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The Troubled Conscience.
 MR. EDITOR:—I am glad that the Sabbath question is agitating the mind of at least a few, and that they are not altogether content with the opinions they entertain with regard to it, but wish to know what others think. This shows that their minds are not entirely at rest (My opinion is,—doubtful cases had better be let alone). They have stepped upon doubtful territory, and now they want to know if they were not, under the circumstances, justified in so doing. I infer that what has been said, publicly or privately, has not convinced Sabbath workers of the error of their ways, from the fact that I have not heard of any tears of repentance being shed, or confession being made. I hold that an act publicly done, if it be wrong, requires public confession. How many strange views are expressed in justification of the act of Sabbath breaking. One says, if the Good Being does not want me to take care of my crops, why does he give them to me? and if my crops ripen on Sunday I shall take care of them; hence we find men picking and shipping fruit when they know the thing is mostly done on Sunday, and justifying themselves by such unreasonable opinions. There are two classes of Sabbath breakers. One class do what they please on that day, and don't care whether it is right or wrong; another class do the same, but think the circumstances make it right. The views I express in this article are for the benefit of the latter class, and I wish especially to give them from a Bible standpoint. The commandment concerning the Sabbath is this: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thine ox, nor thine ass, nor any of thy cattle, nor thy charrage, that is within thy gates." This makes it perfectly plain that no work is to be done on the holy Sabbath. This no doubt refers to ordinary work, such as is done in the other six days of the week. I believe it is admitted by all that works of necessity and works of mercy may be done on the Sabbath day; but everything done for pleasure or profit is prohibited. Why is the berry crop gathered or shipped, or sent on its destination on the Sabbath day? Not a work of mercy, but always for profit, and cannot be justified unless it can be shown to be a work of necessity. Men who want to do that thing make a great many excuses for doing it; but wherein does it become necessary? You say, to save the crop. In some cases this may be true, but you must remember that a great many save their crop without Sunday work. I find where we are indifferent in regard to a thing, how easily we find an excuse for it. Some say I must meet an obligation, and it seems quite proper to use a little of the Sabbath to do it. First show the necessity of the obligation in that particular way, before trying to show the necessity of meeting it in that way. Before you can show the necessity of berry picking or shipping, you must show that it is necessary to be engaged in a business that requires Sabbath labor; and everybody knows this cannot be done. If any of us chance to be engaged in a business requiring Sunday work, don't plead the necessity of it, but get out of it at once. It is an ensy matter to keep the Sabbath if we are determined to do it. I recollect a very easy solution by a man not long since. A man was engaged in maple sugar making. He said,—suppose there should be an unusual flow of sap on Saturday evening, and Sunday morning everything was full and the sap running on the ground; one of two things must be done,—let the sap waste, or secure it (some think it a great wrong to allow property to waste), which would you do? The man replied,—I would make the vessels large enough to hold it. How easy! So in regard to this whole matter. There is an easy way out if we are determined to find it.

Before we conclude these remarks we want to ask a few plain questions, with the fact before us, that our Heavenly Father in his command requires that our horses or beasts rest on the Sabbath; how can we take up our teams and go out riding or visiting, or running to the cars, or permitting others to use our horses for any such purpose? Read the commandment again, and see if all such things are not forbidden. How can such things be done? Wherein lies the necessity of such an act? Some will say, I don't see any harm in it. Well, all there is of it is, the simple fact it is in open violation of a plain command. If you don't see any harm, refrain for the good of others,—those who believe, for good reasons, that it is wrong. A good man said, "If eating meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no more while the world stands." He regarded the views of others. Answer to "Fruit Grower's" questions: First, I would not start the train if it must run on the Sabbath. Second, if no train arrives, there will be no fruit to handle. Third, if it is necessary to ship to a trans-Atlantic City, I would run it through if it takes a Sabbath to complete it. The last question I believe I have answered.
ANOTHER FRUIT GROWER.
From the Capital.
 WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 11, 1883.
 Government receipts to-day—Internal revenue \$306,547.68; customs \$1,027,367.34.
 It is customary when printed matter is held at the city post office on account of insufficient postage to notify the party to whom the paper is addressed of the fact. A card containing such a notice was sent to a woman in Iowa, whose reply was received to-day. It said simply: "When pumpkins are ripe I will send you one that has more brains than ever had the man who made this ruling on paper postage."
 Postmaster General Gresham has mailed a letter to the director general of posts of Mexico, calling his attention to the railway facilities lately acquired between his country and the United States, and suggesting that hereafter in all cases where practicable mail matter be sent by rail, instead of by steamer, as at present, whereby the detentions of mail matter sent by sea at Vera Cruz in the yellow fever season may be avoided, and quicker communication secured.
 According to the temperatures reported at the signal office, it has been cooler in Washington this week, and in fact nearly every day in August, than it has been in Canada. For instance, at 7 o'clock this morning the thermometer stood at 64 degrees in Washington, while it was three degrees higher in Montreal and two higher in Quebec. Our temperature this morning was exactly the same as that at Duluth, two degrees lower than at Portland, Me., and one degree lower than at Block Island, R. I.
 The President's appearance is thus described as he started from Green River station on the U. P. road, August 6th: The President appeared in the costume of a veritable ranger, with top boots, slouch hat, and a gray suit with short sack coat, which had evidently been in the family some years. He appeared thoroughly rested and inhaled the morning air vigorously. To those around him he declared he had never experienced such a digestion in his life. Secretary Lincoln's new base ball shoes and mountain costume completely disguised his official identity.
 The telegraph war seems to have settled down to a question of endurance of the opposing interests. This is unsatisfactory to the public, and must be ruinous to both the monopoly and the strikers. There ought to be some cool-headed men among the managers of the two interests who could, by a conference, arrange the difficulties on some satisfactory compromise basis.
 HOWARD.

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507 N. Fremont St., Baltimore
 During the war I was injured in the stomach by a piece of a shell, and have suffered from it ever since. About four years ago it brought on paralysis, which kept me in bed six months, and the best doctors in the city said I could not live. I suffered fearfully from indigestion, and for over two years could not eat solid food and for a large portion of the time was unable to retain even liquid nourishment. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters and now after taking two bottles I am able to get up and go around and am rapidly improving.
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TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.
 From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels constive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Flushing at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine **TUTT'S PILLS** have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt, removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. **TUTT'S PILLS** cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect **ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.**
HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.
 "I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and **TUTT'S** are the first that have done me any good. They have cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man."
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 SHOP on East Main Street, next to Aiken's Carriage Factory, Hammonton, N. J.

Religious Sentiment.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

A QUAKER'S PHILOSOPHY.

The following lines, said to have been written by a Quaker, contain the true philosophy of life: I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do, to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again. Let this be my epitaph.

GOOD ADVICE TO PARENTS.—Always speak in a pleasant voice.

Teach your children how to work; how to obtain a living by their own effort. Teach them the nobility and dignity of labor, that they may respect and honor the producer.

Encourage your child to be careful of personal appearance; to return every tool to its place; to always pay debts promptly; to never shirk a duty; to do an equal share, and to always live up to an agreement.

It is an erroneous idea which many farmers have that manure applied in the hill, or directly beneath where a plant is to grow, does more good than the same fertilizer spread broadcast and well-incorporated through the surface soil.

Teach your children to confide in you by conference together. Tell them your plans and sometimes ask their advice; they will thus open their hearts to you, and will ask your advice.

Give the children your confidence in the affairs of your business. They will take interest and become co-workers with you. If you enlist their respect, then their sympathy and co-operation, they will quite likely remain to take up your work when you have done, and will go ahead perfecting what you have commenced.

If you are a farmer do not overwork your children, and thus by a hard and dreary life drive them off to the cities. Arise at a reasonable hour in the morning, take an hour's rest after meals, and quit at five or six o'clock in the afternoon. Let the young people in games and other amusements have a happy time the remainder of the day. There is no reason why a farmer's family should be deprived of recreation and amusement any more than others.

IS IT YOUR INTEREST?—We take readily to anything we know is to our interest in the business and affairs of life. We exercise no little care to discover what is such. Is it not well to exercise a similar care as to our interest in spiritual things, and discovering what is such, take to it readily and with a purpose?

Let us here affirm it is to your interest to be a Christian. The truest philosophy, the highest wisdom and the most varied experience of men prove the truth of this assertion. The testimony of the best, most useful and happiest among men in all ages, prove it. Intuition, reason and revelation prove it.

