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Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, September 3, 1881.

Five Cents per Copy

E. H. Carpenter's Store,
Bellevue Avenue.

I am well stocked with a good assortment of goods suitable to the wants of the people, consisting in part of

Men's, Boys' and Youths'
Boots and Shoes.

Ladies' Fine Kid, Pebble Goat, and Cloth Top Boots,
Slippers, etc.

Misses' and Children's
Button and Lace Shoes.

Hats and Caps.

Underwear, Hosiery,
Gloves, Corsets, Notions,
Dress-maker's Trimmings,
Fancy Articles,
Stationery,
School Books,
Blank Books,
Bibles,

Gospel, Quiver & Garner Hymns
Presbyterian Hymnals,
Appinott's, Harper's and
Scribner's Magazines.

Spectacles and Eye Glasses.

Garden and Flower Seeds.

Household Sewing Machines.
Sewing Machine Needles.
Etc., Etc., &c., &c.

at the lowest prices, by
H. CARPENTER,
Hammonton, N. J.

THE LADIES' STORE
OF
HAMMONTON.
TOMLIN & SMITH'S,
Corner of Bellevue & Horton St.

Lomburg Embroideries, Laces, White Goods, Fancy Articles, Toys, and MILLINERY GOODS.
Ladies' Furnishing Goods a Speciality.
Ladies' Spring Fashions have been received.

ONLY \$20
for this style of PHILADELPHIA SINGER. Equal to any Singer in the market. Remember, we send it to be examined before you pay for it. This is the same style as other companies retail for \$50. All Machines warranted for 3 years. Send for Illustrated Circular and Testimonials. Address
CHARLES A. WOOD & CO.,
17 N. Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WOODHULL & SON,
OFFICES,
Front and Market Streets,
CAMDEN, N. J.

HAMMONTON
CONFECTIONERY

Send the BEST ASSORTMENT of Confections in Atlantic City and Foreign and Domestic Nuts of all kinds, Peaches, Apples, Messina and Lemons, Figs, Dates, Raisins, Coles & Harker's Carrots in different varieties, Cough Syrup, Imperials, Candy, etc., etc. Also, Cakes, Cullers, etc.

D. PACKER.

Stockwell's
BOTTOM PRICES.
Just a Little Lower
Than the Lowest.

No Musty Tea.
No Wormy Oat Meal.
No mouse-bitten Cheese

Good Goods. All Fresh Goods.
I calculate to carry no more stock than I can turn over often, and keep sweet.

I commence to-day (Saturday, Sept. 3d) selling goods at the following prices:

2 lbs Franklin Granulated Sugar for 19 cts
2 lbs "A" Sugar for 18 cts.
2 lbs. Brown Sugar for 11 cts.
2 lbs. "first class" Leaf Lard for 27 cts.
2 lbs. good Carolina Rice, 11 cts.
Fancy White Drips Syrups, 13 c. per qt.
2 bars Babbitt's Soap for 11 cts.
Siddall's Soap, per lb., 8 cts.
Canned Beef, 31 cts.
Extra quality Mackerel, 9 cts.
Canned Fish, 12 cts. Epps' Cocoa, 22 cts.
Baker's Cocoa, 20 cts.
French Chocolate, 20 cts. per lb.
Oat Meal, 4 cts. Barley, 6 cts.
XXX Crackers, 9 cents per pound.
XXXX Crackers, — cents.
Oak Wood, \$1.40 per cord.
Pine Wood, \$1.30 per cord.

I call your special attention to my **COFFEES and TEAS.**
Just the place to buy your **Boots and Shoes.** A large stock of all warranted goods.
Hardware, Tinware, and, by the by, two good brooms for 25 cents, warranted to sweep clean. Also, three cakes "High Toned Soap" for five cents.
JUST ARRIVED, — a large lot of **NOTIONS**, including Ribbons, Laces, Ties, Collars, Ruchings, Combs, Corsets, etc., all latest styles.
Look for lower prices from week to week.

New
Patterns
of
Fall
Dress
Ginghams.

Selling Rapidly.
Tilton & Son.

We deliver goods to all reasonable distances in town on the afternoons of Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Parties will greatly oblige us by having their orders in early on day of delivery.

I showed my love my fond heart,
And asked would she be mine
Till cruel death do us part?
She answered me, Ach nein!
I showed my love my bank book,
And then I touched her soul,
She sighed with such a frank look,
And sweetly liped, Ja wohl!

