grain produced, while in a very poor soil 2093 pounds passed through the roots for each pound of grain.

THE PULSE OF ANIMALS.—In horses the pulse at rest beats forty times, in an ox from fifty to fifty-five, and in sheep and pigs about seventy to eighty beats per minute. It may be felt wherever a large artery crosses a bone, for instance. It is commonly examined in the horse on the cord which crosses over the bone of the lower jaw in front of its curvature, or in the thony ridge above the eye, and in cattle over the middle of the first rib, and in sheep by placing the hand on the left side, where the beating of the heart may be felt. Any material variation of the pulse from the figures given above may be considered a sign of disease. If rapid, hard and full, it is an indication of high fever or inflammation; if rapid, small and weak, low fever, loss of blood or weakness. If slow, the probabilities point to brain disease, and if irregular to heart troubles. This is one of the principal and sure tests of an animal.

One of the most ingenious adaptations of electricity, recently introduced, is that by which machinery, when in motion, may be instantly stopped—as in the case of an engine. A wire rope, coiled around the stem of the throttle valve of the engine, carries a weight which is held in place by a rest, and the whole arrangement is such that the passing of an electric current along the wire releases this and causes the weight to fall. The tension thus thrown upon the wire rope acts upon the throttle valve, cuts off the supply of steam and consequently stops the machinery. Buttons, with wire connections, are placed in different parts of the works, and on pressing any one of these the passage of an electric current acts as above mentioned. In every factory these electric buttons can be placed in every room, or several of them in a large room, as may be required. Should any one happen to be caught by the machinery, the simple pressing of a button in the most distant part of the factory will quickly stop the whole machinery.

Gas for Nothing at a Profit.

Scientific prophets have foretold that a day will come when the "residual products" resulting from distilling coal will be so valuable as to reduce the price of gas to a mere nothing. That good time has not arrived, it must be confessed, but if we may believe the confident assertions of a gentleman at Chester there is already in existence an appliance which goes a long way toward fulfilling these predictions. He claims to know a peculiar description of ore for making coke, which, without the help of a high chimney, enables those who use it to drive steam engines without any expense for fuel. Every ton of coal consumed in the oven yields coke worth seven shillings and tar and ammonia worth 4 shillings, in addition to 14,000 feet of gas. If, therefore, the first two products are sold, the price—11 shillings—more than pays for the slack coal from which they were derived, as well as for labor, wear and interest on the capital sunk in the plant. The manufacturer consequently gets 14,000 feet of gas for nothing from every ton of coal subjected to the process, and this he can use instead of fuel to generate steam. It is certainly a bold claim to put forward, but it may, perhaps, be justified by the present prices of coke, ammonia and tar. If, however, these prices come into general use, the market value of such products will assuredly fall heavily in proportion to the immense enhancement of the supply—and in that case the prices fetched would not cover the cost of materials and labor.

For The Young.

The Two Ponies. Mattie and Charles were brother and sister. Their father was a well-to-do farmer and they were his only children. They loved and were interested in every creature on the farm, but best of all they loved the horses. When little, nothing delighted them so much as to be mounted upon Dublin's back and ride up and down the lanes. As they grew older they ventured more, and by the time they were twelve years old no one was better trained in the use of horses than they. Mattie especially delighted in this amusement, and from a child up told all her sorrows and troubles to these trusted and faithful friends. She and her brother often asked their father to give them each a pony. Their father would laugh and say, "Tut, tut, children; wait until you know how to manage a horse before you want one. Besides all that I have is yours." Still they each wanted one for their "very own," as Mattie expressed it.

One morning when Charles was fifteen and Mattie fourteen, their father called them to come out to the barn. There in the stalls stood two of the most beautiful ponies you ever saw, one as white as milk and the other as black as a coal.

"O' father," they both exclaimed, "what beauties!"

"Yes, they are," said Mr. Dunn; "as this is Mattie's birthday, I thought she would like a pony, and as yours is coming so soon, I thought I would add to your pleasure if I should give you yours at the same time. I think you are both able to take care of a horse now, and may Snowflake and Jet lead you always in pleasant paths. Here jump on now, and let me see you gallop off."

Two more happy mortals you never saw. Charles did not say much, but his father knew he felt as deeply as Mattie, who hugged first her father and then her pony. "There, there, that is enough," jump on now," said their father, while something glistened in his eyes, and in another instant they were down the lane and soon out of sight. Such a ride they had, and this was the beginning of many delightful journeys. Mattie would have lived upon horseback if it had been possible; hills, stone walls or ditches were no obstacles in her path now, for Snowflake carried her safely over them without fear. The neighbors used to say to Mr. Dunn: "Mattie will kill herself yet, you don't get her rid of her ponies." "Muttie, Snowflake must be sold," "Muttie, Snowflake! She had never thought of such a thing as that. Must it be?" Yes, there was no help for it. It was sellish in her to refuse it; so with aching heart she took her last ride. Charles led her away, and the purchase money bought many a comfort for them and their dear mother, who was now growing feeble. Mattie was comforted in the thought that her sorrow brought blessings to others, although she could never see a white horse or think of Snowflake even without experiencing a choking sensation and having her eyes dimmed with tears.

Some men can appreciate nothing but according to its money value. Money with them is everything. Poisoned food, if it has money in it, is preferred to wholesome food. Money is good and necessary in its proper place, but there is that which money cannot buy, and compared with it is worse than brass. Truth and uprightiness are also of price. Money cannot buy them. It matters not how much money a man may have, if he is not true and upright, he is not worthy of respect.

Said a student of one college to a friend who was attending a rival institution: "Your college never turns out gentlemen." "No," was the reply. "Our college allows gentlemen to go right on and graduate."

Agricultural.

Market Chicks. There is always a ready sale for early chicks, the prices this season for those intended as broilers (weighing about one pound) ranging from forty to eighty cents; but such sizes are only in demand in the early part of the season, those weighing about two pounds each being more desirable during the summer. About the 1st of May is the period for broilers, or during "asparagus time," as the farmers express it; but at all times fowls bring good prices.

There are several points to be observed in raising fowls, the profit being more or less according to the method of breeding. Much depends upon the kind of fowl used. The Brahma is one of the best for general purposes. As that breed grows to a large size, lays well, and is hardy, but while it possesses many good qualities, it is unfitted for producing broilers, as it is "leggy" when very young, and does not readily fatten until it is nearly matured. A cross of the Leghorn on the Brahma is one of the best that can be made if early pullets are to be kept for laying in the fall, as such a cross combines the quick growth of the Leghorn with the size, vigor and hardiness of the Brahma, and the broilers so produced, though a little slower in reaching the proper weight, are fine-boned, plump and attractive in appearance, possessing rich, yellow skin and legs. In crossing Leghorn with the large breeds uniformity of color can be secured by mating brown Leghorn cocks with partridge, Cochon or dark Brahma hens, or white Leghorn cocks with Brahma or white Cochon hens.

Of the pure breeds there is nothing that can compare with the Plymouth Rocks for producing the most saleable chicks up to the age of three months, and younger ones as broilers are excellent. Being very hardy, good foragers and active, they grow fast and make a plump carcass. The American Sebright (Wyandotte) rivals the Plymouth Rock in all qualities except hardiness, and have yellow legs at every stage of growth, while the legs of Plymouth Rock pullets are dark, turning yellow afterward. The only objection to them is that being a new breed they are at the present time too closely bred. The Langshan, a new breed, is as fine in plumage, size, laying qualities and flesh as one would wish, but, having dark legs, many buyers object to them. The objection, however, is owing to a time honored prejudice, for the Langshan and Houdan (a dark-legged fowl) are superior for the table to nearly all the yellow-legged breeds. A cross of the game with the large breeds gives a fowl with fuller breast and finer bone, which should be encouraged, as it smaller the amount of offal the better the quality. For market chicks, therefore, the broilers should come from the Leghorn-Brahma cross, the larger sizes from the Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Houdans and Langshans, while the adults should be produced from the Brahma or Cochon crossed with the Plymouth Rock or Houdan. The best capons are a cross of the colored Dor king and dark Brahma, and the largest fowls are usually a cross of the Houdan and Brahma the first season, and the produce mated with Plymouth Rocks the second season. Black Spanish, Hamburgs and Polish, though excellent layers, are inferior as market chicks. If success is desired breeders should be careful in selecting the breeds most suitable, as it is more important than any other feature in the management.

Farm Hints. Texas will net \$13,500,000 from the increase to her sheep farms this spring. A young man in Otsego county, gained \$125,000 on the rise in hops within the last year.

The wild duchess, of Geneva, a royal short-horn, was recently sold at Chicago for \$21,000.

Prof. Arnold admits that brewers' grain will stimulate a large flow of milk, but says there is no butter in them.

A sheep pasture in Dimmitt and Webb counties, Tex., contains 300,000 acres and feeds 300,000 sheep. It is believed to be the largest in the world.

A successful orchardist says that if he were to live over again he would trim his trees higher, and pasture his orchards with sheep; in place of ploughing or moulching.

A Florida man has grown a radish that was over 2 feet long, 18 inches in diameter, and weighed fifteen pounds; also a collard that measured 4 feet 8 inches across the top.

The Kentucky Importing Company

sold thirty-six short-horns of recent importation at an aggregate of \$14,606. The highest price for a single animal was \$1000.

Hoeling, and the frequent stirring of the surface of the soil, are important in dry weather. Those parts of the garden that are most frequently cultivated show the best results.

Squashes and all kinds of vines grow and yield the best by surface culture; manure as you would for corn; drop the seed in rows; cover lightly; stir the soil often, and eternal vigilance is death to bugs, with a good sprinkling of insect powder.

Early potatoes happily early planting. No matter what variety is used, early planting must precede early crops. And cultivation must be timely to secure best results. As between level culture and hillings the advantage can be determined by trial. On land too moist for potatoes ridge planting will supply partial correction of the fault, but thorough drainage will be a better way. In any case, early planting is essential if an early crop is desired.

GRASSHOPPER.—No class of plants are better adapted for bedding purposes in our hot, dry summers, than the geranium. It flowers profusely during the heat and drought of summer, when most bedding plants suffer or are dried up. They are admirably adapted for blooming, and for baskets or vases; when a show is wanted they are without a rival. The newer double varieties are equally as fine for bedding as the single, with the additional value of the flower lasting two or three times as long when cut; this makes them very desirable for bouquets or cut flowers.

