

# South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

Vol. XX, No. 35.

Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, September 2, 1882.

Five Cents per Copy.

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**Pennsylvania Politics.**

It seems as though some newspapers were making every effort possible to defeat the Republican party this fall, though they wear the garb and occasionally give evidence of being Republican papers. The cry of "bossism" and similar stuff (as though any one man or set of men could control a whole party and destroy it) is the merest bosh, and only a pretext for not supporting some one who would be in the way of a few would-be bosses. There must be something besides bossism to actuate Republican papers which now oppose such a man as Gen. Beaver because he happened to be the successful man in the nomination for Governor of the grand old State of Pennsylvania. A man with his character and record ought to have brought every Republican in the State to his support, and hosts of Democrats—honest ones—around his standard. But not so. A few disgruntled Republicans, aspiring to positions they cannot fill, and jealous of those who can, set up the plea that no Cameron man can be elected, and with the wish father to the thought spirit, go to work to defeat the Republican ticket; and newspapers that ought to be in better business are doing their best to aid the ignoble purpose. Make Senator Mitchell boss, instead of Cameron, and all would be well with them. Even the leading paper of Philadelphia is neither one thing nor the other,—sometimes riding a Beaver horse, sometimes a Stewart nag, praising first one and then the other of the candidates, throwing mud at the party, and doing sundry other things to aid the Democracy and encourage them. It is doing more to defeat the Republican ticket than any other influence. I mean the Press. It is time that this and other papers stopped scolding about men who are the best that can be had, as nearly above reproach as men can well be in this world, where imperfection is the rule, and work for the success of men who represent the highest and best political elements and sentiments that ever adorned a party. I am glad to see communications, occasionally, in the Press, calling for just such action. Thus will they be victorious. Otherwise, Republican defeat is certain in the old Keystone State. **VOTER.**

**News Items.**

Hall's Cliff Hotel, Newport, was burned Saturday.  
 Near Troy Saturday a collision occurred the features of which were very similar to those of the Spuyten Duyvil collision, except that no lives were lost.  
 Mr. Jennings, in his cable dispatch says that every body in England is pleased with the progress of the Egyptian war, and that the idea of securing Turkish co-operation is now deprecated on all sides.  
 According to all accounts the British soldiers are beginning to suffer from the heat. General Wolsley has asked for more troops. The Austrians taken prisoner at the Aboukir forts have been released. The Egyptian coast is now blockaded. M. de Lesseps still upholds Arabi Bey as a patriot and says the English will suffer worse in their Egyptian undertaking than did the French in Mexico.  
 The Pennsylvania Labor Party held convention Monday. They adopted a platform and indorsed the nomination of Mr. Armstrong the Greenback candidate for Governor.  
 There has been frightful rioting at Salem, in the Presidency of Madras, between Hindus and Mahometans, and many Mahometans have been killed and their property destroyed.  
 General Wolsley reports that the results of the actions last week were more important than he was aware of. The rebels were apparently all peasants. The dead bodies of men and horses fill the canal between Rameses and Maxarna. The Khedive has formed another Ministry. Austria is said to be backing up Russia's demands to the international conference.

Guests at Long Branch, Asbury Park and Ocean Grove are leaving on account of the cool weather.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has received assurances from the Indians at the Pine Ridge Agency that they will keep Red Cloud quiet and that the presence of troops is not necessary.

It may be inferred that in Kansas the life of an enforcer of the liquor law is not a happy one. When a man has to call on his fellow-citizens to protect him from mob violence because he does his duty, the path of duty must be a hard road to travel. The liquor interest of Kansas, as it is apt to be everywhere, is more zealous than wise. Mob violence never pays in the long run.

The Texas Republicans have banished their Bourbons to the back seats and boldly gone in for whipping the Democrats, even at the risk of increasing the number of "Administration men" who will have a right to consider themselves entitled to an office.

The Utah Commission has arrived at Salt Lake City under the lead of the venerable ex-Senator and Secretary of War Ramsey. The Salt Lake Tribune describes the Commissioners as hovering around the Endowment house, "the nest, the breeding place of the damnable system of polygamy," and seeing Mormon men and women going to be "sealed," but the commissioners look and that is all. "They cannot enter there, and what proof have they upon which to act?" the Tribune asks.