Our Home Interest.
The boys selling fruit on the trains is just what it is recommended to be. They will soon be gathered in school, but they will never forget what we might as well say they have learned on the streets.
A great cry was made, last summer, in regard to the nuisance that was then brought here daily from Atlantic City. But there is nothing so demoralizing to the youthful mind as this habitual hanging about the depot and streets, waiting for the trains, from early morning until late at night. Yet it is allowed, regardless of the evil habits learned and the unwholesome influences which are there thrown around them. Knowing they must mingle with all classes of society, including some not of the highest grade, common sense and good judgment must tell what the result will be. Their general conduct soon evinces the sort of instruction imparted to them during their absence from home. The small sum which they obtain by selling fruit does not make good the bad language and habits which they gain, and which never can be effaced from their young minds. Many are learning to use tobacco, which you all know is a filthy habit, and often leads to the use of strong drink.
I hope that the railroad companies will take measures to prevent this evil from afflicting us another year. It is better to allow but a few the privilege of selling fruit at each station. It would prove less annoying to passengers, also. Give to the young the attractions and pleasures of a pleasant home. If they need employment, let them find it there or in some place and of such kind as will be of some lasting benefit to them. It is our duty to do all we can for them, at home and abroad. Let us do our part, and if they fail to make good citizens the fault will not be ours.
May our boys have higher aims and nobler purposes; become ornaments in society and an honor to our country. In time they may be called to take positions of honor, and that they may fill them with credit let me commend to their attention the boyhood of our first President — the father of his country — George Washington, and of our present noble chief magistrate — President Garfield.

Elwood, Aug. 31st, 1881.
L. E. L. S.

News Items.
The Herdic coaches have struck Niagara Falls, and you can now travel anywhere for 5 and 10 cents instead of \$5 and \$10 as formerly.
M. de Lafayette, to the great regret of his friends here and in France, finds himself unable, by reason of his health, to join the celebration at Yorktown next October. The family will, however, be represented by his neighbors, M. de Bauvier and M. de Corcelles, who is well known in Washington as a former secretary to the French legation there.

Whatever may be the result of the President's illness, the fact that noble-hearted rich men of the nation have contributed a sum sufficient to care for his family in after years, will serve to relieve the anxiety of his last hours, if he must die, and if he survives, the circumstance will be cherished by him as one of the many tokens of friendly regard. In the event of his death the present amount — nearly \$200,000 — will doubtless be doubled, if not trebled, by appreciative countrymen.

The construction of New Railroads for the first half of this year in the United States is stated at 3,110 miles, against 2,631 miles for the corresponding period of 1880, 1,268 miles in 1879, 947 miles in 1878, 574 in 1875, 913 in 1871, 1,966 miles 1873 and 3,362 miles in 1872. It will be seen that the mile-

age for the period of 1872 was greater this year by 262 miles, but the United States railway companies have been rapidly extending construction during this Summer, and are now putting down rails much faster than in 1872, or at any other time in our history.

Theophile Gautier, who has lately given the world an account of what he calls his "Private Menagerie," mentions one of the rare cases in which pussy was most completely taken aback, and lost all presence of mind and self-reliance at once. The cat was accustomed to live in perfect intimacy with the writer, sleeping at his feet on his bed; dreaming on the arm of his easy chair while he was writing; following him in his garden as he walked; keeping him company at meals, and, as he adds, not unfrequently intercepting the morsel on the road between the plate and the lips. One day a friend, setting out upon his journey, left his parrot in Gautier's charge. The bird sat disconsolate on the top of his stand, while the cat stared at the strange sight and tried to gather up all the strays and waifs of natural history which she might have picked up on the roof, or in the yard and garden. The writer followed her thoughts through her green eyes, and read there clearly the words: "It must be a green chicken!" Thereupon pussy jumped down from his writing-table and assumed, in a dark corner, the air of a panther in a jungle lying in wait for a delicate deer; crouching flat down, the head low, the back stretched out at full length, the elbows out, and the eyes fixed immovably on the bird. The poor parrot had followed all her movements with nervous anxiety; he raised his feathers, sharpened his bill, stretched out his claws, and evidently prepared for war.
The cat lay still, but the writer again read in her eyes, "No doubt, though 'tis green, the chicken must be good to eat." Suddenly her back was arched like a bow that is drawn, and with one bound she was on the perch. The parrot, seeing the great danger, lifted up his sharp, eager voice, and screamed out, "Have you breakfasted, Jack?" The voice frightened pussy out of her wits. A trumpet sounded in her ears, a pile of crockery breaking near her, a pistol fired close to her head, could not have frightened her more terribly. All her ideas were overthrown: her eyes said clearly, "This is not a chicken; this is a gentleman." She cast an anxious glance at her master, leaped down in sheer terror, and hid under the bed, from whence no threat and no caress could bring her out for the day.

It is a sad fact that ever since the battle of Waterloo the John Bulls have been diminishing in number, and with Landor the cultivated John Bulls died out altogether. When Landor was flourishing at Bath, England was still full of John Bulls — country squires, for instance, hot headed, blustering auto-crats, who respected (if they could not construe) Latin, and who were Tory-republicans, hating the French, loving liberty — the liberty of the British squire to do as he liked. Add to these qualities the qualities of genius and scholar ship, and we see the Landor of Prof. Colvin, "a nature passionate, unteachable, but withal noble, courageous, loving-hearted, beautiful and wholesome to the heart's core. His very pronunciations — "yaller" for yellow, "laylock" for lilac, "Room" for Rome, "woonderful" for wonderful — were typical, as were his features, his short arms, his entire physique.