CONSTITUTION OF ALLUVIAL SOILS.—Alluvial soils are made up of decomposed vegetable substances, the river sediment and materials washed down from neighboring hills. The valleys of rivers and streams are alluvial soils and make a rank growth, but the trees grown on such soils are not so hardy or so fruitful as are the trees grown in soils with more sand, clay or gravel and less vegetable matter. A loamy soil may be considered in various ways. It may be a mixture of equal parts of sandy and clayey soil. It is neither so light as sandy nor so tenacious as the clay soil. As a rule its composition and texture are such as to render it eligible for the usual purposes of cultivation, and especially so for fruit trees. Loamy soils in which sand forms a large ingredient in their composition are called sandy loams, and are distinguished with gravel, gravelly loams, and when lime abounds they are known as calcareous loams.

How Animals Play. Small birds chase each other about in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops around in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersaults. The Americans call it the mad bird, on account of these singularities. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing abundant spray around. Deer often engage in sham battle, or trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals pretending violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the orang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play very small and moving object, even to the leaves strewn by the autumn wind. They crouch and steal forward ready for a spring, the body quivering and tail vibrating with emotion; they bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Bengal saw young cougars and jaguars playing with round substances, like kittens. Birds of the magpie kind are the analogues of monkeys, full of mischief, play and mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie that was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles with much solemnity and a strolled air, burying them in a hole made to receive a pot. After dropping each stone it cried "Cur-ack!" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amuse ment.

THE DUDE.

Who strolls the Ave each afternoon; Who whistles air all out of tune; And dons short coats cut to 'son? The Dude.

Observe his form. You can, for he wears pants a tight as tight can be— (And pants for notoriety). The Dude.

Who's stiff as statue cut in wood; Can't bend, and wouldn't if he could; A sort of nothing 'twixt the bad and good? The Dude.

Who wears his hair all a-braided and banged; And says, "By Jove, that Mrs. Langsby's chawming quite, or 'till he's banged?" The Dude.

Who drives a tandem through the park; Says, "Lift 'em, such a jolly lark." (Perhaps the Dude's the long sought "Shark")? The Dude.

Who goes to all receptions, least; Who smokes a pipe as friends he sees; And, for his health, sips sangroes? The Dude.

Who dresses in the latest style; Declares, "The weather's simply vile; And licks some dainties 'twixt the while?" The Dude.

Who's neither fool, nor knave, nor sage; This funny freak on nature's page— Conundrum of the modern age? The Dude.

Who, then, can work the puzzle through; Tell what it is for—what it can do?— Guess what it is: I'll give you— The Dude.

Ethel's Error.

It was a dull, gray, dewy September eve as the emigrant train stopped at the little hamlet of Chickinago, in the state of Susquehanna. From it sprang a young girl, wearily carrying a bundle on a toothpick across her finely-formed shoulder. A tear stood in her eye until it fell down, as she gazed on the caboose of the slowly receding train which had left her back to the homes she had left two years before.

"I wonder if Aunt Gruetion will be glad to have me back," she soliloquized, as she nearly fell over a barrel of pork which had been standing at the depot for a week waiting for the consignee to fetch it away.

It is a lovely place, Chickinago, at any time, and trains only stop there once a week as a rule, but the conductor had been so moved by the tears of Ethel that he had consented to slow up and reduce the pace of the train to a walk to enable her to alight.

Ethel Evingdale was an orphan, brought up in a small cottage by a spinster aunt, Miss Tizzie Gruetion, who struggled, out of a small legacy and the proceeds of a pumpkin patch, to make a living. Two years before, Ethel had left her for the coast, to study law in the city of the superior courts of California, like Laura Debussy—and several other bony, strong-minded things.

But Ethel was neither bony nor strong-minded. Her figure might have been modeled by Phidias, but it wasn't, for several reasons. Her velvety eyelashes drooped all over a cheek, the bloom on which was like that of the violet after it has been kissed by the sun-god arising from his sail-water tub at 4.55 a. m. on June 21 (vide Almanac).

Her golden hair needed no jute switch to add to its glory. It was like an aurora borealis lit up by the rays of a thousand moons at their perigee, so to speak.

Her teeth were perfect, except three that had been filled, and one that was going; and her rosy lips would have made Venus weep for envy and leave heaven to come to earth and buy a bottle of carmine.

Such was Ethel Evingdale as she tripped daintily over the alkali prairie to Aunt Gruetion's cottage. She could not miss the road, for every rat was familiar to her, and Aunt Tizzie's cottage was but fourteen miles from the depot.

As the lovely old home of her childhood loomed up with the nine hundred and ninety-nine memories of the past, Ethel's eyes filled with pearly tears. Yes, there were the nodding potatoes waving in their hills, the stately squashes lying lazily near their vines, and the tall apple trees laden with ruby and aureate fruit, and in the middle of all the darling old two-roofed farmhouse, where she had spent so many happy hours.

Aunt Tizzie heard the gate open, and so did Bobbie, the watch-dog, erst once and formerly, a long time ago, a fierce mastiff, but now crippled with rheumatism and that dread disease, the mange.

As his only remaining eye fell on the form of Ethel, old Bobbie gave a cry of delight, and limped slowly to her with his affectionate tongue hanging out on the left side of his massive jaw.

"Bobbie! Bobbie! Bobbie! Bobbie!" cried Ethel, as regardless of her new polished shoes she knelt on the ground and pressed the almost hairless canine to her bosom, overcome with his devotion.

"But, Bobbie, I must hurry on and see Aunt Tizzie," cried Ethel, and in another moment she was in the arms of her only relative, rapturously kissing away the floods of tears which joyfully oozed from the lachrymal glands of that dearest of souls, Miss Tizzie Gruetion.

"Oh, auntie," cried Ethel, "it's like heaven to see you again and look at dear old Bobbie, too. He has actually dug up a piece of meat from the back yard, which he had buried, and is offering it to me as a sign of welcome."

"Ethel," said Aunt Gruetion, between her sobs of joy, "I think Providence must have sent you back to me. I am stricken with lumbago and have a touch of pleuro-pneumonia. I am unable to move from the house and there is neither flour nor Worcester's sauce, no hominy nor canned green turtle, and not even a bit of wood to light the stove. Besides this, there is a large mortgage on the property, and I have not a cent in the house with which to buy oleomargarine."

"Never mind, auntie, we're right side up, but you come home to run a Berkeley. I've come home to run a model farm, too. You can wage your sweet life, and I've got three cans of oysters in my bundle, and a lot of pears, and we'll have a banquet in three minutes by my patent steam-winder."

It was a scene never to be forgotten to see Ethel take off her things, collect some old fence rails, split them, light the fire, and run out with her merry laugh to watch the blue smoke ascending like a liberated prairie to the gates of paradise.

Oh, if you could have seen that couple an hour later, after Ethel had washed up, and there she sat, with her dainty dimpled arms around Aunt Tizzie's neck, and a large saucer of hot-baked, which almost seemed to kiss her pretty nose, telling Aunt Tizzie her story.

"I can never be a lawyer, auntie; did not pass a single examination, and I hate Blackstone, but you must let me rub some mustard liniment on your back and cure your lumbago, and then I'll fix you a regular supper out of some old rice which I've got in my trunk."

So saying, she took a single examination, and I hate Blackstone, but you must let me rub some mustard liniment on your back and cure your lumbago, and then I'll fix you a regular supper out of some old rice which I've got in my trunk."

"My own dear darling," murmured Aunt Tizzie.

"And I'll be up at daylight," said Ethel, a dreamy smile floating over her maudlin brow, "and get in the pumpkins and a load of apples and take 'em to market, and we'll be all hunkey, auntie. Why, I should blush to sipper, Aunt Tizzie. Now go to bed and say your prayers. Here's your toddy, throw it down, and before you're awake I'll have the pumpkin patch clear. Kiss Ethel. Now go to sleep. That's the racket," and the affectionate girl turned off the gas and left her aunt to stumber.

It was hardly dawn when Ethel tripped into the pumpkin patch, and before Aunt Tizzie had slept off the effects of her composing draught, Ethel had cleared half an acre and got two wagon loads of pumpkins ready for the market.

"I guess I'll get outside of 'utlin'," she said to herself. "This pumpkin pilla' ain't no slouch of a job. Wish I had a lime, though. However, it's just a healthy straight."

So saying the fairy Ethel, glowing with tubby health, her gorgeous hair only half hidden by a green sun-bonnet, and her dimpled, round arms bare to the elbow, tripped into the house, looking like some sweet angel just dropped out of paradise to brighten our sad earth.

She came back in a minute or two, wiping her dainty lips on her elbow, country fashion, and murmuring: "Oh, my I wasn't that a sorter?" was about to resume her work, when she was conscious of the presence of a stranger.

He was leaning over the fence, gazing silently at her, with a gun over his shoulder and in one hand a couple of dead hares.

In person he was tall and erect, his main figure set off by three diamond studs and a velvet coat. A long, silky moustache fell carelessly on his vest, which he pulled down from time to time.

His hair was as black as asphalt, and his eyes large, melting, and pathetic. His shapely legs were swathed in silken shoon, and a large gold watch-chain that dropped, like the cypress, nearly to his knee, completed his negligé attire.

"One of old-Bolliver's farm laborers, I guess," said Ethel to herself. "He's out early, I wish he'd give me one of them rabbits, though. Say, boss," she cried, timidly, a blush at her hardihood suffusing her cheek and making her look like a canned tomato. "Say, boss, give us a hare, will yer? I'll bet my pie you're hungry and ain't had no breakfast. If yer'll skin it and clean it I'll cook it right off, and we'll divvy on the bird. What d'yer say?"

In clear, manly tones, that rang like a clarion through the still morning air, the stranger answered: "Certainly, miss, I shall be only too delighted, and springing over the six-foot fence, he was at her side in a moment.

"You're a bully jumper," she said innocently, as he approached her, and then, as she looked up into his eyes and saw the great depth of tenderness that protruded from his azure optics, she cast her own down timidly, and continued in a low tone: "I am afraid you'll think me very rude, but I guessed you were one of old-Bolliver's farm hands, so I called you. I am just from the law schools of California, so you must pardon me if I was impolite."

"You guessed right," he replied, in a superb baritone voice. "I am a farm hand, and they call me Dick; and I accept your invitation to breakfast, and will prepare the hare without more ado."

"Why ain't you smart, Dick?" she said. "You rip him up and leave me the peck for my old aunt for a night-capp, and I'll put the water on to boil. Hurry up, Dick!"

