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Five Cents per Copy

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup FOR THE CURE OF FEVER and ACUE Or CHILLS and FEVER, AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the **SAME, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT** cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S **VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS** will be sufficient.

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From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Erection of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Flushing at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the liver. And Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the kidneys and skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through those three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping—no interference with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.
"I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and TUTT'S are the first that have done me any good. They have cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man." W. D. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O. Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 41 Murray St., N.Y.

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Is prepared to furnish Coffins, Caskets (with handles and plates), Shrouds, Robes of any quality wanted. Funerals promptly attended to.

227 Chancery Street, and Furniture repaired and renovated.

SHOP on Egg Harbor Road, next to Al Ken's Carriage Factory, Hammonton.

LOVELINESS.

"Beautiful thoughts make a beautiful soul, and a beautiful soul makes a beautiful face."

Once I knew a little girl,
Very plain;
You might try her hair to curl,
All in vain;
On her cheek no tint of rose
Paled and blushed, or sought repose:
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her
Came and went,
As a recompense for pain,
Angels sent:
So full many a beautiful thing,
In her young soul blossoming,
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,
Pure and true:
And in those the homely face
Loveliness grew;
With a heavenly radiance bright,
From the soul's reflected light
Shining through.

So I tell you, little child,
Plain or poor,
If your thoughts are undivided,
You are sure
Of the loveliness of worth:—
And this beauty not of earth
Will endure.

Maria Lacey, in St. Nicholas, for September.

MR. EDITOR:—In a ride, recently, through the town, I was greatly pleased to see the improvements, the finely cultivated farms, and extensive fields, recently cleared and put under cultivation; and many other things that gave a strong reminder that your town is growing, and in the right direction. But I regret to see that the turnpikes, in the outskirts of the town are so sadly neglected. On Middle Road for instance, a part of the road is so bad, a horse cannot go out of a walk. Would it not be the right thing to do, to put that and the upper end of Basin road in a condition to accommodate the farmers in that part of the town? It is a mystery how they can get a load through the sand. They certainly have rights that others should respect. Something should be done on Myrtle Avenue, so that it may present a more inviting appearance to strangers. Good roads strike strangers as an expression of the energy and enterprise of a people, more forcibly than almost anything else. A hint to the wise is sufficient. The tax payers in that section have a right to demand improvement in the roads.

VISITOR.

From the Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 25, 1883.
Government receipts to-day, internal revenue, \$336,314; customs, \$681,764. The National bank notes received for redemption to-day amounted to \$334,000.

"Percious swamp fever" is what's the matter with those who were reported to have died in Pensacola with yellow fever. "Swamp fever" is pretty good. It is called, up this way, however, "malaria," superinduced quite often by being too intimate with Major Bourbon and Colonel Rye.

It has been estimated that the Washington Monument will be completed ere the close of 1886, if there be no delay in the work and the contractors keep up the present supply of stone, and the appropriations are not permitted to run out. It will be 420 feet high before winter sets the work this fall, say the men upon it, and about 500 feet at the close of next year. But there are many possibilities in the way before it reaches 520 feet.

The publication of the pension list, as provided by the Senate last winter, will not really help matters. The manner of publication is all wrong. The way to publish the list, so as to reach all the people, is to publish the list in the newspapers of the county wherein the pensioners live. This done once a year will be all that is required to be done in the way of making known to their neighbors just who the pensioners of any locality are.

The reports which are being received by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue from all over the Southern States show a good condition of affairs as regards the compliance with the internal revenue laws. There has been no serious violation of the law governing

the distillation of whisky, except in one state. North Carolina continues to furnish a number of people who will manufacture the "old red rye," without due regard to law. With this exception Commissioner Evans is satisfied that the days of the moonshiner are numbered.

Following the precedent established by the Hostetter Bitters' party, manufacturers of other medical compounds, into the composition of which alcohol enters, are beginning to apply for the same privilege that is vouchsafed the Hostetter Bitters Company. At least ten applications of this character have already been received. Whether they shall be exempted from taxation as alcoholic preparations, will depend altogether upon the result of the analysis which successive applicants for immunity from taxation will receive at the Government's hands.

HOWARD.

About fifteen years ago, a young man graduated at Yale, who was the only son of a man who counted his money by millions.

"Will you go into business with me?" the father said to his son on his return home.

"No, father. I have no aptitude for business. I should only pull down where you have built up."

"Very well. There is really no need that you should do anything. Your income will support you in luxury as long as you live. I will see that the principal is safely invested before I die. It is a pity that there should not be some men in America who are raised above the necessity of money-getting."

"I wish to study law," said Tom.

"Very good. A knowledge of the law is a very pleasant adjunct to a gentleman's education," said the indulgent father.

Tom studied law, studied as if he meant to make his living by it. When he was admitted to the bar he opened an office, not like a luxurious smoking room filled with Persian rugs and questionable pictures, as a morning lounging-place for the jeunesse doree, of New York, but a bare business office with a "shingle" outside intended to allure clients.

Clients came at last, and Tom gave himself up to each case with a zeal and capacity for hard work which ensured success. While his companions were driving costly horses, or lounging out the days in tennis courts or ladies' drawing-rooms, Tom was steadily gaining a name and place at the bar of his native city.

"This is not what I meant you to do," said his father coming in and finding him hard at work one night.

"No. But surely I have some better errands in the world than to spend another man's money," replied Tom.

A few years later he became interested in a great National question of reform, studied it carefully and profoundly, and came forward as its advocate. His action brought him into intimate relations with the foremost statesmen of America and Europe. He is now a real power, recognized by those men in the world who move and uplift humanity.

When his name is mentioned, his vast wealth appears the most trivial circumstance about him.

Yet if he had chosen, he might like so many sons of our rich men, have gained, after years of disphy and of toadying of social leaders, the triumph of seeing his name in the "society column" of the papers in the list of men at fashionable receptions, or even have attained the high distinction of being the best leader of "The German" in New York.

For lesser triumphs than these our jeunesse doree are spending the best years and strength of their manhood—*Youth's Companion*.

Lewis, Iowa, Dr. M. J. Davis says: "Brown's Iron Bitters gives the best of satisfaction to those who use it."

The gloomy fears, the desponding views, the weariness of soul that many complain of, would often disappear were the blood made pure and healthy before reaching the delicate vessels of the brain. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies and vitalizes the blood; and thus conduces to health of body and sanity of mind.

Talk about your fish stories, the biggest of the season isn't a sideshow to the legend "one dollar" on the American eighty-five cent piece.

In a telegraph office: "What is the charge to Blankville?" "Ten words for twenty-eight cents." "Why, it used to be twenty-five cents." "Yes, but that was before the strike. The additional three cents is for the postage stamp."

THE LADIES' STORE OF HAMMONTON. TOMLIN & SMITH'S,

Corner of Bellevue & Horton St.

Hamburg Embroideries, Laces, White Goods, Fancy Articles, Toys, and MILLINERY GOODS. Ladies' Furnishing Goods a Specialty. Demorest's Spring Fashions have been received.

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Laces, Buttons Novelties for the Ladies,

Etc. Etc., Etc.,

Just Arrived,

At E. Stockwell's,

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received at Stockwells,—for

sale at 95 cents by the single

hundred

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Note-Heads—two qualities,

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Principal, Trenton, N. J.

Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is summed up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, nervous debility, &c.

Whatever the cause, don't neglect it. Something is wrong and needs prompt attention. No medicine has yet been discovered that will so quickly and surely cure such diseases as BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and it does this by commencing at the foundation, and making the blood pure and rich.

Logansport, Ind. Dec. 1, 1872.
For a long time I have been a sufferer from stomach and kidney disease. My appetite was very poor, and the very small amount I did eat disagreed with me. I was annoyed very much from non-retention of urine. I tried many remedies with no success, until I used Brown's Iron Bitters. Since I used that my stomach does not bother me any. My appetite is simply immense. My kidney trouble is no more, and my general health is such, that I feel like a new man. After the use of Brown's Iron Bitters for one month, I have gained twenty pounds in weight. O. E. SARGENT.

Leading physicians and clergymen use and recommend BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It has cured others suffering as you are, and it will cure you.

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publican Office if you want

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Business Cards,

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prices. We deliver coal when desired.

In various sizes and best qualities of

coal constantly on hand at our yard on

Railroad Avenue, opposite the railroad

shed shed. Coal furnished direct from

cars, monthly. Orders by mail promptly

attended to. Give us your orders

early.