Equally typical, too, was his immiscibility. "The worst of John Bull," said a famous American, "is that he won't mix; set him where you will out of his own little panucake of an island, and he begins to quarrel all round." When Landor (soon after falling in love with Wales and deciding to plant it with cedars of Lebanon) declared that "the earth contains no race of human beings so totally vile and worthless as the Welsh," he did what he was all his life doing with regard to every country and locality he ever visited.

It is a foolish mistake to confound a remedy of merit with quack medicines. We have used Parker's Ginger Tonic with the happiest results for Dyspepsia and Debility, and know it to be a sterling health restorative. Times.

A sense of the fitness of things is in some natures superior to the agitation which either great joy or sorrow causes. A Long Island lad who had visited the watermelon bed once too often came home quite suddenly and after a contest with the "grim destroyer" which lasted all night gave up the ghost. A few days after the funeral the artist who was preparing the tombstone asked the bereaved mother what design she would have on it. Tears gushed from her eyes and sobs half choked her as she answered: "A w-w-watermelon v-v-vine."

A well-to-do Philadelphian was an earnest suitor for the heart and hand of a sprightly Camden widow. After a long courtship, which had failed to satisfy his expectations, he ventured, upon a certain occasion when she seemed to be in particularly good humor, to reproach her for indifference. "Ah," said she, coquettishly, "I want to believe you, but how can I? You're a director in half a dozen gas companies."

If you are tired of taking the large old fashioned gripping pills, try Cartor's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

3, 5, 7, 9. 3, 5, 7, 9
SAMUEL LEES,
NORTH SECOND ST.
East Side, above Market,
PHILADELPHIA.

OLD ESTABLISHED DRY GOODS AND NOTION STORES, Nos. 3, 5, 7 and 9 North Second Street, offers great inducements in DRESS GOODS, MUSLINS, GINGHAMS, CHEVIOTS, TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS, TOWELS, CRASHES, etc., etc.

We make **Black Cashmere** and other fine goods. Our department contains the largest and most complete line of **Hosiery, Gloves, Hamburgs, Edging, and Underwear** which we offer ten per cent cheaper than can be bought elsewhere. Buying and selling only for cash, and having four stores to buy for, we are able to buy in larger quantities, and buy at lower figures, and therefore sell cheaper than any Dry Goods and Notion House in Philadelphia.

SAMUEL LEES,
2 5, 7, 9 N. Second St., Philada.
781-ly

Camden & Atlantic R. R.

DOWN TRAINS.

Stations.	H. A. A. M.	F. S. A.
Philadelphia.....	6 00 4 15	8 00
Cooper's Point.....	5 12 4 25	9 45
Penn. R. R. Junc.....	6 16 4 31	8 18
Haddonfield.....	6 35 4 42	8 32
Ashland.....	6 44 4 48	8 35
Kirkwood.....	6 53 4 53	8 40
Berlin.....	7 08 5 04	8 45
Atco.....	7 16 5 19	8 50
Waterford.....	7 25 5 21	8 55
Ancoara.....	7 34 5 26	9 00
Winslow Junc.....	7 39 5 32	9 05
Hammonton.....	7 46 5 41	9 10
Da Costa.....	5 42 4 42	8 53
Elwood.....	5 55 4 51	9 02
Egg Harbor.....	6 15 5 10	9 12
Pomona.....	6 26 5 16	9 22
Absecon.....	6 42 5 26	9 38
Atlantic.....	6 55 5 39	9 51
May's Landing.....	6 30 5 10	9 20

UP TRAINS.

Station.	H. A. A. M.	F. S. A.
Philadelphia.....	7 55 9 20	6 05
Cooper's Point.....	7 28 9 12	5 57
Penn. R. R. Junc.....	7 23 9 08	5 53
Haddonfield.....	7 07 8 58	5 43
Ashland.....	6 57 8 51	5 37
Kirkwood.....	6 52 8 46	5 32
Berlin.....	6 39 8 35	5 22
Atco.....	6 32 8 28	5 13
Waterford.....	6 24 8 19	5 05
Ancoara.....	6 18 8 12	4 55
Winslow Junc.....	6 13 8 05	4 44
Hammonton.....	6 05 7 52	4 42
Da Costa.....	7 47 4 37	3 36
Elwood.....	7 39 4 29	3 25
Egg Harbor.....	7 30 4 20	3 18
Pomona.....	7 15 4 09	3 08
Absecon.....	7 05 3 59	3 02
Atlantic.....	6 50 3 45	3 00
May's Landing.....	7 10 4 00	

Up express stops at Hammonton 8:48 A. M. Philadelphia 9:50. Express, Hammonton 12:03 Philadelphia 1:05. Down express leaves Vine Street 4:45, Hammonton 5:52

Philadelphia & Atlantic City
Time-table of May 7, 1881.