As she ran into the house the stranger, who had pulled out a gold-handled dagger, deftly prepared the hare. In ten minutes it was in the pot, and an hour after the two were sitting on the porch enjoying a delicious hare stew.

"Sorry I ain't got no jelly, Dick," Ethel was saying; "but if you'll tell Bolliver I want to borrow one of his wagons, so as I can sell Aunt Tizzie's pumpkins, I'll lay in a lot of groceries that'll make your mouth water. Why, there is old Bolliver coming. Great sakes, ain't that bully?"

She rose to meet him, and after a hearty hand-shake she said: "Pesky glad you dropped over. I got here last night, and want to borrow one of your wagons and your man Dick to make two trips to market."

"My man Dick?" said Farmer Bolliver.

"Why, Ethel, this is the Hon. Cyril Waterberry, the banker and member for Susquehanna, who holds a mortgage over your mother's farm. Let me introduce you—Miss Ethel Evingdale Mr. Cyril Waterberry."

Ethel's face was crimson now, as she gave him her hand and murmured: "Jumping Jehosaphat! Great Scott!"

"Can you forgive me, Mr. Waterberry?" she almost whispered.

"Forgive you," he replied, passionately, and in another moment she was in his arms, weeping the first tears that welled up all over his coat from her new found love.

But he drove her to market all the same, and sold the pumpkins and to-day Aunt Tizzie has a deed of gift to her homestead and a new cottage on it. Mr. and Mrs. Waterberry reside chiefly at Washington spending the summer at Lake Como, and thus the rich young banker and rising politician found his bride and they both bless the morn, the happy morn, that brought them together, through Ethel's error.—San Francisco News-Letter.

Gems.

If you would create something, you must be something. The lives of great men all remind us that the best of them can do foolish things.

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.

When you travel from vice to virtue you ride on a corduroy road and get many a bump; but when you go from goodness to virtue it is just as easy as to slide down hill.

The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

POLITENESS.—The fountain of true politeness is a good and generous heart. It consists less in exterior manner than in the spirit that is developed on conduct in the true intercourse of society.

In the general custom in China, when a man is about to die, for the eldest son to remove him from the bed to the floor of the principal room of the house, where he is laid with his feet to the door.

The inhabitants of the province of Fukken are in the habit of placing a small piece of silver in the mouth of the dying person—with which he may pay his fare into the next world—and carefully stopping up his nose and ears. In certain cases they make a hole in the roof, to facilitate the exit of the spirits proceeding from his body; their belief being that each person possesses seven animal souls, which die with him—and three souls—one of which enters Elysium and receives judgment; another resides with the deceased; and the third dwells in his tomb.

The intelligence of the death of the head of a family is communicated as speedily as possible to all his relatives, and the household is dressed in white—the mourning color of China. Priests are summoned to perform the funeral rites, and the mourning is continued for a month.

At intervals during these and subsequent ceremonies, gilt and silvered paper in the shape of coins and sycee bars is burned, in the belief that it will also pass into the invisible world, where it will be received into solid cash; and clothes, sedan-chairs, furniture, buffaloes and horses made of paper are transferred on the same principle to the "better land" for the benefit of the dead.

Among the poor the bodies are put in the cemeteries, but it is the practice with the richer Chinese to keep the coffin bodies of their relatives in their houses for long periods—sometimes for years.

Bartholomew Nealon, who murdered his wife at Boston on May 30 by cutting her throat and then cut his own throat with a pocket-knife, died from his wounds.

Among other pretty dainties which fashionable young ladies are preparing for summer wear—works of their own hands—are garden party hats of floe lace, lining the inside of the crown, and lined with pale blue or rose colored satin with pale blue or rose colored satin trimmings.

Another fancy is to run black velvet ribbon through the meshes, finishing with a knot of velvet on the top of the crown.

The most fashionable of the white toilets to be worn this summer, instead of being relieved by the usual colors of rose color, blue or mauve, will be enlivened by the newer shades of French terra-cotta, teal, green, shrimp, pink, and the like; and a leading toilet will be one of white nun's veiling, or wigogne, with broad sash and other satin ribbon trimming of pale primroses in the corsage and hair, and necklace and chataine of amber beads.

Arabian saddle-bags, resembling Smyrna rugs, the loosely woven Decca and Bombay shawls and heavy Turkish wraps of all kinds, are now utilized as—drappings to low easy chairs and sofas, table covers and scarfs, and also for lambrequins, caps, cushions and ties.

These wraps are now selling at greatly reduced rates, and a "Bagdad" shawl from Lowell, Massachusetts, made into mantle lambrequin, table scarf and tidy, with fringe and braid for the edges included, will cost no more than a lambrequin alone bought ready-made of the same Bagdad material as the shawl.

The vogue of checks and Scotch plaids is undiminished. The most popular next summer will be Scotch plaids and checks of various colors, white and black, white and blue, white and louter, pink and gray, out of which many pretty costumes will be made at most reasonable prices. Nearly all the dresses for young girls will be made with round waists coming down very low over the skirt, which gives them a very youthful and charming appearance. I know as a matter of fact, that all the leading dress-making establishments will use mountains of faille next summer for their most stylish costumes. Nor is there any material that offers a more wonderful gradation of tints. The palette richest in colors does not furnish a more complete gamut of tints, which pass

The Republican.

Entered as second class matter. HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC CO., N. J. SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1888.

T. J. Smith and family have moved into the residence connected with Tomlin & Smith's store.

Miss Jane Roy, for many years a resident of Hammonton, died on Thursday evening of last week.

Mr. Ennon—I desire, in the name of all the residents on Green Street, to publicly thank William Burgess.

Married.

HOWLES, HEWETT. In Philadelphia, on Monday, June 13th, 1888, by Rev. Fitzgerald, Mr. Geo. M. Bowles.

In an interview at Cleveland on Friday, Senator Sherman said to a reporter: "The tariff will undoubtedly be the great issue between the parties next year."

"Ladies' Tonic."—THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY, is prepared by this issue forthwith what the national platform will disclose.

A Card.

To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc.

HARD FACTS AND PLENTY.

Oak Hall is simply a great retail Clothing House—the greatest of its kind in the country.

NO PRICES REDUCED.

We are not advertising reduced prices, but we are in position to offer the best bargains in Spring Clothing of every sort.

PRICES ARE REDUCED.

Can't be cured!—Who says so! "The best physicians have been consulted, and they all agree that the case is beyond the reach of medicine."

Wanamaker & Brown,

Oak Hall, S. E. Cor. Sixth and Market Sts., Phila.

The Ohio Prohibitionists will not be able to hold their organization together this year.

Strawberries weighing seven-eighths of an ounce each have been grown in Delaware this year.

There are now fully 30,000 wheelmen in this country, and the popularity of the bicycle is increasing.

KEROSENE ACCIDENTS AND PENALTIES.

Notice is hereby given to all dealers in, or purchasers of, kerosene, that only such product of petroleum as will not flash at a temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit may be sold for lighting and illuminating purposes.

Special Notices.

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Oak Hall, S. E. Cor. Sixth and Market Sts., Phila.

S. D. HOFFMAN, Attorney-at-Law, Master in Chancery, Notary Public, Commissioner of Deeds, Supreme Court Commissioner.

GO TO PACKER'S Old Stand, The Hammonton Bakery.

Where the usual variety of choice bread, rolls, cakes, pies, and crackers, so well adapted to quantity and quality.

CHARLES WHITNEY, CIVIL ENGINEER.

Residence, Hammonton, N. J.

A Lecture to Young Men on the Loss of MANHOOD.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Medical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatitis, Induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emission, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impairments to Marriage, generally.

The Culverwell Medical Co.

41 Ann St., New York; Post Office Box 400, 23rd St.



LADIES' TONIC. The Great Female Remedy.

For light-weight clothing, for summer wear, we have a fine assortment, well-made, and at moderate prices.

A.G. YATES & Co.

Ledger Building, Chestnut and Sixth Streets, PHILADELPHIA.

GARDNER & SHINN, INSURANCE AGENTS.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Refer to: Policy holders in the Atlantic City Area.

HOW WE ALWAYS TEST SEEDS.

From Small Tests in 1884, the Practice has been extended to Acres.

D. Landret & Sons,

21 and 23 S. Sixth St., bet. Market and Avenue and Arch St., Philadelphia.

BOOTS AND SHOES WHICH FIT AND WEAR WELL.

Are the Best to buy. And they can be found at E. H. Carpenter's, Hammonton, N. J.

Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers FOUND AT LAST.

PRISSEY IMPROVED Common-Sense Incubator. Hatches seventy-five to ninety per cent, in the hands of an amateur.

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The Republican.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1888. LOCAL MISCELLANY.

Correspondence solicited upon all topics of local interest. Names of correspondents are requested, not for publication, but as a guarantee of the reliability of the news.

Eighteen acres of good land, about three-fourths of a mile from Hammonton station, for sale at a bargain.

Special meeting of the Grand Army Post, this evening.

How many dogs have you seen muzzled in Hammonton?

Capt. Loveland came home Tuesday evening—just from the Kennebec to Philadelphia with a cargo of ice.

Two excursions (for one in two sections), twenty-six cars, passed down on the C. & A. Thursday morning.

John B. Hay has been elected President of the Malaga Glass and Manufacturing Company.

Second and Third Streets, east of Bellevue, are among those improved by the Highway Commissioner lately. They are as neat as can be.

Prof. Mealey, Sr., shipped the first crate of red raspberries, Tuesday night, to Matthews, Philadelphia. They sold for forty cents per quart.

If Chas. E. V. Jorke will call at the Hammonton Post Office, he will find a package, which he supposed had been lost.

Rev. Mr. Davies has rented the Barnhouse property, corner of Bellevue avenue and Fourth street. Mrs. Davies and their two little ones will probably be here next week.

Members of the Hammonton Base Ball club—especially the "nine," in full uniform, are requested to be on the ground at half past three this afternoon, for practice.

Miss Hattie Matthews is to take charge of the district school at Somerville, near Camden, on the I. & A. C. Railway. Many friends will welcome Miss Hattie to this neighborhood.

The next regular meeting of the Atlantic County Temperance Alliance will be held at Atlantic City in St. Paul's M. E. Church, Thursday, June 28th. All organizations throughout the county in sympathy with the temperance cause, are asked to send delegates.