Swiss emigration to this country in 1881 doubled that of 1880—11,293 in the last year against 6,941, of whom only 2,027 were unskilled laborers.

The historian Bancroft's home in Washington is a double three-story brick house, with high granite steps. Inside is a hall running through the centre; the rooms are large and lofty, furnished with heavy articles, prominent among the ornaments being a life-size portrait of the Emperor William, given by his Majesty. Upstairs are four rooms devoted to literary work, tables heaped with pamphlets and manuscripts and walls lined with twelve thousand books.

Congressman Ellis, of Louisiana, says Carlisle, of Kentucky, will be the next Speaker of the House, and adds, "if he were elected President he would give the executive office more brains than it has had since the days of John Quincy Adams."

This is the issue as the Bradford Star sees it: "The campaign in Pennsylvania is merely a question as to whether the tariff shall be sustained, and whether the tariff shall be sustained is merely a question as to whether Pennsylvania shall continue to prosper or go into bankruptcy."

A Trenton insurance agent has a niece residing in Philadelphia who is blessed with four great-grandmothers, two grandmothers and two grandfathers.

One firm in Vineland has made this season over 100,000 boxes for the use of grape-growers of that vicinity, and are turning them out at the rate of 5,000 a day.

A census bulletin just issued puts New Jersey's population of voting age—that is, twenty-one years old and upward—at 300,635, of whom 190,656 are natives, 99,309 foreign born, and 10,670 colored.

"Jack" Brown, of Camden, formerly Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Assembly, has been appointed keeper of the State House grounds and buildings at Trenton, vice David Campbell. The position is a good one, the salary being \$110 per month with other pickings, including an annual item in the incidental bill.

The Brooklyn bridge has cost so far \$13,743,053, and nobody can tell when it will be done nor what it is yet to cost. A movement on the part of the trustees looks to the displacement of the Chief Engineer, whose health incapacitates him for active duty. It is proposed to make him Consulting Engineer and promote the present assistant to his place.

Confederate bonds are again higher in Atlanta. They sell at \$5.50 to \$6 per thousand for foreign account.

Some big orders have been recently filled at the Trenton Rubber Works. Among them was one for 1,500 feet of empire fire hose with coupling, for the department at Beloit, Wisconsin, and another for 1,000 feet of the same for the department at Charlotte, South Carolina. But a heavier order still was that from the Union Elevator Company, of Toledo, Ohio. They wanted a rubber belt, forty inches in width, three-fourths of an inch thick, and 350 feet long. This tremendous belt, which has just been shipped to Toledo, weighed 3,250 pounds and is one of the largest ever made in the United States.

A factory at Lehigh, Pa. is to manufacture fuel from coal dust.

Certain capitalists desire to supply New York and Philadelphia with natural gas from the oil regions.

Dyspepsia in its worst forms will yield to the use of Carter's Little Nerve Pills aided by Carter's Little Liver Pills. They not only relieve present distress, but strengthen the stomach and digestive apparatus.

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Malaria is an almost indescribable malady which not even the most talented physicians are able to fathom. Its cause is most frequently ascribed to local surroundings, and there is very little question, but this opinion is substantiated by facts. Malaria does not necessarily mean chills and fever while these troubles usually accompany it. It often affects the sufferer with general lassitude, accompanied by loss of appetite, sleeplessness, a tired feeling and a high fever, the person afflicted growing weaker and weaker, loses flesh day after day, until he becomes a mere skeleton, a shadow of his former self.

Malaria once having laid its hold upon the human frame, the door of the system is thrown open to nervous diseases. The body weak and enfeebled-absorbs no nourishment, but subsisting upon itself, the digestive organs no longer perform their functions; the liver becomes torpid, and other organs failing to do their routine work, speedily become disordered, and dissolution and death are apt to ensue.