	M'd	Acc	Acc. Sund'y
Philadelphia.....	8 00	10 00	8 00
Camden.....	4 45	8 20	6 20
Oakland.....	4 57	8 27	6 29
Williamstown Junction.....	5 08	8 36	6 38
Cedar Brook.....	6 12	9 42	7 42
Winslow.....	6 51	10 30	8 21
Hammonton.....	7 02	10 36	8 32
Da Costa.....	7 20	10 33	8 38
Elwood.....	7 43	10 41	8 45
Egg Harbor.....	8 00	10 51	8 55
Pleasantville.....	8 55	10 10	9 10
Atlantic City, Ar.....	9 16	10 30	9 30

	Acc.	M'd	Acc.	Sund'y
Atlantic City.....	4 00	10 00	4 00	4 00
Pleasantville.....	6 15	11 10	4 17	4 15
Egg Harbor.....	6 38	11 47	4 36	4 36
Elwood.....	6 44	12 16	4 48	4 48
Da Costa.....	6 56	12 26	4 57	4 57
Hammonton.....	7 02	12 30	5 08	5 08
Winslow.....	7 12	12 38	5 17	5 17
Cedar Brook.....	7 23	1 16	5 27	5 27
Williamstown Junction.....	7 30	1 20	5 33	5 33
Oakland.....	8 03	2 20	6 00	6 00
Camden.....	8 10	2 40	6 07	6 07
Philadelphia.....	8 30		6 25	6 25

The express leaves Atlantic City at 7:00 A. M. Pleasantville 7:15. Hammonton 7:32. Arrives at Philadelphia at 8:00. Returning leaves the city at 3:00 P. M., arrives at Hammonton at 5:08; Pleasantville 5:47; Atlantic City 6:00.

STARTLING DISCOVERY!
LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.
A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, which he has sold to his fellow-sufferers, address J. H. REEVE, 42 Chambers St., N. Y.

Scientific Economy.

To purify muddy water: Agitate each quart of water with an ounce of phosphate of lime, and allow it to settle. This requires only a few minutes, and it will be found that most of the impurities are carried down to the bottom. The supernatant water is now filtered without any trouble through absorbent cotton. Ordinary cotton will answer as well, if previously moistened with alcohol and then washed with water. Of course, either of them must be pressed tightly into the neck of a funnel. By this means perfectly clear water can be obtained in about five minutes.

Some of the ways of distinguishing amber from copal are thus given in *La Nature*: Copal is yellow, of a more or less deep tint, but uniform throughout, and has yellow points like sulphur on its surface. Amber in a fragment of 12 centimetres in length will show a variation of shade. Amber when rubbed will yield a strong aromatic odor; imitations will not. Amber may be bent after being saturated with talcum powder, the imitations will not bend. Amber may be cut, sawed, rasped or polished, but cannot be cemented or soldered like copal. The density of amber is 1.09 to 1.11, that of copal is 1.04.

Mercader has described a new and economical method of producing intermittent luminous signals by burning petroleum with oxygen. He has a lamp with a round wick, within which reaches a reservoir of oxygen; when the lamp is lighted and a properly adjusted jet of oxygen is permitted to reach it, it gives out a white flame, the intensity of which approaches that of the oxyhydrogen light. When the lamp is burned without oxygen it gives a smoky flame of brilliant yellow, which will, however, rapidly increase in intensity, and soon reach a maximum when the oxygen is turned on. Dr. Robert Munro, in the *Glasgow Medical Journal*, reports a series of cases of phthisis and chronic bronchitis in which very decided and favorable results followed frequent inhalations of vapor of boiling water containing carbolic acid. Cases of fibrous phthisis and of chronic bronchitis in which there was excessive expectoration were especially benefited thereby. An inhaler, though convenient, is not essential, a pitcher or jug holding boiling water being all that is needed, and care must be taken to use it in a completely safe manner. The editor of *New Remedies* states that he has had an experience with a similar use of the remedy which enables him to indorse what Dr. Munro says of its efficacy.

A Jilted Girl's Revenge.

A deserted Parisian damsel has just secured an original and ample revenge upon her faithless lover. Hearing that Alphonse had been beguiled by the charms of a large wedding portion held out to him by the parents of another young lady who was anxious to marry him, Blanche rose to the occasion and on the eve of the betrothal, while the affianced pair were feasting and making merry, she sent a letter to the bride elect announcing that she had poisoned all the food which furnished for the banquet. This grim statement was read aloud at the table and naturally caused a general panic. The fiancées and her mother were carried out in hysterics and doctors were summoned from far and near. One of the dishes was analyzed and found to contain no trace of poison, and after some further experiments the company realized that they had been made the victims of a practical joke. But Blanche had her revenge, for love could not flourish in the shadow of a stomach-pump, and the engagement was promptly broken. It is not announced whether Alphonse will return to his old lover or whether he will be welcomed if he does.