If it is to your interest to be a faithful one. Upon this depends your assurance as to the future and your happiness and usefulness in the present. The more your faithfulness the greater your progress and success in spiritual things.

It confirms you in the faith which sin would destroy, it increases that peace which it would disturb, and enlivens that hope which it would blast forever. Your faithfulness is the measure of your Christian usefulness to others. Nothing will afford a better reward, or pay you better, than to be useful in the highest sense to your fellow men. To be a faithful Christian is to be earnest in the worship, and efficient in the service of Christ and his church. What higher, nobler aim for a living man than this? Be persuaded by the strong and thorough considerations presented on every hand, that it is to your interest to be a Christian and a faithful Christian.

Wit and Humor.

A ninety-year-old Pennsylvanian, who never smoked, never drank, never fell in love, and never went out of his native town, has just started on his first journey. He was in a hearse.

A compositor who was puzzling over one of Horace Greeley's manuscripts, sagely and savagely observed: "If Belshazzar had seen this hand-writing on the wall, he would have been more terrified than he was."

A New York State man who tried a flying machine of his own invention last week had no advice to give to those who crowded around. All he said was: "Work in 'turned foot' somewhere or my tombstone?"

What is the best thing to hold when you get out of temper?—Your tongue.

What kind of essence does a young man like when he pops the question?—Acquiescence.

Mark Twain remarks that all we need to possess the finest navy in the world is ships—for we have plenty of water.

A Western editor alludes to a rival as a person entirely devoid of bigotry in medical affairs, having allopathic feet and a homoeopathic head.

The need of the age is not only a stronger nail, but also a nail that can be driven by a woman. One with a head about the size of a trade dollar.

A great many men remain awake during the sermon until the minister straightens up and says, "But one word more and I am done." Then they start in for a long nap.

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it so fatal as that?" gasped the consumptive.

What brought you to prison my colored friend?" said a Yankee to a darky. "Two constables, sah." "Yes; but I mean had interpenetration anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah; dey was bof 'em drunk."

"Pa," said a little four-year-old boy, after ruing in the house the other evening, "are you an old dude?" "No, indeed, I am not. Why did you ask?" "Cause feller just now come along the pavement and said I was a 'young dude.'"

An old Irish soldier, who prided himself upon his bravery, said he had fought in the battle of Bull Run. When asked if he had retreated and made good his escape, as others did on that famous occasion, he replied: "Those that didn't run-are there yet!"

A Parisian lady, who is soon to be remarried, has a little daughter eight or nine years old. One of the little girl's friends invited her to dinner for the following Tuesday. "Oh, I can't on Tuesday," replied the child, with a most important air; "my mamma on that day!"

The most gauzy story ever presented to the credulity of the American public, says the San Francisco Post, is that infamously notorious robbery in Montana an editor who was a passenger was robbed of \$1,500 and had \$600 that was not taken. The inside facts are that he had the \$1,500 in the toe of his sock and the \$600 in his mind.

A married woman, who has had some trouble with her female help, sends this recipe to the press: "Put all your old love-letters in a paste-board box in the servant-girl's room. A supply of old love-letters has been known to keep a girl contented in one place for three months at a time."

A French lady, on her arrival in this country, was careful to eat only such dishes as she was acquainted with, and being on one occasion pressed to partake of a dish new to her, she politely replied, thinking she was expressing herself in admirable English: "No, I thank you. I eat only my acquaintances."

PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.—The president of a defunct savings bank of Chicago got into a back and rode to the central depot. Upon arrival at his destination, the driver said: "Fare, please one dollar." As the regular charge is only fifty cents, the indignant passenger at once demanded of the "Jehu," "What do you take me for?" "Fifty centon the dollar, sir; I was afraid to say only fifty cents for the ride, for fear you would want to settle with me for only twenty-five cents, that being fifty per cent., and the rate at which you settled with your other creditors." The hackman got his dollar, and the ex-hacker

Floriocultur.

Just a bank of flowering grasses. Lightly sowing to and fro. An abundance of south wind passes in the noon light glow.

In their diverse beauty fashioned, turning often to the sky. Whence they are blown by zephyrus, Gaily greeting each-wayfarer.

Such a wealth of sweetness granted, As had never granted his bloom. Fills the air till we are haunted By the rich perfume.

In their fragrant stillness lying, Where so lately they counseled faith. They in every act of duty, Whisper "love is death."

Restoring Plants—Some Years Old. A curious patient has recently been tried with wreaths and votive offerings taken from the tomb of an Egyptian king, where they had been drying for 3500 years. Under judicious manipulation in hot water the dry cells swelled into their original plumpness, and the leaves, attached to cart board and treated like recent specimens, were sent to Sir Joseph Hooker at Kew and exhibited at a late session of the Royal Society. Not only were the form of the leaves so far restored that they could be botanically identified but the intricate venation of the flower petals could be plainly traced; the coloring of lilies, lakepurps and other flowers was displayed, and even the distinctive orders of some specimens were preserved. In general, these old leaves and grasses were the same as of similar species to-day.

Worth's Costumes and His Customers.

Mrs. Emma King, an English dress reformer, in a recent speech waxed indignant at Mr. Worth and uttered the wish that he might be drowned in the Seine, and she summed up the greater part of her sex as a pack of incurable dress-maniacs. Whoa, Emma! You do not know Mr. Worth. During a most charming conversation with him on the subject of feminine dress, he gave the information that he approves most decidedly of dress reform. He advocates the Persian costume for women, and would like to invent a sensible dress for them if they would wear it after it was made. But they will not. He tried the plan once and it dimly failed. The convenient, pretty and really graceful dress hangs "a lone ungathered rose" on Mr. Worth's Parisian walls. Do not blame him. He is not responsible for the follies and tastes of the women whose demands he undertakes to supply. He does the best he can with his customers, and he would not have any if he attempted to wholly carry out his ideas on dress, which are more sensible than any or woman. He is only too delighted when he finds a woman who wishes her dress adapted to her style of face, form and occupation, and he can tell at a glance what its make and color should be. He takes more interest in adapting one dress to a woman who understands this secret of good dressing than he does in dozens of the showy kind that are ordered for inappropriate places.

Although where a costly and gorgeous dress is not out of place, no one can rival Worth in producing either bizarre, outre or tasteful effects. He is the Shakespeare of dress. He can do everything with it, as Shakespeare could with language. And he knows a wealthy titled lady of Paris whose taste and inspiration would be his only rivals if she were obliged to use them as her own pecuniary benefit. He obtains many of his effects from nature—more especially in the matter of blending the shades, as seen in the plumage of a bird, the petal of a flower or the tints of sunset clouds. Nature never brings striking contrasts closely together, although she may appear to do so at the first sight of her varied hues. Each one leads up to or recedes from the other in gradually deepening tints, until the climax of color is reached; and Worth, who is a keen observer, invariably uses the hints he catches in this way. It is a pity that women as a rule will not support him to a still greater extent than they do, and allow him to use his inventive genius in creating a healthful, sensible, but pretty dress for them to wear. He would answer for its being a graceful one. If Mrs. King and other radical dress reformers did but know it, Worth could and would benefit women more than any man on the face of the earth.

A certificate of incorporation of the Exchange Telegraph Company was filed in New York. The line is to run from that city to San Francisco, touching at all intermediate points desired. The capital stock is fixed at \$2,000,000 in 20,000 shares of \$100 each, with provision for an increase. The incorporators are S. D. Field, C. H. Hurd, Alex. Thain, J. Bentley Squire and James C. Jewett.

HOW STRANGE IT WILL BE.

How strange it will be, love—how strange Shall be what all lovers become! You right and faithful, I cold and untrue; You thoughtless of me, and I careless of you!

Our post-ages grown rusty with nothing to write, Love's bright web unraveled, and rent and worn through, And life's loom left empty—ah, hum!

How strange it will be when the witchery goes, When your thought-of-me loses its color. When every day serves some new fault to disclose, And wonder you could for a moment suppose, When you find cold eyes and an every-day nose.

How strange it will be, love—how strange When we meet, With just a still touch of the hand; When my pulse no longer delightfully beats At the thought of your coming, the sound of your feet;

How strange it will be, love—how strange When I watch not your coming far down the long street; When your dear, loving voice, too, so thrillingly sweet, Grows harsh in reproach or command; Ah, me!

