South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher. **Terms--$1.25 Per Year.**

VOL. 28. HAMMONTON, N. J., AUGUST 30, 1890. NO. 35

From Breckenridge, Col.

August 18th, 1890.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN,

Since my last, I have been very busy, and could find no time to write you of my many adventures till now. I will devote this letter to my trip to Decatur, a small mining town on the west side of the main ridge, across from Georgetown, and where the "Atlantic-Pacific Tunnel" emerges from under Gray's Peak. I was invited there by a gentleman to see the mines of that vicinity, and I gladly accepted the invitation, as I had often heard that it was a good mining region, and I wanted to see some large and well worked mines.

On Wednesday morning of last week I started on Billy for that Eldorado, about thirty miles away. The road runs along the Blue river to Dillon, and then up the Snake River, one branch of which heads in the gulches on the side of Gray's Peak. The road down the Blue is gently descending, and Billy galloped easily along until we reached a point about four miles below town, where I turned from the road, onto the bank of a ditch that meandered along the hill side, and ran into a flat some half mile to the right, where placer mining had been done by the use of the waters of the ditch. I had determined (as is usual with me) to take advantage of every reasonable cut-off, and make the distance as short as possible. Here I came into the road to Swan City, which I followed for a mile and a half, and then struck off into a path or trail between the mountains, and followed it for some three miles, until I came out into the main road on the Snake, at Soda Spring, three miles above Dillon. By this route I had saved several miles travel and arrived here at eleven oclock. This is a fine soda spring, and I proposed to stop here and take my lunch and let pony take his on the fine grass which abounds, and drink freely of the mineral water. I had been here before, and knew of the quality of the water. It is a large spring, enclosed by a fence to keep the cattle out (for they like the water very much), stoned up some two feet high, and a platform partly around it. The carbonic acid gas comes bubbling up and impregnates the whole water, which gives it the taste of plain soda water of the fountain. It holds in solution iron and carbonate of soda and many other mineral substances. It is deficient in chloride of sodium (common salt) or it might rival some of the springs at Saratoga as a pleasant and curative water. I did full justice to it for the hour I remained there. There are two quite large deposits of trauertine rock from this spring close by.

About a mile from here is Keystone, the present terminus of the railroad in the direction I was traveling, and the place where all the ore above has to be shipped. There is one small house and barn in Keystone, and this uninhabited by man. The only live thing I saw about there was two burrows (jacks), grazing in an enclosure.

About two miles beyond I came to a quite pretentious house, exhibiting taste and refinement in its construction, in a pine grove, with a sign board nailed to a tree which read, "Elwood." I anxiously peered about to see if I could discover some human being whom I might recognize as a former resident of that namesake in Jersey; but all was as silent as death. No one was there to greet, and I passed on with a feeling of sadness at the desolation there. I soon overtook a man on a burrow, a miner, who was going over the Argentine pass, the pass just above Decatur, to Georgetown. So we jogged on together, he giving me much information in regard to the mines in the vicinity. About eight miles above Keystone the river and road separate, one going to Montezuma, the other to Chihuahua and Decatur. The railroad has been graded along as intervale, to this point, and there is quite an agitation among the people, especially mine owners, to have it completed to this place. Two miles beyond is Chihuahua (Chiwawa). This was quite a town, with an ore mill of some kind, and stores, saloons, etc.; but last fall a fire in the woods swept away the mill, all the business houses, and many dwellings, and now a few blackened remains are all that is left of the once prosperous and quite populous town, except four families that still live there among the ruins. It was a sad and depressing sight.

Now the western sky became dark, and the mutterings of thunder were heard, and I galloped on and left my companion with his burrow behind. I reached Decatur just in time to get Billy and myself under cover before the rain came down. I found a miner here who had lived and worked in Breckenridge, and he told me much about the country and mines about Decatur. I had to go yet some two miles to the cabin of my host, and after an hour's waiting it seemed to clear up, and I started on to climb up above the timber line to my journey's end. The rain began again, harder than ever. Billy could only walk up the steep, and I got thoroughly soaked through my gossamer rubber overcoat. My friend was awaiting me with a good warm fire, and soon had all as comfortable as circumstances would admit.

This was the first time I had attempted to stay over night above timber line. Some of my readers may not know what is meant by timber-line, and I will have to explain.

TIMBER LINE

Means the line along the mountain side where timber ceases to grow. It corresponds to the frigid zone, where it is too cold for timber to live. So you can reach the frigid zone by going up, as well as by going north or south of the equator. Every 300 feet in height is equal to a degree in latitude, and by reaching a height of 13000 feet, timber ceases to grow in this latitude,—it has reached the frigid zone, where frost every night in the short warm season interferes with tree growth. This line is not regular, but varies from 11,000 to 13,000 feet, according to the cold and warm currents of air striking the spot. These currents are controlled by the contour of the surrounding country. A mountain may protect a spot from cold currents of air, and this line rises 1000 feet higher than where a low place lets a cold stream of air through to strike a mountain side. Such currents, when strong, cause the trees to trail along the ground like a vine. I have seen pine trees, 18 inches through, thus lying along the ground and throwing up limbs two or three feet high, the body attaining a length of perhaps twenty feet. So pressed to the ground, it can do no otherwise but grow in that manner. Such trees may be a hundred years old, or more. There is but a short time in the year that they can grow at all, and then but little. What struggling for existence! A precarious life is maintained along a narrow zone, and then as you ascend, conditions are too severe, and the hardy pine life ceases.

The tops of all the higher peaks and ranges, for a thousand feet or more in height, are free from trees; and below, along their sides, they are usually covered with pine, spruce, and fir. Grass and tiny flowers—mosses—persist to the very tops, where there is any soil in which to take root. The valleys and side-hills may have openings in the timber, that might be called prairies, but here are called parks. These untimbered spaces are sometimes very large,—the North, South, and Middle Parks are each from 50 to 100 miles long, and in places very large. We are between the South and Middle Parks.

I have made a long digression from my story, to give my younger readers a correct idea of the country, and must reserve for my next letter a description of the mines and country about Decatur.

Yours, &c.,

A. J. KING.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 31, 1890.

Entering the Kingdom.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 18: 15-30. Memory verses: 15-17.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the Saviour of Men.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *He is able to save to the uttermost.*—Heb. 7: 25.

LESSON TOPIC: *Encouraging the Lowly Disciple.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Child-like Approach Commended, vs. 15-17.
2. Worldly-Mindedness Condemned, vs. 18-25.
3. Complete Surrender Rewarded, vs. 26-30.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.* Luke—18: 17.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Luke 18: 15-30. Entering the kingdom.
T.—Matt. 19: 13-30. Matthew's parallel narrative.
W.—Mark 10: 13-31. Mark's parallel narrative.
T.—Matt. 18: 1-14. Little ones of the kingdom.
F.—1 John 2: 15-29. Love of the world.
S.—1 Tim. 6: 1-21. Perils of wealth.
S.—Luke 9: 57-62. Entireness of surrender.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. CHILD-LIKE APPROACH COMMENDED.

I. Children Brought:

They brought unto him also their babes (15).
As long as he liveth he is granted to the Lord (1 Sam. 1: 28).
Then were there brought unto him little children (Matt. 19: 13).
They brought him....to present him to the Lord (Luke 2: 22).
From a babe thou hast known the sacred writings (2 Tim. 3: 15).

II. Children Welcomed:

Suffer the little children to come, ...forbid them not (16).
He called to him a little child; and set him in the midst (Matt. 18: 2).
Forbid them not, to come unto me (Matt. 19: 14).
He took them in his arms, and blessed them (Mark 10: 16).
Nurture them in the...admonition of the Lord (Eph. 6: 4).

III. Child-likeness Commended:

Not receive....as a little child,....in no wise enter (17).
I have stilled....my soul; like a weaned child (Psa. 131: 2).
Except ye....become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter (Matt. 18: 3).
In malice be ye babes (1 Cor. 14: 20).
As newborn babes, long for the spiritual milk (1 Pet. 2: 2).

1. "They brought unto him also their babes." (1) Infantile need; (2) Parental desire; (3) Divine sufficiency.—(1) Mothers: (2) Babes; (3) Jesus.
2. "Suffer the little children to come unto me." (1) Need; (2) Supply; (3) Access.—(1) The little children; (2) The loving Lord; (3) The tender permission.
3. "Whosoever shall not receive,.... shall in no wise enter." (1) The desired entrance; (2) The essential condition.—(1) The heavenly kingdom; (2) The lowly door.

II. WORLDLY-MINDEDNESS CONDEMNED.

I. Eternal Life Sought:

What shall I do to inherit eternal life? (18).
What....shall I do, that I may have eternal life? (Matt. 19: 16).
What then must we do? (Luke 3: 10).
I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest (Luke 9: 57).
Sirs, what must I do to be saved? (Acts 16: 30).

II. Worldly Wealth Preferred:

He became exceeding sorrowful; for he was very rich (23).
If riches increase, set not your heart thereon (Psa. 62: 10).
Riches certainly make themselves wings (Prov. 23: 5).
He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be unpunished (Prov. 28: 20).
Demas forsook me, having loved this present world (2 Tim. 4: 10).

III. Eternal Salvation Jeopardized:

How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom (24).
Will thy riches suffice, that thou be not in distress? (Job. 36: 19).
There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing (Prov. 13: 7).
Where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also (Matt. 6: 21).
The deceitfulness of riches, choke the word (Matt. 13: 22).

1. "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" (1) An anxious inquirer; (2) A momentous inquiry; (3) A competent Instructor.—(1) Humanity's greatest question; (2) Humanity's grandest Instructor.
2. "One thing thou lackest yet." (1) His heavenly goal; (2) His large preparation; (3) His fatal lack.—(1) A single deficiency; (2) A fatal deficiency.
3. "He became exceeding sorrowful." (1) Longing for eternal life; (2) Clinging to worldly wealth; (3) Wavering in indecision.

III. COMPLETE SURRENDER REWARDED.

I. Surrender Possible:

Things which are impossible with men are possible with God (27).
Is anything too hard for the Lord? (Gen. 18: 14).
God is...a very present help in trouble (Psa. 46: 1).
My grace is sufficient for thee (2 Cor. 12: 9).
Be strong in the Lord, and in the strength of his might (Eph. 6: 10).

II. Surrender Actual:

Lo, we have left our own, and followed thee (28).
Lo, we have left all, and followed thee Matt. 19: 27).
I hold not my life of any account (Acts 20: 24).
I am ready....to die....for the name of the Lord Jesus (Acts 21: 13).
I can do all things in him (Phil. 4: 13).

III. Surrender Rewarded:

Manifold more in this time, and.... eternal life (30).
The Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before (Job. 42: 10).
Sell,....distribute,....and thou shalt have treasure in heaven (Luke 18: 22).
There is laid up for me the crown (2 Tim. 4: 8).
I will give thee the crown of life (Rev. 2: 10).

1. "Then who can be saved?" (1) A desirable end; (2) A difficult way.—Salvation (1) Impossible with men; (2) Possible with God.
2. "Lo, we have left our own and followed thee." (1) Leaving worldly things; (2) Pursuing spiritual things.—(1) Self-renounced; (2) Christ accepted.
3. "Manifold more in this time, and in the world to come eternal life." (1) Earthly rewards; (2) Heavenly rewards.—(1) Manifold increase here; (2) Eternal blessedness hereafter.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

Not of this world (John 18: 36).
Saints its subjects (Col. 1: 13).
Entered in lowliness (Matt. 18: 3, 4: Luke 18: 16, 17).
Founded in righteousness (Psa. 45: 6, 7; Heb. 1: 8, 9).
Everlasting (Dan. 2: 44; 7: 14; Luke 1: 33).
Triumphant (Mark 22: 36; Rev. 17: 14).
Universal (Psa. 2: 8; 72: 8; Rev. 11: 15).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—The interval between this lesson and the last seems to have been very brief, Matthew (Matt. 18: 3-12) and Mark (Mark 10: 2-12), however, tell of a discourse about divorce, which seems to have immediately preceded the blessing of the children. No other intervening event is recorded.

PLACE.—Probably in Perea, not far from Jericho.

TIME.—In the latter part of March, 783 A. U. C.; that is, A. D. 30, as Andrews and Robinson maintain. Archbishop Thomson, however, places it earlier; as already intimated.

PERSONS.—Our Lord, with his disciples; parents with their babes; a rich ruler,—or a young man, according to Matthew; Peter, speaking for the disciples.

INCIDENTS.—Parents bring their babes to Jesus, but are rebuked by the disciples; Jesus reproves them for the rebuke, saying that it is necessary to receive the Kingdom of God as a little child. A ruler comes, asking what he shall do to inherit eternal life; our Lord answers him, telling him that God only is good, and recounting the more practical duties of the law; the ruler claims to have obeyed these; our Lord bids him sell all that he has, distribute to the poor, and follow him; the ruler is sorrowful; our Lord declares how hard it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God; then explains that God can accomplish what man cannot. Peter speaks of the disciples' leaving all to follow Jesus: he tells them of the reward for such here and hereafter.

PARALLEL PASSAGES. Matthew 19: 13-30; Mark 10: 13-31.

Out of Town.

A crippled child was taken out of the slums in Philadelphia one summer to a fram-house among the hills, where she remained for a fortnight. It was her first visit to the country. The next summer the farmer's wife went to the city to find the child, and to bring her home with her. But want and foul air had conquered. She was dying.

"I wish I could go," she said, with eager eyes. "Are the fields green this year? And are the trees growing the same way still?"

A poor shop-girl, with some of her companions, was taken by a good woman to the seashore for the first time. Her friend, seeing her standing alone on the beach, went up to her and found her weeping.

"Excuse me, ma'am," she said, "but I'm not used to these swell things."

Do we realize that there are in this free, bountiful country people so poor that the sea and fields and all good things seem to them to belong only to the "swell" rich?

Children's Relief and Fresh Air Funds are doing much in our cities to give to the overworked poor in their garrets and alleys a glimpse of the country during the summer, but there are still countless thousands who are left behind.

Cannot some of the families who read this paper, and to whom sea and woods and fields are familiar things, give to some other child, stifling among the hot bricks of the city, a sight of them this summer?

—A straightaway track will be one of the innovations made by the new managers of the Saratoga track, and one thousand dollar purses will be offered next season.

—William Powell, late of the Springville Farm, may succed W. J. Andrews as head trainer at Village Farm.

THE SEA OTTER.

The Fur is More Expensive Than Sealskin.

Perhaps few people are aware that the most expensive fur in the market is that of the sea otter, and that a good deal of it comes from the Pacific coast of the new State of Washington. The territory in which they are taken is very limited, being only from Damon's Point, on the northern entrance to Gray's Harbor, up to Point Greenville, a distance of about 24 miles.

Unlike that of the seal, the fur of the sea otter requires no plucking of hair or coloring—in fact, the most valuable skins are those which are speckled through with a silver-tipped hair, the addition of this hair adding 25 to 50 per cent, to the price of the skin.

The hunters build for themselves derricks about forty feet high, by taking three slim poles or pieces of timber, each about forty feet in length, and bolting them securely together at one end for the top, then spread them about twenty-five feet apart at the bottom, giving the appearance of a huge tripod. These are set on the ocean beach, about midway between high and low tides, the foot of the poles being imbedded in the sand from two to three feet. The structure is then thoroughly braced and a ladder built to the top by nailing pieces at convenient distances crosswise on the inland.

About eighteen inches below the top of the tripod cross timbers are secured to the legs, and upon these cross timbers a floor from four to five feet square is laid, and on the oceanward and two adjoining side walls are built up from three and a half to four feet in height. On the land side a door is constructed to allow the hunter easy ingress and egress to and from his "crow's nest." On the top of the tripod, which extends about eighteen inches above the floor, a seat is constructed, and around the inside of the wall a row of shelving is placed.

At low tide, when the wind is propitious, the hunter hies himself to his crow's nest, armed with a good pair of glasses, a Sharp's rifle, a lunch and a little something to keep himself warm, and for six long hours he scans the line of the ocean just outside of the breakers, when he most expects his game to appear.

When the tide first begins to flood his range is about 600 yards, as it runs in the range is shortened to 200 or 300 yards. Even at these latter distances it requires close calculation to know just how to shoot to overcome the rise and fall of the ocean swell and the effect of the wind upon the bullets. It is said that not one out of 100 shots of the best marksmen is effective. When the tide is full the derrick stands in the midst of the breakers, and a land lubber like myself feels a little squeamish, looking down from the dizzy heights on the rolling waters below.