In Europe, where economic processes are more carefully followed than in this country, apple-pomace, turnips, cabbage, leaves seasoned with celery, bagel leaves, leaves of beet roots and pulp of beets from sugar factories have been preserved in pits, some of them from time immemorial, for feeding cows and goats.

It even affects machinery. It has been discovered that a market man's scales will lie about the weight of fish.

Peasant Life, in Italy.

Hard Work, Small Pay and Poor and Insecure Food the Common Lot. Correspondence Chicago Times. The Italians are the most frugal people on earth. They waste absolutely nothing. Nothing that can in any possible manner be used as food or converted by exchange into food is ever thrown away. Everything that can contribute to sustenance is made to do its part. There is not a bit of a man's hand, that escapes turning over and giving out a dozen crops, more or less, every year. Even the blades of grass that spring up by the highway are numbered, and not one of them is ever lost. One gets a very good idea of the thrift of the people by taking a stroll into the extensive pine groves close to Viareggio. There isn't a bit of underbrush to be found in the groves, for one should hunt a month before he could find a twig that would weigh an ounce. And yet every day the groves are filled with women raking with iron rakes for firewood. What they find is the minute spindle foliage of the pine trees, which is shaken off by the wind. By raking all day an active woman can manage to get together about a bushel of this microscopic firewood. The other evening, while some of us were out on the beach listening to the music, a woman came along with a basket on her arm, craning at the top of her lungs: "Fresh-roasted pumpkin seeds! Here they go! Excellent to pass the time with, and to give amusement! Here they go! Here they go!" Now, who in America would think of peddling pumpkin seeds, or who could make a living selling them, even if he could find a brisk demand at the price that rules here—one cent for a heaping handful.

The condition of the laborers who have steady employment is only a trifle better than that of those who come along with a basket on her arm, craning at the top of her lungs: "Fresh-roasted pumpkin seeds! Here they go! Excellent to pass the time with, and to give amusement! Here they go! Here they go!" Now, who in America would think of peddling pumpkin seeds, or who could make a living selling them, even if he could find a brisk demand at the price that rules here—one cent for a heaping handful.

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The Queen's Cashmere Shawls.

Every one knows that the Cashmere shawls which figure so frequently as wedding presents from the Queen are part of the annual tribute paid by the Maharajah of Cashmere, as an acknowledgment of the suzerainty of the Empress of India; but every one does not know in what dens of squalid misery, and by what a physically debilitated race these shawls are produced. The agriculturists and the boatmen of the delicious valley are physically a fine race—the men robust, the women fair to look upon. But in every shawl-producing village the physique of the wretched workers is painful to observe. Long hours of work in crowded and ill-ventilated rooms, with poor, nay wretched pay, have made the shawl-workers of Cashmere mere shadows of men. It is absolutely painful to see their pallid faces and weak, ill-nourished forms; and although the Government of India has moved somewhat to better their condition, it is one of the few sad sights in the "Cashmere-bazaar," or the unrivaled Cashmere of the Persian poets.

Electric Paper.

Electric paper may be made thus: Tissue paper or filtering paper is soaked in a mixture consisting of equal quantities of saltpetre and sulphuric acid. It is afterward exposed to dry, when a pyroxyline (a substance resembling gun-cotton) forms. This is in the highest degree electrical. Ordinary writing-paper, if heated and quickly brushed, develops electricity, but by no means to the same extent as paper prepared in the manner above mentioned. When cooked and put into the dish in which it is to be served, pour over the top the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth, a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar added. Set it in the oven for a short time to brown. This may be eaten warm or cold, with jelly or preserves, or without.

Canadian letter carriers' pants are baggy about the knees.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Domestic Economy.

STEAMED CORN BREAD.—One quart butter-milk, one pint of wheat flour, one heaping tablespoonful sugar, one large teaspoonful soda, two eggs, corn meal to thicken, and a little salt. SUBSTITUTE FOR CREAM IN TEA OR COFFEE.—Fry a family of five or six persons beat two eggs, and mix with them a tablespoonful of sugar. Put two teaspoonfuls in each cup of coffee or tea.

APPLE ISLAND.—Pare carefully eight large apples, core them, and chop fine with the beaten whites of eight eggs, half a pound of white sugar, and a little lemon flavoring. Drop on cream as for floating island.

HUCKLEBERRY PUDDING.—Take one quart of huckleberries one pint of molasses, one cup of warm water, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little milk, salt, four eggs to make a rather stiff dough. Roll in a pudding bag one hour and a half. Serve hot with cream.

BAKED HOMINY GRITS.—One quart milk, one cupful hominy, two eggs, and a little salt; salt the milk and boil then stir in hominy and boil for twenty minutes; set aside and fully cook, beat eggs to a stiff froth, and then bake them well and hard into the hominy. Bake half an hour.