How strange it will be when we're willing to stay, Divided the whole day through, Or getting remotely apart, as we may. Sit chilly and silent, with nothing to say; Or coolly converse on the news of the day. In a wretched, old married-folk sort of a way!

I shrink from the picture—don't you? Ah, me! How strange it will be! Dear love, if our hearts do grow torpid and cold, If we let our love perish with hunger and cold; If we dim all life's diamonds and tarnish its gold; If we choose to live wretched and dull unloved, 'Twill be the strangest of all things that ever were told!

As happening under the sun! Ah, me! How strange it will be!

Health Hints.

How to Preserve and Restore Health. Reading aloud is conducive to health. Children should sleep in separate beds, and should not wear night caps. Sleeping-rooms should have a fire-place or some kind of ventilation beside the windows.

The best remedy for eyes, weakened by night use, is a fine stream of cold water frequently applied to them. Children and young people should be made to hold their heads up and shoulder back while standing, sitting or working.

From one to one pound and a half of solid food is sufficient for a person in the ordinary vocations of business. Persons in sedentary employments should drop one-third of their food, and they escape dyspepsia.

The king of Prussia once sent to a tribe of Bedonias a very celebrated physician, who inquired on his arrival how they lived. "We never eat till we are hungry, and then not to repletion," was the answer. "I may return then," said the doctor, "I have no business here."

The New York Star's infallible cholera cure is as follows: Take equal parts of tincture of cayenne, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose, 15 to 30 drops in a wineglass of water, according to age and violence of attack. Repeat every fifteen or twenty minutes until relief is obtained.

For Sleeplessness. A physician writing to the Christian Union on the subject of sleeplessness, remarks: If neither beef tea or milk can be easily procured, hot water with an infusion of hops or mint may be substituted, or even hot water alone will quiet restlessness and induce sleep. A darkened room, that the moonbeams cannot enter, a little fresh air from an open window or fireplace, are valuable assistants in making the sleep continuous.

The Care of Infants in Summer. The New York board of health recommend the following rules for the summer in regard to the nursing of infants: Over-feeding does more harm than anything else; nurse an infant a month or two old every two or three hours. Nurse an infant of six months and over five times in twenty-four hours, and no more. If an infant is thirsty, give it pure water, or barley water; no sugar. In relation to the

feeding of infants, the board advise: Roll a teaspoonful of powdered barley (ground in coffee grinder) and one-half pint of water, with a little salt, for fifteen minutes, strain, then mix it with half as much boiled milk, and a lump of white sugar, size of a walnut, and give it lukewarm from a sterilized bottle. Keep baby and monthlings in a bottle of water when not in use, to which a little soda may be added. For infants five or six months old give half barley water and half boiled milk, with salt and a lump of sugar. For older infants give more milk than barley water.

For infants very costive, give oatmeal instead of barley. Cook and strain as before. When the breast-milk is only half enough, change off between breast-milk and this prepared food. Dr. Page says that if infants are fed only three times a day they will escape colic and cholera infantum.

Variety in Our Food. Happiness and bodily comfort depend largely on the food we eat, and how cooked. There is nothing more acceptable to the appetite than a change in diet. A long continuation of the same food, prepared in the same way, is extremely tiresome. It is easy to have a variety, if one chooses to manufacture it, out of the very same materials. For instance, one wears of having boiled potatoes continually. They are good, wholesome, but it is easy to mash the potatoes, add a little salt and milk, heat it in the oven, and set the dish on the table in a new form; or cut the potatoes when cold, in chips, and stew them in a butter gravy till well sealed. It is a delightful change, and an economical one, too, as it saves the whole potato, which is quite an item in many families at present prices. Slicing and frying cold potatoes in drippings is another good way to cook this vegetable.

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Indeed, there is no kind of food that will not tire one, and satiate the appetite if used all the time. All kinds of poultry make a very inviting meal occasionally, but one cannot rely them for many days in succession. It is the same with pastry, a change is needful in order to have it well appreciated. Bread is the only compound of which people never tire, and they enjoy that occasionally toasted, better than to have it set on the table in a stack of thin slices. I know that some claim that it is all decided was a dupe. Once in a while the train would be lost amid coney pines, and then through a gap in the trees would be caught an Eden-like glimpse of the disappearing park. There were innumerable shades of green beside the track; the brilliancy of grass, and the almost black of the forest. Even the dude showed an interest. "No pointah, aw, could do this thing, ye know, aw." The language of the dude was not particularly florid, but his head was level. However, he got knocked completely out of time further on. The train stopped at a neat cottage painted brown. In the door was a rosy-cheeked maiden, leaning unconsciously grace-upon-her broom. "Aw, me gurrl, don't ye get lonesome, ye know, aw, way up heah?" he ventured, with a smile that trespasses on the back of his neck. The girl seemed astonished for a moment, and then, looking over her shoulder, called: "Pap! pap! the dimes museum monkey is loose! Kill it, and get its clothes." The dude seemed to shrink, and nothing could induce him to open his mouth from that point to the journey's end.

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Agriocultural.

If your face best-spread and pillow-covers are soiled, wash them, and instead of bluing them, dip them in some very weak cold coffee, and they will receive from it a delicate shade of ecru, which is so popular for faces just now. Curtains and other articles of the kind may be treated in the same way.

A writer in the New York Commercial Gazette says: I do not dread hog or chicken cholera at all, for as soon as either begins to show signs of disease I mix some carbolic acid in the feed, and they soon are all right again.

If the paper which is put over jelly and jam is wet in the white of an egg, it will when dry be tight and firm, and keep the fruit from molding with much more certainty than if it is dipped in alcohol or brandy. The paper which is laid next the fruit is meant, not that which is tied or pasted over the glass.

The best way to get rid of the docks is to spade them out, and lay the roots up to dry. If that is considered too laborious a job, take a sharp hoe and cut them off just below the surface of the ground, and in a few weeks go over them again, cutting off all that have sent out new leaves. Going over them a few times in this way will finish them all.

The following statement is from the first quarterly report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture. The writer, Mr. G. E. Hubbard, of Pawnee county, has been growing sorghum for feed, annually, during the past six years, and has not met with a single failure. He says: "I plant any time between May 20 and June 20, using a corn-planter, and planting one quart of seed per acre. Cultivate exactly as you would corn, and make thorough work. The plant will be ready to cut and put in shock by September 1, at which time cut and shock the same as corn, letting it remain in the field until it is wanted for feed in the winter. It makes excellent feed at any time, and especially when the ground is covered with snow. I only feed sorghum during bad weather, unless I have an unusual supply, when I feed it at all times. It makes a very rich food, and all kinds of stock will eat it with a relish, eating it clean, stalks and leaves.

"Another method of growing sorghum for feed is to prepare your ground by plowing fine and deep immediately after harvest. Plant with a corn-planter as fast as you plow until you have the number of acres you intend to put to this use. About the 1st of August the sorghum is nicely up, then harrow it thoroughly letwise of rows. By the 15th of August the sorghum will probably be from six to eight inches high, at which time proceed to set the fields with rye. Drill one and one-half bushels per acre; then, when the cold weather comes, turn your stock in on it, and you have an excellent pasture. I consider this latter mode one of the best and most profitable ways of cultivating sorghum for winter feed. It does away with the expensive item of harvesting. When planted on or before July 20th the sorghum will mature before frost sets in and a field thus planted will secure you a great amount of valuable fodder for all kinds of stock in winter.

PIANO STOOL COVER.—A pretty way to cover a piano stool which is much worn is to cut a piece of broadcloth or felt so that it will fit the top. This may be left plain, or may be ornamented with a vine in applique-work. Around the edge of this sew a regular little lambrequin. Have the foundation of broadcloth or felt or of velvet. This may be in one piece, cut in points or scallops, or in separate pieces, with the edges pinked or button-holed, and with a different design in applique or in Kensington embroidery on each part, or if pressed for time, the lambrequin will be handsome if the design is the same on each part. Another way to make the lambrequin is to buy a strip of the fringed border intended for the edge of burlap mats, work the design woven in the border with bright-colored worsted, and it is a pretty finish for the stool-cover.

RUBBER CAPS.—One objection to the ingrain carpet is that the high heels which servants delight in wearing on thick shoes seem to catch at the threads and drag them out of place, producing a rough surface; another is that the legs of heavy chairs have the same effect. One way of saving these carpets is to cover the ends of the chair legs with rubber caps at a cost of about seven cents. The servants' heels are, of course, amenable to no such remedy.