In addition to being a certain cure for malaria and chills and fever, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially indigestion, dyspepsia, intermittent fevers, want of appetite, loss of strength, lack of energy, etc. Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. Acts like a charm on the digestive organs. It is for sale by all respectable dealers in medicines, price, \$1 per bottle.

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### Death of One of the Oldest Freemasons.

James Franklin Chase, one of the oldest members of the Masonic fraternity is dead. He was initiated in Union Lodge, Nantucket, in 1807, and has been an active member of the Order for seventy-five years. There has been some question as to who was the oldest Mason in the world, but it seems to have been definitely determined at last. The following table is adjudged as correct in high Masonic circles: Col. Nathan Hunstoun, Unity N. E., initiated 1803; James Franklin Chase (the subject of this sketch), 1810; Geo. Lee Bow, Agway, Conn., 1810; Knight, Dover, England, October, 1811; the Hon. James Garland, Lynchburg, Va., 1812; James Scott, Melbourne, Australia, 1812; Elijah Pratt, Castleton, N. Y., 1812; the Hon. Artemus Hale, Bridgewater, Mass., 1812; Noyes, Croydon, England, 1812; John P. Hollenbeck, Baltimore, Md., 1813; Elijah Stansbury, Baltimore, Md., 1814; Capt. Hiram Ferris, Pon du Lac, Wis., 1816. In his youth, and in the days when Nantucket was a busy rendezvous of the whale fishermen, Mr. Chase was a rigger by profession and followed such profession until he acquired the competency which supported his declining years. For over half a century he had been the Secretary of his lodge, and the minute attend his care and zeal for the welfare of his brethren. To the very hour of his decease his intellect was clear, his memory singularly bright, and, save his eyesight, he seemed in the possession of every faculty. He was an authority on all questions relating to the earlier history of the island, lived a life of honest industry, and died to the general regret not only of the craftsmen, but of all who knew him.

### To Restore the Drowning.

Rules That Should be Kept in Mind at This Season.

The rules that ought to be observed in treating a person rescued from the water are few and simple. Dr. H. R. Silvester's methods of restoring the apparently dead or drowned—which have been approved by the royal medical and chirurgical society—are practical, easily understood, and are in accordance with common sense. The one important point to be aimed at is, of course, the restoration of breathing and the efforts to accomplish this should be persevered in until the arrival of medical assistance, or until the pulse and breath have ceased for at least an hour. Cleanse the mouth and nostrils; open the mouth; draw forward the patient's tongue with a handkerchief, and keep it forward; remove all tight clothing from about the neck and chest. As to the patient's position, place him on his back on a flat surface, inclined a little from the feet upwards; raise and support the head and shoulders on a small, firm cushion or folded article of dress placed under the shoulder-blades. Then grasp the arms just above the elbow, and draw the arms gently and steadily upwards, until they meet above the head (this is for the purpose of drawing air into the lungs); and keep the arms in that position for two seconds. Then turn down the patient's arms, and press them gently and firmly for two seconds against the sides of the chest (with the object of pressing air out of the lungs; pressure on the breast bone will aid this). Repeat these measures alternately, deliberately and perseveringly, fifteen times in a minute, until a spontaneous effort to breathe is perceived, upon which cease to imitate the movements of breathing, and proceed to induce circulation and warmth. This may be done by wrapping the patient in dry blankets and rubbing the limbs upwards, firmly and energetically. Promote the warmth of the body by the application of hot flannels, bottles of hot water, etc., to the pit of the stomach, the arm-pits, and to the soles of the feet. Warm anything may generally be obtained from a bystander. On the restoration of life, stimulants should be given, and a disposition to sleep encouraged.

Natural philosophy.—"Why does lightning so rarely strike twice in the same place?" asked a school teacher of the new boy in the class of natural philosophy. "Oh," said the boy, "because it never needs to."