The shooting is generally done on a flood-tide, so the animal when killed will wash ashore, and even then it is sometimes three or four days after one is killed before it is beached. Undoubtedly many others are killed and never do come ashore.

Each hunter marks his bullets with a mark known to the other hunters, and when an otter is found on the beach, the first duty of the finder is to look for the bullet and ascertain who is the rightful owner, for this sign is respected among the hunters as sacredly as marks and brands are among stockmen. When an otter comes ashore with no bullet on him, as frequently occurs, the bullet having gone clean through the body, and no notice having been given, it is regarded as a "slick car" in stockmen's parlance, and belongs to the finder.

Sometimes an otter, on receiving a death-shot, sinks, but the hunter generally knows when he has hit his mark. By observing the water with his glasses, he can discern, even at the greater distances which they shoot, the coloring of the water from the blood of the animal; and, if he does not come ashore on that tide, notice is at once given to the other hunters, who are then on the alert to find him. But I opine that beach combers, in the shape of stealthy Indians, get away with many an otter killed by the white hunters. I have had occasion many times to pass along the beach at daylight during the hunting season, but I always found the flat tracks of the siwash just ahead of me, printed there since the last high tide.

The Indians hunt the sea otter in canoes, going out and coming in through the surf. Sometimes they go 15 or 20 miles to sea and stay out several days. But when they hunt along within a mile or two of the shore, then there is blood on the face of the moon, and the white hunter "waxeth wroth," for the Indian scares away his game. When taken, the otter is skinned whole, as it were, by cutting across the hunches and stripping the skin down the body and over the head. The skin is then turned, the fur in, and a board shoved through it. It is then tightened by driving a wedge-shaped piece down on one side between the board and the skin, and another contrarywise on the other. All the grease is then carefully removed, and the skin is dried and laid away, ready for the market.

An average skin is about five feet long by twelve inches wide, double, or when cut, twenty-four inches wide, and in the hunter's hands, is valued at from $90 to $120; but these prices leave a handsome margin to the fur men who handle them. In Russia an overcoat made from these same otter skins brings from $1,000 to $2,000, while in China even more is sometimes paid.

The season for killing sea otter extends from May to October, and so scarce is this game becoming, that four a season is considered doing well by any hunter. In fact, some pass the season without taking any.

The hunters have a rule among themselves—which is strictly observed—that only one derrick can be allowed within a range, i. e., about a half mile, thus giving the whole beach a regularity of appearance not elsewhere observable.

"BEG YOUR PARDON."

The Talismanic Virtue of the Phrase Illustrated by Various Examples.

What talismanic virtue there is in the three brief words, "Beg your pardon!" You dig your elbow into a gentleman's ribs in making your way through a crowd, and as he turns, irate, to administer the "upper cut," you utter the magic phrase in deprecating tones. Down drops his arm, his honor is satisfied, and, notwithstanding the blue mark on his intercostal region, he grins horribly a ghastly smile, and bows his head as if in acknowledgment of an act of courtesy.

Passing along the avenue of knees in a street car, in obedience to the "move up" of the packing agent of one of those social Black Marias, you come down with maddening emphasis on an unpruned corn. The furious exclamation which follows, the deed as naturally as foam from the drawn cork of a bottle of champagne is arrested in the middle with an obsequious "*beg* your pardon!" and the expletive never reaches Heaven's Chancery to trouble the eyes of the Recording Angel.

You tread on the "trail" of a lady and "r-r-r-ip" go the gathers. In tremulous semitones, plaintive as the "last sigh of the Moor," you solicit forgiveness; and she—no, *beg pardon*, she does *not* forgive you, but with a scowl that reminds you of the most vindictive of the Don's tormentors, she passes on, thinking daggers, but saying nothing.

If you wish to insult a man without imperiling your personal safety, disarm him in advance with this saving clause, as thus: "Beg your pardon, sir, but what you say can not be the fact; it is utterly impossible." The deprecatory prefix is like a whiff of chloroform before the pulling of a tooth. Under the influence of a full dose of it we have known a regular fire-eater to endure the lie circumstantial and even the lie direct without wincing. "It" is a good pain-killer in some cases, but you may throw any quantity of moral vitriol in the face of a person you dislike, with perfect impunity, if you accompany the aspersion with plenty of "beg-your-pardons." The pardoning power is the most royal of human prerogatives. It tickles one's vanity to exercise it.—N. Y. Ledger.

Confusion of Tongues.

A five-year-old boy had been spending the afternoon at the house of *one of* his playmates, says the Boston Transcript.

The little fellow came home full of stories about Jennie's wonderful nurse, who, as it appeared, had said many curious things during the afternoon.

"Well, well," said the boy's father at last, "what *is* the nurse—French, German, or what?"

"I don't know," answered Harry, "but I guess she must be broken English; it sounded like that."

A Small Boy's Imagining.

What imaginative creatures children are, to be sure. There is one little Washington boy who explained to his mother while she was undressing him the other night a most extraordinary metaphysical theory of his own invention. It was that there was nothing in the world that had any real existence outside of his own immediate personality. Wherever he went, and to however great a distance, there were always substantial surroundings, but his notion was that perhaps when he left any particular locality those surroundings went out of being at once having served the sole purpose of their creation by providing him with a necessary environment. According to this idea of his, when he journeyed through the city in a car, block after block of buildings and street after street sprang up instantaneously for his benefit, quickly vanishing when he had passed out of view.—Washington Star.

What the British Soldier Eats.

Writing about the British army, General Wolseley says in *Harper's* that the pay of a private soldier of a line regiment—which is the smallest man's rate of pay in the army—is one shilling per diem. In addition to his pay he receives a daily ration of three-quarters of a pound of meat and one pound of white bread. *During peace everything else he requires* as food he has to purchase from his daily pay. When on active service he is well fed free of charge.

There has been a great deal of nonsense talked and written of late about the insufficiency of the soldier's food. The fact is he gets plenty to eat, but he has to pay for much of it out of his own pocket. Examine any corps on parade, and the plump, ruddy appearance of the men will prove how well he is fed. In addition to the daily rations which I have already described, every company mess purchases tea, sugar, milk, vegetables, etc., at a daily cost of about 3½d. to each man. Most men also buy in their canteens beer, hot sausages, butter, jam, and other luxuries. In his recreation-room the soldier *can be served at all hours with good tea*, coffee bread and butter, etc. The question for the Government to consider is how much of the soldier's daily food is to be *paid for by the State*.

BAD TASTE IN JOKES.

How the Vacant and the Vulgar Mind Betrays Itself.

A sunny-faced boy stood in old Mr. Bell's office beside the window where hung the painted sign: "Boy wanted."

"Weren't you standing out here on the sidewalk five minutes ago," questioned the gentleman, "when a policeman was trying to lift that drunken man out of the gutter?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were laughing, I saw. Funny sight, wasn't it?" The boy's face dimpled in smiles.

"Yes, sir," he said, frankly. "As soon as the policeman got him up the fellow's knees would bend right up again. Ben—he's a fellow I know—he said he wished he could photograph 'em."

"Now, my boy," said the old gentleman, "I don't want you. If you could write like a copy-book and add figures like lightning I wouldn't have you in my office. A boy who laughs at a drunken man isn't the boy for me."

As George Eliot has told us, though perhaps not in these words, "A great deal of misery arises from a difference of taste in jokes." One man thinks it exceedingly clever to remember and repeat conundrums founded on the Scriptures, but he never guesses how often he thereby offends some "little one" too gentle to remonstrate. Another makes public fun of mothers-in-law, second wives or other pet victims of stock jokes, and plants a sting under the armor of some smiling listener.

There is little distinction in belonging to that large and uncultivated majority who "laugh at every thing," and laugh at nothing. Such people titter when a bird flies into the window of a public hall: the act is unusual, and therefore "funny." Not one of them thinks of exerting himself to help the bewildered creature out.

At a recent performance in a large place of amusement a bat flew out from some dark recess behind the curtain, and thereby excited the audience to a frenzy of delight. Such laughter, however, is merely foolish, like "the crackling of thorns under the pot," but that excited by a coarse or degrading spectacle bespeaks not only the vacant but the vulgar mind. An intoxicated man or woman is never "funny" to persons of refined sensibilities. Mental and physical deformity is never ridiculous to the man of thought and feeling. "But for the grace of God," he says to himself, reverently, "I might have been such myself."—Youth's Companion.

Saving Coffee.

It would be almost useless to try to convince any good cook that her coffee was not as good as that made by her neighbor. I will not, therefore, try to argue this point, but I would like to make a suggestion or two that might be of some use to those who are willing to try them.

With very few exceptions the custom is prevalent to use the white of an egg "to settle it"—the coffee, I mean. I think with very little reasoning you will agree with me that the white of an egg forms a coating over each grain of coffee, and this prevents it from becoming of as much use as it should, because the water cannot soak through the grains, and it is, therefore, extravagance to those of moderate means who use coffee in this manner. Another point: instead of using boiling water to pour on the coffee before putting to boil, use cold water, and let it stand a few minutes before putting on the stove. Try it.

A Good Mourner.

Mr. Biznis—Whew! but I'm tired out!

Mrs. Biznis—What is the matter?

Mr. Biznis—The second bookkeeper asked me for a half-day off to attend his aunt's funeral; and, like a smart Aleck, I said I would go with him.

Mrs. Biznis—Was it a very good game? What was the score?

Mr. Biznis—That's just where I got fooled myself. He really was going to his aunt's funeral, and I was the saddest mourner in the confounded crowd.

Feminine Generalities.

Miss De Fashion (breathlessly)—Oh, mother! It won't do to wait three weeks before having my party. We must send out the invitations at once and have it this week.

Mrs. De Fashion—Goodness Yes! What's the hurry?

Miss De Fashion—That odious Miss De Pretty, whom Mr. Richfellow so much admires, has a boil on her nose.

A Pleasant Pastime.

"It was ever so kind of you to bring me this box of candy," said the young lady to George. "I think they are exceedingly nice."

"That's the way it goes," said George, as he dropped another bonbon into her mouth. "Put a caramel into the slot and get some taffy."

Where Ignorance is Bliss.

Mother—You are a great big girl, Fanny, but you are afraid to sleep alone, and there is your little sister Jenny, who is not half your age, and she is not afraid.

Fanny—You see, Ma, she isn't old enough to have any sense yet.

Camphor has a remarkable power of absorbing sulphurous acid.

—The Sire Bros. are so well pleased with Rosalind Wilkes' performance in the free-for-all at Buffalo that they reiterate their desire to match their great mare against Belle Hamlin for $2500 or $5000 a side.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Farming a Gospel Type."
(Preached Before the American Farmers' Encampment at Mount Gretna, Penn.)

TEXT: *Elisha, the son of Shaphat, who was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth.*—I Kings xix., 19.

Farmers of America! Accept my salutation. Our text puts us down into the plow's furrow, where many of us have been before. My boyhood passed on a farm and my father a farmer, your style of life is familiar to me. One of my earliest recollections is that of my father coming in from the hot harvest field exhausted, the perspiration streaming from his forehead and chin, and fainting on the doorsill, and my mother resuscitating him, until seeing the alarm of the household he said: "Don't be frightened. I got a little tired and the sun was hot, but I am all right now." And I remember mother seated at the table, often saying, "Well, I am too tired to eat." The fact is that I do not think the old folks got thoroughly rested until they lay down in the graveyard back of Somerville to take the last sleep.

Office seekers go through the land and they stand on political platforms, and they tell the farmers the story about the independent life of a farmer, giving flattery where they ought to give sympathy. Independent of what? No class of people in this country have it harder than farmers. Independent of what? Of the curculio that stings the peach or of the rust in the wheat? of the long rain with the rye down? Independent of the grasshopper? of the locust? of the army worm? of the potato bug? Independent of the drought that burns up the harvest? Independent of the cow with the hollow horn? or the sheep with the foot rot? or the pet horse with a nail in his hoof? Independent of the cold that freezes out the winter's grain? Independent of the snowbank out of which he must shovel himself? Independent of the cold weather when he stands threshing his numbed fingers around his body to keep them from being frosted? Independent of the frozen ears and the frozen feet? Independent of what? Fancy farmers who have made their fortunes in the city and go out into the country to build houses with all the modern improvements, and make farming a luxury, may not need any solace; but the yeomanry who get their living out of the soil, and who that way have to clothe their families and educate their children and pay their taxes and meet their interest on mortgaged farms—such men find a terrific struggle. And my hope is that this great National Farmers' Encampment may do something toward lifting the burdens of the agriculturist. Yes, we were nearly all of us born in the country. We dropped corn in the hill, and went on Saturday to the mill, tying the grist in the centre of the sack so that the contents on either side of the horse balanced each other, and drove the cattle afield, our bare feet wet with the dew, and rode the horses with the halter to the brook until we fell off, and hunted the mow for nests until the feathered occupants went cackling away. So we all understand rustic allusions. The Bible is full of them. In Christ's sermon on the mount you see the full blown lilies and the glossy back of the crow's wing as it flies over Mount Olivet. David and John, Paul and Isaiah find in country life a source of frequent illustration, while Christ takes the responsibility of calling God a farmer, declaring, "My Father is the husbandman."

Noah was the first farmer. We say nothing about Cain, the tiller of the soil. Adam was a gardener on a large scale, but to Noah was given all the acres of the earth. Elisha was an agriculturist, not culturing a ten acre lot; for in my text you find him plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth. In Bible times the land was so plenty and the inhabitants so few that Noah was right when he gave to every inhabitant a certain portion of land; that land, if cultured, ever after to be his own possession.

They were not small crops raised in those times, for though the arts were rude the plow turned up very rich soil, and barley, and cotton, and flax, and all kinds of grain came up at the call of the harvesters. Pliny tells of one stalk of grain that had on it between three and four hundred ears. The rivers and the brooks, through artificial channels, were brought down to the roots of the corn, and to this habit of turning a river wherever it was wanted Solomon refers when he says: "The King's heart is in the hand of the Lord, and He turneth it as the rivers of water are turned, whithersoever He will."

The wild beasts were caught, and then a hook was put into their nose, and then they were led over the field, and to that God refers when He says to wicked Sennacherib, "I will put a hook in thy nose and I will bring thee back by the way which thou camest." And God has a hook in every man's nose, whether it be Nebuchadnezzar or Ahab or Herod. He may think himself very independent, but some time in his life or in the hour of his death he will find that the Lord Almighty has a hook in his nose.

This was the rule in regard to the culture of the ground, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together," illustrating the folly of ever putting intelligent and useful and pliable men in association with the stubborn and the unmanageable. The vast majority of trouble in the churches and in reformatory institutions comes from the disregard of this command of the Lord, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together."

There were large amounts of property invested in cattle. The Moabites paid 100,000 sheep as an annual tax. Job had 7000 sheep, 3000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen. The time of vintage was ushered in with mirth and music. The clusters of the vine were put into the wine press, and then five men would get into the press and trample out the juice from the grape until their garments were saturated with the wine and had become the emblems of slaughter. Christ Himself, wounded until covered with the blood of crucifixion, made use of this allusion when the question was asked: "Wherefore art Thou red in Thine apparel and Thy garments like one who treadeth the wine vat?" He responded: "I have trodden the wine press alone."

In all ages there has been great honor paid to agriculture. Seven-eighths of the people in every country are disciples of the plow. A government is strong in proportion as it is supported by an athletic and industrious yeomanry. So long ago as before the fall of Carthage Strabo wrote twenty-eight books on agriculture; Hesiod wrote a poem on the same subject—"The Weeks and Days." Cato was prouder of his work on husbandry than of all his military conquests. But I must not be tempted into a discussion of agricultural conquests. Standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of the Bible, and standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of our own country—I want to run out the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace in the soul—all these sacred writers making use of that analogy.

In the first place I remark, in grace as in the fields, there must be a plow. That which theologians call conviction is only the plowshare turning up the sins that have been rooted and matted in the soil. A farmer said to his indolent son, "There are a hundred dollars buried deep in that field." The son went to work and plowed the field from fence to fence, and he plowed it very deep and then complained that he had not found the money, but when the crop had been gathered and sold for a hundred dollars more than any previous year, then the young man took the hint as to what his father meant when he said there were a hundred dollars buried down in that field. Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. He who makes light of sin will never amount to anything in the church or in the world. If a man speaks of sin as though it were an inaccuracy or a mistake, instead of the loathsome, abominable, consuming and damning thing that God hates, that man will never yield a harvest of usefulness.