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Our post-ages grown rusty with nothing to write, Love's bright web unraveled, and rent and worn through, And life's loom left empty—ah, hum!

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The New York Star's infallible cholera cure is as follows: Take equal parts of tincture of cayenne, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose, 15 to 30 drops in a wineglass of water, according to age and violence of attack. Repeat every fifteen or twenty minutes until relief is obtained.

For Sleeplessness. A physician writing to the Christian Union on the subject of sleeplessness, remarks: If neither beef tea or milk can be easily procured, hot water with an infusion of hops or mint may be substituted, or even hot water alone will quiet restlessness and induce sleep. A darkened room, that the moonbeams cannot enter, a little fresh air from an open window or fireplace, are valuable assistants in making the sleep continuous.

The Care of Infants in Summer. The New York board of health recommend the following rules for the summer in regard to the nursing of infants: Over-feeding does more harm than anything else; nurse an infant a month or two old every two or three hours. Nurse an infant of six months and over five times in twenty-four hours, and no more. If an infant is thirsty, give it pure water, or barley water; no sugar. In relation to the

feeding of infants, the board advise: Roll a teaspoonful of powdered barley (ground in coffee grinder) and one-half pint of water, with a little salt, for fifteen minutes, strain, then mix it with half as much boiled milk, and a lump of white sugar, size of a walnut, and give it lukewarm from a sterilized bottle. Keep baby and monthlings in a bottle of water when not in use, to which a little soda may be added. For infants five or six months old give half barley water and half boiled milk, with salt and a lump of sugar. For older infants give more milk than barley water.

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The New York

The Republican.

Entered as second class matter. HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC CO., N. J. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1888.

We don't claim to work cheaper than anybody else, we can't afford it. We ask a fair day's pay for a fair day's work.

The Atlantic City Committee on Fireworks has fixed upon next Saturday, Aug. 25, as the day for the display.

The house and brewery of Mr. P. A. Schaefer, at Egg Harbor City, about one mile from the station, were burned to the ground Monday afternoon.

The Postmaster General advises the public that in sending newspapers, books, pamphlets and other articles by mail to foreign countries or to points within the United States, the address should always be placed on the articles enclosed, as well as on their wrappers.

A certain party, who is not a subscriber, but depends upon borrowing the "Republican" from a neighbor, complains because a certain item of news was not published, and says: "I had a good notion never to take the paper again."

Mr. Arthur is undescribably growing very popular. While his junketing trip does not reveal many great orations in his honor, the President seems to be taking remarkably well wherever he goes.

There are those who intimate that all this means a boom for reelection. The New York Times in its recent canvass discovered that next to Mr. Blaine, President Arthur was the most prominent Presidential candidate on the Republican side for 1884.

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The following, from the Lake Charles Echo, a Louisiana Democratic paper, contains the most scathing reference to the subject matter contained therein, that we have yet seen, and we think that many other papers throughout the country might profit by the example.

The columns of this paper are too crowded to give place to the scandalous stories on E. President Garfield, told by Stephen W. Dorsey and the rest of his infamously wicked and life-long cohort to believe them, even if we wanted to, and consider them to be true.

It is said that English business men know American railroad maps by heart. American securities are discussed in the "City" American novels and magazines are spread in the bookstore windows.

The Canadian Indian Department has been for years the subject of individual comparison with our own Indian Bureau by superficial people who did not appreciate the vital difference between the Indian question in a country which is growing Westward and in one which is not.

Postmaster General Gresham has ordered that when ever any letter prepaid at less than one full rate of postage, or any parcel of third or fourth class matter not fully prepaid, and being otherwise mailable, is deposited at the post office of the first, second or third class, and consigned to any other post office within the United States, it shall be the duty of a post master to send to the address an official postal card containing a notice of the detention, and a request to remit the proper amount of postage to enable the letter or parcel to be forwarded to its destination.

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8 acres of Tom Handmaker's General Store near New City Hall Philadelphia

GO TO PACKER'S AT THE Old Stand, The Hammon Bakery. Where the usual variety of choice bread, rolls, cakes, pies, and crackers, so well attested to, in quantity and quality, by a critical and discriminating New England public.

TRY "Sapolene," FOR THE TEETH. You have no idea how it will make them shine. It removes all adhering and offensive matter, preserves the teeth, and sweetens the breath.

LADIES' TONIC. The Great Female Remedy. The Favorite Prescription of the Women's Medical Institute, BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.

GARDNER & SHINN, INSURANCE AGENTS. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. References: Policy holders in the Atlantic City 77-5.

Trenton Business College. A Practical Training School for Business. This college is the only one of its kind in the State, and is the only one that teaches the practical business of the day.

Cochran's Drug Store, Hammon, N. J. Having added a large Furzece Boiler and a splendid Nonpareil Washing Machine we are prepared to do all kinds of Laundry work in the best manner and at lowest rates.

S. D. HOFFMAN, Attorney-at-Law, Master in Chancery, Notary Public, County Commissioner. City Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.

MANHOOD. A Lecture to Young Men. On the Law of the Body. Six lectures on the nature, treatment, and radical cure of Seminal Emission, or Premature Ejaculation, Induced by Self-Abuse, Intemperance, Impurity, and other causes.

How Many Miles Do You Drive? THE ODOMETER. This instrument will not break down a watch. It is the only one that will not break down a watch.

The REPUBLICAN contains more than twenty-five columns of entertaining reading each week. Thus, in a year we furnish you 1300 columns of fresh news items, stories, etc., all for \$1.25.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 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.

Regular meeting of Council next Saturday. Get your supper at Union Hall next Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Lilly White started for home (Washington, D. C.) on Friday. Dr. Bowles is visiting at Detroit, Mich., and points farther west.

Dr. Potter will have a good article on apple culture, next week. Dr. Potter has in his orchard some of the largest and handsomest apples we ever saw.

They claim prospects for a grand fair, at Egg Harbor City, this Fall. The posters are up. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Setley spent ten days at Wernersville, Penn., returning on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. P. Evans have returned from their vacation visit to Hareton, Penn. A much-needed rain Wednesday and Thursday, falling gently and continuously for many hours.

Improvements on a public building are for the public good. Help the Baptists paint their house of worship, by attending their festival. Parties shipping fruit of any kind to Pittsburg or other points, will secure shipping to their advantage by calling upon C. P. Hill.

Wm. Whittier brought us a cluster of apples, about six inches in diameter, containing twenty-one apples, - some of them of good size. Will Oliver will teach the school in Parkside District, Camden County, near Atison, commencing on Monday next.

The Town Council and Board of Assessors will meet in joint session, on Tuesday, next, at 7 o'clock a. m., at the Council house, to revise the assessment. Mr. Jud. Seely and wife, of Paterson, N. J., arrived in town last Saturday evening, and will remain until Monday next.

Mrs. Alice Cole and daughter, Miss Stella Cole, of New York State, came on Thursday, for a visit with Mrs. C. U. S. brothers, Messrs. Elan and Moses Stockwell. The freight train on the N. J. Southern, carrying fruit, left, leaves N. Hammon, at 8:30 p. m., and arrives at Jersey City at 1 a. m. Fast train from Atlantic City.

We have had many pleasant calls, this week. Our subscribers are relieving us in great measure, of the disagreeable necessity of sending out bills. Thank you. We are indebted to Mrs. John Bothell for two quarts of excellent blackberries brought in this week, and to Mrs. Wm. Whittier for like favors lately, and other evidences of good-will.

Rev. Mr. Hurlbut, a brother-in-law of Rev. E. E. Rogers, occupied the Presbyterian pulpit on Sunday last - an exchange of pulpits.

Beth Hawley, Esq., has tried several places since leaving Hammon, and now thinks seriously of moving back, provided he can find a farm to suit him.

There will be an adjourned meeting of the Sons of Temperance Division, on Monday evening next, Aug. 20th. All members are requested to attend.

Mrs. D. L. POTTER, A. R. S. Mrs. Isiah Potter and Mrs. John King, of Athens, Penn., spent a fortnight or more agreeably, at Atlantic City, Pleasantville, and Hammon. They started for home on Monday morning last.