A crusty old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because, when she appeared, man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

### Letter from Dr. Johnson.

Dear Sir.—Since my return hither I have applied myself diligently to the care of my health. My nights grow better at your house, and have never since been bad; but my breath was very much obstructed, yet I have at last got it tolerably free. This has not been done without great efforts; for the last fifty days I have taken mercurial pills, which have done more than has been my custom of late. From this account you may, I think, derive hope and comfort. I am older than you, my disorders had been of very long continuance, and if it should please God that this recovery is lasting, you have reason to expect an abatement of all the pains that inebriate your life. Mr. Thrane has felt a heavy blow. I think, without utterance. Heberden was in great doubt whether his powers of mind would ever return. He has, however, perfectly recovered all his faculties and all his vigor. He has a fontanel in his back. I make little doubt but that, notwithstanding your dismal prognostications, you may see one another again. He purposes this autumn to spend some time in hoping on the downs of Sussex. I hope you are diligent to take much exercise in the open air. I had rather you rode twice a day than tired yourself in the morning. I take the true definition of exercise to be labor without weariness. When I left you there hung over you a cloud of discontent which is, I hope, dispersed. Drive it away as fast as you can. Sadness only multiplies itself. Let us do our duty and be cheerful. Dear sir, your humble servant,

### No Healthy Children.

I said in my address at the Health Congress at Brighton what was quite true, that I had never in my life seen a child so healthy that it had not in it some actual or latent constitutional disease. Touching the subject now in hand, it is equally true to say that it is all but impossible to find in the board schools of our large towns any children, critically viewed, of health. Constitutional taints, which under favorable circumstances may often be concealed, and which may or may not be apparent, are there. Various conditions of disease are there independently of the tendency from heredity; there of themselves, in some shade of mental aberration. "The field of the disease which is presented in some of the schools situated in crowded localities is indeed a sight at once for anxiety and pity. To the eye of a physician who, like myself, has spent many years in hospital practice, it tells a story which is absolutely painful. But it permits the result to be calculated after that of his mind at leisure hours; if that is to say, he compares what he has witnessed in his survey with what he has learned from long observation of the meaning of the phenomena in the history of life. It is not necessary for him to strip the children, peruse and sound the chest, examine the spine, or practice any of those refined arts of diagnosis with which he is familiar. He reads from the indications of temperament, of expression of countenance, of color of skin, of position of limb, of build of body, of gait, of voice, sufficient outward manifestations to discern what is the true physical state, what is the stamp and extent of disease, what is the vital value of the lives generally that are before him. Tell the physician those lives are to be valued for some momentary purpose as they stand and as they go on, according to the present system, and he will give in brief time an estimate of value which the keenest man of business might readily accept and act upon. Foremost among the evils which are thus presented are those common conditions of disease known as anæmia and cachexia. Strictly speaking these are not diseases, like diabetes, bronchitis or defined affections running a regular course, but they are states of diseased form which by their presence indicate a faulty nutrition at the period of life when good nutrition is most required, and which cannot long go on without insuring the construction of an impaired bodily organization. The blood is not being duly oxygenated, and food, therefore, though it be even fair in quality or quantity, is not properly applied. The nervous system is imperfectly built up; the skeleton is imperfectly built up; the muscular system is imperfectly

### Not Easy to Block up the Canal.

Stopping the traffic through the canal would be a much more difficult task to accomplish. This results from its size. For most of its length it is a shallow channel, over 300 feet wide at El Galar and Sraupam, where the sand was deep, it would have cost an immense labor to have kept up the full width at these places, so for a few miles it is only 60 metres, or about 195 feet. To dam up such spaces could not be done in minutes or hours. Sinking an old vessel would also have its difficulties. Arab's men might have some difficulty in finding a ship of sufficient size for the purpose; and supposing this could be done, it would not take a very long time to remove again. Unless Arab's men means a little chance of the traffic being stopped for any length of time. Our gunboat will be quite able to keep the banks of the canal clear, so far as their guns can reach, at any rate, from any body of Bedouins or Arab's soldiers, and they are likely to have a wholesome fear of big guns for some time to come.

### Agricultural.

Common Salt as a Fertilizer.