When I was a boy I plowed a field with a team of spirited horses. I plowed it very quickly. Once in a while I passed over some of the sod without turning it, but I did not jerk back the plow with its rattling clevises. I thought it made no difference. After a while my father came along and said: "Why, this will never do; this isn't plowed deep enough; there you have missed this and you have missed that." And he plowed it over again. The difficulty with a great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction when the subsoil plow of God's truth ought to be put in up to the beam.

My word is to all Sabbath-school teachers, to all parents, to all Christian workers—plow deep! plow deep!

And if in your own personal experience you are apt to take a lenient view of the sinful side of your nature put down into your soul the ten commandments which reveal the holiness of God, and that sharp and glittering coulter will turn up your soul to the deepest depths. If a man preaches to you that you are only a little out of order by reason of sin and that you need only a little fixing up, he deceives! You have suffered an appalling injury by reason of sin. There are quick poisons and slow poisons, but the druggist could give you one drop that would kill the body. And sin is like that drug; so virulent, so poisonous, so fatal that one drop is enough to kill the soul.

Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. Broken heart or no religion. Broken soul or no harvest. Why was it that David and the jailer and the publican and Paul made such ado about their sins? Had they lost their senses? No. The plowshare struck them. Conviction turned up a great many things that were forgotten. As a farmer plowing sometimes turns up the skeleton of a man or the anatomy of a monster long ago buried, so the plowshare of conviction turns up the ghastly skeletons of sin long ago intombed. Geologists never brought up from the depths of the mountain mightier ichthyosaurus or megatherium.

But what means all this crooked plowing, these crooked furrows, the repentance that amounts to nothing, the repentance that ends in nothing? Men groan over their sins, but get no better. They weep, but their tears are not counted. They get convicted, but not converted. What is the reason? I remember that on the farm we set a standard with a red flag at the other end of the field. We kept our eye on that. We aimed at that. We plowed up to that. Losing sight of that we made a crooked furrow. Keeping our eyes on that we made a straight furrow. Now in this matter of conviction we must have some standard to guide us. It is a red standard *that* God has set at the other end of the field. It is the cross. Keeping your eye on that you will make a straight furrow. Losing sight of it you will make a crooked furrow. Plow up to the cross. Aim not at either end of the horizontal piece of the cross but at the upright piece, at the centre of it, the heart of the Son of God, who bore your sins and made satisfaction. Crying and weeping will not bring you through. "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, plow up to the cross!

Again I remark, in grace as in the field there must be a sowing. In the autumn weather you find the farmer going across the field at a stride of about twenty-three inches, and at every stride he puts his hand into the sack of grain and he sprinkles the seed corn over the field. It looks silly to a man who does not know what he is doing. He is doing a very important work. He is scattering the winter grain, and though the snow may come, the next year there will be a great crop. Now, that is what we are doing when we are preaching the Gospel—we are scattering the seed. It is the foolishness of preaching, but it is the winter grain; and though the snow of worldliness may come upon it, it will yield after a while glorious harvest. Let us be sure we sow the right kind of seed. Sow mullen stalk and mullen stalk will come up. Sow Canada thistles and Canada thistles will come up. Sow wheat and wheat will come up. Let us distinguish between truth and error. Let us know the difference between wheat and hellebore, oats and henbane.

The largest denomination in this country is the denomination of Nothingarians. Their religion is a system of negations. You say to one of them: "What do you believe?" "Well, I don't believe in infant baptism." "What do you believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the perseverance of the saints." "Well, now tell me what you do believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the eternal punishment of the wicked." So their religion is a row of cyphers. Believe something and teach it; or, to resume the figure of my text, scatter abroad the right kind of seed.

A minister in New York preached a sermon calculated to set the denominations of Christians quarreling. He was sowing nettles. A minister in Boston advertised that he would preach a sermon on the superiority of transcendental and organized forces to untranscendental and unorganized forces. What was he sowing? The Lord Jesus Christ nineteen centuries ago planted the divine seed of doctrine. It sprang up. On one side of the stalk are all the churches of Christendom. On the other side of the stalk are all the free Governments of the earth, and on the top there shall be a flowering millennium after a while. All from the Gospel seed of doctrine. Every word that a parent or Sabbath-school teacher, or city missionary, or other Christian worker speaks for Christ comes up. Yea, it comes up with compound interest—you saving one soul, that one saving ten, the ten a hundred, the hundred a thousand, the thousand ten thousand, the ten thousand one hundred thousand—on, on forever.

Again I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a harrowing. I refer now not to a harrow that goes over the field in order to prepare the ground for the seed, but a harrow which goes over after the seed is sown, lest the birds pick up the seed, sinking it down into the earth so that it can take root. There are new kinds of harrow, but the harrow as I remember it was made of bars of wood nailed across each other, and the under side of each bar was furnished with sharp teeth, and when the horses were hitched to it it went tearing and leaping across the field, driving the seed down into the earth until it sprung up in the harvest. Bereavement, sorrow, persecution are the Lord's harrows to sink the Gospel truth into your heart. There were truths that you heard thirty years ago that have not affected you until recently. Some great trouble came over you, and the truth was harrowed in, and it has come up. What did God mean in this country in 1857? For a century there was the Gospel preached, but a great deal of it produced no result. Then God harnessed a wild panic to a harrow of commercial disaster, and that harrow went down Wall street and up Wall street, down Third street and up Third street, down State street and up State street, until the whole land was torn to pieces as it never had been before. What followed the harrow? A great awakening in which there were 500,000 souls brought into the kingdom of our Lord. No harrow, no crop.

Again I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a reaping. Many Christians speak of religion as though it were a matter of economics or insurance. They expect to reap in the next world. Oh, no! Now is the time to reap. Gather up the joy of the Christian religion this morning, this afternoon, this night. If you have not as much grace as you would like to have, thank God for what you have, and pray for more. You are no worse enslaved than Joseph, no worse troubled than was David, no worse scourged than was Paul. Yet, amid the rattling of fetters, and amid the gloom of dungeons, and amid the horror of shipwreck, they triumphed in the grace of God. The weakest man here has 500 acres of spiritual joy all ripe. Why do you not go and reap it? You have been groaning over your infirmities for thirty years. Now give one round shout over your emancipation. You say you have it so hard; you might have it worse. You wonder why this great cold trouble keeps revolving through your soul, turning and turning, with a black hand on the crank. Ah, that trouble is the grindstone on which you are to sharpen your sickle. To the fields! Wake up! Take off your green spectacles, your blue spectacles, your black spectacles. Pull up the corners of your mouth as far as you pull them down. To the fields! Reap! reap!

Again I remark, in grace as in farming there is a time for threshing. I tell you bluntly that is death. Just as a farmer beats the wheat out of the straw so death beats the soul out of the body. Every sickness is a stroke of the flail, and the sickbed is the threshing floor. What, say you, is death to a good man only taking the wheat out of the straw? That is all. An aged man has fallen asleep. Only yesterday you saw him in the sunny porch playing with his grandchildren. Calmly he received the message to leave this world. He bade a pleasant good-by to his old friends. The telegraph carries the tidings, and on swift rail trains the kindred come, wanting once more to look on the face of dear old grandfather. Brush back the gray hairs from his brow; it will never ache again. Put him away in the slumber of the tomb. He will not be afraid of that night. Grandfather was never afraid of anything. He will rise in the morning of the resurrection. Grandfather was always the first to rise. His voice has already mingled in the doxology of heaven. Grandfather always did sing in church. Anything ghastly in that? No. The threshing of the wheat out of the straw. That is all.

The Saviour folds a lamb in His bosom. The little child filled all the house with her music, and her toys are scattered all up and down the stairs just as she left them. What if the hand that plucked four o'clocks out of the meadow is still? It will wave the eternal triumph. What if the voice that made music in the home is still? It will sing the eternal hosanna. Put a white rose in one hand and a red rose in the other hand, and a wreath of orange blossoms on the brow; the white flower for the victory, the red flower for the Saviour's sacrifice, the orange blossoms for her marriage day. Anything ghastly about that? Oh, no. The sun went down and the flower shut. The wheat threshed out of the straw. "Dear Lord, give me sleep," said a dying boy, the son of one of my elders; "Dear Lord, give me sleep." And he closed his eyes and awoke in glory. Henry W. Longfellow, *writing* a letter of condolence to those parents, said: Those last words were beautifully poetic: 'Dear Lord, give me sleep.'"

'Twas not in cruelty, not in wrath
That the reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel that visited the earth
And took the flower away.

So it may be with us when our work is all done. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

I have one more thought to present. I have spoken of the plowing, of the sowing, of the harrowing, of the reaping, of the threshing. I must now speak a moment of the garnering.

Where is the garner? Need I tell you? Oh, no. So many have gone out from your own circles—yea, from your own family—that you have had your eyes on that garner for many a year. What a hard time *some of* them had! In Gethsemanes of suffering they sweat great drops of blood. They took the "cup of trembling" and they put it to their hot lips and they cried: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." With tongues of burning agony they cried: "O Lord, deliver my soul!" But they got over it. They all got over it. Garnered! Their tears wiped away; their battles all ended—their burdens lifted. Garnered! The Lord of the harvest will not allow those sheaves to perish in the equinox. Garnered! Some of us remember, on the farm, that the sheaves were put on the top of the rack which surmounted the wagon, and these sheaves were piled higher and higher, and after a while the horses started for the barn; and these sheaves swayed to and fro in the wind, and the old wagon creaked and the horses made a struggle and pulled so hard the harness came up in loops of leather on their backs, and when the front wheel struck the elevated floor of the barn it seemed as if the load would go no farther until the workmen gave a great shout, and then with one last tremendous strain the horses pulled in the load; then they were unharnessed and forkful after forkful of grain fell into the mow. Oh, my friends, our getting into heaven may be a pull, a hard pull, a very hard pull; but these sheaves are bound to go in. The Lord of the harvest has promised it. I see the load at last coming in the door of the heavenly garner. The sheaves of the Christian soul sway to and fro in the wind of death, and the old body creaks under the load, and as the load strikes the floor of the celestial garner it seems as if it can go no farther. It is the last struggle, until the voices of angels and the voices of our departed kindred and the welcoming voice of God shall send the harvest rolling into eternal triumph, while all up and down the sky the cry is heard: "Harvest home! Harvest home!"

The Edible Banana.

The edible banana, it is said, is known to seed only in one small spot on earth, the Andaman Islands. However this may be, it is universally grown from suckers. Its cultivation in the West Indies has vastly increased during the past fifteen years, owing to the demands of the United States for its cheap, wholesome and luscious fruit. About 400 or 500 are planted to the acre, and the plantations are called "banana walks." The tree fruits the first year, explains *Garden and Forest*, and the expense of cultivation is so small that a bunch of bananas delivered at the sea coast need have cost its owner no more than four or five cents, while it may be sold in the winter months for from twelve to eighteen cents, and in the spring months for four times as much. There are risks attending banana cultivation, however, for the thievish negroes often seriously decrease the value of the crop, and it may be entirely swept away in a single hour by a hurricane.

Bird Notes.

M. A. O.

We have some trees, and were on the ground before any other people came near us; the birds finding we were friends, have come and made their home a here too. I am not going to try the long, hard names you can find in study-books, but will tell we have robins, blue-birds, thrushes, little chippies, the red-headed woodpecker, besides the yellow-winged and the black and white woodpecker; the blue jay, black birds of different kinds a red bird with black wings and tail, a kind of oriole, black and dark yellowish red, a bright yellow bird with black wings and a red-orange with black wings and tail, besides little creatures of a greenish yellow color, and the humming bird. We have also seen a few wrens, and others. This is in the city of St. Paul, Minnesota.

One summer, the little, graceful chippies came to the lilac-bush with their first straw or hair for a nest, and as the bush was in a corner, where we could see every move from the pantry window on one side, or sitting-room window on another side, it was a most interesting and instructive study to watch them until the house-keeping was all done, and the birdies ready to fly. Their eggs are small and white, speckled with brown.

It was but a few days before the nest was perfect and the first egg put into it; then put a short time when four eggs were there, and the hatching began. In three weeks the first little bird came; then another, and another, until all were out. Then, came anxiety and care, which all mothers will understand. Such a flying back and forth with food. Generally a light green, fat worm was put into wide open mouths, which then would close for a short time and quiet would follow; but in a few minutes all would be astir again and one or the other of the old birds would be on hand to do the house-cleaning. First they would lift up the babies with their bills, and pick out and carry away everything that littered the bottom of the nest. What they carried off looked like toasted cheese; and when all was made tidy, the feeding began again.

So they grew and thrived by careful watching day and night; but there were boys around with slings, and cats with green eyes and terrible claws; besides ourselves, who would not injure them intentionally; so they were many times made afraid. When the wee little things began to peep, and filled the nest too full for holding them, it was with perfectly resigned and happy looks that the father and mother took their stations on twigs above the nest, and with heads lifted skyward, thanked God for such happiness as parents only know. One time, when they were trying to fly, we helped, just a little, by raising one up with a finger, when away another flew to a tree several yards off, and the others got into all manner of trouble in the grass below, while the parents tried in all ways to get them back into the nest again. As soon as we had helped them into it, out they came again. Finally we put them all into a large glass jar, and then there was fun to see them try to get out for their worms, which they could see outside but not get, while the old birds tried to coax them out. One by one they got out, and after much peeping they left the clean nest to us, but we were quite sure they visited it and us many times afterward.

The next summer came the blue birds and built their home in the hollow of an old tree, which the peckers had dug out before. The nest was nicely hidden from the boys who prowl around for them, but still they had many anxious hours. We saw the first straw for this also. The eggs were a blue-green color and a little larger than the chippies' eggs. Here was united, hard labor again; first, when the nest-making was going on, and then when the hungry, wide, yellow mouths pointed up for food. In their funny, naked bodies, one could see the digestion going on, they seemed all stomach and mouth, with a tuft or two of hair-feathers. They grew fast, however, and something more like soul soon took form.

We left home one day, but had noticed before going a peculiar watchful appearance in the father and mother bird; the father had his feathers hugged close to his body and stood almost on the tip of his tail; the mother had a care-worn look, and was near him on the shed-roof, fluttering strangely and often visiting the tree where the nest was. We thought they were all going, and we did not find any when we returned; but they all came around next morning. One egg, we think, had fallen out of the nest and been broken, so there were but three great-eyed little ones that lighted on the ground under the kitchen window, waiting to be fed by their parents. Then, as they stayed for a nap, one of us sketched them, and afterwards painted them in water colors, and it is quite a pretty picture; certainly, true to life, and is called, "Waiting for Breakfast."—*Unity.*

Worn Out Shoes Have Their Uses.

Worn out shoes have their uses, says the New York *Tribune*.

The Italian scavenger who rakes up your ash-barrel and sends the dust flying over your door-step knows this well, and his black eyes glisten at the sight of old leather. If the shoes are not worn to shreds, he sells them to a second-hand dealer and they are patched up and resoled; but if they are past mending, he takes them home to his cellar and rips them all apart, or his wife and children do. The pieces he sells to a manufacturer. From the larger pieces after being soaked till soft, the uppers of children's shoes are cut. The soles are cut into small pieces to make up the layers of the heels of other shoes, the iron pegs that are not bent, can be used over again, and the little scraps that are left after all this are subjected to a treatment that makes them all one pliable mass from which a kind of artistic leather is rolled out. This is used for covering chairs, books, trunks, boxes, etc. Many fancy patterns are stamped on it, and the trade in this kind of "embossed" leather in the United States is a well established one.

Out of Town.

A crippled child was taken out of the slums in Philadelphia one summer to a fram-house among the hills, where she remained for a fortnight. It was her first visit to the country. The next summer the farmer's wife went to the city to find the child, and to bring her home with her. But want and foul air had conquered. She was dying.

"I wish I could go," she said, with eager eyes. "Are the fields green this year? And are the trees growing the same way still?"

A poor shop-girl, with some of her companions, was taken by a good woman to the seashore for the first time. Her friend, seeing her standing alone on the beach, went up to her and found her weeping.

"Excuse me, ma'am," she said, "but I'm not used to these swell things."

Do we realize that there are in this free, bountiful country people so poor that the sea and fields and all good things seem to them to belong only to the "swell" rich?