We are informed that Mr. J. F. Jenison had the heaviest yield of blackberries, to the acre, of any one in town this year. He has picked within a few quarts of 2500 quarts per acre. We say good for Mr. Jenison, and good for Hammon.

Major W. H. Wachtel, of J. S. Nugent & Co., N. Y., who has been spending a few days with his friends at "Ivy Lodge," by the Lake, has returned to New York with delightful impressions of Hammon.

Ex-Sheriff Samuel Adams, who holds a government position in Washington, recently struck a bootblack in Atlantic City, which has raised a good deal of a row, - out as long as Adams did not get just in slapping the impudent arab. - Journal.

All Comrades of the Grand Army Post, especially those who have not yet signed the By-Laws, are requested to be present at the regular meeting, this evening. These by-laws are to be printed next week, and we want all the names attached.

The Presbyterian Sunday School excursion, Wednesday, was a success, though not numerically large as last week's. Everything passed off according to programme, except the rain which fell all the afternoon; and that did not spoil the pleasure, for the numerous buildings were more than sufficient to shelter all.

Since Friday, Aug. 10th., there are two daily mails between Philadelphia and Atlantic City. A new postal car (from the Pennsylvania Road) has been put on the Camden & Atlantic, with a Mr. Hiles as route agent. Hammon now receives mail from Atlantic at 7:30 A. M. and 5:30 P. M., and can send mail down at 9:22 A. M. and 5:42 P. M.

Last Friday evening at Schaefer's hotel Mr. A. L. English of the Revere was presented with a beautiful gold watch and chain by a few personal friends, as a testimonial to his journalistic efforts in advancing the interests of Atlantic City. H. L. Slape, Esq., made the presentation speech in a few well chosen words, and Mr. English responded with a warm flow of eloquence receiving the gift and thanking his friends at length. Messrs. Schlect and Meber acted as toast.

Our attention has been called to the hundreds of empty berry crates at the Narrow Gauge and North Hammon stations. We always dislike to see a pile of any farm implement left standing exposed to the weather, and this neglect of crates is in the same line of willful waste. No agent or Union can guarantee the safety of these crates. Unprincipled persons might easily carry away dozens of them, if disposed. We have noticed that when some men call for their own crates and find one or more in a pile, the whole lot is handled over, often with little care; and after they are thus moved a few times, those remaining are left subjects for the rapacious shop or cook stove. Why not devote a day to the care of this property, and save time and expense for the future? Anyway, it gives visitors a poor impression of Hammon, and to great tumble-down heaps of valuable crates at the railway stations.

Special Notices. "Ladies' Tonic," THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY, is prepared by the Women's Medical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., and is their favorite prescription for ladies who are suffering from any weakness or complaints common to the sex. It is sold by druggists at \$1 per bottle. Ladies can obtain advice free. Send stamp for names of those who have been cured.

Mr. G. W. Pressey has uttered swarms of bees, all busy as - well busy as bees - storing up sweetness for their owner's comfort next winter. Twelve of these hives are Italianized. Mr. Pressey's orchard, too, looks as though apples might prove a source of income, this season; and his garden contains much that would prove palatable to a hungry man, be he an inventor or a "poor editor."

The next examination of teachers will be held at Egg Harbor City, on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 31st, and Sept. 1st, 1888. By the order of the State Supt., first and second grade certificates will be granted, hereafter, only at August examinations. All teachers holding first or second grade certificates, which expire before Jan. 1st, next, must attend this examination. All persons wishing to be examined must be there on Friday.

S. R. Monas, County Supt. Is your name on the list below? If so, you may do a little courting at next week's examination.

Atlantic City, - John Harold, James H. Shin, Joseph H. Shin, Henry C. Wright, Henry Frames, John A. Jeffries, Eliza Havelow, Charles Miller, Wm. B. Dennis, Daniel Lindley, John Albrecht, Smith Conover. Abbeon, - Henry Alexander, Wm. C. Cordery.

Buena Vista, - Wm. Paul, Andrew Somerville, Benj. Campbell, Lewis M. Parnock. Egg Harbor City, - Albert Ballbeck, John Vautron, Francis Wiessborn. Egg Harbor Township, - Lemuel Conover, Constant Smith, Mark Townsend, Jero. Haokeny, James Tilton, Lewis Adams, John Ireland, Ward Fielded, Sherman Demill, Geo. Myers, Jr., Jesse Reed.

Galloway, - Edward Somers, Walter Higbee. Hammon, - A. L. Littlefield, J. C. Gage, J. W. Lyngberg, J. P. Evers, Lucien B. Cowan, Enoch Jolyon, Reuben Steelman, Solomon R. DeVinny. Mullins, - Wm. T. Weske, John T. Irving, H. W. Smith. Weymouth, - William Schwenker.

From Our County Papers. From the MIRROR. Mrs. Phillips, of Waterbury, Conn., is visiting her father, Mr. E. H. Carpenter. We learn that Miss Doerfler will soon move to the city, and continue her business on 2d St. On Monday evening the lightning struck the house of German Weeden, on 11th St., which was occupied by Mr. Cooper and family. The occupants were more or less injured and a dog was killed; the house damaged considerably.

A small stranger in the most destitute circumstances came to the residence of our esteemed townsman, Mr. J. F. Jenison last Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Jenison are kindly caring for him until he can do better. The stranger weighed just ten pounds and all is well. From the JOURNAL. A game of base ball is like a buckwheat cake - a great deal depends upon the batter.

County Clerk Down reports the work of indexing as progressing in a very satisfactory manner. Allen B. Endicot, Esq., the new County Collector, makes a popular office with the Board of Freeholders. The Camden & Atlantic railroad will not permit passengers holding monthly tickets issued hereafter to get off between stations. A corps of surveyors has laid out and placed the grade stakes for the Y to connect the New Jersey Southern division of the Central railroad at Aco with the Williamstown railroad. A Y is also to be placed where the Williamstown track crosses the Narrow Gauge road, about two miles from Aco. These additions will give the Reading railroad another through route from New York to Philadelphia.

We print anything you want printed, from a Calling Card to a Constitution.

For Sale. I have a very fine FARM, with other buildings in complete shape, for sale, or will exchange for Hammon property. The place is near Bass River. I have the SCOTT PLACE, one of the most beautiful in Hammon, for sale; or will rent it for a year, or the season.

I have a few village homes and farms placed in my hands for sale, on the most reasonable terms. W. RUTHERFORD, Real Estate and Insurance Agent, Hammon, N. J.

A Card. To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of memory, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, free of charge. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. ISMAN, Clifton, York City.

GEORGE ELVINS

DEALER IN Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes Flour, Feed, Fertilizers, Agricultural Implements, etc., etc.

N. B. - Superior Family Flour a Specialty.

10,000 Grape Baskets Received and for sale by Geo. Elvins. \$5.50 per 100.

Choice Winter Wheat Bran \$1.00 per cwt. \$19.00 per ton.

BALED HAY In lots to suit purchasers. \$19.00 per ton.

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

E. H. Carpenter, Hammon, N. J. HATS, CAPS, LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

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Scientific Department. The New Jersey State College to Promote Agriculture and the Mechanical Arts. A practical Scientific School of high grade. Two courses of four years each, - "Engineering and Mechanics," and "Agriculture and Chemistry."

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HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER. was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty.

WHISKERS. Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applicable without trouble.

Prepared by R. P. HALL & CO., New York, N. Y. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

FOR ALL THE FORMS OF Scrophulous, Rheumatic, and Blood Disorders. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all Druggists; 25 Cts. per bottle, 65 Cts. per dozen.

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

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Birds of the Hebrides.

Curiously enough of all the birds prohibited by the Levitical laws as unclean, the only one ever eaten in Paris (the fowling) he could not bear the sight of a pistol. It would have been a rare match, as neither of us had ever been beaten; and, as we never tried our skill together, it is impossible to say who would have won. At very long ranges (from fifty to a hundred yards) I probably would have had the best of it, as I practiced a good deal at those ranges. Captain Gronow's later years were passed in Paris, where he died on the 20th of November, 1865, in the 72d year of his age.

A Telegraphic Blunder.

Telegraphic anecdotes being in order reminds us of a dispatch which some years ago a business man in Boston sent to his correspondent in New York, requesting him to have a room reserved for him at the hotel, as he should come at that afternoon. Arrived late at night he stood serenely behind the crowd at the old Astor House who were registering their names, even till the clerk began to turn applicants away for lack of room, assured that his dispatch in advance must have secured accommodation, but was surprised and indignant to find that no order for a room had been received, and was obliged to hunt up lodgings for the night elsewhere.