ROAST LAMB.—Put the meat into a dripping pan with a little warm water in the bottom. Sprinkle with salt and a little pepper. Baste often and allow eight or nine minutes to a pound. When done take the grease off the gravy, make it bubble on the top of the stove and make a thickening of browned flour.

DELAWARE TEA CAKE.—One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, one nutmeg, one egg, one teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in a cup of sour cream. Rub together the butter and sugar and flour. Roll out and cut into rounds, dredging sugar over them before baking. Bake in a good oven.

BATTER BREAD.—Ingredients—White Indian meal, two quarts; cold boiled rice, one cup; eggs, three (well beaten); melted butter, one tablespoonful; sweet milk, two and a half cups; salt, one teaspoonful; soda, half a teaspoonful. Stir the eggs into the milk; beat the meal, salt and soda together, and last of all the rice. Beat all three minutes, and bake in shallow pans in quick oven.

COLD PIE FOR PICNIC.—Roll a chicken or rabbit and cut the flesh as thin as possible. Then roll two ounces of macaroni, the same quantity of Parmesan cheese grated, a little finely-chopped parsley, half a pint of cream, some pepper and salt. Lino a basin with a good paste sprinkled with vermicelli, bake an hour, and serve with or without a brown sauce. Cold poultry or game may be used instead of something purposely cooked.

The Jocos in Poetry and Prose.

A man advertises for a competent person to undertake the sale of a medicine, and adds that "it will highly lucrative to the undertaker."

A girl, hearing her mistress ask her husband to bring "Dumby and Son" with him when he came home to dinner, set two extra plates for the expected guests.

"Sam, you are not honest. Why do you put all the good peaches on the top of the measure and the little ones below?" "Same reason, sah, dat makes de front of your hose marble and de back gate chiefly stop bar", sah."

Man's Fidelity. As I said good-by at the station in a little country town, And kissed away the teardrops While her hair fell bewitchingly down And she looked at me so sweetly And said: "You will not forget— I love of life I'd be faithful, And called her a dear little pet."

Three nights I bore up bravely 'Till I thought of the time to come, Three nights I tried to be cheerful, But was only silent and gloom, And then upon the fourth night I gave my mistress a twin, Put on my killing necktie And called on another girl.

A young lady, who has an objection to the revision of the New Testament, writes to the London *Truth* to say that the phrase "purple and fine linen" conveys no idea of luxury to her mind, and she suggests, as an improvement, "silk and black velvet."

One of the Galvencion clergymen recently preached a thrilling sermon on the wickedness of Sodom. A stranger from Chicago went out during the middle of the sermon and shed bitter tears. The sermon made him homesick. He left on the next train for Chicago.

Longings. I was a railroad brakeman, I'd hoiler the stations so plain, That the one who was going to Texas Would go clear through to Maine. I'd open the door of the smoking car, And I'd give such a mighty roar, That the passengers in the sleeper Would all fall out on the floor. For I couldn't afford a tenor voice, And I couldn't afford to speak, For eleven dollars a week.

Golden-Rod.

I gathered sprays of golden-rod, With waters twisted round, And brought them lovingly to you, As I lay on the ground. "You see," she said, "what you have missed While idly here you lay, For I have walked amid the gold This lovely August day."

"And see these sprays of sunlight, dear, Which I have brought to you, And water, dropped from yonder cloud, As purely white and blue. How beautiful these wild flowers are, So plentiful and bright, As if they'd caught and held revealed All my own secret light."

"I, too, have wandered far, dear friend, This lovely summer day, While lying here, my eyelids closed, My thoughts were far away. For I saw the budding plumms Wave in the bellow wind, I closed my eyes and thought of her Thus brought to memory's mind."

"I loved the flowers that yonder bloom, I love to overlook that one like this, There's been so many confidences Games played on the road lately."

"Which is no one?" said I, turning to look at the end window of the car which was at the rear. "Don't you see? The old party at the back of the two fat women in red shawls. She's haranguing Jones now."

"I see," said I. It was a little old woman in black silk-poke-bonnet, a respectable cloth cloak, bordered with ancient fur and a long green veil, who was earnestly talking and gesticulating with the conductor. But he shook his head and passed on, and she sank back in a helpless little heap behind the green veil, and I could see her take a small handkerchief from her eyes.

"It's too bad," said I. Jones might remember that he once had—if he hasn't got now—a mother of his own. "And lose his place on the road," said Mrs. "No, no, old fellow, all that sort of thing, do you very well to talk about, but it don't work in real life."

So he went into the next car, and the signal to slack up came presently. I turned to Mr. Jones, the conductor, who just then stepped out on the platform. "Is it for that old lady?" said I. He answered "Yes," said I. "How far did she want to go?" "To Swampscott," said he. "You needn't stop, Mr. Jones," said I. "I'll pay her fare."

Little Kate and I.