Office-seeking is evidently not a popular weakness among Hammontonians. Last Spring, Mr. Thomas Rogers was elected Assessor for three years; he did not qualify, and resigned. Mr. P. W. Bush (one of the Board) also resigned, on accepting a proffered position at Philadelphia.

H. H. Brown and W. R. Seely, to fill vacancies; both gentlemen declined. At a special meeting, Council appointed Messrs. W. D. Frost and Myron DeFay; Mr. Frost declines. Who wants the position? Bids may be sent to the President of the Council. Don't all speak at once.

The Grand Army Post's Strawberry Festival was one of the grandest successes of the age, socially, and as an entertainment. That it was not a remarkable success financially, was due to the fact that the Commodore cared more for the pleasure of his guests than for the amount of money received, and carried the "festival" on with that "good will" in view. An extortionate price was asked for anything, and no one was lured to death by solicitors. The great trouble was the want of room to accommodate those who desired to hear the entertainment. The hall formerly known as "Clark's Hall" was crowded to its utmost capacity, both evenings, and many were unable to get inside. There were Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Fairchild with first and second violins; Messrs. Thayer and Sprigman, with guitars; Miss Emma Priskey, Mrs. Carrie Wilmore, and Mr. Priskey in vocal solos; Messrs. Rutherford and Sprigman gave recitations; Miss Ella Gabadi directed the audience with fancy and character dancing; and for a little time with the audience endured a couple of Italian waltz Scotch bag-pipes. Ice cream, lemonade and cake were served all through the performance; a substantial supper was ready at any moment; confectionery, nuts, etc., were for sale. In the Post Room, weary ones found a quiet, comfortable retreat, for rest and refreshment. Here were seen, moreover, the flag which floated over the U. S. Steamer "Cumberland" when she was struck and sunk by the rebel ram "Merrimac," which was in turn destroyed by the little "Monitor." This flag, and others of interest, with several historical pictures, are the property of Gen. H. Biggs. Altogether, we feel justified in repeating our remark—that the festival was a success, netting about fifty dollars.

Remember the Sunday School lesson, review, to-morrow evening.

Superintendent Morse appointed as Trustees of Hammonton School District, No. 48, Messrs. S. E. Brown, W. R. Seely, M. Parkhurst; Mr. Parkhurst declined. Since, Messrs. L. H. Parkhurst, George Wilkins, and several others whose names have escaped our memory, have been approached, and each cried "I pray these have me excused." We don't blame them.

Henry J. Monfort has accepted the appointment, and the Board had their first meeting on Thursday evening.

An establishment where butter and cheese is made is called a "dairy"; where the production of honey is followed is an "apiary," and so all the way along the list of occupations, until you come to the raising of silk worms, and the production of the raw material, here we find no name provided.

We encountered this difficulty early when we tried to say that the silk worms under the care of Mrs. Fish and daughter are industriously weaving their burial robes, which may one day adorn one of fortune's favorites. It is an interesting sight, to see these ungainly looking fellows, twisting, squirming, and eventually producing the much-sought-for material in which every female heart takes delight.

An "Inquirer" finds fault with the Mirror because it failed to chronicle the visit of a certain lady. It is a pity, we doubt not, that the record would have been made. This reminds us, too many readers imagine an Editor to be omniscient, able to record every transaction, whenever and wherever it may occur. Just remember, please, that we cannot originate news, and need to receive information, in order to publish it. If each one of our two thousand and more readers should make it a point to send us one item of interest each month (don't limit it there, please), we would average five hundred items per week, and it would delight all hands and the cook, and cost you nothing.

Burt Pressey started on Thursday, June 7th, on an exciting tour with his bicycle. His first stop was at the Moorestown Fair, where he won the first prize for fancy riding—a silver match-plate, about five inches high, representing a rider on his wheel, carrying an empty barrel on his back. Next, at the Washington bicycle tournament, Burt competed in the same class with some of the best riders in the country, and brought home the first prize—a gold badge, valued at forty dollars. We cannot describe it, but it is beautiful—a richly-hued garnet from the top attracted our attention. Near the Capital City Burt went to Lowell, Mass., where the American Standard had arranged for several exhibitions in that city and neighboring towns, to show what could be done with the machine. Burt reached home last Tuesday evening, having thoroughly enjoyed his long trip.

On Sunday morning last, a middle-aged German, a resident of Philadelphia, was instantly killed at Hammonton station, by the down express on the Camden & Atlantic Railroad, which leaves Philadelphia at 7:30 a. m. The man was horribly mangled, his head being almost all semblance of humanity, his right arm and leg being severed from his body, through the injuries. There being no coroner here, Justice Hill at once telegraphed to the County Physician, and not receiving any reply within the six hours specified by law, yet hesitating about assuming the responsibility of holding an inquest, made such investigation as seemed necessary, eliciting the following facts: The man—Gottlieb Kurtz, residing on Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia—had visited Hammonton and partially arranged for the purchase of a farm on Sunday he started hurriedly to complete negotiations. Purchasing his ticket, he entered the express train; but was told to leave as that train did not stop at Hammonton. A second time he was sent away, yet was found on board after the train had started. The conductor kindly arranged (as he supposed) to have his passenger go as far as Egg Harbor City and there take the accommodation back (the train meeting); but Mr. K. seemed to have made his own plans, and unseeing by any one, while the train was making not less than forty miles per hour, jumped from the car platform between the station house and the water-tank building, striking the latter with tremendous force, and was thrown back under the wheels. On Monday morning the County Physician arrived, learned the facts so far as ascertained, and decided an inquest unnecessary. A son of the unfortunate man, aged about twenty years, also came and took his father's remains to Philadelphia on the noon freight—they having been arranged in ice by Undertaker Valentino. A wife and five children were thus suddenly bereft. The widow was prostrate by the shock, being seriously ill.

Boundaries of Hammonton Town School District, No. 48: Beginning at a point on the line of Camden and Atlantic counties where the middle of Second road intersects said line; thence (1st) southeasterly along Second thence (2d) southeasterly along Second thence (3d) southeasterly along said line to the Town of Hammonton Town and Buena Vista Town on Third road; thence (3rd) southeasterly along said line to Third road to Eighth street; thence (4th) northeasterly along Eighth street to First road; thence (5th) southeasterly along First road to Seventh street or Hammonton line; thence (6th) northeasterly along Seventh street to Hammonton creek or Pleasant Mills creek; thence (7th) southeasterly in a direct line to a point where the centre of Fourth street and Herschel street (extended) intersect each other; thence (8) southeasterly along the middle of said Herschel street to where it crosses Norton's Branch; thence (9) down said branch to Hammonton or Pleasant Mills creek; thence (10) down the last named creek to where it is crossed by the road leading to New Columbia; thence (11) westerly along said road to the middle of said road that leads to Pleasant Mills; thence (12) northerly in a direct line to a point where the middle of Seventh street intersects the Atson river; thence (13) up said river to where Hammonton road extended intersects it; thence (14) southeasterly along said Hammonton road to Great Swamp branch; thence (15) up said branch to the line between the counties of Atlantic and Camden; thence (16) southeasterly along said line to the place of beginning.

It is hereby ordered and determined that the above be the boundaries of District No. 48, Hammonton, in the County of Atlantic, N. J. Given under my hand this sixth day of June, 1888. S. R. MORSE, County Superintendent. Approved this sixth day of June, 1888. ELLIS A. APOAL, State Supt. Public Instruction.

From Our County Papers.

From the DEMOCRAT: The fruit growers of Hammonton complain about the ravages of the rose bug. This bug is hardly known about here and is very seldom seen.

The machinery for the new canning factory has arrived and active preparations have begun for the season. This new enterprise should receive the support and encouragement of all right-minded citizens.

A funny incident occurred at Pleasant Mills lately. A social party was to be held in the place and among the expected guests were some young persons from the city, a carriage was sent to convey them to the scene of festivity in style, on reaching the station the driver discovered a family of newly arrived Italians whom he mistook for his proper passengers. Without further ado he got them into the carriage and drove back to the Mills. As may be supposed the arrival of the strange creature created some astonishment and not a little laughter, various questions were put to the Italian exiles but they maintained a dogged silence and stared around them as if they feared to death through the kindness of the village folks they were made comfortable for the night and next morning transferred back to the Hammonton strawberry fields, where they belonged.

From the RECORD: An excellent suggestion for business men: "In all towns where a newspaper is published, every business man ought to advertise in it, even if it is nothing more than a card stating his name and the kind of business he is engaged in. It helps to sustain a paper, and lets the people out at a distance know that the town is full of business men. The paper finds its way into thousands of places where handbills cannot reach. A card in the paper is a traveling signboard, and can be seen by every reader. Think of these things and let your light shine."

From the JOURNAL: The Methodist in and about Tuckahoe on the Fourth, in the grove adjoining the Williamsburg school house. The People of Egg Harbor City have planted forty-three acres of tomatoes to supply the new packing company just started in that place. The United States Court of Claims on Wednesday last decided the following claims, for damages resulting from loss by the rebel cruiser, Alabama, during the war: These Atlantic county people will get the amount named: John Bolco, \$1710; Henry Bolco, \$1310; Peter Bolco, \$1972; Frederick Bolco, \$680; Mary D. Soull, \$680; Job Chamberlain, \$650; Znoch Cordery, \$1310; and Jonathan Babcock, \$683.

AT SCULLIN & SAGER'S

May be found a full stock of MILLINERY including hats and bonnets, flowers, feathers, and trimmings. Also a large assortment of NOTIONS.

Agricultural Implements.

A large assortment of Plows, Harrows, and Cultivators, For sale by GEORGE ELVINS

Also, Wheelbarrows, Shovels, Spades, Forks, Drags, Rakes, Hoes, &c. &c.

Together with a general assortment of Garden Seeds.

Goods Delivered. Orders left at the New Post Office promptly attended to.

We have the facilities, and can do any kind of book or job printing. Bring all such work to the REPUBLICAN office, Hammonton.

At E. Stockwell's

Cor. Bellevue & Third St. HAMMONTON.

Rec'd, this week

A large shipment of Spring Goods.

Gingham's Prints, Notions, And Lace Curtains

Are among these goods. Call and examine. I know we can please you. We have many varieties of Dress Goods, and Dry Goods of all kinds, and will sell you a first-class Sewing-Machine to make them up.

Full stock of Groceries

As usual. We're selling lots of it. It will give entire satisfaction.

Cochran's Drug Store,

Hammonton, N. J.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

enriches the blood, cures Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Debility, Catarrh, and all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood; expelling the blood-poison from the system, and restoring and renewing the blood, and restoring its vitalizing power.