IRISH LOVE SONG.

Ah! swan of slenderness, dove of tenderness, Jewel of joys arise! The little red lark like a rosy spark Of song to his sunburst flies; But full of sin and sorrow, earth is a prison, Dazzle me with thy day!

Chosen.

Geraldine Spencer was the only daughter of the well-known Colonel Herbert Spencer, one of the wealthiest planters of Mississippi. The colonel was a fiery-blooded gentleman of the old-school—in those days—before the war, of which we are speaking. His grandfather was an intimate and trusted friend of Washington. His father was a brigadier general in the last war with Great Britain, and the colonel himself was a graduate of West Point, and one of the most dashing and daring officers under old "Rough-and-Ready" in the penic of a war which we had with Mexico a generation ago.

Are All Birds Flesh-Eaters?

Mr. Grant Allen, in an article in Knowledge on the English black-cap, answers this question in the affirmative. Although the old black-caps eat largely of fruits, the young black-caps will eat nothing but insects. Breeders of the canary—a seed-eating bird—are also well aware of the fact that the young must at first be fed on animal food, usually given in the shape of boiled egg. Mr. Allen says that this trait of the black-cap, common to many if not to most fruit-eaters, may be put side by side with the one noted by Mr. A. R. Wallace, that the young humming-birds, which are developed flower-haunting swiftness, will eat nothing but spiders and small flies. In both cases the facts point back curiously to the original habits of the whole race. There can be very little doubt, adds Mr. Allen, that all birds were at first carnivorous piscivorous, or insectivorous, and the greater part of them probably remain so to the present day. The practice of eating grains and seeds came later; while that of living upon fruits, or the diet of all—indeed, the development of succulent fruits or berries seems to be a very recent modification on the part of plants generally; and it must have proceeded side by side with the evolution of fruit-eating habits in the correlated birds. Hence we find the young still require to be fed upon animal food; and indeed the adult black-caps, like many other similar mainly frugivorous species, cannot get along for any length of time without a liberal admixture of slugs and caterpillars in their food. On the other hand, the most advanced fruit-eaters, such as the parrots, readily resort to carnivorous practices in confinement; and one New Zealand species, since the introduction of sheep into the colony, has become a perfect pest to the breeders by its partiality for animal dainties.

A Famous Pistol Shot.

Personally, Captain Gronow was a remarkably handsome man, always faultlessly dressed, and generally popular in society. But, as we have already remarked, he says little about himself in his "Reminiscences," and, beyond the fact of a casual allusion to his marvelous skill as a marksman, leaves nothing of his accomplishments on his books. He and Captain Ross were, by the way, unquestionably the two best pistol shots in the world. Captain Ross was intimately acquainted with Gronow, and has given the following authentic account of a celebrated duel, in the Bois de Boulogne, in which the latter was engaged. Gronow's antagonist was a notorious French pistol, famed for his deadly skill with the pistol. "Gronow," says Captain Ross, "told us the story. He said that the Frenchman stuck his glove on a tree, and, in a swaggering tone asked Gronow which finger he should hit; and, after hitting the glove, he said to Gronow: 'I will serve you in the same way.' Captain Hesse (Gronow's second, afterward killed in a duel) said to him: 'You must do something to try and shake that fellow's nerve; so he threw up his hat in the air, and Gronow put his bullet through it; and then, bowing to the Frenchman, said: "Monseigneur, votre destine!" A few minutes and the destiny was fulfilled. Gronow was anything but a quarrelsome or bullying person. At

ter so well, he did not believe anything short of an earthquake could disturb it. So he continued placidly smoking his cigar, while his paper rested idly in his lap, and he looking off toward the Mississippi. Suddenly he rose up. "Where is Sydney?" he abruptly asked. "I left him a while ago, and he has not gone home yet. I thought I would like to sit down a few minutes with you." "I am glad to have you, daughter; but it does seem to me that you treat some of your callers with rudeness." "Then, if I were they," said the proud girl, touching the magnolia on her nose, "I wouldn't make callers of myself." "I should think not," commented the colonel, with a little snuff at the curious expression she flung at him. "I have a very high regard for Sydney, Geraldine." "Have you?" she asked with indifference, which, in reality, was assumed, though her father did not perceive it. "What is there about him for you to admire?" "Well, he is the only surviving son of my intimate, deceased friend, Capt. Williams, of the army. The captain was one of the bravest and noblest men who ever trod this foot-stool, and Sydney's looks and manner make me feel sure he is simply another edition of his father. He has a fine education, is manly-looking, and is going to make his mark in the world. He has practiced law only two years, and has a reputation as high as any who are double his years. I like Sydney very much." "More than any one who comes here?" asked the daughter, holding the magnolia again to her nose, while she glanced furtively at her unsuspecting father. "Well, yes," he returned, "I can say I do. But why isn't he here?" he added, looking sharply around. "He is waiting for me." "Didn't I see him dressed up in some outrageous suit, something of a nature to match this high-bred style of your make up?" asked the father, with an amused but puzzled expression. "If you saw him at all during the last hour, you did." "What is the meaning of it?" "He is to play the part of agentleman of the school in a little comedy which he has gotten up, and which is to be given at the private theatricals of Mme. Choteau's, next week, for the benefit of the parish." "And you and he have been rehearsing?" "Something like that. He wanted me to criticize his suit and make-up, and to give him some 'points'; while he volunteered to do all he could for me in the same direction. Our two characters are the most important ones in the piece, and Sydney is anxious that we shall fully sustain them. We rehearsed alone. But, father, such an extraordinary thing took place while we were doing so, that I made up my mind to come and tell you." "You don't seem to have been in a hurry," said he, looking wondering at her, "for you have been here a half hour." The colonel used to chide her at times for her repeated snubbings she gave her callers, without regard to their social position and standing. She would leave them at any time, and go with her father on a tramp through the woods or fishing in the river. After all, there is nothing so captivating in a pretty woman—or any woman, for that matter—as an absolute independence of character, an independence which preserves one's self-respect at all times, and humbles the pride of the proudest of the lords of creation. It is just that sort of woman that all are most anxious to secure for a prize. One summer afternoon Geraldine and her father were sitting in the shade of the long, low porch which extended in front of their house. The colonel was smoking his cigar, and the daughter, who was richly dressed, was gently rocking back and forth, and looking off at the yellow Mississippi, along which a high-decked steamer was laboriously plowing its way. A close observer would have seen that the beautiful daughter had some sore trouble on her mind. She was uneasy and restless. The swaying of her chair was stiff and uneven. Sometimes she smelled of the fragrant spray of magnolia in her hand in a nervous way, and her lustrous eyes seemed to be brighter and more flushing than usual. "You say, father, that you admire or rather respect Sydney very much?" "That is substantially what I said." "As much as any young gentleman of your acquaintance?" "Really more." "How would you like him for a son-in-law?" The colonel turned, as if struck by a pistol shot, and looked keenly at a full minute. Geraldine herself seemed to be picking the spray of magnolia, while she looked unconsciously down at it; but, for all her forced composure, the crimson blood crept up under the rich