Children's Relief and Fresh Air Funds are doing much in our cities to give to the overworked poor in their garrets and alleys a glimpse of the country during the summer, but there are still countless thousands who are left behind.

Cannot some of the families who read this paper, and to whom sea and woods and fields are familiar things, give to some other child, stifling among the hot bricks of the city, a sight of them this summer?

Candy Gluttony.

The gratification of the "sweet tooth" is spreading among fashionable women, and more candy is now sold at retail than was ever known before. Physicians continue to argue that a glut of bonbons and pastry is not the best thing in the world for health, but the ladies, young and old, do not seem to mind the warning much, nor are they deterred by the prospect of an early visit to the dentist, which usually follows continued candy consumption. Not only has the manufacture of candy increased, but the number of retail establishments has multiplied rapidly of late years. There are establishments where the finest bonbons and bonbon packages are imported from Paris, and there is hardly a fashionable young ladies' school without one or two candy shops near by in any city, where some of the girls with liberal allowances of pin-money run up bills that are almost preposterous.

A Natural Bridge Higher Than "Old Suspension."

Natural Bridge, on Pine Creek, in the northern part of Gila County, Arizona, spans the creek at a height of about 200 feet, and the walls of the canyon rise above it on either side 700 or 800 feet, and on one side form a perpendicular precipice. The bridge is of lime formation, and the inside of the great arch, which is 250 feet across, is worn by the water as smooth as though chiselled by the skilful hand of a stonemason. The arch on the top is nearly, if not quite, 400 feet in width, 1000 feet in length across the canyon, and at the thinnest part only six feet through. About the centre of the arch is a hole large enough to admit the body of a man, and through which one can look down into the crystal pool of water 200 feet below.—*New York Journal.*

Dynamite Blast Photographed.

A daring feat in photography was performed this week by Dr. George [illegible] Bailey, of Boston. He succeeded in getting a fine negative of a blast of a ledge near Savin Hill, one of the largest on record, in which 250 pounds of dynamite were used. He did it at the risk of being crushed by some huge rock, and threw himself and camera out of the way just as a boulder several tons in weight was about to land dangerously near him. The picture was taken just as the dust and stones had reached their highest elevation, and is as interesting as it is rare.—*Springfield Republican.*

An Adroit Maiden.

Mollie—Charlie, won't you write something in my album?

Charlie—Certainly; here's a French bit. How's that—'woman is the Sunday of man.'

Mollie—Quite good but (shyly) I wouldn't write it that way.

Charlie—How would you write it?

Mollie (writing)—Woman is man's Wed—nesday. And Charlie took the hint.

A Beat, Perhaps.

"Send that man to the Secretary of Agriculture," said the President.

"But, Mr. Harrison, he wants a place in the State Department," put in Lige.

"Absurd. That man's a beet. He's Mr. Rusk's huckleberry."—New York Sun.

TIT FOR TAT.—Miss Vasser—"Don't you think Miss Springlove is a charming poetess."

Uncle Solomon—"Oh, yes, a very sweet poetess, and her cousin, Miss Chalmers, is a charming painteress, and her Aunt Lucrece is an excellent sculptoress, and her mother used to be an excellent dishwasheress, and——*Life.*

New Store! New Goods!

We have torn out and remodeled our Store; and now we have more room and much better facilities for displaying our goods, and for satisfactorily serving our customers.

We have just now received and opened a new lot of

CLOTHING
For Men & Boys.

Suits for the little ones as low as $1.25—Norfolk jackets; better at $2.

Knee Pants at 50, 63, and 75 cents per pair.

Boys' Long Pants, 50 cents (reduced from 95 cents), and $1.25 and $1.75.

Men Coats at $2.50,—worth more, but we bought them down, so as to give our customers the benefit.

Pants at $1, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2, $2.25, and $2.50,—well made and good quality.

Overalls, Outing Shirts, Flannel Shirts; also, a line of

STRAW HATS

That must be seen to be appreciated, as the prices are in harmony with the times.

All these goods are down to hard-pan prices. Come and see for yourselves.

In Groceries

Our prices are correspondingly low.

We are selling Wm. Penn Sugar Corn four cans for 25 cts. Baker's Corn at 8 and 10 cts. An excellent variety of Table Peaches at 16 cents. Green Peas at 10 and 12 cents per can, etc., etc.

P.S.TILTON & SON,

GO TO

Wm. Bernshouse's

Lumb'r Yard

For all kinds of Lumber, Mill-work, Window-glass, Brick, Lime, Cement, Plaster, Hair, Lath, etc.

Light Fire Woods
For Summer use.

We manufacture

BerryCrates & Chests
Of all kinds. Also,
Cedar Shingles.

☞ We have just received our Spring stock of goods.

Can furnish very nice
Pennsylvania Hemlock
At Bottom Prices. Manufacture our own Flooring. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Our specialty, this Spring, will be full frame orders.

Your patronage solicited.

The Davidge Fertilizer Co.

WHY ARE OUR

Fertilizers the Best?

They are all that is claimed for them.
They never deceive the farmer.
They supply the land with all needful properties, adding to its permanent value.
They are complete manures.
They restore exhausted soils.
They make no weeds.
They are great crop producers.
They are made from purest fertilizing materials.
They contain pure acid, potash, and animal matter.
They are, in short, **RELIABLE.**

E. J. WOOLLEY, Agent,
Hammonton, N. J.

The Republican.

[Entered as second class matter.]

SATURDAY, AUG. 30, 1890.

☞ Mr. B. Albrici finds that much of his farm, about Guentherville station, on the new seashore railroad, covers beds of clay, suitable for brick, drain tile, etc. Men are now at work there, making brick of various sizes, some of which have been burnt for a test, and are said to be entirely satisfactory.

☞ The Egg Harbor Fair is to be held Sept. 21st to 23rd,—including Sunday, as usual. This is the only fair we have seen advertised in the United States to be opened on the first day of the week.

The law forbids Congressmen to be paid for every day of absence. Why not put into force this simple, legal means of keeping a quorum in Washington? If the House were once to enforce this law absenteeism would dwindle amazingly.

The cranberry crop of the country is estimated at something like 375,000 barrels. This information comes from official sauces.

A thorough washing of the mien windows of a stove in vinegar will remove the smoke.

Conscience is that within us that tells us when our neighbors are doing wrong.

Pronounced Hopeless,
Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd, of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Saviour, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery Consumption Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles: it has cured me, and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottle free at George Elvins' store, regular size 50 cents and $1.

SALE FOR TAXES.

For the Tax of 1888.

TOWN OF HAMMONTON.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a warrant issued by P. H. Jacobs, Esq., to make the taxes laid on unimproved and untenanted lands, and on lands tenanted by persons not the lawful proprietors, who are unable to pay their tax, in the Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic, the Collector of said town will, on TUESDAY, the

23rd day of September,

Next, at the hour of 2 o'clock P.M., at the office of the Town Clerk, sell the timber, wood, herbage, and other vendible property found on the premises, taxed to the under named persons, to make the taxes and costs annexed to their respective names, with interest at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum from Dec. 20, 1888, to the day of sale:

The Costs in each case will be 86 cents.

	Block.	Lot No.	Acres.	Tax
Ballenger, Dudley	17	41	9	$2 25
Barstow, J. M.	1	59	10	1 70
Brown, L. W.	19	13, 16	20	3 21
Cope, L. Frank	17	26	Alfred	20	1 70
Clement, Samuel	17	...	3	4 50
Cochran, Benjamin	9	37	10	2 25
Colwell, Stephen, Est.	4	4	...	46 70
Creighton Estate	9	5	3¼	3 39
Davis, P. H.	3	27, 28½	7	6 70
Evans, David, Est.	17	...	6	2 12
Farmer, Mrs. Sarah	8	23	3¼	2 56
Field, Eli & Chas.	17	25	9½	1 14
Gifford, Jonathan	18	2	27	5 67
Hemphill, Robert	17	17	12¼	4 26
Henley, Carolina	1	46¼	10	1 70
Hopkins, Chas. Thomas	16	17	20	5 67
Holloway, Henry	8	Colwell	14	1 12
Lewis, Frank	10	Wharton	5	1 14
Lippincott, R. S.	17	5	5	5 67
Matthews, C. W.	10	43	5	"
"	17	"	60	8 45
Mange, Isaac B.	8	18 to 21	20	4 50
Miller, Geo. F. Est.	1	29	17	1 69
Miller, Louisa	6	10	15¼	2 25
Pack-r, Jeremiah	9	43½	10	2 25
Pfitz, Peter	13	6	3	2 50
Rogly, Kiss	12	23	20	4 50
Rehlaus & Sebery	23	12, 37	20	2 25
Reed, George	1	Colwell add.	10	3 38
Shute, Warner	3	27½	3	2 25
Van Dusen L.	11	15	20	3 39
Vineland Cranberry Co.	19	33	100	4 50
Wolkerling, Mrs. Sarah	1	49	20	1 70
Wharton, James	16	2	16	2 25
Weikel, Orlando	1	...	10	1 70

☞ Stephen Colwell, — Block 1, lots 50, 51, 54, 43, 47, 56, 57. Block 2, lots 76, 78, 80, 82. Block 3, lots 57, 58. Block 1, lots 25, 27, 28. Block 5, lots 19, 20½, 22. Block 11, lot 25, 26. 418 acres. Tax, $46.70.

ORVILLE E. HOYT,
Collector.

Dated August 20th, 1890.

A. J. SMITH,
NOTARY PUBLIC
AND
Conveyancer.

Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Bills of Sale, and other papers executed in neat, careful and correct manner.

Hammonton, N. J.

D. F. Lawson,
CONTRACTOR AND
BUILDER
Hammonton, N. J.

Plans, Specifications, and Estimates furnished
JOBBING promptly attended to.

☞ That handsome residence on the Lake, known as the Frank Records property, is for sale at a very low price, and on the easiest terms one can ask. For particulars, inquire at the REPUBLICAN office.

☞ Building lots for sale,—some of the best located in town, for the least amount of money. WM. COLWELL.

A Twenty Acre Farm for sale or rent,—at Hammonton Station. Fine 13-room house, and out-buildings, a good farm, clear. Satisfaction of door. Terms to suit. D. FITZPATRICK,
810 South Tenth St., Philadelphia.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve, the best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by George Elvins.

For Sale.—A sixty-acre farm, 1½ miles from Elwood station. About thirty acres have been cleared and farmed. Inquire of WM. BERNSHOUSE,
Hammonton, N. J.

"Seeing is Believing."

And the best lamp *ever made, like Aladdin's of old*, a "wonderful lamp!" A lamp absolutely non-explosive and unbreakable, which gives a clear, soft, brilliant white light of 85 *candle power!* Purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light, more cheerful than either! That lamp is

"The Rochester."

And with it there is no smoke, no smell, *no broken chimneys*, no flickering, no sweating, no climbing up of the flame, no "tantrums" nor annoyance of any kind, and it never needs trimming. Its founts (oil reservoirs) being tough rolled seamless brass, with central draft, it is absolutely unbreakable, and as *safe as a tallow candle.*

Only five years old, and *over a million and a half in use.* It must be a GOOD lamp to make such a selling success. Indeed it is, for lamps may come and lamps may go, but the "Rochester" shines on forever! We make over 2,000 artistic varieties,—Hanging and Table Lamps, Banquet, Study, Vase and Piano Lamps,—every kind, in Bronze, Porcelain, Brass, Nickeled Black Wrought Iron.

Ask the lamp dealer for it. Look for the trade-mark stamp: "THE ROCHESTER." If he hasn't the *genuine* Rochester and the style you want, or if no lamp-store is near, send to us for free illustrated catalogue (and reduced price-list); and we will box and send you any lamp safely by express, right to your door.

ROCHESTER LAMP CO.,
42 Park Place, New York.
The Largest Wholesale Lamp Store in the World.

Press the Button, It Opens and Lights.

The Magic Self-Lighting Pocket Lamp. No toy nor jim-crack, but a real genuine lamp in nickel case, size of pocket match safe; burns one hour; quickly refilled. ☞ One live agent wanted in every town. *Somebody will make $100 a week with it.* Sample and outfit and 1000 extra lighters sent prepaid for $1. If you write and mention this paper, will tell you how to get one for nothing. Address Retail Department of Rochester Lamp Co., 57 Barclay Street, New York.

If You Have
CONSUMPTION | COUGH or COLD
BRONCHITIS | Throat Affection
SCROFULA | Wasting of Flesh

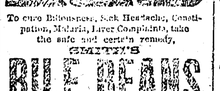
Or any Disease where the First and Lungs are Implicated, Lack of Strength, or Nerve Force, you can be relieved and Cured by

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
With Hypophosphites.
PALATABLE AS MILK.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and take no substitution or imitation, unless you wish to accept a worthless article.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

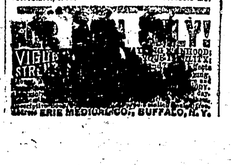


To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy,

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Use the SMALL Size (25 little Pills to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT. Everybody now all shapes. Price of either size, 25c. per bottle.

KISSING 17-11-10 PARTS BIZE
Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail prepaid by J. P. SMITH & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, ST. LOUIS, MO.



NEW ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Miss R. M. Bodine
TEACHER OF
Piano and Organ,

Tenders her services to the people of Hammonton and vicinity. Terms reasonable.

S. E. BROWN & Co.

OUR

5 & 10 Ct.

Counters

will be of interest to purchasers, as we have placed a good many higher-priced goods on these counters to close out the stock.

Look at them!

S. E. Brown & Co.

J. S. THAYER,
Contractor & Builder
Hammonton, N. J.

Plans, Specifications, and Estimates furnished. Jobbing promptly attended to.

Lumber for Sale.
Also, First and Second Quality Shingles

Heaters
Furnished and Repaired.

Shop on Vine Street, near Union Hall.
Charges Reasonable.

P. O. Box. 53.

☞ Papers and magazines of all kinds, in any language, furnished at reduced rates by the Editor of the SOUTH JERSEY REPUBLICAN. Call and get our figures for anything of the kind wanted, whether literary, religious, trade, or any other sort of periodical.

HO!
FOR THE
"Old Reliable!"

Please don't forget that a general assortment of

Bread,—Cakes,—Pies,
Fruits
AND
Confectionery

May still be found in great variety and abundance in connection at

Parker's Bakery.

The People's Bank
Of Hammonton, N. J.

Authorized Capital, $50,000
Paid in, $30,000.
Surplus, $3500.

R. J. BYRNES, President.
M. L. JACKSON, Vice-Pres't
W. R. TILTON, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

R. J. Byrnes, M. L. Jackson, George Elvins, Elam Stockwell, G. F. Saxton, C. F. Osgood, Z. U. Matthews, P. S. Tilton, A. J. Smith, J. C. Anderson.

Certificates of Deposit issued, bearing interest at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum if held six months, and 3 per cent if held one year.

Discount days—Tuesday and Friday of each week.

A. J. KING,
Resident Lawyer,
Master in Chancery, Notary Public, Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

Insures in No. 1 companies, and at the lowest rates. Personal attention given to all business.

You take No Chance
By using the
Hammonton Paint,
For every gallon is
GUARANTEED!

Any one wishing to experiment with Paint is asked to do so at my expense. Paint one-half or any surface with Hammonton Paint, and the other half with any known Paint. If the Hammonton does not cover as much surface, and wear as long, under the same conditions, I will pay for all the paint used.

JOHN T. FRENCH,
Hammonton Paint Works,
Hammonton, N. J.

☞ Send for sample card of Colors.

A WORD to the SICK.

Mental Science can cure where medical aid is an absolute failure. Distance is no hindrance to the Healer's power to heal. For terms, address or call on

Mrs. J. D. Fairchild,
Mental Healer and Teacher,
Hammonton, N. J.
(Office hours, 2 to 4 o'clock P.M.

HARNESS.

A full assortment of hand and machine made,—for work or driving.

Trunks, Valises, Whips, Riding Saddles, Nets, etc.

L. W. COGLEY,
Hammonton, N. J.

WHEREVER OF WHITTIER, OLD WOMAN, SO RICHLY BLACK BLACK DIAMOND ROOFING TO COVER THE SPOT AND GO SO FAR FROM THE LAND OF YOUR HOME LEAVING IT ALREADY COVERS THE EARTH.

Send for illustrated circular to

M. SHRET, JR., & CO.
25 Walnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, AUG. 30, 1890.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

☞ One more day of Summer.

☞ Council meeting this evening.

☞ Dance this (Saturday) evening.