We didn't wait for an income to marry her, little Kate and I. We had no rich relations to leave us legacies or to send pearl necklaces, diamonds or wedding presents. I was simply a brackman on the Eastern Michigan railway, a long and lonely stretch of rails over desolate marshes, steep mountain-grades, and solitary swamps of prairie land; she was the bright-eyed waitress in one of the restaurants along the line. But when I fell from the platform when the great accident happened—you've heard of the Great Accident, I suppose, when there was such a shocking loss of life—it was brought me back into the world I had so nearly quitted for good and all!

"I would have done it for anybody, Mark," said she, when I tried to thank her. "Would you?" said I. "But it isn't everybody that would have done it for me, Kate!"

"So I asked her to marry me, and she said yes. And I took 's little cottage on the edge of the Swampscott woods, and furnished it as well as I could, with a red carpet, wicker curtains and a piano in the parlor, a real Connecticut clock, and a set of walnut chairs that I made myself, with seats of rushes, woven in by old Billy the Indian, who carried his baskets and mats around the country, and Mrs. Perkins, the parson's wife, made up a wedding cake, and so we were married. Pretty soon I found out that Kate was pining a little."

"What is it, sweetheart?" said I. "Remember, it was a contract between us that we were to have no secrets from each other!" Are you not perfectly happy?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Kate, hiding her face on my shoulder. "But it's my mother, Mark. She's getting old, and if I could only go East to see her, just once, before the Lord takes her away!"

"It was then that I felt the sting of my poverty most. If I had only been a rich man to have handed her out a check, and said, 'Go east now!' I think I could have been quite happy."

"Never mind, sweetheart," said I, stroking down her hair. "We'll manage it in a little. We'll lay up a few dollars from month to month, and shall go out and see her before you know."

With that little Kate was forced content. But there was a hum-blow homelook upon her face which it went to my heart to see. "If I was rich!" I kept saying to myself. "Oh, if I was only rich!"

Golden-Rod.

"Nonsense," said I. "I know better. This train never stops short of Waukegan City, least of all when we are running to make up for lost time, as we are to-night."

"Oh, but this is an exceptional occasion," said Johnny Mills (which was the agent's name). "We're going to put an old woman off. She has lost her ticket, she says. More likely she never had one. Once on as if she had her pocket picked."

"It's most a pity, isn't it, to put one off to-night?" said I. "Least of all at such a lonely place as Swampscott Station, where there's only a few houses and a blacksmith shop."

"Yes, I know," said Mills, adjusting the newspapers that he carried in a rubber case under his arm. "But the superintendent of the road has got out a new set of instructions, and he's particularly strict about this. There's been so many confidences games played on the road lately."

"Which is no one?" said I, turning to look at the end window of the car which was at the rear. "Don't you see? The old party at the back of the two fat women in red shawls. She's haranguing Jones now."

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Wild Honey.

A Story about Bees and Bee-Trees by a Hunter of Experience. The Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman. It will soon be time for those who love to make a business of hunting bees to start out on their expeditions. Once this kind of business was quite lucrative. Bee-trees could be found after a little work almost anywhere in the woods. They are usually well filled, and if a man could manage to discover one tree a week he would consider himself earning good wages. Now and then, while following a trail or bee-line, two trees have been traced out, but this is very rare. A gentleman last night, an old bee-hunter, told a story how he once took some honey out in the woods, warmed it on stones, then left it there as a sort of feeding place for the bees, and a day or two afterward noted the direction in which they went after loading themselves, and by following them some distance found there were two lines of bees running parallel to each other. In about three hours he found one tree, marked it, and then again set out his honey. In a short time he took the other line for the other tree. He hunted and hunted for a long time without success. Finally, reaching a cliff of rocks, while trying to pick his way down, he accidentally slipped and slid to the bottom. Somewhat stunned he lay a few minutes, and looking up to see how far he had come, lo! and behold his experienced eyesaw bees going in and out of a hole in a tree within a few feet of him. From those two trees he took eighty or ninety pounds of honey, with a considerable quantity of beeswax, and considered it one of the most successful hunts he had ever had. Besides honey, there is used in bee-hunting a strong flavor of young clover, as it is called, of which the bees, seemingly, are fonder than honey itself. The proper way to trace bees is to heat a stone, drop honey on it, have the comb nearby, and the heated honey will immediately draw the bees, who will then find the comb and proceed to load themselves with it and return to their homes. It requires a sharp eye to follow the line, but the term a bee line is well known to be a line straight as an arrow, and all the bee hunter has to do is to get the course of the bee and follow it straight until he has reached the vicinity of the tree, as near as he can judge, after which he will try his honey again, and so tell whether he has not yet reached or gone by. Some hunters select a good lively bee, throw flour over him, and then by noting the time it requires for that bee to unload himself and to return, get a good idea of the distance. There are a number of old bee hunters living up town who can recite bee-tree yarns by the week.

Sentiment.