During a long period of unparalleled usefulness, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has proved its perfect adaptation to the cure of all diseases originating in poor blood and weakened vitality. It is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla, and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier and blood-food that can be used.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured. "AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years."

Durham, N. C., March 2, 1887. W. H. MOORE.

"Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without success. I finally used AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. I have not been troubled with the Rheumatism since."

Worcester, Mass., May 1, 1887. JAMES MAYNARD.

"Last March I was so weak from general debility that I could not walk without help. Following the advice of a friend, I commenced taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and before I had used three bottles I felt as well as I ever did in my life. I have since used it as a preventive, and it has done me good. It is the best blood medicine in the world."

River St., Rockland, Mass., May 1, 1887. JAMES MAYNARD.

"I have used AYER'S SARSAPARILLA since it was first introduced, and it has done me good. It is the best blood medicine in the world."

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; price \$1, six bottles, \$5.

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THE NEW PREACHER.

Yes, Botsey, I've heard the new preacher. Perhaps he may be very nice. But I can't say I really like him. Though I've never heard him but twice. He's nice and polite and right stylish. And looks very well, I must say. But what he says is not so good. Perhaps it's the new-fashioned way. He took his text out of the Bible. And read it off like a book. As if he were a different kind of man. His words were so long and high-sounding. I couldn't catch all that he said. But some things he said to his people. Won't ever get out of my head!

He said he considered the Bible. A very good book in its way. But still, for the times that we lived in. It was quite out of date, he must say. And some other books that are written. Were very much better to read. And suited the taste of the wise folk. Who want to be bound by prayer-books or creed.

He said that the Jesus we've reverence. The Savior who died for us all. Was really a wise and good teacher. But then, so were Peter and Paul. He thought these poor, ignorant people. A great deal of good, he had no doubt. But folks now had got to be beyond him. Yes, Botsey, he said that right out!

He talked about culture and beauty. And science and nature and art. But though his words sounded so pretty. They somehow seemed lack in heart. I wanted to hear of the Savior. Whose life here on earth was so blest. And who to souls heavy-laden. Has promised a shelter and rest.

I want to be taught by a preacher. The way both to live and to die. That I may be fit for that heaven. I'm hoping to go by and by. This is the new-fashioned doctrine. This talk I've been hearing to-day. Why then you may have your fine preaching. I'll stick to the old-fashioned way!

A Pill for the Detectives.

When Fergus Bellamy left Wolverhampton with a portmanteau which was so heavy that it took the united strength of three porters to lift it into the luggage van, the local Superintendent of Police felt it to be his duty to communicate by telegraph to his superiors at Scotland Yard. For Fergus had only been at Wolverhampton a few days, and no one knew from whence he came or what his business was. Even in the billiard-room of a second-rate hotel, where he spent his evenings, he proved himself to be an unobscure fellow. Not only did he answer in remarkable such commonplace remarks as were addressed to him, but he so far omitted the ordinary courtesies of the place that he never offered to treat the marker to a drink or a cigar. Possibly it was on this account that that official prophetically observed as Bellamy drove off to the railway station, "I'll never be so good to no one, I'll be a bob."

On reaching St. Pancras, Fergus evinced great anxiety that due care should be taken of his portmanteau, and no wonder, for it was apparently brand new, and bore his initials in large green letters. If the value of its contents could be judged by its weight rather than by the quality with which the porters were rewarded, it was precious indeed. After seeing it deposited on the roof of a four-wheeled cab, and discovering from a time-table that the train from Birmingham was due in ten minutes the traveler devoted himself to obtaining all the news of the day in a strictly economical manner by reading the contents bills of the papers that were expressed on the book-stall.

Within a few minutes of the advertised hour, the Birmingham train arrived, and as Bellamy stepped forward to greet the acquaintance for whom he had evidently been waiting, he was unaware of the immediate proximity of Inspector Graham, of the Detective Department, and of the interest that experienced officers was taking in his movements. Not did he notice that the Inspector was taking care not to miss a word of the following conversation: "Wasn't that a fine fellow?" asked Bellamy, in a somewhat excited tone. "Nothing more but that he'll be in the day after tomorrow. It must be done before then. You have the materials, and the papers are here," replied the other, glancing downwards at a small carpet-bag that evidently comprised all his luggage. "We must join N. G. at once."

With a reciprocal wink, the two got into the cab, which had been waiting, and the driver was ordered to go to the Sprig of Shillelagh. Inspector Graham followed in a hansom at a reasonable distance.

The hotel selected by the friends was but a very humble hostelry at Islington. Its proprietor, an Irishman named O'Flaherty, carried on a fairly prosperous trade during the Cattle Show and Derby weeks, but at the arrival of these new visitors in one day in the off-season

he was considerably surprised. His astonishment abated a little when he found that they were all of one party, for the boots were told to inform Mr. Nathaniel Gavan that Mr. Bellamy and Mr. Isom had arrived. The first-named came at once from the private sitting-room he had engaged and cordially welcomed the others. Deep in this, he hospitably manifested deep interest in the welfare of Bellamy's portmanteau, which, after consultation amongst the three, was ordered to be taken to Mr. Gavan's private sitting-room, a fact immediately noted by the watchful detective, who by this time was consuming, with remarkable deliberation, a bottle of ginger beer at the hotel bar.

Had Fergus Bellamy, David Isom and Nathaniel Gavan known that the hilarious gentlemen who dined at an adjacent table were Inspector Graham and two other detectives, whose duty it was to watch their every action and remember every word they spoke, it is probable that they would have eaten in privacy upstairs rather than in the public coffee-room. Certainly they would not have accepted the hospitality of their neighbors; but drink is responsible for many an acquaintance, and when the beefsteak and Welsh rarebit which constituted their modest meal was demolished, and Isom ordered "three whiskies hot," it was but natural that they should feel grateful for Inspector Graham's offer (made in a North-country accent) to partake of a bottle of O'Flaherty's oldest port. This was not a beverage to be despised, for it had been in the cellar nearly six months, ever since the bankruptcy of a grocer in the next street, when the landlord of the Sprig of Shillelagh had purchased the whole remaining stock of seventeen bottles for thirty shillings.

After the first glass round had been held up to the light, submitted to the nasal test and disposed of, the zealous police officer opened out his heart to his guests.

"I have just come up from Bradford, traveling in the dry goods line. Maybe, Mr. —, I have not the pleasure of your name. Thank you, Mr. Bellamy. Maybe you know the town. I'm going round London to-morrow to some of our city houses. Can I be of any service to you, or perhaps you are at the same game, eh?" The Inspector might have spared himself the trouble trying to extract information either by straight forward questions or cross-examination, for the three conspirators excused themselves early on the plea of fatigue, after discussing nothing but the wine, the weather, and the extortionate charges of London cabmen.

As O'Flaherty was closing his bar some three hours after his guests had retired to their respective rooms, he was surprised by a visit from a police constable in uniform, followed by Inspector Graham and another man. He recognized the two latter as customers who had dined and paid so well that evening, and assumed that they required accommodation for the night. However, he was soon undeceived, and in a startling manner.

"We are police officers of the detective department. You have now in your house—a licensed house—three dangerous characters," said the inspector, sharply, mentioning their names. "When did they arrive? Quick, we have no time to lose."

O'Flaherty was terribly frightened, and spluttered out words to the effect that Gavan had come first, and the others later in the afternoon. Gavan evidently had expected them, and had hired a sitting-room. They all had luggage and he knew no more, except that they had dined and gone to bed early.

"Lead the way to the sitting-room," replied the inspector. He then gave some instructions to the constable, who passed them on to others waiting outside. Graham and his companion followed the landlord, who trembled as though he were the responsible culprit. The bedrooms being on an upper story, the officers ran but little danger of being disturbed in their search in the sitting-room. Some writing materials were on the table and by carefully reversing the blotting-paper, the inspector was able to make out that the following letter had been written:

The Sprig of Shillelagh, Islington.

DEAR MASTERS—So far all well. We have the materials, and will go to work. Next day you shall hear from us whether we are to sink or swim. N. G. arrived.

Having deposited the blotting-paper in his pocket, Graham continued the

search, and, to his surprise and delight, found that Bellamy's portmanteau was still in the room. It was, however, securely locked; but the inspector's companion was prepared for this contingency and, with the aid of skeleton keys, soon opened it.

"You scoundrels!" muttered the inspector, as, after turning over the contents and pointing some of them out to his subordinate, he quietly closed and again locked the portmanteau. "I think we've got you this time. Now to find out 'Master,' and Inspector Graham will be Mr. Superintendent, and have a money reward, too, may be. Come along; I'm satisfied with this day's work, anyhow."

Graham's junior was not equally pleased. In fact, he was somewhat puzzled. He did not understand why these packages, if dangerous, were not taken charge of by the police. But experience had lately taught those more learned than he in the art of trapping criminals, not to strike too soon, but to track conspirators, so far as public safety would permit, to the lair of the instigator, and, by bringing him to book, destroy the root of the plot.

Next morning, after a frugal breakfast (conspirators never have enough money to afford luxuries), Bellamy, Isom and Gavan left their hotel, closely watched by detectives, and taking the omnibus from the Angel, they were set down at Charing-Cross. Here they separated. Bellamy walked along the Strand, going citywards, while Isom went up Parliament street, and Gavan strolled towards Pall Mall.

In a few hours, the police officers employed on the special duty of watching the suspected persons made their reports.

The first was as follows: Watched Bellamy. He went up the Strand, stopping to look in several shop windows. Seemed particularly attracted by one, acule's. He went in and inquired the price of an American bowie knife, but did not buy it. Was a long while looking in the windows of a optician where there were portraits of members of Parliament and actresses. I thought he was going to turn back here, for he wavered, but at last he went on. He paused for some time at Somerset House, and walked out into the road to get a better view of the building. Passed down Fleet street and up Ludgate-hill; walked round St. Paul's Cathedral, stopping three times. Went up Cheap-side, where he spoke to Constable (K. 007), and asked to be directed to the Bank of England. Arriving there, walked round that—viewing the Bank from several positions. Finally he appeared to select a spot in the northwest corner, and remained there looking idly about him for some minutes. He then went down Moorgate street, called in a tobacconist's shop, and purchased a box of flaming fuses. Then walked into Goswell road and on to the Sprig of Shillelagh, where I was relieved, and came directly here (Scotland-yard) and made this report.