G. F. SAXTON.

HAMMONTON, N. J.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

The evening song of the birds is still. The twilight steals o'er the field and hill. The darkness falls on the sea and sod. The world is hushed in the hand of God.

The rain fall fast through the living day. Such days are sad, we are wont to say. But hold these days are sadder still. Though suns do shine, when we work an ill.

The fire-dye glow now is fitful seen. The pale stars stoop through the darkness gleam. The night owl wild to her mate shrill cries. The rose in the night wind droops and dies.

The damp dew falls on the clover's head. The wild wind wails in grief o'er the dead. The stars fade slow from the murmuring deep. The poet over his page now sleeps.

The Scrap Book.

Some men give according to their means, and some according to their meanness.

Public gossip is sometimes the best security for the fulfillment of engagements.

Many a man who thinks himself a "big gun," is nothing but a great bore, and not a smooth one, either.

Isn't it strange that we never hear of dynamite being used in Egypt, where there are more Nileists than anywhere else in the world?

Can a man marry his deceased wife's sister in any part of America? Not unless the sister is willing, and as a general thing she isn't. She generally knows him too well.

A burglar who has climbed up to a garret window on a ladder is arrested by a voice shouting, "Hallo, there, what do you want?" "May I ask you for a glass of fresh water?"

A paper presser of a young farmer who "ran rapidly through his property. His property was an open field. He wore a red shirt and a bull was in the wake of the young farmer."

The proprietor of a tan-yard, adjacent to a certain town in Virginia, concluded to build a stand for the purpose of vending his leather, buying raw hides and the like. Debating what sort of a sign it was best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention, at last a happy idea struck him. He bored an augur hole through the door-post, and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After awhile he noticed a grave-looking personage standing near the door, with his spectacles, gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand, gazing and gazing, until the curiosity of the proprietor was greatly excited in time. He stepped out and addressed the individual. "Good morning," said he. "Good morning," said the other without moving his eyes from the sign. "You want to buy leather?" said the storekeeper. "No." "Are you a farmer?" "No." "Are you a merchant?" "No." "Are you a lawyer?" "No." "Are you a doctor?" "No." "Who are you, then?" "I'm a philosopher. I've been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through the auger-hole. I can't make it out to save my life."

Wanted to be Certain.

"What are you butting your head against that wall for?" asked the mayor of an old negro. "Ter see whud'er or not I'se asleep, sah!" "Don't you know that you are not asleep?" "I'se sorter doubtful, sah. I found a quarter jes now, an' I wanst ter see whud'er or not I'se dreamin'!" and he jaded his head against the wall again. "I've been fooled dis way too often. Tuther night I foun' a han'ful ob money under a rock. I sot down an' counted it an' turned it ober in my joyment. Dar it was, all silver. I won't erred I was dreamin', but I heard a bird a singin' in a tree, an' saw de leaves tremblin' in de air. Den I knowed I was awake an' I rejiced wid a loud muf. I went up town to de man what owns my cabin an' bought it ob him, an' went to de clerk an' had him write it down in de big book. I was mighty happy, an' bot a cat fish an' a monstrous cabbage. I come home an' was 'gratulating mysef' when all ob a sudden my wife yells out: 'Yer's a ole liar, fur yer ain't bot dis cabin. Yer'd better get out'n dat bed an' chop some wood, or yer won't get no breakfasts' heah to-day!' I got out'n bed mighty sheepish, kase I'd been talking in my sleep. Now, wid dis quarter I'se a gwinter satisfy mysef dat I ain't a dreamin' before I 'gratulate mysef,' and he again jammed his head against the wall.

Home Economies.

GLOVE POWDER.—The glove powder so generally used to prevent injury from perspiration is of value, but common corn starch rubbed thoroughly over the hands before putting on the gloves, will answer this purpose.

TO MAKE A GLOSS UPON SHIRTS.—To secure a gloss when ironing shirts, take of raw starch one ounce; gum arabic, one drachm; white of an egg or albumen, half an ounce; soluble glass, quarter of an ounce; water, 2 s. Make the starch into a fine cream, dissolve the gum in a little hot water, cool and mix it with the albumen, and beat up the mixture with the starch liquid; then add the water-glass (solution) and shake together. Moisten the starched linen with a cloth dipped in this liquid, and use a polishing iron to develop the gloss.

The craze for Japanese fans with which to decorate the home still exists, and many pretty things are made with them. They are also much used as a foundation for framing cabinet photographs. One side of the fan should be pasted over with some rich shade of satin, such as Napoleon blue, cardinal, peacock green or old gold. The other should contrast with the photograph, which should be placed in a slightly oblique direction, so that when the fan is suspended on the wall somewhat slanting the picture will be upright. Cut out an oval space in which to insert the photograph (or square, if you prefer it), turn in the edges neatly and trim them with small gold cord; put in the photograph, and sew it with blind stitches on the front to the back of the fan; on the sides of the fan paint on the satin with sprays of flowers and birds and butterflies; line the back of the fan with silk finished silesia to match the satin, and finish the edges on top with gold cord; attach a bow of satin ribbon with long ends at the bottom of the fan where the sticks join, and also a bow at the top, with a brass ring sewed under with which to hang it up. A couple of photographs can be thus arranged on two fans, and their handles crossed and fastened with a bow and ends of satin ribbon, and placed over a large painting or engraving with very good effect.

Darned net is coming into fashion again. It is very effective as trimming for dresses or as bordering for fine cloths or cushions. It can be worked in various ways with different materials, fine lace thread, colored pure silks, or with the pressed glass, shingles either upon white, colored or black nets. Darned net is carried to great perfection in what is known as imitation Brussels lace, and a very great variety of stitches can be formed of guipure d'art, and modern point lace stitches are taken as guides. When used as trimming to ball-dresses black net is usually selected for a foundation, and the embroidery worked as bright-colored flosses or floss. The designs for darned upon net are extremely varied, those that are suitable for embroidery in satin stitch being the best; but simple geometrical designs, such as a series of vandykes, crosses, diamonds, or spots are also used. The embroidery is done in satin stitch or in plain darned. Trace a suitable design upon pink paper muslin, tack its wrong side uppermost upon the paper muslin, and thread a long lace needle with the embroidery cotton or silk. Fill in all the centres of the leaves or flowers by darned the silks in and out of the honeycombs, and work spots all over the net. Thread the needle with another colored silk and double it, and darn this double silk as an outline all round the outer edge of the leaves and flowers, and form the stems and sprays with it. The double thread is run in and out of the net as in plain darned. Turn and fasten off the silk on the upper side of the net, the right side of the work being underneath. Unpick and turn the work and finish the edge of the lace with a series of scallops made to buttonhole stitch.

Recent Legal Decisions.

NEGOTIABLE INSTRUMENTS.—TRANSFER AFTER MATURITY.—DEFENSES.—G made his promissory note to S, who indorsed it and then sold it to a bank. It was not paid, and the bank transferred it for a valuable consideration to M. As between G and S there was an agreement that each should pay half of the note; but neither the bank nor M had any notice of it. In an action for the note against G alone he set up the defense that he was liable for one half of its amount only, but the trial Court gave judgment

against him for the full amount. In this case—Bank of Sonoma vs. Gove—the Supreme Court of California, on the appeal of the defendant, affirmed the judgment of Judge McKimstry, in the opinion, said: "If a party who transfers a note or other negotiable instrument after it has matured, and who has purchased it before maturity without any knowledge of any defense to it, his transferee acquires as good a title as he himself had, although it was overdue and dishonored at the time of the transfer. Here the note was discounted by the bank before it became due, without any notice of the agreement between the original parties, and its transfer carried with it a valid title to the instrument."

BANKING.—PUBLIC FUNDS USED BY OFFICIALS TO PAY FALSE NOTES.—The Treasurer of a town in Connecticut made promissory notes, as such Treasurer, and had them discounted at a bank where he kept his public account. The proceeds of the discount were placed to his credit as Treasurer, and the funds of the town were from time to time deposited and placed in that account. After several renewals these notes were paid by checks drawn by the Treasurer on this public account. He then became a defaulter to the exact amount of the checks drawn by him to pay these fraudulent notes. The town demanded that the bank should place its deposits in full, but the bank insisted that it was justified in considering the notes as valid paper of the town, and refused to strike out the amount of the checks from the account. An action was then brought for the disputed sum—town of East Hartford vs. American National Bank—and the Supreme Court of Errors, of Connecticut, upon the case being carried there for adjudication, advised that judgment be entered for the town. Judge Pardee, in the opinion, said: "Only in cases where, notwithstanding violations of restrictions in charters, the corporation has received and retained for its advantage that which in good conscience it should repay or pay for; or only in cases where, if it is compelled to repay money or pay for property applied to its use by the unauthorized act of an agent, the judgment will inflict no loss upon it can a judgment be given against a municipal corporation or its money be retained, or it be compelled to pay. But, in this case, the bank having loaned money to a public agent whom it knew had no authority to borrow, it cannot invoke the aid of this principle of equity without demonstrating that, upon all the facts, a judgment in its favor will inflict no loss upon the town."