☞ There's a sheriff's sale advertisement on our eighth page.

☞ Mrs. Wm. Burgess and daughter visited Atlantic City this week.

☞ The Elm Sunday School had a picnic at the Park, on Thursday.

☞ Frank Whittier spent ten days with his father, at Atlantic City.

☞ Teachers' examinations to-day, in the Egg Harbor City school-house.

☞ Labor Day, next Monday,—legal holiday. The Bank will be closed.

☞ Mr. Murphy has added two fine horses and buggies to his livery stock.

☞ Mrs. Laura Roberts, of Philadelphia, spent Wednesday in Hammonton.

☞ Ball at the Park on Saturday evening, Aug. 30th. Music by the Band.

☞ Grapes—tons of them—are being shipped to market, and bring good prices.

☞ The shipping office at Union Depot was closed for the season, yesterday.

☞ Mrs. S. E. Brown and little son, Chester, are visiting friends in the Old Bay State.

☞ Otis Small and family moved into Mr. J. N. Jones' house, next to the planing mill.

☞ Grand Army Post meeting next Saturday evening. Two meetings each month, hereafter.

☞ Mrs. Moses Stockwell, of Woodbury, spent last Wednesday among her Hammonton friends.

☞ Miss Addie McDaniel is spending her vacation with relatives in Philadelphia and Pennsgrove.

☞ Mr. Walter Smart, of New York City, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Brown, on Egg Harbor Road.

☞ Dr. Lawrence Cauffman sprained his ankle, Tuesday, by stepping into a hole while playing tennis.

☞ Pastor Churchill and Mrs. W. F. Bassett are delegates to the Universalist Convention at Good Luck, N. J.

☞ Howard Woolston and his sister, Miss Lizzie, brother and sister of Mrs. Gideon Lyman, spent Sunday here.

☞ Loan Association meetings next week,—the Workingmen's on Monday evening, the Hammonton on Thursday evening.

☞ The Baptists had a very enjoyable sociable, Tuesday evening, at the residence of Mr. Chas. W. Gillingham, on Basin Road.

☞ The Fire Company are building a neat tower on their house, and may have their bell hung therein by the time this is read.

☞ Mr. John F. Davis and Miss Hannah Mick intend to spend a few days at Northeast, Md., the home of Mr. D.'s parents, starting to-day.

☞ Walter Vaughn, brakeman on the Hammonton Accommodation train, has bought the house and lot on Egg Harbor Road, adjoining the Fay block.

☞ Capt. Henry Valentine, son of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Gerry Valentine, a citizen of Lowell, Mass., with his wife and daughter, are visiting in Hammonton.

☞ We are informed that Horatio S. Seely, Esq., has determined to sell his farm, at Tenth and Beach Streets, near Magnolia school-house,—one of the best farms in Hammonton.

☞ Under the new election law, nominations for Congressional candidates must be made by Sept. 25th. We have seen no call for the Republican Convention, but it will be held in Atlantic City.

☞ St. Mark's Church, Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity, Aug. 31st. Morning Prayer, Litany and Sermon at 10:30 A.M. Evening Prayer at 4:00 P. M. Sunday School and Young People's Bible Class at 3:00.

☞ The County Board of Assessors will meet at May's Landing on Monday next. Unless the Board of Freeholders make an appropriation before that day, no money will be raised by taxation this year to pay for Burlington County's new bridge.

☞ Insure with Al H. Phillips, 1328 Atlantic Ave., Atlantic City.

☞ Only one week of vacation left.

☞ It is reported that the Fruit Growers' Union will build new accommodations for the mercantile department, which, like a healthy boy, insists upon outgrowing its garments.

Later.—The Union has decided to add to the front of their building a new structure, 40 x 60 feet, three stories high, with mansard roof.

☞ We hear that a tramp received pretty rough treatment, the other night, at the residence of William Bird, near Winslow. After troubling the ladies of the family by several calls during the day, he attempted to enter the house at night, through a window. Mr. Bird was at home, and battered the fellow's head with the stock of a shot-gun.

☞ Elmer, a little son of Walter Horn, was playing on the back porch of his father's residence, one day last week, when a rope on which he was pulling gave way suddenly and the boy fell to the ground, but struck the end of a barrel in such a way as to break his arm both above and below the elbow; and then, striking the ground, his elbow joint was dislocated. This was a very painful injury, and a difficult operation for the surgeon. It is feared that the elbow joint will be stiffened.

☞ We had a pleasant chat, Thursday, with Mr. Asher F. Pay, city editor of the *Daily Huronite*, Huron, South Dakota. Mr. Pay is a brother of Mrs. E. J. Woolley, and is evidently one of the most wide-awake citizens of that busy, bustling, prosperous new State. In Huron, he tells us, the first stake was driven in 1880; now the population is 4000, they have electric lights, street cars, water works, five railroads, car shops, and are trying to secure the state Capital, with prospect of success.

☞ Winslow Junction is about having a large-sized boom. A company having five million dollars of capital, and owning several brick-yards west of the Allegheny mountains, is said to have purchased forty-odd acres from the May tract, and is now planning for the erection of buildings, kilns, etc., intending to establish there one of the most extensive brick-yards in this country. They say there is clay enough in the tract purchased to keep one hundred men employed for twenty years, and make many billions of brick.

☞ John Keyser, of Hammonton, is employed in the Reading Railroad yard, in Camden. Last Saturday, as he was about to draw a coupling-pin, the train unexpectedly started up, and his arm was caught between the bumpers. As soon as possible he was taken to the Cooper hospital, where it was found that his right arm was broken above the elbow, and the fore-arm badly crushed. It will require several weeks of skillful treatment. Various reports were in circulation in regard to the accident, one having the arm amputated, but we are pleased to hear from relatives who have visited the injured man at the hospital, that the surgeons expect his full recovery.

☞ By the time this reaches you, there will be little remaining of the old Methodist Church building. Workmen began its demolition on Monday, and on Tuesday its appearance reminded us of a Thanksgiving turkey, after dinner. The plan of the new edifice will resemble that recently built at May's Landing, one story high, with lofty gables and tower. The main audience room will be about the same size as in the old building, and a wing will be added, for Sunday School and class rooms. The lot upon which it was intended to build was found to be too narrow, and those handsomely located lots, on Bellevue Avenue, corner of School Lane, were bought of Mr. D. L. Potter, and the new house will be built thereon.

☞ List of unclaimed letters remaining in the Post Office at Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, Aug. 30th, 1890:

Mrs. Susan Halliday.
Charles N. Martin.
Lewis Tiviwjair.
L. Mathurc.
Joseph Williams.
Bradley Williams.
Mrs. Elizabeth Cline.

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please state that it has been advertised.

GEORGE ELVINS, P. M.

☞ Among the deeds of real estate recently recorded, we notice the following in Hammonton:

Fannie G. Byrnes and husband to Phoebe A. Wilbur, land, $75; same to Daniel C. Hunter, land, $150; same to P. J. Fitting, $350.

Elijah G. Cattell to Alex. G. Cattell, property, $1.

Wm. Colwell to T. B. Drown, $25.

Wm. Dietrich and wife to Louis Dietrich, $525.

☞ An Italian living near DaCosta has been selling liquor for some time, and certain officials were watching close for evidence to convict him; but last Friday one of the Italian's patrons went before Justice Jacobs, made a sworn complaint, and produced sufficient evidence to convict the fellow of keeping a disorderly house, selling to minors, and on Sunday. A warrant was given to Constable Bernshouse, who drove down, found his man, and read the warrant to him. The Italian gave attention, but when the constable approached, kept him a bay for a moment with a sickle, then suddenly turned and ran like a deer. The officer followed at his best speed, shouting a command to halt, and fired three shots from his revolver; but the fugitive thought of a term in prison, and heeded nothing and reaching the thick woods, soon disappeared. Though watch has been kept, he has not been seen since.

☞ A Lodge of the "Progressive Benefit Order," was instituted in Red Men's Hall, Hammonton, on Wednesday evening. This is a new order, something like the Iron Hall. In this, members pay $5 admission fee, $4 per year dues; the first class pay an assessment of two dollars, perhaps twenty times during the first year; and at the end of one year he will receive one hundred dollars in cash. Members in the second class pay $1.50 for each assessment, and draw $75; third class pay $1, draw $50; fourth class, 50 cents, draw $25. The following are the local officers:

Past President, George M. Bowles.
President, H. K. Wheeler.
Vice-Pres't, D. F. Lawson.
Secretary, E. L. Titus.
Treasurer, J. L. O'Donnell.
Chaplain, E. W. Strickland.
Marshal, John J. Riebel.
Guard, Harry Little.
Sentinel, Charles E. Titus.

Married.

RUBERTON—ARATA, Hammonton, Aug. 24th, 1890, by P. H. Jacobs, Justice of the Peace, *Genardo Ruberton* and *Marianiona Arata.*

CARPO—CIPRIANI. In Hammonton, Aug. 27th, 1890, by the same Justice, *Arazzia Carpo* and *Giovania Cyprian.*

Eupepsy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact you must have it to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not; and thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions, and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion, oust the demon Dyspepsia, and install instead Eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for dyspepsia and all diseases of liver, stomach, and kidneys. Sold at 50 cts. and $1 per bottle, by George Elvins.

John Measley Estate.—Ten acres at Pine and Union Roads, a good 8-room house, barn and other buildings; also, 35 acres on Oak Road. Nineteen acres in blackberries, 5 acres in red raspberries, lots of other fruit. All for sale on easy terms. For particulars, inquire of JACOB ECKHARDT,
Folsom, N. J.

Bids Wanted.

Sealed bids will be received by the undersigned, until Saturday, Aug. 30th, 1890, for building two or more cisterns for the Town of Hammonton. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of Mr. Bernshouse. Right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

T. B. DROWN,
WM. BERNSHOUSE,
Council's Committee on Water Supply.

FOR SALE.

Ten Acres of Land, on Main Road, Hammonton, between Oak and Pine Roads. Inquire of
JAMES C. SNARE,
713 Leonard St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Thirtieth
ANNUAL FAIR
of the
Atlantic County
Agricultural & Horticultural
Association
will be held
At Egg Harbor City, N. J.,
on
Sept. 21, 22, 23, 1890.

Liber'l Premiums
In all Departments.

☞ Competition open to all.
Low fares on railroads.
For Space, Permits, Premium Lists, etc. apply to
V. P. HOFMANN, Sec'y.

A. H. Simons & Co.

Bakers and Confectioners.

KEEP A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Confectionery, Nuts, Oranges,

Bananas, Lemons, Dates, Figs, etc.

ALSO, FRESH DAILY,

THE BEST BREAD

(Wheat and Graham), Rolls, Buns, Cakes, Pies, etc.

We fill orders for all kinds of Fancy Cakes, Furnish Weddings, etc.

Try our home-made Mince and Pumpkin Pies.

A. H. SimonS & Co.

FRANK E. ROBERTS,
Grocer,
Hammonton, N. J.

Have you tried Hamell & Cortwright's
FRUIT SYRUP?
If not, why not? We have it in all flavors, and it only needs a trial to prove its excellence.

☞ French Breakfast Coffee is still popular.

Try a can of **Fresh Mackerel**, put up in one pound cans. Quality guaranteed.

Potted Ham, Lunch Tongue, Chipped Dried Beef, Cooked Corned Beef, etc., etc.

☞ Don't forget that we handle none but the **Best Creamery Butter.**

Frank E. Roberts, Grocer.

Black's General Store.

Bargains this week in
Straw Hats, Parasols, and Sun Umbrellas.
Our entire stock of Straw Hats and Parasols we offer at cost.

Now is the time to think of housing your plants. We have a full line of **Flower Pots**, all sizes and shapes. Would call especial attention to a line of Pots and Saucers already painted a bright red, and having a glossy appearance. They are sold at only a slight advance over the price of the plain pots and saucers.

It will soon be time to get the young Boys ready for School. As to dress, it need not cost much. Remember, we have Knee Pants as low as 25 cents. Also, School Hats at the same price.

Black's General Store, Hammonton.

WOOD

BUY YOUR SUMMER WOOD

At Wm. Bernshouse's Yard

At the following Prices—

Pine, 4 feet long, pr cord,	$3.00
1 foot long, "	$3.50
1 " split, "	$4.00
Slabs, 2 feet long,	$2.50
Cedar Slabs, 1½ feet long,	$2.50

All of the above wood is sold at 128 cubic feet to the cord, the cheapest way to buy wood.

And while you are ordering, don't forget to include Kindling Wood,—Five Barrels for One Dollar.

Bernshouse's Lumber Yard, Hammonton.

DAYS THAT NEVER RETURN.

Over the strings of my harp to-day
Floats a song that is half a sigh,
Like the sound of leaves when the wind sweeps by,
Like the sound of breakers far away,
As they beat and sob,
As they beat and throb,
Till I hear a voice in the distant roar
On that lovely stretch of sandy shore.

Over the strings of my harp to-day
Floats a song for the dying year—
A song that thrills with an unshed tear—
Through the winter twilight, chill and gray,
As the breakers sob,
As the breakers throb,
And I hear the voice with its old refrain,
For the days that never come back again.

Over the strings of my harp to-day
Floats a song for my sweet, lost youth—
For oh, I would give, in very truth,
Riches and fame and power away
To dream once more
Those bright dreams o'er.
"It is a vain regret," sighs the old refrain,
For the days that never come back again.

Over the strings of my harp to-day
Floats a song for the dying year,
A song that thrills with an unshed tear
Like the sound of breakers far away—
How they beat and sob!
How they beat and throb!
And I hear that voice with its old refrain,
For the days that never come back again.

—Unidentified.

OLD FRIENDS ONCE MORE.

BY WILLIAM PERRY BROWN.

"How we all change!" is often heard, especially among the middle aged when reminded, in various ways, of the altered looks and ways of youthful acquaintances.

To remark is more trite and commonplace, yet within its scope lies a transcendent range of human impressions, embracing every variety of feeling, from joy to sadness, from the summit of hope to the vale of disappointment.

"Only twelve years, yet it seems as if another age had intervened," said a friend rather sadly to me one day.

She was seated in a bay window looking out upon a charming landscape. A pile of æsthetically tinted cushions supported her; two immense jars resurrected from the family garret were at either end of the divan, each nourishing an amber tinted lily or two. Her "gown" was medieval, dull tinted and lustreless, with a touch of Etruscan gold here and there, and her manner was characterized by an air of gently exhausted melancholy. In her lap was a drab leather album full of old and fading photographs—the portraits of classmates and friends of other days.

Twelve years ago she married and went away. Recently she had returned flushed with western prosperity to her old home. She is looking, as she speaks, at the picture of four of her old school mates. One was Beatrice, the poet and valedictorian of the class in which my friend graduated. Beatrice wears her white graduating gown. She has a pale, serious face, and hair loosely hanging, though innocent of bangs. My friend remembers the sense of unrest, the vague Byronic yearnings with which Beatrice filled her copious rhymes, always vowing that she never, never would marry, because she was sure not to meet her ideal this side of Heaven.

Yesterday she met Beatrice coming out of the village grocer's. Her arms were full of bundles and by her side was a little Beatrice, to whom she gave ginger snaps from a paper bag, to keep the child still while the two old friends talked. My friend hardly knew her, she was so changed, in manners as well as looks. She was gay, smiling and loquacious. In way was no longer pensive and dreamy; she had grown stout and matter-of-fact. She talked chiefly about the weather, the price of butter, the scarcity of raspberries; and said that Robson (her husband) was so manager at all. In brief, Beatrice was keeping boarders, and to my friend's surprise, growing fat upon worry and work, despite an indolent husband and the low rate of board.

The old time Beatrice was fond of soft clinging fabrics in her dresses, and the girls thought her a genius, born to "right the wrongs" of her sex in some grand, mysterious way. And here she was, her great mind contentedly settled upon making one dollar do the work of two, with three pretty children and a husband whom she loved, yet who could not make a living. As to her ideals, perhaps the less said of them the better.

Two of the other pictures represented Dolly Arnold, both favorites of the school and the village. The boys sent them valentines and took them "buggy riding." The girls shared caramels and pickles and new novels with them cheerfully. They had no end of intimate friends, full of school girl confidences, and swearings of eternal fidelity through after life. My friend herself had interchanged a score of delicate feminine secrets with each one of them, and had vowed unutterable affection, and when school days were over began a correspondence with Isabel that was intended to end only in death. It lasted three months, I believe.