skin of her countenance, and, strive as much as she might, she could not hide the fact from her father that her heart was throbbing more tumultuously than ever before. Suddenly he exclaimed— "What?" "I think you heard me, father," said Geraldine, in a low voice, without trusting herself as yet to look up. "Are you in earnest, my daughter?" "This was uttered in the same low, but firm voice. "Come here, my child!" "The colonel kept his seat, while Geraldine, standing beside him, looked down in his face. He took her hand affectionately, while he asked: "Has he proposed to you?" "He has." "Have you accepted him?" "I could not do that until I first received your permission." "Does he love you?" Geraldine laughed in spite of herself. "I have a strong impression that he would scarcely ask me to marry him, unless he thought pretty well of me." "Of course—of course; but do you love him?" "With my whole heart and soul!" There was a fervency, a depth of feeling in this exclamation, accompanied by the flushed cheeks, the sparkling eye and tremulous hand that rested in the palm of her father, which spoke her soulful earnestness. "Well, if that's the case," said Col. Spencer, throwing away his cigar, "all I've got to say is you are both confounded simpletons if you don't get married—there!" This was a consent with considerable emphasis. Poor Geraldine! the proud, brave girl broke down at last. She knew it would be a terrible sacrifice for her father to yield her to another, and she held the gravest doubts of ever receiving his assent; but he gave it so promptly and willingly, that she could only throw her arms about his neck and murmur between her sobs— "You're the best father that ever lived, and I hate to leave you." "Never mind about that," he replied, soothingly. "I know it will be your happiness to do so. I could never forgive myself if I stood in your way. I shall fix you in a house to suit myself, then I shall live with you about five-fifths of the time. If either of you undertake to interfere with me, I shall put you both out of the house." The happy Geraldine gave her father another hug, and seemed loth to leave him; but he said: "Come, daughter; Sydney, I know, is waiting for your answer. Go and tell him. I hope he will feel better." "I know he will," was the laughing utterance of Geraldine, as she tripped away. Sydney Williams was but a short distance off. As the father turned his head to follow his daughter, he saw the man's head, covered with his huge, curly wig, resting upon his arms, as though he were asleep—though that was hardly possible under the circumstances. As Geraldine passed beyond she caught sight of her lover, and turned abruptly and approached him so softly that he did not hear her. He had thrown his head forward on his arms, resting on the stand, and he formed a strange figure in his English suit of a former generation. Geraldine stood a moment, with throbbing heart, looking down upon and admiring him; then, seized by a sudden fancy, she stepped closer, and leaning over, gently touched his hand with the spray of magnolias, which she still held. Sydney moved as though it were a puff of wind, and then, in a low, soft, merry way, which caused him to raise his head and look longingly up into the beautiful face. "Oh, speak!" he gasped, has he consented?" The poor fellow's whole soul was in the question, and she saw how cruel it was to keep him in suspense. "He says he thinks we will be simpletons if we don't marry each other," Sydney caught her in his arms, and it may be said that the contract was sealed then and there. The young man was always partial to the sweet perfume of the magnolias, but now since it is associated so intimately with his winning the love of his heart, there is nothing in the world of a vegetable nature to which he is so partial as a sprig of magnolia.

ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN?

The darkness falls, the wind is high, Donec, black clouds fill the western sky; The storm will soon begin; The thunder roars; the lightning flashes; I hear the great, rumbling drops dash— Are all the children in? They're coming softly to my side: Their forms are in my arms I hide— No other arms are sure! This night may pass with fair wind, With trusting faith each child With mother feels secure. But future days are drawing near, They'll go from this warm shelter here— On in the world's wild din; The rains will fall, the cold winds blow, I'll sit alone and long to know, Are all the children in? Will they have shelter then secure, Where hearts are waiting strong and sure, And love is true when tried? Or, will they find a broken roof? When strength of heart they so much need, To help them brave the tide? God knows it all; his will is best, I'll shield them now and yield the rest— In his most righteous way are given, Sometimes the souls he loves are riven, By tempests wild, and thus are driven— Nearer the better land.

An Awakened Love.

Abiel Grimes was an old bachelor. Some people called him an old curmudgeon, and some people called him an old hunk, and these titles were really more truthful than flattering. The fact is, as the world goes—and the world goes hard enough with some—Abiel Grimes was a pretty hard man—hard and cold, selfish to the core, cruel when his interests were at stake; apparently had no more feeling than a hampest; no more charity than a tobacco sign; seemed ever grasping for everything, never yielding up anything; living only for Abiel Grimes, and caring for nothing beyond himself. When he was twenty Abiel Grimes went to see a young lady—a very sweet young lady, everybody called her—and it was at last rumored that they were going to be married. But one day, being caught out in the rain, she allowed another young man to hold an umbrella over her while she walked home by his side. Abiel Grimes chanced to witness the transaction, and became furious—storming, raving and tearing passions to tatters. He did more. He left Mary Albright with a curse, and never visited her again. She wept and sobbed, and was very disconsolate for a time, and then she married the kind young man who had held the umbrella over her. From that time forward nobody ever heard Abiel Grimes laugh. In fact, it is doubtful if he could laugh. He drew into himself like a turtle into his shell, and to the world he presented an exterior as hard as that shell. He bent his whole energies to making money. And he made it. He owned houses and lands which he rented to the rich and to the poor. But was to the luckless wight who came to court on pay day. He held a money on mortgages, but he never missed an opportunity to foreclose. He seemed devoid of pity, and never showed mercy. Into the street went a sick father—or mother or starving children if he failed to get his lawful due. He was no hypocrite, however; he was consistent with himself. He gave nothing to churches, because, as he averred, religion was a sham. He gave nothing to hospitals, because people had no business to be sick. He gave nothing to charitable societies, because the poor ought to work for their bread. In short, he gave nothing to anybody, except Abiel Grimes. And Abiel Grimes he pampered. There was nothing too good for Abiel Grimes. He bought a splendid mansion, surrounded himself with luxuries, and kept servants who were no better than so many slaves in his regard. His sister kept house for him, being a poor, quiet, timid, childlike widow, with no other home, nor any means to live without labor. Of all days in the year, Abiel Grimes hated Sundays and holidays. Because he could not vex people in his business transactions on those days, and

because poor people were idle, and seemingly happy, and hated to see people happy. If he could have shut them all up in black pits and kept them to work there all their lives for his gain and comfort, he would have done so. And of all the holidays, Abiel Grimes hated Christmas, and its rejoicing and festivities. And in this state of mind, without ever having a day's illness—going on prosperously in worldly gain and amassing riches—Abiel Grimes reached the age of forty-five, hale and hearty, with a sharp face, iron frame, cold grey eyes, thin hair and a bald head. Now it so happened that one hated Christmas night Abiel Grimes returned to his elegant mansion at the hour of eleven. It was snowing fast and the streets were mostly deserted. The mansion looked grim, and dark, and cold, for there had been no rejoicing there that day, and the servants had all gone to bed. Only the poor housekeeper was sitting up for her brother, to keep the fire bright and his slippers warm, and his water hot for his punch, and to act as his slave and minister to his every whim. Abiel Grimes ascended the high marble steps in no pleasant frame of mind. It had been a long, disagreeable day to him, because everybody had been too happy to feel the venom of hate with which he regarded them. On the upper step he paused in astonishment, which soon merged into rage. Somebody had left a basket on that step—a basket with a handle to it; a basket filled with something which the fast-falling snow had already covered with a thin, pure mantle of white. "The infernal carelessness or impudence of some servant or beggar," muttered Abiel Grimes through his shut teeth, as he raised his foot and gave that basket a vigorous kick. He intended to kick it clear from his cold, hard marble step—no colder and harder than his own marble heart—into the middle of the street. But his design miscarried. The basket struck against the iron rail, bounded back, fell over, and a small bundle rolled out. Then from the small bundle came a feeble wail, a human wail, a cry of innocence appealing to Heaven against the cruel neglect and abuse of mankind. "A living child!" exclaimed the astounded and somewhat horrified Abiel Grimes. "And if I've killed it there'll be the duce to pay." Yes, Abiel Grimes, and the Lord to settle with besides. For a few moments an almost paralyzing terror had possession of this man of iron, while another pitiful wail came up to him from that living bundle his feet. What should he do? Leave the little thing to perish, and have a murder on his conscience, and the coroner at his door? Call a policeman and have it removed and a report reach the press in such a garbled way as to mix him up in a ridiculous scandal? And then—starting thought—what if it had already been fearfully injured by his brutal kick? Might it not even at that awful moment be dying? It was a cold night, but great beads of perspiration came and stood out on the thin, hard face of Abiel Grimes. At that moment a rolicking party of young men turned the corner of the street, and came singing, laughing and shouting forward. In another minute they would pass his door. Heavens! they have already seen him, and what if they should hear and see the child, and find it dying from his brutality. There were courts where men were tried for murder, and Abiel Grimes did not like even to fancy himself standing in the felon's dock. Never did the trembling fingers of that man work faster than in applying the key, turning the bolt and forcing open the door of that palatial mansion. Then he seized the child and the basket, sprang into the marble vestibule, and shut the world out, just as those merry young bloods went singing, laughing, shouting, reeling and rollicking past the dark frolicking windows of his bachelor abode. Hastening to his own elegant sitting-room, where his sister sat waiting for