PROMISSORY NOTE.—MATERIAL ALTERATION.—PLACE OF PAYMENT.—A note was made payable twelve months after date, or before if certain goods were sold. No place of payment was stated in the note, but it was agreed verbally that it should be collected at the residence of the maker. The payee, however, inserted in it that it was payable at "First National Bank, Sioux City, Iowa." It was then sold before maturity, and without any notice of the agreement as to the place of payment, to C. The maker refused to pay the note, and in the action brought upon it—Charlton vs. Reed—set up the defense that the insertion of the place of payment was a material alteration and invalidated the instrument. The plaintiff in reply to this defense claimed that as the time of payment was indefinite the note was not negotiable, and that it was not a material alteration of a non-negotiable note to insert a place of payment. The defendant had a judgment, and the plaintiff appealed to the Supreme Court of Iowa, where the judgment was affirmed. The Chief Justice (Day), in the opinion, said: "It is insisted that this note was not negotiable because it is not certain as to the time of payment. This position is not sustained by the weight of authority. It has been decided in Pennsylvania, Vermont, Massachusetts and Kansas that a note payable at a certain time, whether in the event of a sale or other contingency, is negotiable. The cases relied upon by the defendant, all show that the notes there in question were not payable at all except in the event of some contingency. The alteration in the note here was a material alteration, and a material alteration may be shown to invalidate a note even as against the indorser thereof for value before maturity."

PARTNERSHIP.—DISSOLUTION AND SETTLEMENT.—RECOVERING SETTLEMENT FOR FRAUD.—After a dissolution of a partnership by a defendant

of the accounts between the members of one of them filed a bill in equity to open the settlement and for a new accounting on the general ground that proper entries had not been made in the firm books, in fraud of the complainant. The Chancellor, in this case—Loesser vs. Loesser—refused to give any relief, on the ground that specific charges of fraud must be made to give the Court power to act. An appeal was taken to the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, when this ruling was sustained. Judge Prior, in the opinion, said: "In every case where a partner has obtained a fraudulent advantage of his copartner equity will give relief; but when there has been a settlement of their accounts, in order to attack that settlement for fraud or mistake the specific acts of fraud must be alleged or the manner in which the mistake occurred set forth. If the partner making the settlement and complaining has to rely on a general charge of fraud or mistake it necessitates an investigation by the Chancellor of the entire partnership account to find out for the complaining partner whether or not he has suffered by the fraud or mistake of his copartner. In a settlement that both at the time regard ed as final. He has no right to require the Chancellor to make a discovery of fraud upon such a pleading.—Reported for Phila. Record.

The Most Elegant Seminary in America.

It has already been announced that the Chestnut Street Seminary of Philadelphia, conducted by the Misses Bonney and Dillaye, is henceforth to be located at Ogontz, near Chelton Mills, Pa., formerly the property of Jay Cooke. It was Mr. Cooke's own decision that the mansion and grounds should be devoted to this purpose, and several months ago he began the needful alterations in his old home to fit it for its new use. Upon these he has expended about \$40,000, and is furnishing the house at a cost of \$25,000.—Its outdoor accessories and surroundings, comprising everything which twenty years ago Mr. Cooke deemed necessary to the completeness of his home, leave nothing to be desired. The house stands on rising ground, commanding a charming outlook in all directions over a richly cultivated rolling country, dotted with beautiful cottages and country seats. It is immediately surrounded by forty acres of fine lawns and gardens, the entire farm or grounds belonging to it comprising 400 acres. The railroad station is less than half a mile distant, the roads are all macadamized, there is a gas-house constructed of granite, by means of which not only the house but the lawns are lighted, a beautiful clear brook flowing through the grounds, a bowling-alley and a natatorium. There are conservatories, hothouses, greenhouses, graperies, and other comforts and conveniences, among which should be mentioned stabling for any horses which pupils may choose to bring, as is not unusual in such institutions.

The superb Norman Gothic building, five stories high, and containing nearly one hundred rooms, is constructed of mica-granite and iron, with layers of plaster between ceilings and floors, to make it as nearly fire-proof as a house can be; and it is supplied with a number of wide stairways, securing safe and speedy egress. Mr. Cooke has declared his intention of keeping house and grounds in their best condition, and sparing no improvement that may suggest itself to make of the place everything that can be desired from a sanitary and material standpoint.

Probably Untrue.

Two ladies take a tete: "That Mrs. Brown is just as mean as she can be! Why, would you believe it, she told me, right to my face, that I dressed too young for a woman of my years! The idea!" "She did? Well, if she'd talked to me that way I believe I'd told her just what I thought of her." "Oh! no, dear; that would be rude." "Possibly." "But I did better. I told Mrs. Smith what my opinion of Mrs. Brown was, and Mrs. Brown will hear it soon enough. And then you know it won't lose anything in Mrs. Smith's mouth. It is one of my principles, never to do anything disagreeable when I can get somebody else to do it for me."

The immediate cause of Judge Black's death was pyemia, occasioned by the absorption of a virulent matter from the bladder.

Our Young Folks.

The Sorehead.
A youth went out to serenade
The lady he loved, best
And passed beneath the mansion's shade
Where erst her chamber used to rest.

He warbled till the morning light
His magical power o'er the hill's rim,
But no fair maiden blessed his sight,
And all seemed dark and drear to him.

With heart aglow and eyes ablaze
He drew much nearer than before;
When, to his horror and amazement,
He saw "To Let" upon the door.

Country boys at the age of fifteen average about one inch taller and seven pounds heavier than city boys of the same age.

CAT AND CHICKENS.—A correspondent, writing from Decorah, Iowa, vouches for the truthfulness of the following narrative, he having been an eyewitness of the singular facts which it exhibits: An old gentleman and his wife, who resided in the suburbs of a western city, take great delight in raising chickens. Last spring, as the "setting" season came round, he procured a dozen eggs laid by hens of a valuable breed, to put under his favorite "Plymouth." She sat on them for two weeks, hatched the chicks, brooded them off, and then died of chicken cholera. The chicks were placed in a basket by the kitchen fire, where, one afternoon when the family was away visiting, they were found by "Tom," the large black cat, a pet of the household. One by one, Tom lifted each chick out of the basket and placed it on his own bed in the kitchen corner. When the old folks returned what was their surprise to see their pet cat curled up and surrounded by the contented orphan brood. Tom was allowed to care for them, and when they were large enough to run in the yard, they would follow him wherever he went. In due time the brood was ready for the gridiron. The head of a killed chicken was one of Tom's perquisites; but when he was offered the head of one of his decapitated chicks, he took it, carried it to his bed, lay down near it, and howled. That was his lament over the death of his adopted children.

SPANKING A PROFESSOR.—True as the proverb is which asserts that "A good beginning makes a good ending," yet it does not deny that, in exceptional cases, there may be a good ending to that which began badly. An incident which occurred in a western college illustrates the possible existence of these exceptional cases: A tall and muscular young student, named Henry, entered the sophomore class without taking the freshman course, and was therefore unacquainted with the college professors. He measured six feet and five inches in his stockings, and soon became a terror to the unlucky freshmen who happened to encounter him. One winter morning, as the sophomores were winding their way to recitation along a narrow path shoveled in the snow, they met a party of freshmen. At once there began a tussle as to who should have the right and others came to me saying: "Try and bear it, Mrs. Howard; your husband has been dead, years," I said, "It is not so!" And then I grew angry that they should tell me so dreadfully a thing, and breaking away from them I threw myself down beside him, calling him all the old loving names, and pressing passionate kisses on his face.

But he was silent and cold—so cold that the chill from his lips struck in my heart. I could not see—I thought I was dying too, and was glad.

But I lived. If grief killed women few of us would be living.

The gray clouds of November hung over the earth when I was strong enough to face life again. The necessity of earning a living was brought sharply to my remembrance when I found myself nearly penniless.