The other day she met Dolly in a street car. Her early beauty had faded, there were more lines upon her forehead and beneath her eyes than time alone would have placed there. Time seemed to have been assisted by discontent and a habit of fault finding, totally foreign to her youthful days; and perhaps held in abeyance by the general agreeableness of everybody than.

But Dolly's health had failed, people ceased to be so considerate to her whims, admirers grew less and less attentive, she was still unmarried and had sunk deeply into the typical career of old maid-hood. The staple of her talk now was upon her ailments, upon the disagreeable traits of her acquaintances, and inter-spersed with acid commiseration of things in general for falling so much below her own expectations of the way they should be. Doubtless good health and an affectionate husband would have changed all this, but these were not forthcoming, and my friend felt sad when she left Dolly.

Isabel, she met the previous summer at a watering place. Isabel was fashionable, and had married a financial magnate, who burrowed away at his office the year round, while his wife squandered money in town and country after strict conventional standards. Isabel's husband is thirty years the oldest and they have no children. From a gay and winsome school girl she had developed into a married coquette of the adroitest kind. She is at once heartless, selfish and prudent. Men follow after her whenever she cares to attract; she draws them to the verge of extremity, yet never oversteps the lines of social propriety, and more than all—is never enthused or confused. The skill with which she extracts entertainment from the hearts of men and the envy of women is only equaled by her after indifference to the source of both.

Other old time faces, my friend saw, youthfully portrayed in the old album, and as she recalls their traits—then and now—she finds much to surprise her and something to grieve over as well as please. Manners have altered, faults and virtues have grown or fallen away, but in most instances the radical basis of character has developed naturally under after influences, though in some producing strange results, to a superficial eye.

In examining herself, she finds that her present condition, though differing much from youthful anticipation, is largely the result of outward causes adjusting rather than creating certain now well defined channels of taste, feeling and thought. She is yet much the same, though in a different way.

Reflection convinces her that the girls that she used to know and herself, have developed into a good deal such women as might have been expected, taking everything into consideration. Not always such, however, as they or their friends did expect—which is often quite another thing. There are no changes so various and wonderful as those of nature, for the reason that they are natural, even when they seem the most unaccountable.

Why Minnie Could Not Sleep.

She sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn up, and she saw the moon, and it looked as if it were laughing at her. "You needn't look at me, Moon," she said, "you don't know about it, you can't see in the day-time. Besides, I am going to sleep."

She lay down and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantle went "tick-tock, tick-tock." She generally liked to hear it. But to-night it sounded just as if it said: "I know, I know, I know." "You don't know either," said Minnie, opening her eyes wide. "You weren't there, you old thing! you were upstairs."

Her loud voice awoke the parrot. He took his head from under his wing, and cried out, "Polly dry!" "That's a wicked story, you naughty bird!" said Minnie. "You were in Grandma's room, so now!" Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. She lay down and counted white sheep, just as grandma said she did when she couldn't sleep. But there was a big lump in her throat. "Oh I wish I hadn't."

Pretty soon there came a very soft patter of four little feet, and her pussy jumped upon the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek, then began to "pur-r-r-r." It was very queer, but that too, sounded, as if pussy said, "I know, I know." "Yes, you do know, Kitty," said Minnie, and then she throw her arms around Kitty's neck and cried bitterly. "And—I—guess—I—want—to—see—my—mamma."

Mamma opened her arms when she saw the little weeping girl coming, and then Minnie told her miserable story. "I was awful naughty, mamma, but I did want the custard pie so bad, and so I ate it up, 'most a whole pie, and then, I—I—O, I don't want to tell, but I spect I must, I shut Kitty in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm truly sorry, mamma." Then Mamma told Minnie she had known all about it. But she had hoped that her little daughter would be brave enough to tell her all about it herself. "But, mamma," she asked, "how did you know it wasn't Kitty?" "Because Kitty would never have left a spoon in the pie," replied mamma, smiling.—*Kentucky Church Chronicle.*

AN ELECTROPLATED EGG.—About three years ago, a silver-plater, named Downing, took a fresh egg and put it, properly prepared, into a silver bath, and turned on the battery. The result was a silver egg, which under a strong glass showed all the minute pores of the shell, and appeared to be a delicate work of art. The egg was exhibited for a long time, and not one person in a hundred would believe it to be anything but a cunning specimen of the silversmith's art. One day, to settle a discussion, Mr. Downing cut the silver egg in two, and it was found to be as fresh and sweet as the day it was electroplated. Its silver coating had hermetically sealed the pores of the shell. Since then experiments have been made which have resulted in divulging a most astonishing possibility,—that of embalming the dead in casts of nickel, silver, or gold, according to the purses and artistic desires of the deceased's friends and survivors.

THE Hon. E. Everetty the American Senator, once had his health proposed thus by the artist Story: "Here's to Learning—when Ever it rises it grows." Everett, springing to his feet, at once exclaimed: "I beg to amend! Here's to Learning—whenever it rises it grows but never above one Story."

However good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and, however slight they may be, you had better make some patient efforts to get rid of them.

Domestic Helps.

BY KATHARINE ARMSTRONG.

It is exceedingly helpful to the one who has the care and management of the table, the cuisine of a family, to find herself in condition to make ready a hasty lunch whenever unexpectedly called for. It is an uncomfortable position for materfamilias to have nothing at hand, already cooked, and be obliged to send out—depend upon outside cookery—for any one knows the baker's work, even of the best, 'tis not like the "home-made," with the home-made taste and flavor. Of cakes and pies and other dainties, we do not speak now, but of the more substantial parts of a lunch, the main dish of which should naturally be cold meat of some sort. One week have a cold leg of mutton; another, a piece of spiced beef; another, a corned or smoked ham. All will keep in a cool place for several days, and "variety is the spice of life," and change from one meat to another enhances the relish for all. Some families, we know, almost never buy mutton or lamb, believing no meat is quite as wholesome as beef; but those very people are the ones who most thoroughly relish a dainty chop at the table of a friend. Nothing but a groundless whim, a foolish notion, prevents their buying a roast themselves that is quite as delicious and as nourishing as the best beef. We mean, in speaking of meat, the best quality of all kinds. A little of the best is more desirable than a good deal of inferior quality.

We will try to give a few ideas in the preparation of meats desirable "to have in the house," ready for convenience or emergency. First, very nicely, comes smoked tongues. They are profitable for families, as there is very little waste to them. They should be soaked over night in milk-warm water, and put into cold water over the fire the next morning; boil slowly for at least four hours, and allow to become cold in the water; then remove the skin and slice in thin slices, beginning at the small end and cutting diagonally in such a way that there will be no small slices, all uniformly large. Cold tongue is a common dish; sure enough; but it is easy to tell whether it is cooked and sliced by one who "understands his business," or not. It is a fair breakfast dish, as well as lunch dish, and not amiss, among other meats, for dinner, served with spinach.

A cold boiled ham is a very mine to the housekeeper—so many ways in which the meat can be utilized for the different meals. It can be brought on for the principal meat for dinner when hot; can make sandwiches, when cold, for the school children or for picnics; a few slices on the breakfast or lunch table will not come amiss, or the ragged parts can be scrambled with eggs in three minutes, and make a very satisfactory dish, or made into croquets with eggs and cracker crumbs. The slicing of a boiled ham should begin at the larger end. It should lie in cold water over night preparatory to boiling, be well washed in the morning, and put into cold water to boil—at no time allowed to boil rapidly. A quart of sweet cider should be added to the water, also a large spoonful of molasses. Fifteen minutes' boiling for every pound will be the exact time to cook it. Nothing is gained by hurrying the boiling of meats of any kind, especially of salt meats. It only hardens them, and makes them tough and coarse. Ham, like tongue, is better cooled in its own broth; then it is moist, and delicate in color. A change from boiled is to give it more slow cooking and browning in the oven. The skin being removed, place it in the oven—the fat side up—having first brushed it over with beaten egg, and sprinkled it over with fine bread crumbs. Put one pint of cider in the pan, and baste occasionally—bake one hour. A stuffed corned ham is an agreeable change. Have the bone removed and fill the cavity with a dressing made of stale bread crumbs, salt, pepper and a sweet herb—all moistened with an egg and a little butter. Secure in a linen cloth, and boil till done, cooling in its own liquor.

Another good way to prepare meat for luncheon, and quite delicious the unsightly bits and pieces of good meat, is the following: "Chop finely all the odds and ends, rejecting the discolored pieces and gristle. Add rolled soda crackers and beaten eggs enough to make all of the consistency of a stiff batter, adding salt, pepper and a little butter. Put into a well buttered pudding dish and bake one hour. When cold turn out and slice for the table. A few sweet herbs added, give variety. Some use raw beef—raw meat, for this dish, but we have found most satisfaction in using that already cooked.

Croquets will also make use of odd and ragged remains of any sort of meat, by mixing one cup of chopped meat, one of milk, one of fine crumbs, a little melted butter, two eggs and plenty of seasoning. Form into croquets with the hands and fry brown in hot drippings.

Most people will relish a salad made of meat in this way; chop finely a couple of pounds of cold boiled corned beef, add two-thirds of a cup of vinegar, a spoonful of sugar, one egg, a little pepper, heat and mix all well together and put in a saucepan over the fire, when boiling, pour into a buttered dish to mould. Cut in thin slices and serve on lettuce.

An appetizing warm dish is made in this way; take clear tender lean beef, about a pint, when finely chopped, raw steak, add one small minced onion, a little salt and pepper, make into round, flat cakes, with the hands, and fry a rich brown, in butter, thicken the butter remaining in the pan with a little flour and water blended, and pour over the browned cakes.—*Observer.*

Conversing with God assimilates the soul to Him.

The Pride of the Poor.

'Where'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!'

There is the proverbial blind man at every street corner, a vender of odd things forever dogging your heels, a little flower girl at your elbow whenever you are in a hurry, and at night, when the company have all dispersed, there is a tramp at your back door. Yet, thanks to a free government, an inspired business sentiment, and a conviction that all have equal opportunity to *strive*, the poor of our country are limited—very limited, compared to the destitute that exist under more despotic flags.

But the beggar and the itinerant are not the poor. They are tradespeople—following a profession to their own liking—and since others do not strive for it, they have a monopoly and make a good thing out of it, too. No; these are not the poor. The poor are in hiding. Their wants they never tell, unless you make a bold search to find them out. They pass you every day in the street and unless you look very closely you will not discover that their clothes are poorer than yours. The struggle and the pinching goes on in a scantily supplied home, behind a very effectual screen. If the clothes will stand a cursory glance, the shiny marks of wear can be detected at a nearer view. If the tops of the boots will match your own in decency, the soles, you may be sure, have holes, that let the poor proud feet come once too often in contact with the damp earth on stormy days, and the case may be followed to a consumptive patient on a dying bed.

Not only do the poor hide in the busy haunts, but they walk side by side with you in society and you never suspect it. You wonder why this or that member of a family is absent from an expensive gathering. You talk with the attending representative about it, and with a smiling face you are treated to some plausible excuse, which of course you swallow.

A small family of little girls attended a Sunday School. Only one came at a time. Upon being asked why they did not all come together every Sunday, one of the little ones blurted out: 'Because we've only one dood frock for us all.'

She was a marvel to look at—a little old lady in black with a close-fitting bonnet edged with white. It is true her dress was scant and showed a few neat darns, but she looked so clean and sweet, and had such a cheery smile on her white thin face.

'Oh! Come in, do. You look tired, please stay here and rest.'

Only a look from the faded eyes, but oh, so tender, as the tottering steps drew timidly near the welcome hearth.

'There. Please take this chair; for I know from experience it is the easiest in the house. There it. Now I will make you a cup of tea; for I'm sure you need it.'

A little more bustle and fuss, an occasional brush across the eyes when the old lady was not looking, and soon the little table of refreshment was placed before the guest. Another of those tender looks, as she was enjoined to partake of what was before her.

Just then the door opened. In came someone who looked every inch a mistress.

'Mary, who have you here?'

Mary explained, but the explanation did not seem to satisfy.

The poor old lady gave a startled look in the direction of the mistress, and then rose with a not unbecoming dignity and moved towards the door.

'Stay, where are you going?' 'I *think* you to have something to eat, especially now it is laid for you!'

'Thank you, madam,' was the sweet but proud reply, 'but I could not eat it now. Good day.'

She went out, but the thoughts that troubled her were not harsh or bitter. Instead, she was murmuring: 'Poor Mary, poor girl! I shall be very much distressed if she gets into trouble through me?'

A tramp entered a confectioner's store. The young lady behind the counter looked hard at the tattered coat, the dented, slouching hat, the grizzled face, as he strammed and instantly made up her mind that he had come begging.

'Sorry,' said she brusquely, 'but we haven't anything to give you.'

Surprise, anger, indignation, all struggled for expression on the hardened face, and then lifting his head as proudly as a king, he said: 'Didn't ast yer. A penny cake, please,' and down went the money with a ring.

It is not always safe to judge by appearances.

She lived in a very uncomfortable attic, where the sun poured down on the roof day after day, and the showers when they came seemed rather to scald than cool.

Stitch, stitch, stitch, day in, day out, and only a bare pittance gained. A knock at the door, an imperative, 'Open please,' and in stepped a haughty young dame.

'Is my dress finished?'

'No Miss; I am very sorry, but I have so much work on hand, and it has been very hot.' The needle was held suspended a moment, and the quiet face looked up worn and tired, as if to emphasize the words.

'You promised it this evening, and if I do not get it by eight, you may not expect any more work from me.'

There was something unbearable in the tone, and the gentle seamstress looked up quickly, while a slight blush illumined her pale features. 'Very well, madam. You remember I said it would be finished to-day or to-morrow. I have done my best. You shall have the dress to-morrow. Good evening.' She drew her small, emaciated figure to its full height and sustained her visitor out with the air of an injured queen.

But ere the door was well closed, she dropped to the floor, a poor desolate heap. 'Mother, mother! Why can't I die and come to you? They are all alike. And now she will not send any more work. But I cannot bear it, if I starve. Oh God, have pity, and take me!'

Yet in our glorious Republic man is equal. So we all say, and despite all outsiders are ready to say to the contrary, we are going to *stick* to it. The homelier the phrase here, the better.]

We are to be pitied as well as the street arabs. Just think of the drawbacks to our rose-hued plans for doing good. At evening, in richly-carpeted and softly-lighted rooms, fired with the glow that a pretty story—just read from one of our leading magazines—has left, we feel a poignant sympathy with our less fortunate fellows. In dreams we extend our hands, and tend smilingly over picturesque rags and dirt, and feel so satisfied about our charitable frame of mind. But in real life: 'Oh, I am so busy. I am engaged with company. I'll attend to the case later.' It is so easy to forget. It saves us the trouble of confessing that our idle evening dreams will not stand the daylight.

'God helps those that help themselves.' You frequently use this expression and feel justified in doing so. Well, let your street arabs learn it. They need to. But what are you going to do about those that are struggling to help themselves.

These are the poor. As deserving poor they should find the well-worn proverb, 'God helps etc,' true. Open your hearts to the poor who make no parade of their poverty. Respect their delicate pride; it is the link that binds them to this world. Use your brain to aid them, your sympathy to warm them, and your heart to love them.

What if you should be among the proud poor yourselves some day! These very ones would be the first to help you from their slender means. Only the heart and the character can make a justifiable distinction between men; for we are all born equal.

Cutting Potatoes for Seed.

There is no more sense in calling the small, immature tip end of a potato the "seed end" than in applying that name to the snout of an ear of corn, says the Mirror and Farmer, and it would be more rational to cut off the tip end and throw it away and plant the body of the potato; and this is done by some of the best farmers. If the object is to get the most from a given quantity of seed, cut to one eye and put one in a hill. But it is probable that two of these pieces in hills a little farther apart would give more per acre.

On cold, wet soil, small pieces are more apt to rot. Some varieties spread or bush more than others, and some will produce several stalks from one eye. It is an axiom that like produces like, and if we want large potatoes we should plant large ones. Not whole, necessarily, for we do not use the whole tree when we graft, yet we get the perfect fruit; nor do we bear of potatoes growing in slices from cut seed. There is no vegetable product that may not be improved by seed selections, and it is within the province of nature which seems to favor small potatoes or oppose large ones for planting, are probably due to some outside cause that is not taken into consideration. The arguments against planting whole tubers are, that they give too many plants in a hill, thereby crowding them and insuring a large proportion of small potatoes; and whole potatoes are more apt to remain sound, and in that condition they furnish no food to the young plant.