him, Abiel Grimes fairly burst into the apartment, white and trembling, with the living and walking bundle in one hand and the basket in the other. "Here, Griselida," cried he, as the surprised sister started up in alarm, "there's some beggar's child that I've just stumbled over on my step, and I've—He did not dare to say he had kicked it over to her. The poor sister had a kind heart—she had been a wife and mother, and had lost both mother and child—and she tenderly took the poor little wail, unrolled it, examined it, and then soothed, and kissed, and hugged, and fondled it, till it opened its sweet little blue eyes, and fairly laughed in her face. "Oh, you dear little darling!" she cried, completely oblivious in her abashed delight to the presence of her ogreish brother. "Well," he snapped out at length, "is the child hurt?" "Then throw the she into the fire!" he cried, with a savage steam of his foot. Of course he did not mean to have his sister literally obey his murderous order, but only to understand that the child must be put out of his way, and that he would have nothing more to do with it. "Oh, Abiel, brother, let me keep it, and rear it, and call it mine," pleaded the lone-hearted sister. "I want something to love in my declining years. Let me have this. See, dear Abiel, how sweet the darling looks, and how it smiles even now upon you." And the little baby did at that moment chance to throw out its little hands toward the iron man, and did seem to smile at him, just as babies have before now been known to smile upon their murderers. "Bah!" grunted Abiel Grimes, as he turned away. But he did not escape scathless. A beam from that baby's eyes had darted into his, and that beam had carried a ray of God's sunshine from that pure innocent soul right down into his, warming one tiny little spot, and exciting one of the strongest sensations of his life. Abiel hurried off to bed, without putting on his slippers or making his punch, leaving his sister Griselida alone with the child. She found and prepared some milk for it, and secretly avowed it should never leave her. That night Abiel Grimes dreamed that little blue baby eyes were looking at him; and he got up and hurried off the next morning, as if to escape from the little one and himself. As he made no further protest his sister kept the child in the mansion, but out of his sight, and told the servants it was an unexpected Christmas present, which she prized more highly than gold. One day, seven or eight months later, Abiel came unexpectedly into his own sitting-room, and found the bright and playful little one tied in a chair, hammering its little chubby fists on the cushion before it, and talking to itself in the unknown language of babydom. "Hello!" said Abiel Grimes, halting in front of it; "you're here yet, madame?" "Ja! ja! go, goo!" answered baby, both hands and feet fly up and down as if attached to springs. Again something shot from that pure little soul into the dark, hard soul of Abiel Grimes. "Confound it!" he muttered, "I believe you're a witch!" "Ja! ja! go! goo! ja-goo!" laughed baby, all full of springs. The next moment she was up in those strong arms, and her little velvet cheek was softly pressed against his lips. "I am glad I didn't kill you!" he said. At that moment his sister came hurrying into the room, but paused with fright and astonishment on seeing her brother present and baby in his arms. "The only child I ever saw that I could bear to handle," he observed with a kind of a shudder, as he placed the little one in her arms. "Oh, Abiel, she is in an angel sent from heaven for the comfort of us both!" cried Griselida with a wailing enthusiasm. The brother did not answer, and the sister felt happy that he did not storm and rave.

The secret work of heaven had been done. From that time forward there was a change in Abiel Grimes. The iron began to melt, the stone began to soften, the soul began to humanize, and people who had known Abiel Grimes for years began to wonder. One day a poor man came to plead for a little more time in which to pay his rent. "My little girl's very sick," he said in a voice of distress; with tearful eyes, "and I've been obliged to lose money, and take the money which I've saved for you to buy medicine with for her." "You owe me a month's rent!" said Abiel, taking up his pen and beginning to write. "And if you give me time—?" "You will never pay me!" interrupted Abiel, at the same time handing the poor fellow a receipt in full for the amount, and a five-cent note. "Take that, and go home and nurse your darling; and if not enough for your distress, come back again!" "God bless you!" cried the poor man, bursting into tears. "He has already!" murmured Abiel to himself. "He did it one Christmas night, when He sent me a little angel." "I come to tell you that my husband is dead, and that I cannot, at present, satisfy the mortgage you hold," said a weeping widow to him at another time. "Take the mortgage itself down to the recorder of deeds, madam, and let him write 'satisfied' on it," was the reply of the once hard-hearted man, as he handed the document, together with an order for satisfaction, to his astonished visitor. Like the pent-up waters of a stream when the obstructions give way, because I have not yet lost my Italian peculiarities. The American girl is champagne. She is glittering, foamy, bubbly, sweet, dry, tart—in a word, fizzy! She has not that dreamy, magnetic, mummy loveliness of our Italian girl. And yet there is a cosmopolitan combination in the American girl that makes her a most attractive coquette in her frankness, in her pardonable frivolity, in her being a phenomenon of vessel intrigue! You may lose your head easily with her in a week; and in the way of recollecting what you had said to her yesterday, for she is gifted with memory, but your heart—jamaica! It takes a longer time for that! But be sure she will have both sooner or later. I don't believe she is half as mercenary as she talks, in the vein of what female heart can grow despise. Yet she gives you a strong impression that the alpha and omega of life, is a modiste and a millionaire. My impression of an American girl is one never to be forgotten. She is bright, brisk and business-like. To be concise, I would call the American girl a sort of social ecsticism—full of questions and answers. In many instances she omits the answers and becomes an incarnate questioner. I never experienced such a pleasurable witness-box position in all my life.—Rome Letter.

An Italian in America. Landing at New York by a ferry-boat is the first impression I get of Americans. To us who have no estimate of hurry, and live longer than these people exist, the scene is very attractive—in one sense! The ferry-boat is crossing early in the morning and is full of business men—that proud term of a country which recognizes the dignity of labor and condemns our *dolce far niente*.—No one waits for the chain to be lowered; this chain oftentimes protects a free people from going overboard. They all jump over it, and frequently before the boat touches the wharf. That is progressive young America. And from that early hour until the evening, when they go back on this boat, they are jumping over endless chains of commerce and coins. The republic of hurly! Young men in the prime of life jump into collars! I live on, a type of retrogressive Italy! Oh, progress, progress! On thy altar are the sacrifices of millions of lives, millions of luxuries, and millions of happinesses! I am invited off the ferry-boat and hurried into a cab; I am hurried into a hotel, a bath, a dining-room where a dinner is hurried into me, and then told that this is progress! I am hurried in and out of bed and down Broadway, the veriest gulf stream of all hurly. Yes, it is progress! So is a locomotive on the Hudson River Railroad at eighty miles an hour. So is cabling messages for the daily dress under the Atlantic, when the messages are worth cabling! So is lobbying at Albany on appropriation bills! Progress here is to me a paradox, because I have not yet lost my Italian peculiarities. The American girl is champagne. She is glittering, foamy, bubbly, sweet, dry, tart—in a word, fizzy! She has not that dreamy, magnetic, mummy loveliness of our Italian girl. And yet there is a cosmopolitan combination in the American girl that makes her a most attractive coquette in her frankness, in her pardonable frivolity, in her being a phenomenon of vessel intrigue! You may lose your head easily with her in a week; and in the way of recollecting what you had said to her yesterday, for she is gifted with memory, but your heart—jamaica! It takes a longer time for that! But be sure she will have both sooner or later. I don't believe she is half as mercenary as she talks, in the vein of what female heart can grow despise. Yet she gives you a strong impression that the alpha and omega of life, is a modiste and a millionaire. My impression of an American girl is one never to be forgotten. She is bright, brisk and business-like. To be concise, I would call the American girl a sort of social ecsticism—full of questions and answers. In many instances she omits the answers and becomes an incarnate questioner. I never experienced such a pleasurable witness-box position in all my life.—Rome Letter. Timothy Ruggles was six feet six inches in height and had a fine and stately bearing, and was a man of "finite jest." It is related through traditional sources that the coming in of the Supreme Court of the year 1742, headed by Chief Justice Lyne, an old woman came into the Court House as a witness, and not seeing a seat at hand she was directed by Ruggles to take the Chief Justice's seat, and so she innocently took it. The Court, in all the provincial pomp and circumstance, entered with the accompanied officers and announced "The Court;" whereupon the Chief Justice, with no small degree of indignation, inquired of the old lady "Why was she there." She immediately pointed to Ruggles and said: "That man told me to take this seat." The Chief Justice ordered her to leave the seat, and after the Judge had taken it, turning to Ruggles with a proper degree of indignation and firmness, said: "Mr. Ruggles, why did you give this woman my seat?" Ruggles replied: "I thought it a good place for old women."