My girlhood's home had been in Albany. I had married Harold against my proud old father's express command. I loved him, therefore it mattered little to me that he was poor.

But father was exceedingly angry that his only daughter should throw herself away on a penniless fortune-hunter, as he chose to call my husband. I knew that Harold was not a fortune-hunter, so I married him, and we came to Kansas and settled in the little town of Pearl. Our short year of married life had known no cloud. Now all was changed. I was a widow at twenty, the daughter of a rich man, therefore, unused to the methods of earning my living. I could not appeal to my father. He had disowned me, and I had inher-

ed something of his own indomitable will.

What should I do? I could not sew. There was music teaching, that I had learned, but I had never taught. I had no other resource of broken-down gentlemen, but that I could not do. I was out of practice, and I hated teaching.

An idea came to me like an inspiration. I had a natural genius for cooking. After my marriage I did all my own work, and my husband had often said that, being the daughter of a man of wealth, it was marvelous that I could cook like a Frenchwoman. I formed my plans at once. What cared I for social position—I, whose life was darkened forever?

I sold all the furniture, all the jewelry I possessed except my wedding ring, secured testimonials of character from the leading citizens of Pearl, and telling no one where I was going, went to San Francisco. When I arrived, I had one trunk containing my clothes, and money enough to board me cheaply for a month.

The next day after my arrival, I looked over the wants in a daily paper. One struck my fancy in particular, and I at once determined to answer it:

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, A FIRST-CLASS COOK. Good wages and a pleasant home to competent person.

I put on a plain gray dress—I did not wear the mourning; Harold would have wished it—and called at the address given. There was an appalling array of women in the vestibule of the large house which I entered. The servant seemed puzzled when she answered my ring, as to what I was until I said: "I came to answer your advertisement."

She understood, and seated me beside a fat Irish woman, who looked upon my diminutive figure with unmisgiving scorn.

One by one they went up stairs—and one by one they came down again. Judging by their faces, the interviews were not satisfactory. Feeling my courage take flight, at length I ascended the stairway and was ushered into the presence of the lady of the house. She was a handsome woman of 40, with a look of weariness and vexation on her face. Near the window in an easy chair, sat a man of perhaps 30, whose face indicated that he was recovering from a severe illness.

An expression of surprise crossed Mrs. Davidson's face as she asked: "Did you answer my advertisement for a first-class cook?" "Yes, ma'am," I replied. "I think I could please you."

"But I beg your pardon—you do not look like a cook."

I felt my face flush as I answered: "One need not be less of a lady because one is a cook."

"No," doubtfully. Have you ever been in service?"

"No, madam," I answered; "but I can give you testimonials as to character, and I should be glad to prove to you that I can cook. Please do not think," I added eagerly, interpreting the perplexed look on her face, "that because I was not born in that station of life that I shall expect to be treated differently from any other servant. Being compelled to earn my living, I have chosen this in preference to any other method. Will you look at my letters?" offering two or three.

She took them and crossing the room gave one or two to the gentleman by the window, who had not seemingly been listening to the conversation. Evidently the letters were satisfactory, for after a few low-toned remarks, Mrs. Davidson returned to me, saying: "I will try you. My nephew is just recovering from a fever, and I shall want you to exert your utmost skill in his behalf."

Ring the bell she ordered the servant who answered, to take me to the kitchen, adding:

"You may tell whoever calls hereafter that I have engaged a cook."

"I followed the girl to the kitchen, and shortly after Mrs. Davidson appeared and gave orders for dinner, in forming me that I should have to assist in waiting upon the table when there was company; that my wages would be \$12 a month, and that she would send the coachman to my boarding-house that night for my trunk.

Then began a strange life for me, yet I was not unhappy. I mourned my husband, I grieved over my alienation from my father; but I gave satisfaction to my employer, because I could cook to perfection.

Of course I had no friends. The other servants looked upon me as a rara avis, but I managed to secure

their good will. By feeding my employer well I gained their esteem all so, and having been there six months, Mrs. Davidson one day told me that she had never known what it was to live until I came to her. I did not presume on my education, or the fact that I was a lady; so if Mrs. Davidson had felt doubtful, as I know she did, regarding the expediency of employing "lady help," she had found her doubts groundless. I attended strictly to my work.

So the time passed—until I had been cook for a year. I had been required, perhaps a dozen times, to serve the dinner I had cooked, and those were the only times I had seen the grey eyes of Mr. Temple—Mrs. Davidson's nephew—who had entirely recovered on the regimen of good food I had prepared for him.

One day Mrs. Davidson came down stairs and said:

"Mrs. Howard, I am going to give a dinner next Wednesday, and you must do your best, for I expect a valued friend from the east, whom I especially wish to honor."

I did my best, and the dinner served at 8 o'clock would have tempted a king. When it was time I went in with the cream, but I nearly dropped the tray I carried, for at the sight of the hostess sat my father, Judge Deltaire. Strong man that he was, he grew white to the lips as he sprang to his feet, crying:

"Madge, Madge! My daughter!"

Chauncey Temple, grasping the situation more readily than the others, took the tray from my hands, thereby saving some lovely Dresden china from destruction, and a moment later I was crying in my father's arms.

Mrs. Davidson behaved with the utmost presence of mind. Turning to the astonished guests she said, "You will excuse us for a few minutes," and leading the way to the library left me alone with my father, saying as she kissed me, "I am rejoiced."

Dear old father! He was delighted to get his little girl back. Shortly after Harold's death, he had concluded he wanted his daughter bad enough to put up with her husband. Receiving no answer to the letter he addressed to the place where he had last heard of us, he began a vigorous search. He traced us to Pearl, and there learned of my husband's death, losing of course, further luck, because I had told no one where I was going. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson were friends of his younger days—of whom I had never heard him speak. Being in San Francisco on business, he naturally stopped at their house.

"Mrs. Davidson will have to advertise for another cook at once," he said. "I could see that he was shocked at my plebeian calling, but joy at seeing me outweighed all other emotions."

That was four years ago. Father took me back home, and tried by everything that money could buy or love suggest to make me forget my sorrow. Sometimes Chauncey Temple visited us, and a year after my return home he asked me to be his wife; but I said "No." Another man would have given up; not so Mr. Temple; he waited patiently.

"I don't ask you to forget the past," he said, "but I love you so dearly that I know I can help to make you happier."

Six months ago father said to me:

"Madge, my daughter, I should like to see you the wife of Chauncey Temple. Not that I expect you to forget, but you are young and would be happier with new interests in life."

Mr. Temple had been several weeks in Albany, attending an interminable law suit. That night he said to me:

"Madge, I will wait forever if need be. I don't want to take Harold's place in your heart; but can you not love me a little too? As for me I shall love you always, and none other. Can you not trust yourself to me?"

I thought about it a week longer, and the day he left for home I gave him the final answer. To-morrow—no, to-day; it is past midnight now—I shall be the wife of Chauncey Temple.

—George W. Bromley, soldier of the Mexican War, and who, it is claimed, killed the Seminole Chief Osceola in the Florida Indian war, was buried at Darby, Pa., Saturday, 19th inst. He was born in Norwich, Conn., on August 3, 1817, and died last Thursday. A few years ago he declined a commission and retirement with pay. He has been a soldier in the regular army for forty-eight years.

The Tower of London.

Its Exceptional Place Among the Great Edifices of the World.

London is slowly awakening to see that it is not only the biggest and the richest city in the world but in many ways the grandest and the most historic. Rome has her ruins; Paris has her boulevards, palaces and quays; Moscow has her Kremlin, and Constantinople her minarets and domes. Each of these, and perhaps, some famous cities in Italy or Spain, are superior to London in the single element of beauty, of magnificence or age. But the greatness of London lies in its historic continuity, in the survival of its true organic centres in all their essential character. It possesses in the Abbey, in Westminster Hall, and in the Tower three of the noblest buildings in the world; all of them have an unbroken history of eight centuries; all are still devoted to the uses for which they were designed, and for 800 years they have all been the local seats of our national existence. These three great monuments are bound up with each other and as well bound up with the history of England. As cathedral, hall and castle none of them has any superior in Europe. But, in the way that they are interwoven with the greatness, the poetry, the destinies of the country, as also in length and continuity of service, no one has its equal in Europe. The city which possesses all three has at once a dignity of her own; nor need we think of St. Paul's and the Temple, the Guildhall and the Palace of Westminster, the Parks, the bridges and the docks, to believe that we are truly citizens of no mean city. Neither mud, nor smoke, nor stucco—neither vestries nor railways can make London mean. For in the mass, in the antiquity, in the historic splendor of her national monument, in the halo which the heroism, the crimes and the imagination of eight centuries have shed over them London remains to the thoughtful spirit the most venerable city of the modern world.