Common salt is a compound of chlorine and sodium, the first being a gas and the latter a metal. From sodium is derived soda by union with oxygen, and soda is usually met with in the shape of sulphate, carbonate, or bicarbonate. Nearly all plants contain more or less soda, though it does not supply the place of potash in any extent. Common salt, therefore, supplies soda to all plants with which it may come in contact, and as chlorine is a very useful substance in the soil, it also yields up that element. It is a very difficult matter to separate the two which are so firmly bound together in the salt; still, there is a doubt that salt undergoes disintegration in the soil. But before this takes place it first performs several duties as a fertilizer. It is very important to the farmer. It will kill weeds to sow salt on them when wet with dew. Wheat on land, after seeding to corn, when or turnips, provided it does not come in contact with plants just pushing through, it facilitates their growth and keeps out worms, turnip flies and even the Hessian fly away to a certain extent. It is also obnoxious to many other insects. In experimenting with salt it should not be overlooked that it is beneficial to some few weeds, but a positive injury to the majority. The celebrated Dr. Voelker, a German chemist, used the solutions of salt in order to test its effect on different plants, and found that from three to twelve grains in a pint of water produced no effect on cabbages, beans, onions, lentils and thistles, but a solution of double strength instantly killed the sweet vernal grass. A solution of twenty-four grains to the pint gave a fresher appearance to radishes, cabbages and lentils, the latter especially being highly benefited, but a solution of forty-eight grains exercised a prejudicial effect on lentils, while it did no injury to the other plants. From these experiments it appears that it is useless to apply more than the quantity actually required, and that fertilizers will give excellent results when used in proper proportions, but are sometimes injurious in large quantities. The plants most largely benefited by salt are cabbages, celery, asparagus, onions, radishes and tomatoes. Grasses are affected more readily by salt than other crops, and it is of especial advantage to bulbous plants and plants with succulent leaves. Salt is taken up into the body of plants without decomposition to a limited degree. Earth on soils renders them more friable, as it possesses the property of attracting moisture from the atmosphere. Mr. William Sanders, of Washington, D. C., writing to the *National Farmer*, states that this property has been significantly utilized in the growth of turnips, beets and other root crops in bushy seasons. An application of ten bushels to the acre on young beets that were languishing for want of moisture had a astonishing effect in the vigorous growth of those injured to the young plants, and increased the crop to the extent of five tons per acre above that produced in the same field which was treated in the same way, but omitting salt. Even on the following wheat field the salted portion was clearly defined, as the wheat on that portion stood better, gave a heavier crop and

### AT EVENING.

Upon the hills the sun sets gloriously, The sunsets, the crimson and the gold, Beside the sunset break that comes by. The dark, deep frown their feathery groves unfold.

The little white blossom of the field, That has a power in the splendid day, Holds over small spaces in its bosom soiled, And by tomorrow will have passed away.

The silage whistles plain with gurgling light, And to the red purple cloud hangs low, A few brown birds sing then their hymn to-night, On shadowy boughs then spread their wings and fly.

Along the road the men that sow and reap With heavy footsteps stir the whitened dust, And up the sky—illuminated steep—The grand clouds slowly to their sacred trust.

Oh, grand, strange trust! to be a light to those Who lead night, impatient for the morn, When the fresh fragrance rises from the floor, And the sweet dew begins the sharpest tear.

The cow, the sheep, the pig, peer through the chinks, That like the sleeping darkness of night's wraith, Each tapers flower its draught of dampness drinks, And here and there a perturbed petal falls, Then from the East a saffron breath comes up, To cool the heated bosom of the world, It says in whisper to the fly's ear, Whose whirring, soft edge its kisses have all speared.

And upward, to the splendor of the stars, The fragrant morning rises like a veil, Night shuts its gates and draws the heavy bars, And somewhere morning waits, supreme and pure.

### Getting into Society.

"I tell you, Jack, the farm is not your vocation. I become more and more convinced of the fact every day. You are contented with the life we are leading."

Breakfast was over and we stood on the farm house porch, arm in arm. On the sill of the door sat baby screaming with delight, as she fed a pair of pet pigeons from her dimpled hands. Our breakfast had been a delicious one—coffee clear as amber, bread like snow, and steak done to a turn.