The reports of the other detectives were very similar to this one. Isom had trolled towards Westminster, and examined the Houses of Parliament as minutely as if he were a foreign architect; while Gavan had surveyed Buckingham Palace as carefully as though he were going to make a drawing of it from memory. Both had walked back to Islington by different routes.

In the evening the three friends again left their hotel. On this occasion each took with him a brown paper parcel, and each proceeded towards the building in which he had taken so much interest in the morning.

Inspector Graham and two other officers followed Gavan. That he was the ringleader of the gang the penetrating officer had already decided in his own mind. Nor was his zeal unrewarded, for, on reaching the gates which separate St. James' Park from Buckingham Palace Road, Gavan, handicapped as he was by the apparently heavy package he carried, quickened his pace so that the detectives could scarcely keep up with him. A sentry-box close by was evidently the spot fixed on for the perpetration of whatever outrage was to be committed. Carefully watching his time when the soldier on guard had turned to the right, Gavan deposited his parcel in the shaded angle to the left of the box. Then, taking from his pocket a fuse, he struck it on the sole of his foot, and—he found himself captured and handcuffed and thrust into a cab and driven away he knew not where before he had time to make any excuse. Inspector Graham chuckled to himself as after craftily waiting to

see if the brown-paper parcel would explode without assistance, he took the parcel under his arm and hurried back to headquarters to make known an exploit that would at least bring his name prominently before the public. On arriving there he found that two other men had also been arrested. Their tactics had been similar to those adopted by Gavan. It was clear that an attempt had been made to blow up Buckingham Palace, the Bank of England, and the Houses of Parliament, and thus deal a simultaneous blow at Royalty, Commerce and Government.

The three canisters with which this desperate outrage was to have been carried out had been captured. Their lids were securely soldered down, and the authorities at Scotland Yard dared not attempt to open them, so they dispatched them to Woolwich by special conveyance, in order that scientific evidence of their contents might be forthcoming in due course.

Reports of the affair soon got abroad. Special editions of the newspapers were published, with sensational headings. Columns of print not only gave details of what had occurred, but significantly hinted at the identity of the instigators. The political bearings of the conspiracy were discussed, while crowds of idlers visited the scenes where the canisters had been deposited. As usual, they should be sagaciously mysterious, and excitement was intense throughout the metropolis when the prisoners arrived at Bow Street in prison-wans, escorted by mounted police with drawn swords.

The court was crowded almost to suffocation when Mr. Fairland opened the case for the Crown. He was, the learned counsel said, instructed by her Majesty's Treasury to prefer a very serious charge against the prisoners. It had not yet been decided whether they would ultimately be indicted for treason, felony, or under a more recent statute with being in possession of explosives for an unlawful purpose. At this stage of the proceedings he proposed only to prove the circumstances leading to the arrest of the prisoners. He would, however, call the attention of the magistrate to the fact that a more distasteful outrage had never been planned against the lives and property of her Majesty's subjects. It was, for recklessness of conception and malignity of purpose, unparalleled in the history of crime. There was some applause when the learned counsel concluded his speech by calling as his first witness George Graham.

The witness detailed the circumstances of his suspicions, and of his searching the rooms, and finding the portmanteau. He also produced the fragment of blotting-paper he had taken, and explained that, on searching the portmanteau, he found it contained a dozen ordinary building bricks and three canisters. They were the same as found by the police in the possession of the prisoners. The inspector then detailed particulars of the arrest of Gavan.

The prisoners declined to ask any questions.

Two other detectives corroborated a part of the evidence of Graham, and also gave details of the arrest of Bellamy and Isom.

Mr. Fairland was about to suggest an adjournment, when he was informed that Professor Cain, in whose hands the tin canisters had been placed, had arrived. He, therefore, asked to be allowed to prove the contents of the canisters. On the magistrate giving his consent, the Professor, looking somewhat flustered, entered the witness-box. His evidence was as follows: He was public analyst to Her Majesty's War Office. Three canisters had been delivered to him by Mr. Graham on behalf of the police. As they were soldered down, he had thought it expedient to have them opened by the inspector of explosives. Each canister contained some hundreds of globules about a sixteenth of an inch in diameter. Taking a handful haphazard from each canister, he had analyzed them, but in consequence of circumstances he would relate to his worship, he had not persevered in a quantitative analysis. Each globule contained rhubarb and colchicum, and also other harmless drugs, and he had been unable to discover the slightest trace of anything harmful in the compound. There was nothing of an explosive, dangerous or poisonous character about them. He thought they might be effectually prescribed for gout. In reply to the magistrate, he admitted that they had the appearance

and properties of liver pills. At the bottom of each canister he had found some printed handbills, announcing that "Bellamy's Balm" was a certain cure for gout, rheumatism and all diseases of the liver, and that it could be obtained from any chemist, or wholesale from Bellamy, Gavan & Isom, manufacturing druggists, Newcastle.

Thanks to Professor Cain's opinion of "Bellamy's Balm" and to the publicity given to it in all the English papers, Messrs. Bellamy & Co. were soon able to retire on a handsome fortune and build a Home for Disabled Detectives.

Idle British Youth.

Hundreds and thousands of young men in this country spend their whole existence in the battle with time. They have absolutely nothing whatever to do except to kill it. Beyond the race-course, the covert and the hunting-field they have no appreciable interest. The blackguardism which which was universal among the golden youth of five-and-twenty years ago may be venerated by social affectations, but the quality, the fibre and the tastes of the race are unchanged. Our insular brutality has been crossed by a strain of exotic dandyism, and the attractions of two or three play-houses have eclipsed the charms of the rattling-ring and the cider cellars.

While, as is only fair to say, the courage of our young men remains what it has been at all stages of our history, they are as desperately intelligent as ever. Art, literature and politics are as much sealed books as ever to the "chapies" and "mashers" of the period. The dulness of metropolitan dissipation is periodically relieved by rural recreations, to which a flavor is given by their latent or avowed ferocity. Our young barbarians—and, for that matter, our old barbarians—must, when they are in the country, have their appetites whetted by blood. To kill some thing during the day, to crown the exploits of the day with a dinner substantial enough for Squire Western, to lounge afterwards on chairs and sofas in a state of supine stupor—so runs the interesting programme. The more closely the culture and civilization of the age are examined the more apparent will be the basis of crudely upon which the whole social structure rests. The condition of English schools, public and private, has improved enormously in the course of the last fifty years; but there are no signs whatever that the mutual intercourse of English school-boys is becoming purged of its inveterate taint of savagery. Our sons are still brought up to believe that there can be nothing free or manly in a system which does not accord the privilege to inflict a maximum of mutual discomfort and misery. We are told this constitutes an essential part of a genuinely English training, and perhaps that may be the case. At any rate it is not to be wondered at if the boys who start life with these ideas develop into the men to whom there can be no perfect enjoyment without the consciousness of "killing something," and if after a time the mere enjoyment of killing is subordinated to the legitimate pleasure of sport.

Opening Oysters With Prayer.

There is a certain class of people who take a very gloomy view of religion and declare that we ought to do everything as though we were to die the next minute. What a long-faced community would be if that rule were carried out. A man could not laugh at a joke; indeed, no one would dare to make a joke for people to laugh at, and life would become a slow march to the grave. If to-day were to be our last, we should not lay in a stock of provisions for to-morrow, we should not want to go over the Brooklyn Bridge, and we should not pay the note that becomes due to-day because our creditor won't need it. The best way, in spite of some gloomy souls, is to live gladly, honestly and happily as long as you can cry at the things that ought to be cried over and to laugh at things that ought to be laughed at. There is no good reason why a man should have rows' feet before his time simply because he is religious, and wants to do the right thing in a quantitative analysis. Each globule contained rhubarb and colchicum, and also other harmless drugs, and he had been unable to discover the slightest trace of anything harmful in the compound. There was nothing of an explosive, dangerous or poisonous character about them. He thought they might be effectually prescribed for gout. In reply to the magistrate, he admitted that they had the appearance

of a mixture of two parts of glycerine, one part of ammonia and a little rose water whitens and softens the hands. Washing pin floor in solution of one pound of copper dissolved in one gallon of strong lye gives an oak color.

Good, Plain Soups.—Best Soup.—Procure a good shin of beef and crack it three or four times; put on to boil at nine o'clock; boil hard till eleven, then take out the meat and be sure to get all the bones out; then put four turnips, four carrots, half a small head of cabbage, cut all up fine in the chopping bowl; put in a large onion, if the family like onions, and put the chopped vegetables in the soup pot. At half-past eleven, if dinner is to be served at twelve, put three or four potatoes sliced very thin and some milk dumplings into the soup; just before taking up season with salt and pepper, and put in some parsley or summer savory. If you make beef soup in tomato season, put in half a dozen.

Chicken Soup.—Wash two good, fat fowls, and put on to boil, according to size and age of the fowls and the time you are to dine; if at twelve, put some nicely washed rice, about a tablespoonful, into the pot at ten, make some drawn butter, take out the chickens put them whole on a dish, pour the drawn butter, well seasoned, over them, and four hard boiled eggs cut crosswise and laid over them; send to the table piping hot. Season the soup with pepper and salt only. Veal or mutton makes an excellent soup in this way.

Noodle Soup.—Cut fine all the flesh from the bones of two fowls and to gether with the frame put the meat to boil; about an hour before dinner take out the bones, or frame; half an hour before put in some noodles made as follows: Four eggs well beaten, mixed well with flour and a pinch of salt, stiff enough to roll very thin; make two hours before you are ready to use them; cut them into the thinnest possible strips; season the soup with salt and pepper.

The Indian Rupee.

Mr. Edward Thomas, whose abhorrence as a numismatist have thrown so much light upon the archeology of the East, has reprinted a paper upon the coinages of the East India Company at Bombay. The practical interest of the essay is the proof it gives of the continuous decrease that has taken place in the value of the rupee during the last two centuries. It seems that the Bombay Mint was first authorized by Charles II. in 1676, "to coin rupees, bice and budrooks," which should be current not only in the island but also in the dependencies of the company in the East Indies. This "Island of Bombay" came to the English King by virtue of his marriage contract with Catharine, the sister of Alfonso VI. of Portugal, signed in the early part of 1498; and it was by him made over to the company in March, 1602, together with its revenue of £2833 per annum, and with the King's garrison of two companies of foot, who volunteered into the company's service, and thus formed its first military establishment at Bombay. When the company began to coin money they seem to have undervalued the value of the local rupee, for the first specimen of their rupees bearing this denomination contains only 178 grains of silver, whereas a later one, dated 1678, contains over 183 grams, and one of the same last-named year was as much as 198. The Indian rupees were estimated by writers in the earlier part of the seventeenth century as from 2s. to as high as 2s. 9d. and the average value seems not to have been much less than 2s. 6d. The decline in value of the coin is, of course, due to various causes not affecting India alone; but Mr. Thomas warns the theorists who talk of restoring silver to its old value in India that the circumstances are now altogether altered, since, instead of the comparatively all-round trade of the old company in goods and metals, we have to face "the leech-like heavy charges of the present home Government, which draws indiscriminately for its own wants bills in rupees upon its hapless dependency in season and out of season, whether the balance of trade or metallic exchange is for or against them."