And now, it seems, London has an Edifice. We have now a Minister of the Crown who conceives it to be part of his duty to preserve, cherish and open to the public our great public monuments. It belongs to our national habits that an English Minister of Public Works should regard his office as a sort of society for the preservation of ancient buildings rather than as a syndicate for the destruction and transformation of ancient cities, which is the fixed idea of the Continental Haussmann. These Attilas and Genghis Khans of modern society, with the aid of the railway and building companies who form their natural allies, are rapidly achieving the Haussmannization, and not only of Paris, but of Rome, Vienna, Milan, Florence and every medieval city of Europe. It is a comfort to think that, where Prefects, Mayors and Town Councils everywhere on the Continent are seeking to make their cities a fair imitation of New York, our First Commissioner of Works is occupied in preserving to us our ancient monuments in the form in which they were built. And it is not a little curious that at the present moment he is busy about the preservation of all three of our great monuments. He has just revealed to us what Westminster Hall was in the days of the Normans. He has still before him the cruel problem of refacing the Abbey. And now he is showing us the Tower—not as it was when it still served the Tudor Kings as a palace, but freed from the eyegore with which the stupid vandalism of the last hundred years had loaded it.

The Tower is the oldest of the three great monuments of London, and assuredly it stands at the head of all buildings of its order in the world. It is the most perfect extant example of a feudal castle of the first class, continuously used as a fortress by the same dynasty, and as a seat of the same Government since the times of the Crusades. It is, in fact, the civil building in the world which can show the longest and most splendid history. The Pantheon at Rome, a few of the great Basilicas, the Byzantine Church of the Holy Wisdom, and a few religious buildings on the Continent, can show a longer life; but there is no civic building, being neither a ruin nor a restored ruin, but still a great seat of government, which can show so vast a record.

The Tower of London has entered upon the ninth century of its continuous life in the service of the English

Crown. When the White Tower first rose beside the Thames, as the buttress and symbol of the Conquest, the nations we call France, Germany and Spain did not exist. It had already seen centuries of great and memorable things before the oldest of the palaces and halls of Europe had their foundations laid. Men talk of the traditions of the Kremlin, the Vatican and the Escorial; but the first half of the wild history of the Tower was over before a stone was laid of these vast piles. The races who raised the fantastic domes of Moscow or the minarets of Constantinople were wandering herdsmen and robber tribes in Asia, when the Tower was the home of the most powerful kings in Europe. The old palaces of state of Venice, Florence, Ghent and Bruges have traditions of great antiquity, and are memorable sources of art, romance and poetry. But their real life has closed for ages; they are little more than museums or monuments. The Tower, which began so long before them, has outlived them all in permanent vitality. The descendant of the Conqueror is still mistress of the White Tower, which for 800 years has guarded the symbols of our national power. It is true that in point of picturesque beauty, the Tower must yield to some of its younger rivals. It is not the mountain-like grandeur of the Palace of the Popes at Avignon, nor the fairy beauty of the Doge's Palace at Venice, nor the skyline of the Old Palace at Florence, or of the Castle at Prague; much less has it the weird impressiveness of that skeleton of castles, the upper city of Carcassonne, or the piles of Loches, Caen and Angers. The glory of the Tower of London lies in its matchless historical record. Carcassonne has been a ruin now for six centuries; the civic palaces of Italy, Germany and the Netherlands had a history at most for a few hundred years; and Avignon records but an episode in the career of the Papacy, seventy years of servility, ferocity and vice.

The building of all others which in historic dignity approaches most nearly the Tower is that fragment of the great Palace of the Capetian Kings beside the Seine, which now survives under the name of the Conciergerie, of which the Palais de Justice is the transformed Court of Justice, and of which the Sainte Chapelle of St. Louis was the proper chapel. Behind that screen of brand-new Gothic restorations with which the Viollets-le-Duc have everywhere enveloped the ancient monuments of France, Parisians, if they only knew it, might still find the fortress of their ancient monarchy worthy to compete in historical importance with the Tower of London itself.

We are far too apt to think of the Tower as a mere prison, and to dwell too long upon its bloody memories. Prison it is, far the most memorable in the world, or at least second only to the Mamertine Prison by the Capitol. But it is not a whit more prison than it is fortress, or palace, or seat of government, or court of judgment and court of record. It is a judgment by accident, or by consequence; not that it was built as a prison, or ever destined to be a prison; but because all governments seek to have prisoners of state in the most central and secure seat of their power. The Tower is not more bloody than the Crown of England or the history of England. It has been the home of some of our greatest rulers, the scene of some of the wisest councils, the treasure-house of the most precious things, and the subject of some of the noblest poetry in our language. The Tower has really a fourfold character and a fourfold history. It is palace, fortress, treasure-house and seat of government; it is only prison as part of the functions of a fortress. Perhaps the reason why we Londoners usually regard the Tower as a prison is that too many of us visit it as children, or in company with children, and then the tales about racks, martyrs, the young princes and the Traitor's Gate form the natural staple of the talk.—London Times.

At one of the schools in Cornwall, England, the teacher asked the children if they could quote any text of Scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted in reply the text, "No man can serve two masters."

An exchange says clergymen would make good brakemen on our railroads because they have done a good deal of coupling.

Humor.

The gwiner fer ter live in Jerusalem.
Dem angels am a'waitin' fer me to come:
Do Lawd am a pardon all my sins.
I'm allus on him when the 'Vivaldi' begin!
Come along later, come wid me!
The best watermelon ober you see.
Plenty long collards and homies.
I'm gwine home!

Do Lawd saves de sheep; I've got de wool.
Do deebill fer my soul g'n mighty bad pull!
But my Lawd was strong, do rope go black,
An' ole Massa Debbil went ober on his back!
Come along, brother, come wid me,
De gates open wide fer you so free,
Do lame can walk, de blind can see,
I'm gwine home!

Satan tried hit once my soul to pie,
But I took my bible an' hit him 'tween the eye.
Says I, "Old Satan, I reckon you are beat,
For I see got dem golden slippers on my feet!"
Come along, chile, come wid me,
If you want dem golden streets to see,
An' hear dem angels singing free,
I'm gwine home!

"Blood will tell," so be careful how
you make confidants of your relations.
"Is Mrs. General Sherman so ex-
tremely homely that the general has to
kiss every pretty girl he sees to get the
baw taste out of his mouth?"

No, "Clarence, of Sandusky," we
don't know why the U. S. Government
does not settle the Indian question by
setting the redskins up in the ticket
broking business, for, as you say, they
ought to make successful scalpers.

"My dear," said Ratteler at the tea-
table, looking up from his evening
paper, "this French-China trouble
looks serious." "Yes," answered Mrs.
Ratteler, "Bridget broke the handle off
the sugar-bowl to-day, but I didn't
think you would notice it so soon."

A little girl, in coming home from a
party, told her mother she was so
happy she couldn't be any happier un-
less she was bigger.
"Mamma," said a Manson street
four-year-old maiden, "do the geese lay
gooseberries?" "Oh, no, my child,
they grow on trees." "Well, what are
goose eggs, anyhow?" "They are the
things, my dear, which the base ball
players make when they don't make
anything."

An Englishman shooting small game
in Germany remarked to his host that
there was a spice of danger in shooting
in America. "Ah," said the host,
"you like danger mit your spice? Den
you go out shooting mit me. De last
time I shoot mine brudder-in-law in de
stomach."

A well-known dry goods man adver-
tised: "Something entirely new in
flannels at our house!" During the
week following, several of his married
lady customers have asked him if it is
a boy or girl, and as the dry goods man
is an unmarried man, he doesn't know
how to answer.

"Captain!" shouted an Irish soldier
in the Caucasus, "I've caught a Tar-
tar." "Bring him in, then," replied
the captain. "But, be jabers, he won't
let me!" was the soldier's despairing
cry. General Crook had better luck
with the Apaches in Mexico. The
savages even compelled him to bring
them in, it appears, making them their
terms.

"Hullo, Charley! Where have you
been?" "Just down to the apothecary's
for a bottle of medicine for my
wife. What things these women are
for dosing, aren't they?" Charley's
friend coincides in this view of the
matter, and at Charley's suggestion the
two step into the nearest saloon for
something to brace up their respective
stomachs.—Boston Transcript.