Shipping Dressed Poultry.

The prices obtained for poultry will depend largely on the condition in which they are when they reach the market, and the owner should endeavor to make them as presentable as possible. Dressed poultry should be killed by sticking them in the throat, through the roof of the mouth, the point of the knife touching the brain, which will kill them instantly. The bird should then be quickly stripped of feathers while warm, and then carefully placed over for pin feathers. No scalding should be done, but the "dry picked" process should be adopted in all instances. As the crops should be empty no food should be given them within twenty-four hours of the killing time. When the pin feathers are all removed throw the chicken into ice cold water, to remain an hour; then take it out, wipe dry, and pack in clean boxes or barrels, using straw between the layers, but no paper. Simply pack the birds, and do not remove entrails, feet or head.

An Extraordinary Cow.

George W. Kirker, who lives nine miles southwest of Delano, and two miles east of Poso, Cal., has a cow that takes the bakery for milk and butter, and shows just how profitable the dairy business is in that section. Mr. Kirker has kept a close account with her cowship for a year past, giving her credit for all the milk, and keeping account of the butter sold. The sales of the year amount to $115, which is proof enough of the profits The cow is a full-blood Jersey.

Blood Will Tell.

As evidence that "blood will tell" the Texas Stockman cites the fact that only in the extreme north and south ends of Texas are "straight Texas calves" found. When one is found among a bunch of feed cattle it can be told from those containing a little improved blood by the effect the feed has. The grade calf improves rapidly on feed while the Texas calf remains in the same old rut. The Texas cow and the Mustang pony both require the infusion of new blood to make them any account.

Egyptian Corn.

A Kern county, California, farmer states that last June he sowed 800 acres of land with Egyptian corn. In October he harvested 500 acres of it, obtaining thirty-six sacks or about two tons per acre. Into the remaining 500 acres 300 head of cattle were turned, and in about a month they had trodden it all down so that it looked like a field of harvest-past cornstalks, but the ground was covered almost white with the threshed out kernels. Twelve hundred hogs were then turned in, and they are said to day to be the finest, largest, laziest and fattest hogs in the state.

Lime Fertilizer.

Lime has the advantage of being beneficial at all seasons, though its effects in the soil may not be immediate. It never injures land if properly applied, and though its results may be unsatisfactory at first, yet the effects are lasting, the lime supplied this year proving beneficial in the future. Lime is cheap and should be used freely.

Household and Farm Notes.

The average duration of the cow's service as a milker is estimated at eight years among the well-managed dairies, but individual cows often milk well until aged.

Manure is more valuable when the liquids and solids have been saved together. Dust and ashes make a complete fertilizer alone, but together they supply all the demands of crops.

A Vermont fruit-grower suggests that as wire netting is not costly it might pay to cover cherry trees and other fruit trees that are the best fruit eaten by birds with such wire.

A Warren county, Iowa, farmer has just finished digging potatoes. Out of 400 bushels taken from the ground in the past few days only five bushels were found to have been frost bitten.

Silk, of all grades and colors, can be washed in clear water which is poured off from grated raw potatoes. Rip a piece of silk in this water and wipe them on both sides with a coarse towel.

Bright yellow butterflies are among the most decorative things that can be worn of silk and velvet. Pinched on a picture frame or—by daylight only on a lampshade, they are lovely artistic bits.

A good way to wash kid gloves. Spread out the gloves smooth and neat. Rub toward the fingers with a flannel dipped in milk and well soaped. Then rub well and dry. The gloves will be soft and clean.

To roughen the surface of glass, place some emery powder upon the surfaces of one glass and moisten it; take another glass and rub the two surface together. This will make the kind of glass used for transparent slates.

The garden is neglected on the farm, and many farmers do not cultivate a plot for a garden. The luxuries of farming can be enjoyed by those farmers who grow vegetables and fruits as well as staple crops of grain and grass.

An Iowa farmer states that the easiest way to raise willow, willow-wood and silver leaf poplar trees is to open a furrow, lay long branches in it and then cover them with a plow. Being surrounded by moist earth the branches do not become dry even in times of drought, but send up sprouts that become trees. In a dry season cuttings taken from these trees do not form roots.

Scrap-Book Receipes.

REMEDY FOR POISON.—A dessert-spoonful of made mustard mixed in a a tumbler of warm water, if drank immediately, is a simple but efficient remedy for poison.

SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.—Cream one cup of sugar with half a cup of butter; add half a cup of hot, not scalded, milk; beat one egg, and pour on top, flavoring to taste.

VINEGAR TAFFY—Two cupsful of brown sugar, one-half a cupful of butter, four tablespoonsful of molasses, two tablespoonsful of water and two of vinegar; boil without stirring.

FLAX-SEED SYRUP FOR COLDS.—Boil flax-seed until water becomes slimy, then strain, sweeten with powdered rock candy and juice of fresh lemons. Dose, wineglassful when cough is troublesome.

CANNED PEA SOUP.—Mash a can of peas through a colander and add them to a quart of milk that is boiling over the fire. Season with pepper and salt and thicken with four teaspoonfuls of flour rubbed in an ounce of butter. Serve with croutons.

LADY FINGERS—One cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, beaten together, one egg, one-quarter of a cupful of milk, two teaspoonsful of baking powder, flavor with vanilla, cut into strips, and bake in a quick oven; roll and press out with the hands instead of with a rolling-pin.

WHEAT GEMS.—One-half tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, two eggs, one cup of milk, 1½ cups of graham flour, a little salt, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda. This recipe makes twelve gems. It can be doubled for a larger quantity.

CARAMELS—One cupful of molasses, two cupsful of sugar, boil ten minutes; then add one tablespoonful of flour dissolved in a very little milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half a pound of chocolate; boil about thirty minutes; pour into a buttered dish, and, when partly cold, mark into squares.

The men who become suddenly rich remind us of the whales. They no sooner get to the top than they commence blowing.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Read, Cut Out and Paste in Your Scrap Book for Reference.

Horse Stables Should Be Roomy—Farm Savings—Various Methods, Notes and Recipes for the Farmer and His Wife and His Children, and The Town Folks.

Stables for Horses.

To stand in a narrow stall day after day is not conducive to either comfort or health; writes Henry Stewart. Cramps and stiffens the muscles and wearies the animal. A large stall in which the horse may be left loose is far better for the animal which is able to move about and exercise the muscles. A single close stall should be cleaned every morning, as the droppings collect in a bunch and the liquid soon forms a puddle. But this does not happen in a box or loose stall, and if sufficient litter is used to keep the horse clean, the manure may remain in the stall until it is a foot deep. If a peck of land plaster is scattered over the floor occasionally and litter enough to keep the horse clean and dry is used, the stable will be much less offensive than one with the common stalls cleaned every day; and indeed from all odors whatever. These loose, roomy stalls are excellent for mares and colts. The manger should be raised high enough to prevent manure being dropped in it. The use of such stalls for horses and cows both during several years past has proved convenient, comfortable and economical, and it completely avoids the common danger of horses being cast and injured, as is likely in the common narrow stalls with halter fastenings.

Save Everything.

The saving of the various substances that are supposed to possess no value, by adding them to the manure heap, amounts to a large item in the course of a year. There is nothing grown on the farm, either by seeding for the crop or voluntary growth of weeds, that will not contribute something to the fertility of the soil if the materials are appropriated to the purposes for which they are adapted. Even weeds can be made useful in enriching the soil.

Various Methods.

Hitherto, nothing has been found to aid ladies in the proper and satisfactory arrangement of the hair, yet there is no part of the toilette which adds so much to a lady's personal appearance. No matter how rich and elegant the costume may be, or with what grace it may be worn, if the hair is not carefully arranged, the entire effect is spoiled.

BUTTER or cans of milk may be kept perfectly cold by being wrapped in a cloth and set in a deep dish containing a little water, where air is circulating

FOR WOMEN FOLK.

News and Gossip from Far and Near for the Fair Sex.

Sister Frances Xavier Cabrini, who has done good work in providing refuges for orphans in Italy, is at the head of the Italian Sisters of Charity who have just established an orphanage in the Italian quarter of New York City. She says: Our object is to rescue the Italian orphans of that city from the misery and dangers that threaten them, and to make good men and women of them. At present we are especially anxious about the Italian girls who have no decent homes, but later on we shall look out for the boys also.

It is sad to chronicle that the feather era which is now coming in will bring with it probably the pitiful spectacle of stuffed birds as hat decorations. Already have they appeared in Paris and London resting in folds of lace which form an artificial nest. The good-natured and willing ostrich gives up his natural decoration without a pang, and as it does not hurt him even the Audubon Society could not find fault. It seems as if Dame Fashion might be content without asking greater sacrifices from winged creatures. If every woman would refuse to wear such decorations the demand would stop.

Miss Ferguson, a graduate of Mt. Holoke, went to Wellington, in the Western Province of Cape Colony, fifteen years ago, to found a school for girls. The result of her work is Huguenot Seminary, with a corps of nineteen teachers, mostly Americans, with two hundred and twenty-five pupils in attendance, mostly of Dutch parentage, with large buildings and grounds, an observatory and telescope, and excellent appliances in all the departments. As principal of this seminary Miss Ferguson has extended the blessed influence of Mary Lyon's work for the better education of women over a considerable portion of the Cape.

Mrs. Forsyth, a celebrated Samoan beauty, is an American widow. She is thirty-six years old, and she personally manages one hundred and fifty thousand acres of arable lands. She employs hundreds of natives, builds and runs steamers, raises vast quantities of cotton, and, with a partner, controls one of the most extensive businesses in the South Sea Islands. she was of great assistance to our consul in the negotiations for securing the use of the harbor of Pago-Pago as a coaling station, and recently offered to our government twenty acres of her own property on the island of Malulu for another station. The American consul at Sydney says that she is better informed on the trade and commerce of the South Sea Islands than any other American south of the equator.

In the west of Ireland, a young lady has settled down in a place called Letterfrack, in Connemara, by herself, with the desire of teaching an industry there. She was twelve months in the country, and she was struck with the poverty of the people. She began to consider whether she could not learn basket-making, and then teach it. After a course of instruction in England and France, she settled down in Letterfrack, and started teaching the trade of basket-making. She began with one small boy, but her class rapidly increased, and there is now quite a little industry established there. She has planted the place all about with osiers, and she is now making an experiment in the growing of early vegitables.

Clara Barton is still at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, engaged in the Red Cross Society relief work. She has had erected a large wooden building, with thirty-six bed-rooms, dining-hall, kitchen, etc., as a temporary residence for families who lost their homes in the flood, until they shall be able to go to housekeeping again. This "Red Cross House" is co-operative in character, and has proved so beneficent a haven of rest and shelter, that Miss Barton has authorized the putting up of two similar buildings. "These," she writes, "will probably be followed by others, with reasonable hope that many hundreds will find in them protection from the cold storms of winter, who could not in these four coming weeks get a home all their own. It is in the work of this kind that donations will be expected."

Mrs. Emily Crawford, the most famous of women journalists, has lived in Paris for more than thirty years, and is almost a pioneer among the women of her profession who have chosen the French capital as their field. She is a widow with a son who has followed in the footsteps of his journalistic parents. Mrs. Crawford is immensely popular in professional, political and social circles of Paris. She has a brilliant, changeful face, a mass of silver hair, and a vast amount of personal magnetism, which she owes doubtless to her Irish blood. She is well-known as the able correspondent of the London Daily News and the New York Tribune, but she also contributes a column weekly to three other prominent journals—London Truth among them—and finds time to do translating from the French beside. Her charm of manner and brilliant intellect have won her many friends, who have often, by their mere acquaintance, forwarded her professional interests and bestowed countless opportunities of which her quick pen has made instant use. She has rubbed against royalty on both sides of the Channel, and has a talent for polite personalities which would render her Memoirs immortal. She is a woman who is dearly loved by her friends—a sincere, loyal, sympathetic nature, and has found much time in her busy life to devote to the interest of humanity.

The National Housewifery Association undertakes to teach a woman everything connected with domestic economy, from the scrubbing of a floor to the cooking of a joint, says a London letter. A fine mansion has been hired on the banks of the river Severn as a training college, and good work is being done. The association has practically provided a new profession for women. Ladies are received at the college and boarded, lodged and taught for less than two hundred a year, The curriculum of this curious college includes the domestic kindergarten, plain cooking, home dress-making and needle work, home nursing, all branches of housework, hygiene, nursing babies and domestic sanitation. Girls are recieved for training at the age of sixteen and upward, and quick and clever young women are turned out perfect housewives in a year or less. Armed with the association's certificate of efficiency they have little difficulty in obtaining well-paid employment as teachers. But they rarely remain teachers for any length of time, for their value in the matrimonial market is obviously so great that they soon have at their feet all the most eligible young men in the district in which they happen to settle.

Gossip About Women.

Maria Mitchell has left a thousand dollars to Vassar College.

Rosa Bonheur still vigorously wields the brush at nearly seventy.

Buffalo has a new woman's club called the Mohawk Bicycle Club.

The Women's Club at Chautauqua has been discussing dress-reform.

The New England Women's Association has almost a hundred members.

Mrs. Harrison has offered a silver cup for the newest seedling oryanthemum.

A daughter of Carolus Duran, the artist, is to marry M. Georges Feydeau, the dramatic author.

The Amusement Gazette, which has begun the fifth year of its existence, is edited by a woman.

The Queen of England pays $1.25 a pound for her tea, and always has it from the same dealer.

The grandmother of the Emperor of Germany is said to speak French with a singularly pure accent.

Several orchestras made up of women are to be heard at the cafes in the Paris Exposition grounds.

A society has been formed by the women of Ceylon to promote education among the women of that island.

The visit to a coal mine during the late royal tour of Wales was made at the instigation of Prince Beatrice.

Princess Louise, the Duchess of Fife, is said to be the Prince of Wales' favorite among his three daughters.

There is a "Millinery Club" in London where amateur milliners can carry their hats and bonnets for exhibition.

Mrs. William Page, the widow of the late portrait painter, contemplates giving an exhibition of her husband's work.

One of the most successful milliners in London is Lady Granville Gordon. She personally superintends her establishment.

Miss Daisy Stevens, of New York, the eldest daughter of Frederick Stevens, has a fortune in her own right of two millions.

Seven English women and seventeen American women are among the exhibitors in the art department at the Paris exposition.

Mme. Christine Nilsson has not yet recovered from the the deafness and loss of memory which followed her illness last spring.

The late Duchess of Sutherland had a great antipathy to yellow and would not tolerate that color in any of her floral decorations.

The Marchioness of Dufferin is going to publish extracts from her Indian journals under the title of "Our Vice-regal Life in India."

Miss Ella Byron, a neice of the late John Roach, is a clerk in the Census Office. She can address 3500 envelopes in a day of seven hours.

With Comb and Brush.

Girls of fourteen wear their hair in ore or two braids.

Washing the hair with soda and ammonia will make it stiff and streaked.

It is becoming to wear the hair off the face, the Pompadour arrangement is stylish.

Washing the hair often in borax and water makes it dry and harsh, but an occasional use is beneficial.

The Delineator says the woman who can wear her hair low will find that style of coiffure makes her appear much younger.

In arranging the hair in a Catogan braid do not make the plait too long. Tie with a black gros-grain ribbon an inch and a half or two inches wide.

To cleanse combs and hair brushes, wash them in luke-warm water, to which has been added a small quantity of ammonia. This will whiten them and make them look like new.

One way to arrange the hair to look as if it were cut and curled is to curl the front hair very fluffy and crimp a thick strand on each side. Then brush the back hair down, twist it closely and pin it low across the head. Bring the crimped portions over to completely hide the smooth part.

RISE AND FALL IN FALSE TEETH.—

Pete—The price of everything fluctuates. Now you would think there would not be much change in the price of false teeth, wouldn't you?

Ed—I should think not.

Pete—Well, that's where you are mistaken. I called on a talkative young lady last evening, and I was bewildered at the rapid rise and fall of false teeth.

He Couldn't Say.

"Who's running this hotel, anyhow?" asked a landlord of a traveling man who wanted to proposed to accept the situation as meekly as he might have done.

"Who's running this hotel?"

"That's what I said."

"Well, I can't say. I haven't made up my mind yet whether it's the cockroaches or the nocturnal insects that make sleep nothing but a fantastic dream of hope. You'll have to figure it out for yourself."—Merchant Traveler.