All about us was a green tangle of sweet briar and wild honey suckle, the sun was just rising above the mountain peaks and the morning air was sweet and fresh and filled with exquisite woodland odors, and musical with the songs of birds. We could catch a glimpse of the barn and poultry yards from where we stood, and hear the plaintive lowing of the kine and dream-like tinkle of their bells.

I felt a vague sort of conviction that Jack had but little sympathy with my spirit of discontent, yet I was determined to carry my point, if possible.

"You are dissatisfied with your lot— I see that plainly, Nell," said Jack, a trifle sadly.

"Oh, nonsense!" I put in, "not with my lot nor with you, only with the farm, Jack, I'm tired to death with this prosy, hum-drum life, and I hate to see you delving and tilling like a slave from one year's end to another. You were brought for something better. Fancy a man of your abilities growing grain and digging potatoes and raising stock to his life's end."

"But, my dear," suggested Jack, "we must live and have bread and butter."

"To be sure, Jack, but why not earn it in a more genteel way?"

"I'm afraid you're always getting."

"Oh, please don't misunderstand me, Jack. I mean that you have capacities for something better. You only doing to the old farm to please your father, when you could do a hundred fold better elsewhere. And, besides, where is our society in this place, Jack? What chances are there for our children as they grow up?"

Jack laughed as he glanced down at baby who was struggling furiously to get a pigeon's head in her mouth.

"Ah, Nell, that is looking so far ahead," he said, "and you forget that I have lived here all my life."

"Oh, no, I don't forget. And what have you done, Jack?"

"Led an upright life and married you in the end."

"But you didn't pick me up among the clover blossoms, Jack, don't forget that. You found me in town, and Jack, dear, I am anxious to get back to my native element. I'm tired of this. You can get on ever so nicely in town, Jack; and there we can get into society."

"I'm not over fond of society, Nell."

"Oh, but you should be for my sake, Jack; I'm fond of it. I hate to live like a hermit. Why, Jack, if we desire to live a little party to-morrow we could not for lack of guests."

"Dear me, Nell, why I could muster scores."

### AT EVENING.

"Of a certain sort, yes, but I don't want them, Jack. I'm a little peculiar in my notions. I want no society but the best; the—the sort of society you get in town."

"Fashionable society, Nell."

"Well, then, why not? You have means, Jack, and I flatter myself that we are fitted to move in any circles. Why should we bury ourselves in this wilderness?"

"Our means are not inexhaustible."

"In a way of that, Jack, but we have enough for a start and Vanborough offers you a place in the bank."

"At a limited salary."

"Oh, yes; but you can work your way up, Jack; right to the topmost round of the ladder. Do let's go, Jack! I've lived here to please you ever since our marriage; I think you can afford to please me a little."

Jack sighed as he looked out upon his rising, green, grassy fields, but he drew me close to his heart and kissed me.

"That's true," he said, "you can't be expected to care for the farm as I do, Nell. I promised to make you happy when you consented to be my wife, and I'll try to keep my word. You shall have it all your own way, Nell."

The continuous dropping of water wears away the solid stone. I had conquered my husband at last, and the centre of my heart was about to be accomplished.

When Jack once made up his mind to do a thing he did it with all his might. The matter was soon settled. Cherry Hill, as we called the farm, was sold at a great sacrifice, and on a sunny morning we turned our backs upon the breezy mountain summits and golden grain fields, and journeyed cityward.

"I'm afraid you've made a big mistake," said Jack's father, as he bade us good-bye; "you'd better have stuck to the old farm. You remember the old saying about rolling stones?"

"I don't believe in old sayings, sir," I answered, lightly. "I think I can appreciate my husband's abilities better than any one else can."

"All right, I hope you won't find yourself mistaken, my dear. Good bye to both of you. Whatever you do, care well for the little one. I'm afraid she won't like the change. If you happen to tire of town and fashion, don't forget that a welcome always awaits you at home."

Jack's heart was too full for utterance.

"Thank you, sir," I said, "but we shall not get tired."

Our new home in Penryth was a stylish residence in a fashionable block. We established ourselves in the principal hotel, and then set about the task of furnishing the house.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Vanborough, the banker's wife, dropping in for an early call, "don't dream of such a thing as buying a carpet. Get Brussels. You'll find it much cheaper in the end, and besides it is so much more stylish."