"Mr. Smith," said a Boston grocer
the other day to an old farmer who had
long been a customer of his, "I have
received several complaints in regard
to that butter I bought of you."
"No!" "Indeed, it tasted very queer-
ly to me. What could have ailed it?"
"Well, now, we had a new hired gal
that week, and it might be possible
that she didn't get the proportions
rig it." "Proportions?" "That is,
she got in too much grated carrot; but
you kin tell your customers that carrots
are perfectly healthy, and awfully good
for the liver. We allus select the best
and wash 'em through two waters."

Fashions.

Sleeves for full dress are still exceed-
ingly short and gloves very long. Skirts
remain short enough in front to dis-
play the embroidered stocking as well
as the sandal. Boots are seldom worn
in the evening, and undressed kid is the
favorite material for slippers, most of
which have painted designs on the toes
and on the sides as well. A pretty foot
looks prettier with a flat decoration on
the slipper than with rosettes, buckles

or any other trimming that interferes
with the delicate contour of the foot.
Armure silks, that were formerly
worn only by old ladies, are in fashion
for youthful costumes, especially for
black dresses. They are a small crape-
like figure, and are made in con-
junction with the real China crape—not
the crepe de chene which is manufact-
ured in Paris. A wide armure-flounce
scaloped on each edge is all that is vis-
ible on the skirt. The overdress of
Canton crape is a Watteau pelisse with
Barcelona lace, and jet trimming. The
bonnet is of jet and lace, with a white
aigrette; the parasol is black, with
white lining, and the Suede gloves are
ecru or slate blue.
A becoming wrapper is of blue Eol-
ienne and pink surah merveilleux. The
fronts close in the neck and open over a
pink surah plastron apron, which is
puffed and shirred. There are no gus-
sets to this garment. The back consists of
small side pieces and two very narrow
pieces down the centre, making a
wrinkled back, and so cut as to leave
sufficient fullness for a large puffing on
the upper part of the skirt. The gath-
ered pocket under the left hip is sur-
rounded by lace. Long narrow ribbons
fall from under the puffing on the
back. They are finished at the
waist with a platted ruffle, surmounted
by a small drapery. In the neck is a
full ruching.
The Suede gloves are worn in very
light colors. Silk gloves come in all
lengths, "buttoned and loose-wristed."
Puffed wrists, with lace inserting, are
new, and much liked from their novelty.
Silk and linen wears better than all
silk in gloves, but is complained of as
not keeping the color so well; still we
think the fingers peep through the fin-
ger-ends of even these before there is
much change in color. Silk gauntlets,
gloves are among the novelties for rid-
ing and driving. It is no longer the
ashion to match gloves with the costume;
neither are black gloves worn in full
dress as formerly. Girls wear silk
mitts in court usually like the trimming
on the hat; they wear undress kids for
school. Half-gloves and mitts are found
in kid this season, but the silk is given
the preference.
Greek embroidery is quite modern
work, and is much used for small mat-
tress screens and other decorative
articles. It is a description of applique,
and consists in arranging upon a flat
foundation pieces of colored cloth or
silk in arabesque designs, and attaching
these to the material with chain, her-
ring-bone, and other embroidery stitches,
and these stitches are also repeated upon
the plain foundation. A very
handsome result is obtained by drawing
out the design upon dark Turkey-red
cloth and cutting the smaller shapes of
the pattern in a dark shade of blue, and
the larger ones in paler blue. Laid
upon the Turkey-red foundation they
must be attached to the material by
laying a silk cord rim on the edge of
each, and catching it down with red
silk, as in couching. Stars and various
decorative designs can be worked in
interstices of the pattern in tete de
beauf stitch or in raised embroidery.

Peanut Flour.

No doubt, "peanut flour" will
be an important product of the South.
Virginia is set down this year for
2,100,000 bushels, Tennessee for
250,000 and North Carolina at 135,000
bushels, these being the chief States
engaged in their cultivation, and those
in which it was first introduced from
Africa. In Virginia, they are called
"peanuts," in North Carolina "ground-
peas," in Tennessee "goobers," and in
Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi
"pinders." Virginians are beginning
to plant the peanut into flour, and say
it makes a peculiarly palatable "bis-
cuit." In Georgia there is a custom,
now growing old, of grinding or pound-
ing the shelled peanuts and turning
them into pastry, which has some re-
semblance, both in looks and taste, to
that made of cocoanut, but the peanut
pastry is more silty and richer, and, we
think, healthier and better every way.
If, as some people believe, Africa sent
a curse to America in slavery, she cer-
tainly conferred upon her a blessing in
the universally popular peanut, which
grows so well throughout the Southern
regions that we shall soon be able to
cut off the now large importation al-
together.
A colored woman, when reproved
for undue expression of grief, said:
"Now, look here, honny, when do good
Lord sends us tribulations, don't you
pose he 'spects us to tribulate?"

Diamonds of Thought.

Hard work will best uncertain for-
tune mend.
If you would create something, you
must be something.—Goethe.
Happiness is where it is found, and
seldom where it is sought.
A straight line is the shortest in
morals—as in mathematics.—Maria
Eligoreth.
Flowers are the sweetest things that
God ever made and forgot to put a soul
into.—Becher.
The rays of happiness, like those of
light, are colorless when unbroken.—
Longfellow.
He who loves to read, and knows how
to reflect, has laid by a perpetual feast
for his old age.
A man too busy to take care of his
health is like a mechanic too busy to
take care of his tools.
"One soweth, and another reapeth." is
a verity that applies to evil as well as
good.—George Eliot.
Act and speak to your servants as
you would wish others to do if you were
a servant.—Diogenes the Carthusian.
I do not call a healthy young man,
cheerful in his mind and vigorous in his
arms, I cannot call such a man poor.

True friends visit us in prosperity
only when invited, but in adversity
they come without invitation.—Theophrastus.
Children are travelers newly arrived
in a strange country; we should there-
fore make conscience not to mislead
them.—Locke.
Great trees, as fig-trees, make shade
for others, and stand themselves in the
glowing heat of the sun. They bear
fruits for others, not for themselves.
These truth-speaking women are
friends in solitude, are fathers in mat-
ters of duty, they are mothers to those
who are in distress, they are a repose to
the traveler in the wilderness.
The law of the harvest is to reap more
than you sow. Sow an act and
you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you
reap a character; sow a character, and
you reap a destiny.—George D. Boardman.

Like a blind spinner in the sun
I tread my days.
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways.
I know each day will bring its task;
And, being blind, no more I ask.
—HELEN HUNT, in Demorest.

From Demorest.

About Water.
A curious fact about water is that
it is the rust of the metal known as
hydrogenium. When oxygen combines
with iron it forms a reddish rust, and
the metal becomes in time disintegrated.
In this condition it is said to be oxidized.
Now, water is simply oxidized hydro-
genium. This metal is present in the sun
and all the planets in enormous
quantities. Indeed it is said that the
human body is composed of 53 parts of
water, mingled with some lime, iron
and certain salts. Chemistry has re-
vealed to us many marvels, but none
greater than the composition of com-
mon water.

No! for the North Pole.

Lieut. Greeley, who, with his party
proposed to work their way from
Smith's Sound to the North Pole, has
not been heard of for two years. An
expedition was sent to his relief last
year, but it failed to reach him. Two
vessels, the *Proteus* and the *Yonic*, are
now on their way to relieve Lieut.
Greeley and his party. Even if he
cannot be reached, provisions can be
left at a place he can fall back upon if
he should wish to do so. He is so well
cared for in the way of supplies that he
can live several years without hearing
from home. Though beaten thus far,
the human race will never give up the
effort to solve the problem of the Pole.
Sooner or later we will know all about
the planet we inhabit.

A METHOD of utilizing the waste of
gold-leaf used in printing and the arts
is by converting it into what is called
fleece gold. The composition is used
like the ordinary bronze, except that
rather more copal is mixed with it. It
is used for all fancy papers for which
gold-leaf and bronze have hitherto been
used.

It is said the Vanderbilts will make
Bedford Springs the Saratoga of Penn-
sylvania.

Instruction.

The following directions are given
for removing finger-marks from and re-
storing luster to highly polished but
much-defaced furniture. Wash off the
finger-marks with a cloth, or—better—
chamois skin, wet with cold water, then
rub the surface with sweet oil mixed
with half its quantity of turpentine. A
liberal rubbing of this mixture will
prove effective.