Progress of Cremation.

There are now thirty-nine crematories in various parts of the world. Italy has twenty-three, America has ten, while England, Germany, France, Switzerland, Denmark and Sweden have one each. In Italy there were two cremations in 1876, the number rose to fifteen in 1877, and in 1883 the number was 236. Since 1876, 1,172 cremations have taken place in Italy, while the combined numbers from all other countries brings the total only to 1,269.

An Early Riser.

"Pat, you must be an early riser. I always find you at work the first thing in the morning."

"Indade, and Ol am sorr. It's a family trait Ol do be thinkin'."

"Then your father is an early riser, too, eh?"

"Me feyther, is it? Faix and he rises that early if he'd go to bed a little later he'd mate himself gettin' up in the mornin'."—Richmond Dispatch.

Mrs. Baskley—"What's the matter, Henry? You look disgusted." Mr. Baskley—"Why, I gave a poor widow $10 on the sly to buy coal with and she didn't tell anybody."

JOHN ATKINSON,
Tailor,

Has opened a shop in Rutherford's Block

Hammonton.

Garments made in the best manner. Scouring and Repairing promptly done. Rates reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case.

Read the Republican.

FREE FREE. OUR NEW $35 Solid Gold Watch Worth $100.00. Best $35 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases. Both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and CASES of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $50 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 342, Portland, Maine.

The Weekly Press.

PHILADELPHIA.

One Year for One Dollar.

The Weekly Press

For 1890 will be as much better than The Weekly Press for 1889 as we can make it. With every issue during the new year it will be

An Eighty Column Paper.

Each of the fifty-two numbers will contain ten pages, or eighty columns, with a total for the year of 520 pages, or 4160 columns. Thus it will be "as big as a book," as the saying is.

A Paper of Quality.

Not only will it be as big as a book, but it will be a paper of quality as well as of quantity. It will contain the pick of everything good.

A Paper of Variety.

The idea is that The Weekly Press shall be both clean and wide-awake. It will discuss all subjects of public interest and importance. The writers on its list include: Julia Ward Howe, E. Lynn Linton, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Louis Pasteur, William Black, Edmund Gosse, Edgar W. Nye, Opie P. Read, and, indeed, almost every popular writer of note in this country and quite a number of distinguished writers abroad. In fiction, an attraction of the year will be "Esther," by H. Rider Haggard; another serial story, already engaged, will be "Come Forth," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

A Farmer's Paper.

The best conducted Agricultural Page in America. Illustrations.

A Woman's Paper.

The "Women's Page" of The Weekly Press alone is worth the subscription price. Its illustrations are attracting attention everywhere.

A Children's Paper.

The Special Department for Children is now addressed to the school children and school teachers of America. Let the children join the Rainbow Club just started. Let them compete for the prizes—all bright, wholesome, instructive books.

Important Clubbing Arrangement.

By special arrangement with all the leading weekly and monthly periodicals of America, subscriptions are taken for any one or more of these journals in connection with The Weekly Press, at such low rates as virtually make our great family paper FREE to the subscriber for one year.

Sample copies furnished free upon application.

Terms of the Press.

By mail, postage free in the U. S. and Canada.

Daily (except Sunday), one year,	$6.00
Daily (except Sunday), one month,	.50
Daily (including Sunday), one month,	7.50
Daily (including Sunday), one month,	.65
Sunday, one year,	2.00
Weekly Press, one year,	1.00

Drafts, Checks, and all other remittances should be made payable to the order of

The Press Company, Limited,
PUBLISHERS.

Read the Republican.

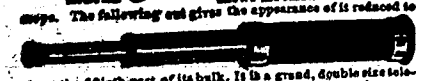
A $20 A Day Man! A VOICE from Ohio. Here is a portrait of Mr. Garrison, of Salem, Ohio. He writes: "Was at work on a farm for $20 a month; I now have an agency for E. C. Allen & Co's albums and publications and often make $20 a day." (Signed) W. H. GARRISON.

William Kline, Harrisburg, Pa., writes: "I have never known anything to sell like your album. Yesterday I took orders enough to pay me over $25." W. J. Elmore, Bangor, Me., writes: "I take an order for your album at almost every house I visit. My profit is often as much as $20 for a single day's work." Others are doing quite as well; we have not space to give extracts from their letters. Every one who takes hold of this grand business plan sees grand profits.

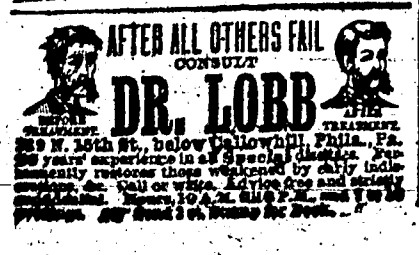
Shall we start YOU in this business, reader? Write to us and learn all about it for yourself. We are starting many; we will start you if you don't delay until another gets ahead of you in your part of the country. If you take hold you will be able to pick up gold fast. ☞ Read—On account of a forced manufacturer's sale 125,000 ten dollar Photograph Albums are to be sold to the people for $2 each. Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush. Charmingly decorated insides. Handsomest albums in the world. Largest Size. Greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, every one wants to purchase. Agents take thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms free, to those who write for same, with particulars and terms for our Family Bibles, Books and Periodicals. After you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done.

Address E. C. ALLEN & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

EYE, EYE MORE. One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to



about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $5 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 950, PORTLAND, MAINE.



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MANUFACTURER OF
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Ladies' Men's and Children's Shoes made to order.

Boys' Shoes a Specialty.

Repairing Neatly Done.

A good stock of shoes of all kinds always on hand.

First floor—Small's Block,

Hammonton. : : N. J.

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Real Estate and Law Building,

ATLANTIC CITY. : N. J.

Valley Avenue
Egg Farm

Eggs for Hatching, from selected stock carefully mated. R. C. B. Leghorns a specialty.

W. H. H. Bradbury,
Hammonton, N. J.

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N. Y. Tribune for 1890.

NEW FEATURES.

A Brilliant Year Ahead.

During 1890 the New York Tribune will be greatly improved in quality, and made more lively, fresh and readable than ever before in its history. Among the special contributors during 1890 will be:

ANDREW CARNEGIE, "Principles of Business Success."
GAIL HAMILTON, "European Monarchs."
TERENCE V. POWDERLY, "Restriction of Immigration."
CHAUNCEY M. DEPUY, Senator JOHN J. INGALLS, Mrs. JOHN A. LOGAN, Rev. Dr. JOHN R. PEXTON, and others, topics not announced.
ALBERT GRIFFIN, "Temperance among the Germans,"—a new view.
JUDGE A. W. TOURGEE, "The Colored Race in America."
S. C. T. DODD, "The Advantages of Trusts."
"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE," "The Small Salaries of Country Clergymen."
Senator WM. M. STEWART, of Nevada, "Unlimited Silver Coinage."
FRED S. TALDMADGE, on "Men of the Revolution."
KATE FIELD, "Mormon Question."
ERASTUS WIMAN, "Success and Failure Among Business Men."
Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, "The New England of To-Day."
Bishop HENRY C. POTTER, "Rural Reinforcement of City Population."
GEO. W. CABLE on "Some Strange Legislation in the South."
MARSHALL P. WILDER, "Humor of England and America."
* * * "Evils of Trusts."
HENRY W. GRADY, of the Atlanta Constitution, "Chances for Capital in the New South."
I. C. RUSSELL, United States Geological Survey, "Highest Peaks of the United States."
W. M. GROSVENOR, "Gold and Silver as Money."
L. E. QUIGG, "What is Left of our Public Lands."
EMILY HUNTINGTON, "Household Science."
ERNDST WHITNEY, "Peculiarities of American Pronunciation."
Prof. WILLIAM PEPPER, Professor of University of Pennsylvania, "A College Education good for all; what is best for those who cannot get it."
M. Y. REACH, "Slayer of 430 Bears."

☞ Other contributors will be announced hereafter. The articles will cost many thousands of dollars, and appear in The Tribune only.

Soldiers' Stories.

The Tribune will print, in addition to its regular G. A. R. and S. of V. page, a number of entertaining Stories of Actual Experience in the War, not less than 25 in number, each a page of The Tribune in length, by privates and officers of the Union, of a rank not higher than Captain. Veterans are invited to contribute to this series of stories. Every tale accepted will be paid for at regular newspaper rates. Prizes of $250, $150, and $75 will be paid for the best three. Manuscripts must be enclosed to "The Tribune, New York," and marked "Soldiers' Department."

Papers on Farming.

In addition to our regular and extremely able agricultural department (two pages a week), The Tribune will print a number of long and carefully prepared articles on particular branches of farming, written by practical experts. Farmers who want to make money out of their farms must read these special discussions in The Tribune. The

Best Tribune Ever Seen

will be supplied to readers during the coming year.

A large number of desirable and novel premiums are added to our list, and they are offered at terms which will enable our readers to obtain them practically at wholesale rates. Send 2 cent stamp for our 20 page catalogue.

Valuable Prizes.

One Hundred Special Prizes will be distributed on May 1, 1890, among the club agents who have, up to that date, sent in the largest 100 clubs of local weekly and semi-weekly subscribers. These will include a $700 Piano, a $200 Cabinet Organ, a $150 Solitaire Diamond, a free Trip to New York with expenses there paid, etc., etc., being worth a total of $2,440.

Prizes are fully described in our catalogue; send a 2 cent stamp for a copy.

Sample Copies of The Tribune free.

Subscription Rates.—Weekly, $1 a year. Semi Weekly, $2. New subscribers receive the paper until Jan. 1, 1890, free. Daily, $10 a year. Library of Tribune Extras, 12 numbers a year, $2.

THE TRIBUNE, New York.

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can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce St., New York.
Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet.

Hannibal Hamlin speaks of himself as the healthiest man in Maine, notwithstanding his 81 years. His friends say that he regrets getting himself into an overcoat last winter, which made him a little sensitive to weather changes.

People who say sharp things get the reputation of being blunt.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, will be sold at public vendue, on

Saturday, the twenty-seventh day of September, 1890,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the hotel of Alexander Aitken, in Hammonton, Atlantic County, N. J.

All that certain tract of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon erected, situate in the Town of Hammonton in the County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a stake on the southerly side of reserved lot; thence (1) south ten degrees east nineteen feet to an oak tree marked X; thence (2) same course seventy-five feet to the centre of Hammonton Branch; thence (3) easterly along the centre of said Branch to Main Road; thence (4) along said road north forty-five degrees and thirty minutes west two hundred and sixty-four feet to Pleasant Mills Road; thence (5) along said road south seventy-nine degrees and forty-five minutes west, nine hundred and ninety-five feet three inches to a stake corner to Mrs. Speakman's lot; thence (6) along said lot south eighteen deg. and forty five minutes east one hundred and twenty-three feet ten inches to a stake corner to said lot; thence (7) still by the same south seventy-nine degrees and forty-five minutes west two hundred and fifty-three feet to the place of beginning, containing twelve acres of land more or less. (Being the same premises which the said DeForest Willard and Elizabeth P. his wife, by indenture bearing even date herewith, but duly executed, acknowledged, and delivered immediately before these presents and intended to be forthwith recorded according to law, for the consideration money therein mentioned, part whereof, to wit, the aforesaid sum of two thousand five hundred dollars is hereby secured, granted and conveyed unto the said Geo. W. Elvins in fee), together with the right to construct and keep in repair a canal commencing at or near the northerly end of the draw and running to the most convenient point on the above-described lot, said canal to be constructed in a neat and satisfactory manner, and suitably railed so as to avoid a nuisance; also the exclusive right to the use and control of the water of the lake to use the same through the above described canal but not so as to reduce the level of the lake more than one foot from high water mark, said mark being a spike nine feet seven inches from the bottom of the flume in the corner post; also the right at all times to make all necessary repairs and regulate the water at the flume or outlet of the lake; also the right to clear the stream from bank to bank of all obstructions from the flume as far down the stream as may be necessary to draw off the back water. The passage or plot of ground lying between the above-described property and Hammonton Avenue to be kept open and free from all incumbrance except the said canal and railing.

Seized as the property of George W. Elvins, and taken in execution at the suit of DeForest Willard, guardian, etc., and to be sold by

SMITH E. JOHNSON, Sheriff.

Dated August 20, 1890.

CHAS. EWAN MERRIT, Solicitor.

Pr.fee $13.12

Friends & Customers

I am now prepared to receive your orders for

COAL,

Which I will sell on the car, either at Elm or Hammonton Station, or will deliver it,

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

GROCERIES
In any quantity.

W. M. GALBRAITH,
ELM GROCER.

☞ Hammonton orders may be left with W. L. Galbraith.

JNO. MACLEAN,
Manufacturer of
Smyrna & Rag Carpets
Smyrna Rugs,

Laundry Building,
Bellevue Avenue,
Near Post-office, Hammonton.

Post-office Box 245.

M. L. Jackson Sells

All Vegetables in their Season.

His Wagons run through the Town and Vicinity

Camden and Atlantic Railroad.

Saturday, June 28, 1890.

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	Mail. a.m.	At.Ac. a.m.	Acco. p.m.	Exp. p.m.	Exp p.m.	S.Exp a.m.	Su.Ac. a.m.	S.Exp. a.m.	Su.Ac p.m.
Philadelphia,	4 45	8 00	4 30	5 00	4 10	8 30	8 00	7 30	4 00
Camden,	4 55	8 10	4 42	5 10	4 20	8 40	8 12	7 40	4 10
Haddonfield,	.....	8 30	4 57	.....	.....	.....	8 32	.....	4 31
Berlin	.....	8 54	5 13	.....	.....	.....	8 58	.....	4 52
Atco	.....	9 00	5 23	.....	.....	.....	9 04	.....	4 58
Waterford,	.....	9 12	5 30	.....	.....	.....	9 12	.....	5 06
Winslow	.....	9 24	5 39	.....	.....	.....	9 21	.....	5 17
Hammonton	5 45	9 31	5 51	5 51	.....	.....	9 29	.....	5 25
DaCosta	.....	9 41	6 01	.....	.....	.....	9 37	.....	5 32
Elwood	.....	9 49	6 10	.....	.....	.....	9 46	.....	5 39
Egg Harbor City	6 04	9 56	6 20	6 08	.....	.....	9 56	.....	5 48
Absecon	6 20	10 14	6 47	.....	.....	.....	10 31	.....	6 08
Atlantic City	6 30	10 25	7 00	6 35	5 25	10 00	10 43	8 55	6 20

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	Expr. a.m.	At.Ac. a.m.	Exp a.m.	Exp. p.m	Acco. p.m.	Su.Ac. a.m.	S Ac p.m.	Sunday p.m	Sunday p.m.	Expr. p.m.
Philadelphia	8 00	9 00	9 10	7 30	5 20	9 35	7 20	3 50	9 35	11 20
Camden	7 53	8 53	9 02	7 22	5 13	9 27	7 18	8 43	9 28	11 12
Haddonfield	—	8 38	—	—	4 54	9 13	6 59	—	—	—
Berlin	—	8 09	—	—	4 32	8 50	6 33	—	—	—
Atco	—	8 03	—	—	4 27	8 45	5 24	—	—	—
Waterford	—	7 52	—	—	4 10	8 38	6 10	—	—	—
Winslow	—	7 37	—	—	4 09	8 26	6 00	—	—	—
Hammonton	—	7 31	b 8 29	—	4 03	8 20	5 53	—	—	—
DaCosta	—	7 27	—	—	3 57	8 15	5 47	—	—	—
Elwood	—	7 20	—	—	3 50	8 09	5 39	—	—	—
Egg Harbor City	—	7 11	—	—	3 41	8 02	5 30	—	—	—
Absecon	—	6 53	—	—	3 16	7 42	5 06	—	—	—
Atlantic City	6 40	6 40	7 45	6 00	3 00	7 30	4 55	7 30	8 05	9 50

* Stops only to take on passengers for Atlantic City.
† Stops only on signal, to let off passengers.
‡ Stops only on signal, to take on passengers.

The Hammonton accommodation has not been changed—leaves Hammonton at 6:05 a.m. and 12:30 p.m. Leaves Philadelphia at 10:40 a.m. and 6:00 p.m.

On Saturday night, the Atco Accommodation, leaving Philadelphia (Market Street) at 11:45, runs to Hammonton, arriving at 1:05, and runs back to Atco.

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4	Diarrhea, of Children or Adults	.25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
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7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25
12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25
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