We hearkened to our friend's advice, and laid our rooms with Brussels, and the cost ran up into the hundreds. Then furniture was got to match. Mrs. Vanborough and several other friends aiding us in our selection, and all sorts of pretty, costly bric-a-brac, and real life curtains, and a new cottage piano. My old instrument was too plain and clumsy for us now.

There is a curious sort of excitement in spending money, which seems to drive the most sober and economizing people desperate when they once set it. Jack had been one of the most careful of men, counting the cost of everything as he went, and saving every stray penny.

Once into the vortex of city life, his prudence was speedily changed into a sort of recklessness. He actually seemed to delight in seeing his money go.

"We've got snug quarters here, Nell, by George! No one in town can outshine us, not even Vanborough himself. It has lightened our purse a good deal, I'll admit, but what good comes of having more if you can't enjoy it?"

"We must try and save a little now, Jack, since we are fixed so nicely," said I.

"Pshaw, child! Who ever heard of a banker's clerk saving anything? If we make both ends meet, it will be more than I look for."

"My dear, I suppose you want to give some sort of a party now. It is customary you know. I'll help you to order your refreshments, and Cecelia will write out your invitations for you."

I mentioned the matter to Jack, and he entered into the spirit of the affair with great excitement.

"To be sure, little wife, have a party

### Scrap.

The biggest thing on foot—the profit. Beauties often die old maids. They are such a value on themselves that they don't find a purchaser before the market is closed.

Rector—"Those pigs of yours are in a fine condition, Jarvis." Jarvis: "Yes, sir, they are, sir, if we were all on us as fit to die as them are, we'd do."

"What made you steal that water proof cloak?" demanded the judge. The culprit whispered, "I was trying to lay up something for a rainy day."

There is an old adage that if enough rope is given to a fool he will hang himself with it, but it appears that ever since the world began there is a scarcity of fools.

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his Irish servant. "It is full on the bottom, sir, but there's none at the top," said Biddy.

"I say, when does this train leave?" "What are you asking me for? Go to the conductor; I'm the engineer."

"I know you're the engineer; but you might give a civil answer." "Yes, but I'm not a civil engineer."

A lady in court, being asked her age, replied that she didn't know; she didn't remember the exact hour when she was born, and could only depend on hearsay. Hearsay is not evidence, and the matter was ruled out.

A gentleman while traveling on a Hudson River steamer, one day at dinner was making away with a large pudding close by, when he was told by a servant that it was a dessert. "It matters not to me," said he, "I would eat it if it were a wilderness."

A friend told me a good story the other day. When in the country last week she picked a sunflower in the garden and brought it into the house. Meeting the landlady on the doorstep, she stopped to have a word with her, remarking, as she pointed to the sunflower, "These are called 'esthete' now, you know." "Do tell," replied the landlady; "I never heard them called a 'tything' but 'sunflowers.'" My friend succeeded in concealing her laughter, and rushed off to see as she could politely do so to all some of the boarders, a lady of apparent culture from the city. She repeated the story when, to her utter astonishment, the lady said: "I always called them 'tast' too!"

### Jonathan Edwards' Frankness.

One of Jonathan Edwards' contemporaries, the Rev. Dr. B., in an adjoining town, discarded the severest of the Calvinistic dogmas. A notorious scamp in the town, much affected in a revival, went to the doctor and said to him, in the religious parance of the time, "I realize that I am the chief of sinners." "Glad to hear it!" replied the dominie, "your neighbors have long realized it." "I feel," persisted the whining penitent, "that I am willing to be damned for the glory of God."

"Well," responded the hard-hearted preacher, "I don't know anybody around here that would have the slightest objection."