MAHOAGANY, walnut, and some other
woods may be polished by the use of the
following mixture: Dissolve by heat
so much beeswax in spirits of turpentine
that the mixture, when cold, shall be of
about the thickness of honey. This may
be applied to furniture, or to work
running in the lathe, by means of a
piece of clean cloth, and as much as
possible should be rubbed off by using
a clean flannel or other cloth.

THE NUMBER of species of silk-pro-
ducing insects is very large, but more
than two hundred, very few of which
are of any practical value to man-
kind; on the contrary, that portion of
the caterpillar family which unite their
silken tissues to form a family tent
have not only defied the ingenuity of
man to unravel their handiwork, but
have made his industry contribute to
their support by foraging upon fruit-
bearing and ornamental trees. The
spider family, notwithstanding many
attempts to reel their beautiful threads,
still monopolize their products for pur-
poses of locomotion and snares for un-
lucky insects.

PLAIN COURT PLASTER that will not
stick and remains flexible: Soak isin-
glass in a little warm water for three-
four hours, then evaporate nearly all
the water by gentle heat. Dissolve the
residue in a little proof spirits of wine
and strain the whole through a piece of
open linen. The strained mass should
be a stiff jelly when cool. Stitch a
piece of silk or sarcenet on a wooden
frame with tacks or thread. Melt the
jelly and apply it to the silk thinly and
evenly; upon these the plants were
placed, and all the interstices filled with
sphagnum. There the plants thrived
most luxuriantly; in we have never seen
green-house plants in summer look bet-
ter, if it were. Not only was this the
congenial home of the begonia, but all
kinds of ferns, coleus and many other
plants grown expressly for exhibition
purposes were here to be seen in the
best possible condition. This was the
work of an amateur, and when his
plants were placed besides those of the
professional florist, the latter was com-
pletely used up.

Care should be taken to see that
plants in pots are given good drainage.
This is best secured by putting a lot of
broken bricks or pieces of broken pots
in the bottom of the flower-pot. These
pieces should be as large as a hazel-nut
or even larger. Over these pieces some
dried moss, sphagnum or peat should be
placed, or even a handful of dried grass,
if nothing better can be had. This will
prevent the earth from falling among
the fragments and will insure complete
drainage. It is supposed, of course,
that the regular flower-pots are used
with a hole at the bottom for the escape
of the water. If a box or other vessel
be used a hole should be made in the
bottom. Persons who have never tried
the above method will be surprised with
the difference it will make in their
plants. The earth in the pots should
be kept moist, but not wet, soggy, nor
cold.

Much care should be exercised in
watering-house plants. Most house-
plants follow the practice of soaking the soil
once a day or less, and then letting it
dry out until it becomes hard. This
stiff, hard and unyielding character of
the soil in pots is not usually conducive
to the growth of plants. The earth
should be kept loose by a liberal addition
of vegetable mold, such as can be ob-
tained under the leaves in an old forest,
or in many neglected fence rows. For
most plants a third or a half of the soil
may be mold, which must be well mixed
with the heavier earth. Then give good
drainage by employing unglazed pots
with holes in the bottom, and by placing
a handful of broken bricks or crockery
in the bottom, and over it lay sphagnum
or other moss or peat. Do not water
heavily. The soil should not be cold
and soggy. Apply water frequently,
but avoid soaking. The leaves of the
plant should also be frequently sprayed,
especially if evaporation goes on rapidly.

—Queen Victoria continues to visit
and decorate the grave of John Brown.

A very fine red powder came out, result-
ing from pulverization of the brick.
Examined with a magnifying power of
about three hundred diameters, this
powder showed an immense number of
diatoms and silicious algae belonging
to the original clay of the bricks.
The existence and multiplication of
such organisms under about one-fifth
of an inch in thickness of plaster seems
surprising; yet M. Parize found the same
organisms—though fewer of them—
at a depth of about one-inch in the
undecayed brick. All the deteriorated
bricks showed the same organisms.
These facts seem to have important
bearings on the durability of build-
ings, methods of disinfection of hospi-
tals, etc.

Floriculture.

The green covering or so-called moss
which accumulates on plant pots is al-
ways injurious to the plant. "A bright
pot makes a healthy plant," is the gar-
deners' rule. This green covering is
an algae, a plant closely related to the
sea weed. It acts much in the same
way as glazing would act in stopping
the pores of the pot and allowing no
circulation of air. It should be scrub-
bed off as often as it appears with sand
and water.

In setting plants make the ground
mellow and rich with manure for a con-
siderable space around where the roots
are placed, so they may have a chance
to reach out. The roots should have
ample room; do not cram them.
When the earth is well drawn up
around the plant, place your feet care-
fully on each side of it, and "firm" the
earth down solidly. This will greatly
increase the chance of its living, as it
prevents the soil from drying down to
the roots.

Begonias in summer should have a
cool, shaded situation. The best plan
we have ever seen adopted was a small
lattice house, made entirely out of laths
placed half an inch apart, sides and top
alike; benches were arranged on either
side, the same as in an ordinary green-
house; upon these the plants were
placed, and all the interstices filled with
sphagnum. There the plants thrived
most luxuriantly; in we have never seen
green-house plants in summer look bet-
ter, if it were. Not only was this the
congenial home of the begonia, but all
kinds of ferns, coleus and many other
plants grown expressly for exhibition
purposes were here to be seen in the
best possible condition. This was the
work of an amateur, and when his
plants were placed besides those of the
professional florist, the latter was com-
pletely used up.

It was all the same to old Kate where
I led her so long as she knew by the
sounds about her that they were in a
populous neighborhood, and I would
often pass and regress that house with
the bow window, and its beautiful occu-
pants, as many as a dozen times a day;
and so, though they knew me not, I
came to know them all.

The months went on, and summer
came with its pleasant evenings. Then,
when old Kate, worn out, would fall
asleep, I would watch my opportunity
and slip out unheeded. Perhaps it was
wrong in me to do so, but surely, I
thought, no one would harm a little
girl.

One evening drawn by the splendor
within an open door, I stood looking in,
when a lady who was passing left the
arm of the elderly gentleman she was
walking with and came up to my side.

"Come away, my child," she said,
earnestly. "Do you not know that this
one of the devil's most deadly traps?
Come away, let me entreat you!"

I was not afraid—she spoke so kindly,
but it did not seem to me what she
said could be true.

"Oh, it is too beautiful to be that," I
answered. "It is like fairy land."

Her voice was even more earnest as
she spoke again, and there was a bitter-
ness in it, as though she had suffered
through just such a place.

As for life's mountains and valleys
No pilgrim journey take we
We lead to our trouble and care,
And heavier burdens we bear.
For somebody's sake.

Though deeply wounded by grief,
Though the heart may continue to ache,
Our sorrows we keep out of sight,
And our faces ever smiling and bright
For somebody's sake.

We labor and toil all the day,
And many a sacrifice make,
And at night may be weary and worn
With the trials we've cheerfully borne
For somebody's sake.

Though humble our dwelling may be,
Though simple the food we partake,
Our happiness may be assured,
And poverty's ills be endured
For somebody's sake.

What wonderful tasks we achieve!
What wonderful deeds we undertake!
And how sweet is the victory won,
When all we've accomplished was done
For somebody's sake.

FOR SOMEBODY'S SAKE.

As for life's mountains and valleys
No pilgrim journey take we
We lead to our trouble and care,
And heavier burdens we bear.
For somebody's sake.

Though deeply wounded by grief,
Though the heart may continue to ache,
Our sorrows we keep out of sight,
And our faces ever smiling and bright
For somebody's sake.

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And how sweet is the victory won,
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For somebody's sake.

How I Saved Two Lives.

It was only a few days after my
mother died that old Kate, the blind
woman who lived in the next room to
us, lost her little dog, and offered to
share with me her scanty means of
living if I could fill his place for her.
I was glad enough to accept her offer,
and so, day after day, I led her through
the streets, and at night shared her hum-
ble cot. It was in the same way, through
passing so often the same houses, that
I noticed and was attracted towards her
lunatics of one.

It was an elegant brick dwelling,
with bow window, and in that window
often sat a lady with the gentlest and
most beautiful face I had ever seen,
while leaning at her knee would be a
boy of about twelve years, with eyes
and brow like her own, but features in
general more like the dark handsome
face of one who would sometimes come
and talk with them for a while.