The young man was trying to play sower. He sat with the young lady on the front seats. He studied for a long time, trying to think of something that would illustrate his sobriety. Finally he looked up, and solemnly said: "The (hic) moon's full as a goose; ain't it?"

Home Economies.

A cubit is two feet. A pace is three feet. A fathom is six feet. A palm is three inches. A league is three miles. A span is 10½ inches. There are 2760 langoungs. A great cubit is eleven feet. Two persons die every second. Bran, twenty pounds per bushel. Sound moves 743 miles per hour. A square mile contains 640 acres. A barrel of ice weighs 600 pounds. A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds. An acre contains 4840 square yards. Oats, thirty-three pounds per bushel. A hand (horse measure) is 4 inches. A rifle ball moves 1000 miles per hour. Slow rivers flow five miles per hour. A drin of butter weighs 56 pounds. A storm blows thirty-six miles per hour. A rapid river flows seven miles per hour. Buckwheat, fifty-two pounds per bushel. Electricity moves 228,000 miles per hour. A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour. The first lucifer match was made in 1820. Coarse salt, eighty-five pounds per bushel. The average human life is thirty-one years. Timothy seed, forty-five pounds per bushel. The first steam-boat plied the Hudson in 1807. The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

Scraps.

What Saved Him.

A young wife had just settled in her new home. All seemed fair and promising, for she did not know her husband was a drunkard. But one night he came home at a very late hour, and much the worse for liquor. When he staggered into the house his wife, who was very much shocked, told him he was sick and must lie down at once; and in a moment or two he was comfortably on the sofa in a drunken sleep. His face was a reddish purple, and altogether he was pitiable-looking object. The doctor was sent for in haste, and mustard applied to the patient's feet and hands. When the doctor came and felt his pulse and examined him, and found that he was only drunk, he said: "He will be all right in the morning." But the wife insisted that he was very sick, and that severe remedies must be used. "You must shave his head and apply blisters," she urged, "or I will send for some one who will!"

The husband's head was accordingly shaved close, and blisters were applied. The patient lay all night in a drunken sleep, and notwithstanding the blisters eating into his flesh, it was not until next morning that he began to beat about disturbed by pain. About daylight he woke up to the most uncomfortable consciousness of blistered agony. "What does this mean?" he said, putting his hands to his bandaged head. "Lie still; you mustn't stir," said his wife; "you have been sick."

"I am not sick."

"O, yes you are; you have the brain fever. We have worked with you all night."

"I should think you had," groaned the poor victim. "What's the matter with my feet?"

"They are blistered."

"Well, I am better now; take off the blisters—do," he pleaded pitifully.

He was in a most uncomfortable state—his head covered with sores, and his hands and feet still worse.

"Dear," he said, groaning, "if I should ever get sick in this way again, don't be alarmed and send for a doctor, and above all, don't blister me again."

"O, indeed I will! All that saved you were the blisters. And if you have another such spell I shall be more frightened than ever; for tendency, I am sure, is to apoplexy, and from the next attack you are likely to die, unless there are the severest measures used."

He made no further defense. Suffice

to say that he never had another attack. The editor wrote that "he was a member of an old family of musicians," and when it appeared in the paper it read "a member of an old family of musicians." One assertion was just as true as the other; but the editor nearly swore.

The Washington *Capital* remarks: "Some of our slow subscribers, who may not understand that its absence is due to their unremitting kindness."

Josh Billings has found one thing that money cannot buy, and that is the wag of a dog's tail. It is an honest expression of opinion on the part of the dog.

A drunken man at Fort Worth, Texas, entered the circus and patted the big lion on the head. The arm he has left will do to turn a hand-organ.

"What is so rare as a day in June?" Well, now and then a day in April is decidedly milder done; and some of the March days are raw.

Next we shall have a coat tail flirtation code. Having the tails covered with mud will mean, "I don't like her father."

The girl with the empty pocketbook is the one that looks into jewelry windows most.

A Cool Tramp and a Cool Maiden.

A well-known printer's family met with a singular experience on Monday. The daughter answered a knock at the door. An old tramp asked for "a bite." She didn't like his looks and told him so, and he left. Shortly after his disappearance a neighbor's daughter came in and told the printer's daughter that the latter's clothes (an entire washing) had just been stolen by the man she had turned from the door; that he had taken them all down and done them up in a bundle before asking for the bite and lugged them off at his leisure. The two young ladies started in pursuit. At the Southport depot they learned that the bundle and the man went down the railroad. They followed and soon overtook him. "We want those clothes you stole from us!" said the printer's daughter. "Hi! Well, I don't know that you can have 'em," said he, coolly turning over the bundle. "There's a shirt or wrapper missing," said she, after looking them over. "Now, what have you done with it?" "Got it on!" said the tramp, opening his vest to show the plucky maiden. "What! Here?" The maiden paused in a predicament. A gentleman friend was near, and she hurried him, telling him about the trouble. "The gentleman friend took the tramp into the bushes and the engine works and got the shirt."

A Gama Estate.

The private estate of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, which will pass to the Duke of Edinburgh, affords some of the best shooting in Europe, for the sport in the Duke's Thuringian forests is nowhere surpassed in Germany. Every species of game bred is to be found there; but the wild boar are the great feature, and the Thiergarten in which these animals are preserved is as large as an ordinary deer-park, and is enclosed by a strong and high stockade, the whole being left entirely wild. There are numerous dens among the brush-wood, which the boars have themselves constructed, and there are feeding-places, to which the keepers go twice a day to scatter food. The animals are summoned by the blowing of a horn, but they are so regular in their habits that they are usually to be found in the neighborhood of the pens at the appointed time. There are about a dozen wild-boar preserves in various parts of the Duchy.

Reading Sound.

Reading sounds by sight has been highly successful, and has long ago been introduced with the best results into this country. The idea has occurred to a foreign teacher of the dumb to photograph the movements of the lips when articulating the different sounds which go to make up ordinary speech. It will easily be imagined that the model chosen for the pictures must be some one whose lips will give expressive action. But once photographed, the pictures can be multiplied by the thousand, and can be used as alphabets for our afflicted fellows all the world over. It is said that the pictures are so well adapted to their purpose, that any one can see at a glance what sound is indicated by each lip-movement portrayed.

A Man's Age.

Few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toll, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes very suddenly. The common expression, "choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it, for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young, weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or like the candle, to turn the wax to burn out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, mostly live their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea-pig, or seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to its full size. But man, of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes up to the average. He ought to live a hundred years according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that he scarcely reaches on an average four times his growing period; the cat six times; the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and most intemperate, but laborious and hardworked of all animals. He is the most irritable of all animals and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what animals secretly feel, that more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.

A Magnificent Brigade.

The Metropolitan Fire Brigade, of London, controls 124 fire-escape stations, four floating stations, three large land steam fire engines, thirty-eight small land steam fire engines, seventy-eight six-inch manual fire engines, thirty-seven under six-inch manual fire engines, 144 fire-escapes and long scaling ladders, three floating steam fire engines, two steam tugs, four barges, fifty-two hose carts, fourteen vans, thirteen wagons for street stations, two trollies, two ladder trucks, forty-nine telegraph lines, seventeen telephone lines, eleven fire-alarm circuits, with seventy-seven call points; 570 firemen, including chief officer, second officer, superintendents, and all ranks. The number of the alarms during 1884 in London was 2341, but of these 2552 were false alarms, and 161 were mere "chimney alaraps." One hundred and thirty-four fires resulted in serious damage, and 1763 in slight damage. The number of persons seriously endangered by fire during 1882 was 175; of these 139 were saved and thirty-six were lost, twenty-two of whom were taken out alive, but died afterward, and fourteen were suffocated or burned to death. During the year there were 121 injuries to firemen, of which many were serious and three were fatal.

Absurdities of Men's Dress.

Trousers are not economical, inasmuch as they get baggy at the knee long before they are worn out, and they are always getting dirty at the ankles. They are not specially adapted for cold or wet. On a wet day it is the part from the knee downward that catches the rain and necessitates the changing of the whole garment. Indeed, it is the way in which they ignore the knee-joint which renders trousers so practically objectionable. It is at this joint that they not only spoil their own shape but inflict a sense of tightness over the whole body by means of braces.

Why are buttons placed on the back of a coat? Mr. Gotch remarks that the tailor says they are there to "mark the waist." But why should the waist be marked? As a matter of fact, the only reason for the existence of these two buttons is they are a survival of the time when they were of use, when men buttoned back the long flaps of their coats in order to walk more freely, or found them useful in sustaining the sword belt. We have no flaps now; we wear no swords now; then why keep the two buttons? Another rudimentary article may be found at the end of the sleeve. There is always a cuff, marked generally by a double row of stitches, which perform no useful service unless

to be reminded us that our grandfathers had flaps on their sleeves, and that the little buttons which still appear at the end were of real use when the sleeves were tight at the wrist. Another inevitable feature of the coat is the collar. In old times this collar was of some heavy material, and was turned up to admit of it buttoning properly around the neck a neck was necessary. But though we hardly ever think of turning up an ordinary coat collar, and find it of little use if we do, we still preserve both it and the neck as a survival. The stove-pipe hat, too, is only the bare carcass on which our ancestors were wont to display ribbons and knots and other gauds. In itself it is both ugly and uncomfortable. Then we wear absurd neckties that do not tie, and pins that do not pin.

Field Mice in France.