One of Jonathan Edwards' daughters, who had some spirit of her own, had also a proposal of marriage. The youth was referred to her father. "No," said the stern individual, "you can't have my daughter." "But I love her and she loves me," pleaded the young man. "Can't have her!" said the father. "I am well to do, and can support her," explained the applicant. "Can't have her!" persisted the old man. "May I ask," meekly inquired the suitor, "if you have heard anything against my character?" "No!" thundered the obstinate parent, by this time aroused; "I haven't heard anything against you; I think you are a promising young man, and that's why you can't have her. She's got a very bad temper and you wouldn't be happy with her!" The lover, amazed, said, "Why, Mr. Edwards, I thought you were a Christian. She's a Christian, isn't she?" "Certainly she is," growled the conscientious parent, "but, young man, when you grow older you'll be able to understand that there's some folks that the grace of God can live with that you can't!"

The draped polonaise is much used for while much more dress. The bodice is first fitted like a basque, and trimmed along its edges with the embroidery in two rows, one turned up and the other down, or with a puff over a ribbon, and the drapery is added in lengthwise tucks on the hip and in front.

Some Good Ones.

"Guess we're all right now!" puffed the old gentleman as, mopping the perspiration from his forehead, he reached the steambath landing, with his wife just in time to be too late; "guess we're all right." "Guess we're all right, do you?" rejoined she, catching a glimpse of the steamer as it disappeared around a bend in the river; "guess we're all right! Well, I guess we're all left." And they were.

Sing a song of Egypt, Pocket full of bonds; Four and twenty his guns With shell thorax opened, When the fire was opened, Wasn't that a pretty mess? For Pasha Arabi!

The Khedive was out in Rameleh, Shaking in his shoes; The ships were in the harbor, Waiting for the news, Arabi retreated.

And left the conquered town; In came the British, And burned the city down.

The advantage: A conservative member of the house of commons, who talks much on foreign affairs, but not wisely, was passing last week through Palace yard, when a man ran against him. "Do you know, sir, who I am?" said the member: "I am Mr. —, M. P." "What," irreverently answered the man, "are you Mr. —, the greatest fool in the house of commons?" "You are drunk," exclaimed the M. P. "Even if I am," replied the man, "I have this advantage over you—I shall be sober to-morrow, whereas you will remain the fool you are to-day."

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Fourteen Additional Pages. The following is a summary of the leading features of the year.

A new novel by Mrs. Burnett (Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," etc.) entitled "Through One Administration," a story of Washington life.

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

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Poetry and Prose in America. There will be studies of Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, and others by E. C. Steedman.

Stories, Sketches, and Essays. May be expected from Charles Dudley Warner, W. D. Howells, "Mark Twain," Edward Eggleston, Henry James, Jr., John Muir, Miss Gordon Cumming, "H. H.," George W. Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, A. C. Rowland, F. D. Millet, Noah Brooks, Frank R. Stockton, Constantine F. Woolson, H. H. Boyesen, Albert Stickney, Tommaso Starnelli, Henry King, Ernest Ingersoll, E. L. Godkin, E. D. Whittburn, and many others.

One or two papers on "The Adventure of the Tio Club," and an original Life of Bowick, the engraver, A. S. D. Howells, are among other features to be later announced.

The Editorial Departments Throughout will be complete, and "The World's Work" will be constantly enlarged. The price of The Century Magazine will remain at \$4 per year—35 cents a number. The portrait (size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2) of the late Dr. Holland, issued just before his death, photographed from a life-sized drawing by W. H. Eaton, will possess a new interest to the readers of this magazine. It is offered at \$3 retail, or together with "The Century Magazine" for \$6.50. Subscriptions are taken by the publishers, and by book-sellers and newsdealers everywhere.

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Time-table of May 1, 1882

	M.A.	Acc.	P.M.	Sunday
Philadelphia	8:00	8:00	5:00	8:00
Caden	4:45	8:15	4:15	8:20
Wilmington	6:25	8:30	5:30	8:25
Delaware Junction	5:58	9:08	6:00	9:06
Cedar Brook	6:12	9:12	6:12	9:12
Windsor	6:31	9:31	6:31	9:24
Hammonon	7:35	9:35	6:35	9:31
Delaware	7:20	9:30	6:30	9:27
Delaware	7:43	9:40	6:40	9:35
Delaware	8:00	9:50	6:50	9:45
Delaware	8:15	10:00	7:0	