It was all the same to old Kate where
I led her so long as she knew by the
sounds about her that they were in a
populous neighborhood, and I would
often pass and regress that house with
the bow window, and its beautiful occu-
pants, as many as a dozen times a day;
and so, though they knew me not, I
came to know them all.

The months went on, and summer
came with its pleasant evenings. Then,
when old Kate, worn out, would fall
asleep, I would watch my opportunity
and slip out unheeded. Perhaps it was
wrong in me to do so, but surely, I
thought, no one would harm a little
girl.

One evening drawn by the splendor
within an open door, I stood looking in,
when a lady who was passing left the
arm of the elderly gentleman she was
walking with and came up to my side.

"Come away, my child," she said,
earnestly. "Do you not know that this
one of the devil's most deadly traps?
Come away, let me entreat you!"

I was not afraid—she spoke so kindly,
but it did not seem to me what she
said could be true.

"Oh, it is too beautiful to be that," I
answered. "It is like fairy land."

Her voice was even more earnest as
she spoke again, and there was a bitter-
ness in it, as though she had suffered
through just such a place.

"But it is so, my child. It is the
straight road to destruction. True, it is
beautiful, but it is so only to entice and
ruin."

I walked on by her side for some dis-
tance—the gentleman all that time
never saying a word, but looking, as I
thought, a little amused—and then she
loosened my hand and I sped away
home.

could I ask to search for him. My poor
boy has done nothing but moan and
call for his father for the last three
hours, and the doctor says if his wish
is not satisfied and his mind set at rest
he fears the worst. Oh, George, I pray
leave no stone unturned till you find
my husband. I cannot tell you where
to look, for I have not seen him since
early this morning. He did not know
Herbert was in any danger, for even I
did not. The fever became violent for
the first time at noon."

"My poor sister, I only wish for your
sake I had any clue as to where Gaston
is; but I will do my best."
But ere he had left her I had gone on
the wings of the wind, for I knew
where to look for him. Only an hour
before I had seen him enter the door
that I had heard called the "devil's
most deadly trap."

I knocked, and no one answering,
though in my heart I was frightened, I
pushed open the door and entered. I
saw, not this time the great crystal
lights or bright pictures that lined the
walls, for my eyes were fastened on two
forms who in the centre of the room
were confronting each other.

"You shall pay for your words—and
how!" one was saying; and as he
spoke he drew something glittering
from his pocket.

The man who was thus threatened
with the weapon was the one I sought.
I sprang forward.

"Stop!" I cried, with frantic energy.
"Do not kill him, Herbert, his boy is
dying, and calls for him."

All eyes turned with curiosity and
surprise upon me, but I cared not.
The man's hand with the knife fell to
his side.

"His boy, Herbert, is ill and dying,"
I repeated, "and he calls for his father;
and the doctor says if he does not see
him he cannot possibly live."

I shall never forget the look of agony
that came in the place of the anger to
the dark face of Herbert's father.

"My boy dying, and I here!"
He had been beside himself with
anger, but the shock of my words sobered
him, and taking my hand he led me
from the place. Once out in the street
I tried to leave him, but he held me
tightly.

"If my boy lives it will be by you who
saved him," he said; "you shall come
with me."

Such a pathetic scene it was when
the mother, hearing footsteps, came to
the door and saw her husband. I can-
not think of it now without tears.

A couple of hours later the doctor
declared the danger past; the boy had
quitted his sick unto slumber.

So it was that I, Pollie Evans, saved
two lives.

Mr. St. John, true to his word, never
from that time neglected his family;
and Herbert grew and thrived from his
childhood (which they told me had al-
ways been delicate) into as stalwart a
lad as ever gladdened a parent's heart.

Twelve years have passed since then,
and I am Pollie Evans no longer. But
I will not anticipate.

"Of course there is," cried a rich
voice at the door that brought the blood
in a torrent from my heart to my cheeks,
as pushing aside the curtains, Herbert
entered.
His eyes met mine, and fell. A joy-
ous light sprang into his handsome face
—that face that I had long known I
cared for with more than a sister's
affection.
"Ask her to stay as your daughter,
mother."

As I stood there blushing crimson, a
soft hand took mine.

"Can it be possible, Mary, that you
hope for my son? I had not dared to
hope for this. I knew that Herbert
loved you, but I never dreamed you had
a thought for him that was not merely
sisterly." (Ah, my short sighted bene-
factress!) "Will you indeed stay,
Mary, as my daughter?"

"And as my wife?" another voice
added, while a strong young arm en-
folded me.

And I stayed, and here I still am, no
longer Mary Evans, but dignified Mrs.
Herbert St. John. Herbert often calls
me "Polly," for which I do not chide
him, for I love to hear my old name
spoken in his tender tones, though in-
deed, perhaps, it might be as well to
say that everything is music to me that
comes from his lips.

Our Palates.

FRICASSADE OF LAMB.—Take a breast
of lamb and cut it into pieces about
two inches square. Put the pieces into a
saucepan with a quartered onion, three
or four cloves, a bay leaf and one table-
spoonful of butter; cover the saucepan
closely and let it steam gently half an
hour, shaking it occasionally.

BROWNED TOMATOES.—Choose large
tomatoes and cut them in half; place
them skin side down in a frying pan,
with a tablespoonful of butter; sprinkle
them well with pepper and salt and
dredge with flour. Place the pan over a
brisk fire and let them brown thor-
oughly; turn and brown the other side.
Serve them on buttered toast.

SALLY LUNN.—Warm one pint of
new milk; stir into it one tablespoonful
of melted butter; when quite cool add
three well beaten eggs, a little salt and
one tablespoonful of powdered sugar,
beat well together; stir in gradually
one quart of sifted flour; add one tea-
spoonful of soda dissolved in a little
milk. Beat well and pour in buttered
pans. Bake in a quick oven. Turn
out and cut in slices at table. To be
eaten hot.

CHICKEN TOAST.—Take the remains
of a cold roast or boiled chicken and
chop up fine, put in a saucepan, season
with salt, pepper and the round of an
onion finely minced, add a small piece
of butter, one tablespoonful of cream
and just enough water to cover the
chicken, simmer all together fifteen
minutes, break over the meat two or
three raw eggs, stir all together, pour
it upon nicely buttered toast and serve.

GERMAN PANCAKE SOUP.—Make a
batter with half a pound of prepared
flour, a little salt and half a pint of
milk, stir it well and add two well-
beaten eggs, mix until of the consistency
of cream, make into pancakes and fry a
light brown. As each one is fried lay
it on a board and cut it up into narrow
strips, beat up an egg and put it in the
tureen, add the strips of pancake, and
pour over them a quart of boiling stock,
stirring all the time.

CREAM CAKE.—Sift one pint of flour
into two tablespoonfuls of cream, but-
ter, add an even teaspoonful of baking
soda, two tablespoonfuls of powdered
sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, half
a teaspoonful of grated lemon peel, a
cupful of cream that has soured a little,
and two well beaten eggs. Mix the
batter, pour it into a buttered and
papered tin and bake in a moderate
oven.

TOMATO WITH WATER CRESS.—
Take three or four tomatoes, scald them
a moment, remove the skin and put
them in cold water a few minutes to
cool; wipe the tomatoes, and cut them
into slices. Make a plain English dress-
ing, have the tomatoes and cresses (an
equal quantity of cresses) in separate
bowls, pour the dressing over, and after
each bowl has stood for ten minutes
mix them well together and serve.

There is no limit to combination
this season. Suits, laces, ribbons, trim-
mings of all kinds and even gloves par-
take of it.

Agriculture.

Many farmers of Western New York
are going out of tobacco raising because
of the uncertainties of the crop, the loss
of fertility and depreciation of the land,
and disappointments in sales. Even
those farmers who have realized the
highest prices and the quickest sales
admit the effect of tobacco raising is to
reduce profits on general farming; that
its exhaustive tendency is a serious mat-
ter to consider, and that in the long run
it is destructive to more important in-
terests.

A horticulturist, writing to the Ohio
Farmer, says: "Nothing is more dis-
tressing to a level headed horticulturist
than to see tomato plants a foot or
eighteen inches high and bare of branches
to the cold, swaying and whipping in
the cold wind after transplanting. Where
such drawn-out plants must be used a
small inclined trench should be dug and
nearly the whole stem placed beneath
the soil. No evil will result, but much
good, from such planting, and a vigor-
ous, stocky growth will follow."

The Germantown Telegraph says that
"in selecting old apple and pear trees
for the purpose of grafting care should
be exercised to take only those that re-
tain their foliage late in the autumn."
They will insure the growing of the