Darwin's familiar paradox, that the fertilization of certain flowers may depend upon the number of cats in their neighborhood, has an illustration, says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, now in France, where it may even be carried a step further. Any observer who knows the French rural districts well must be struck by the immense number of mouse holes which may be seen in some places. The surface of the ground at times has quite the appearance of a network of little burrows, where it would be impossible for one of the field-bees required for the fertilization of Mr. Darwin's flowers to find a secure spot for its nest. In the Department of the Seine alone it has just been calculated by a special commission that these field mice have cost the farmers no less than thirteen million francs. The climate seems to be especially favorable to these creatures, and the population being sparse, the number of cats is few, and the mice increase and multiply beyond belief. Arsenic has been tried in the open; but the hares and rabbits get killed first; and now the plan adopted is to construct heaps or small stacks of straw, to which the mice resort in myriads. These heaps are placed partly below the level of the ground, and securely packed and covered in, being first stored with poisoned beetroot, turnips and carrots. This plan is said to be succeeding well, and without harm to the hares and rabbits.

Long-Finger-Nails.

According to the writer of an article on "Extraordinary Finger-nails," in the *World of Wonders*, it is the custom of the Chinese, Siamese and Annamese to allow the nails on all their fingers, except the forefinger, to grow to a great length, and among the former they sometimes attain the incredible length of from sixteen to eighteen inches. A mark of nobility or aristocracy is esteemed that the bells and beaux wear silver cases, either to protect their nails or else to make people believe they are there, whereas in reality they are not. As regards the little finger, the writer tells us that "ambassadors and visitors of distinction from Asiatic States to European, are often observed to permit the excessive growth of the nail of the little finger, and this is also a common occurrence with many of the people of India and other parts of Asia."

It Took.

A Bowery dealer in clothing got hold of a chap the other day who had a knowing look in his eyes, and who strongly objected to paying \$7 for a coat which he had tried on. "Well, I doan say dot it was seven dollar," replied the dealer. "Then why do you ask it?" "Vell, my eyes haf got so poor dot anybody can pass badt money on me now. If I sold dot goat for seven dollar I should expect to git one dollar in gounterfeit money and two dollars in silver dot vial plugged cop." "I guess I'll take it," said the stranger, after a pause, and he scraped the bottom of his pockets and hunted his wallet over for bills. "Dot is right, young man, and I know you wouldn't cheat an ole man mit sore eyes." The coat was bundled up, and the stranger, disappeared in a lively manner. The dealer turned to the cash on the counter, carefully examined each piece, and there was a heavenly smile on his countenance as he chuckled out: "Only 90 cents of badt money, and some dot dot bently good enough to put in der children's savings bank!"

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Camden	9 10	9 25	5 42	10 13	6 04
Penna. R.R. Junction	9 05	9 20	5 37	10 08	5 59
Haddonfield	8 55	9 10	5 27	9 58	5 49
Berlin	8 45	9 00	5 17	9 48	5 39
Atco	8 35	8 50	5 07	9 38	5 29
Winslow	8 25	8 40	4 57	9 28	5 19
Waterford	8 15	8 30	4 47	9 18	5 09
Wilmington	8 05	8 20	4 37	9 08	4 59
Delaware	7 55	8 10	4 27	8 58	4 49
Hammononton	7 45	8 00	4 17	8 48	4 39
DaCosta	7 35	7 50	4 07	8 38	4 29
Elwood	7 25	7 40	3 57	8 28	4 19
Egg Harbor City	7 15	7 30	3 47	8 18	4 09
Absecon	7 05	7 20	3 37	8 08	3 59
Atlantic City	7 00	7 15	3 30	8 00	3 50

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At Ac. p.m.	Mail a.m.	Exp. a.m.	Su. Ac. a.m.	Exp. p.m.
Philadelphia	4 30	8 00	9 30	8 00	4 00
Camden	4 40	8 10	9 40	8 10	4 10
Penna. R.R. Junction	4 50	8 20	9 50	8 20	4 20
Haddonfield	5 00	8 30	10 00	8 30	4 30
Berlin	5 10	8 40	10 10	8 40	4 40
Atco	5 20	8 50	10 20	8 50	4 50
Winslow	5 30	9 00	10 30	9 00	5 00
Waterford	5 40	9 10	10 40	9 10	5 10
Wilmington	5 50	9 20	10 50	9 20	5 20
Delaware	6 00	9 30	11 00	9 30	5 30
Hammononton	6 10	9 40	11 10	9 40	5 40
DaCosta	6 20	9 50	11 20	9 50	5 50
Elwood	6 30	10 00	11 30	10 00	6 00
Egg Harbor City	6 40	10 10	11 40	10 10	6 10
Absecon	6 50	10 20	11 50	10 20	6 20
Atlantic City	6 40	10 20	11 15	10 25	6 35

ESTABLISHED
HOWARD A. SNOW,
Washington, D. C.
SUCCESSOR OF
AMERICAN and FOREIGN PATENTS,
Successor to GILMORE, SMITH & Co., and CHIPMAN, HOSMER & Co.

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

Marine Department, offering LOW RATES and FAVORABLE FORM OF POLICIES.
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R. J. HOWELL, Sec'y.

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It is a perfect generator of Electricity (and is entirely different from all others called electric appliances as we are able to demonstrate its power. It will ring a bell, or operate a Kidney Battery. It is about the size of a silver dollar, and is operated by the acid excretion of the body. It acts safely and kindly, and will not generate at any time a greater current than the actual condition of the patient demands. It is applied directly to the affected parts, and is adapted for the treatment of both male and female. It will benefit and cure Apoplexy, Paralysis, Softening of the Brain, Loss of Memory, Vertigo, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatic, Gout, Kidney Diseases, Consumption, Heart Disease, Dyspepsia, Stomach Cough, Constipation, Liver and Spleen, Female Weakness, Urinary Diseases, Indigestion, St. Vitus's Dance, Gravel, and other T. nore, Nervous Debility, Skin Diseases, Die uses of the Epine, and most all Chronic Diseases, into its specification upon the vital organs, nerve centres, and circulatory system. Dr. Rupture can be cured by electric treatment. Write for full particulars. Electric Trust Battery.

Dr. Mayo's Body Battery, \$2. Truss Battery, \$3. Sent by mail on receipt of price. PROVIDENT ELECTRIC CO., Philadelphia, Proprietors. Sole Agents, H. HALLITT & Co., 12th & Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Philadelphia & Atlantic City

April 29th, 1893.
DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At Ac. a.m.	Exp. a.m.	Acc. a.m.	Sunday p.m.
Philadelphia	4 45	8 25	5 00	8 00
Camden	4 55	8 35	5 10	8 10
Oakland	5 05	8 45	5 20	8 20
Williamstown Junction	5 15	8 55	5 30	8 30
Cedar Brook	5 25	9 05	5 40	8 40
Winslow	5 35	9 15	5 50	8 50
Hammononton	5 45	9 25	6 00	9 00
DaCosta	5 55	9 35	6 10	9 10
Elwood	6 05	9 45	6 20	9 20
Egg Harbor	6 15	9 55	6 30	9 30
Pleasantville	6 25	10 05	6 40	9 40
Atlantic City, A.	6 35	10 15	6 50	9 50

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At Ac. p.m.	Exp. p.m.	Acc. a.m.	Sunday p.m.
Atlantic City	6 00	10 45	3 30	4 00
Pleasantville	6 10	11 10	3 45	4 15
Egg Harbor	6 20	11 40	4 00	4 30
Elwood	6 30	12 10	4 15	4 45
DaCosta	6 40	12 40	4 30	5 00
Hammononton	6 50	13 10	4 45	5 15
Winslow	7 00	13 40	4 60	5 30
Cedar Brook	7 10	14 10	4 75	5 45
Williamstown Junction	7 20	14 40	4 90	5 60
Oakland	7 30	15 10	5 05	5 75
Camden	7 40	15 40	5 20	6 00
Philadelphia	7 50	16 10	5 35	6 15

The Express leaves foot of Walnut St., Philadelphia, at 4:00 P. M., reaches Hammononton at 5:45, Pleasantville at 6:47, Atlantic City at 7:43, Elwood 7:43, Hammononton 7:54, reaches Philadelphia at 9:00. The afternoon express stops at Hammononton 5:47.

HELP Yourself by making money where 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 such chances remain poverty-stricken. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. The business will be more than a hundred times as profitable as any other business. No one who engages falls to make money very 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: **BRUNNEN & Co., Portland, Maine.**

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For 1892-93.
The twelfth year of this magazine—the first under the new name, and the most successful in its history, closed with the October number. The circulation has shown a large gain over that of the preceding season, and THE CENTURY begins its thirteenth year with an edition of

140,000 Copies.
The following are the leading features:

A New Novel by W. D. Howells.
To succeed this author's "Modern Instance," it will be an international story, entitled "A Sea Change."

Life in the Thirteen Colonies.
By Edward Eggleston—the historical feature of the year to consist of a number of papers on such topics as "The Beginning of a Nation," "Social Life in the Colonies," etc., the whole forming a complete history of early life in the United States. Special attention will be paid to accuracy of illustrations.

A Novelle of Mining Life.
By Mary Halleck Foote, entitled "The Led-Horse Claim," to be illustrated by the author.

The Point of View, by Henry James, Jr.
A series of eight letters from imaginary persons of various nationalities, criticizing America, its people, society, manners, etc.

The Christian League of Connecticut.
By the Rev. Washington Gladden. An account of practical co-operation in Christian work, showing how a league was formed in a small town in Connecticut, what kinds of work it attempted, and how it spread throughout the whole State.

Rudder Grange Abroad.
By Frank R. Stockton, a continuation of the droll "Rudder Grange" stories, the scene being in Europe.

The New Era in American Housebuilding.
A series of four papers, fully illustrated, devoted to: (1) City Houses, (2) Country Houses, (3) Churches, (4) Public Buildings.

The Creoles of Louisiana.
By Geo. W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days," etc., a fresh and graphic narrative, richly illustrated.

My Adventures in Zuni.
By Frank H. Cushing, government ethnologist, an adopted member of the Zuni Tribe of Indians. Illustrated Papers on the National Capital, including "The Capitol," "The Supreme Court," "The White House," etc.

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By "H. H.," three or four papers of an exceedingly interesting character, richly illustrated.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Further work is expected from E. C. Steadman, Thos. Hunt, Judson Chamberlain, "Uncle Remond," Chas. Dudley Wainor, John Burroughs, E. V. Shalley, H. H. Boyesen, and a long list of others. Retaining short stories and novelettes will be among the leading features of THE CENTURY, as heretofore, and the magazine will continue its advance in general excellence.

The subscription price is \$4 a year, in advance. Subscribers should begin with the November number, and to enable new subscribers to commence with the new series under THE CENTURY name, we make the following

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