"La Bella Donna Della Mia Menta." Her neck is like white melilotte Flushing for pleasure of the sun; The throbbing of the linnets' throat, It is so sweet to it to open. As a pomegranate, cut in twain, White-seeded, is her crimson mouth; Her cheeks are as the fading stain; Where the peach reddens to the point. O white hands! O delicate O white hands! O delicate O house of love! O desolate Pale flower beaten by the rain!

A Big-Hearted Miner. One of those rough-clad, big-hearted miners who come into Santa Fe occasionally to lay in a supply of grub stepped into the post-office of that town recently, and seeing in the window three letters held for postage, picked up one, and looking at the address, said in a tone of great astonishment: "Why, this letter is for a lady in Denver!" "Yes," said the clerk. "And you are holding it here?" in a tone of great astonishment. "Why, of course," answered the clerk; "don't you see it hasn't any postage paid?" In a tone of utter contempt for the man who would not forward a letter to a woman, paid or unpaid, the miner said: "Give me some stamps."

Iran coming by and by, You will wear my plaited tress In accents mild and gentle as a lamb; E'en long I'll be on deck, Bring nigh the sweet spot that I am. Indignation: A tramp with his arm in a sling called on Gilhooley for a quarter, alleging that his arm had been injured in the recent railroad accident near San Antonio. "But yesterday you had the other arm in a sling," replied Gilhooley. "Well, suppose I had. Don't you think a fellow's arm gets tired of being tied up all day? Besides, I have got contusion of the brain, and can't remember half the time which arm was broken."

A very mean man: "What do you think of my keroseene?" asked the grocer suavely. "Why," says the customer, "there's nothing like it in town. When I go into a house where they use I can tell it in an instant." Grocer (delighted): "Such a beautiful white light!" Customer: "Not that exactly. It makes no difference whether the lamps are lighted or not. I recognize it by the smell. It beats all the smells I ever smell. I guess I shan't want any more of it, thank you." Customer retires and grocer begins to sling language into the druggumbent air, to the terror of the shop-boy and the edification of the barrel-head fraternity.

Butler and Terrapin.

During the last Administration Butler, Blaine, and Everts sat together in friendly confab at a dinner company. Secretary Everts—a high liver—smacked his lips over the terrapin stew, and turning to Butler said: "General, how much would it cost a year to have terrapin for dinner every day?" An estimate was made. "But General, I cannot afford so expensive a luxury, and yet I would exceedingly like to treat myself and friends to this delicacy daily. You, who are experienced in framing bills and engineering them through Congress, can you not smuggle through an appropriation providing the Secretary of State with funds sufficient to supply his larder with this delicious animal?" "The terrapin is a slow animal, isn't it, Mr. Secretary?" "Yes, General, proverbially slow." "Well," said Butler, musingly, "I think we might introduce and pass such a provision under the head of stationary."

Negro Sayings.

It don't take no prophet to rickerize bad luck. They don't hab no loafers in de mar-tin-box. De wire-glass lubs a lye nigger. Dar's right smart 'Ligion in a plow-handle. Two erenlock neber is in a hurry. Neber 'pend too much on de black-berry blossom. Don't bet on a 'later-hill beho' de grabblin' time. Heap 'o good cotton-stalks gits chopped up fum 'sociatin' wid de weeds. Many a nice corn-silk winds up wid a mubbin in de fall. A chicken roos' is de dobbin' steel-trap, an' a grassy corn-row' is his flower garden. De mornin'-glories ain't perckler lubly to a man wid de backache. A nose-back mule is a poor hand to guess de weight of a bag 'o meal. A fork in a strange road don't make a man any better 'Kw'ish'oon.

The Prose and Poetry of Humour.

What does the gravest sorrow? Am I over-sad that I should know? Know of the heart of the ocean In its reality— Know of the life and motion Within its deeps that he? What does the truest, wisest Of lovers' 'neath the sun? Know of the heart he has given— The heart that he has won? Eyes may reply to eyes, glad heart On faithful bosom meet; What of the soul behind the smile? The thought within the breast? Ever the same scepticon Clouds the high noon of bliss: Am I the lover in his arms? Ah, here the lips I kiss!

Delights of life in America: An extract from the writing of a recent immigrant: "I'm working on de roads here at Saratoga, but I don't mind to do it long. Shure, Mike Mulhoolley, who left home three years ago come nixt Alster, has a rich young lady to drive him around the city wid a beautiful span, and he sitting up behind in his firm folded looks a folsie gintleman entirely."

Sweet Potato's Song. I am coming by and by, You will wear my plaited tress In accents mild and gentle as a lamb; E'en long I'll be on deck, Bring nigh the sweet spot that I am. Indignation: A tramp with his arm in a sling called on Gilhooley for a quarter, alleging that his arm had been injured in the recent railroad accident near San Antonio. "But yesterday you had the other arm in a sling," replied Gilhooley. "Well, suppose I had. Don't you think a fellow's arm gets tired of being tied up all day? Besides, I have got contusion of the brain, and can't remember half the time which arm was broken."

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The Cyclopaedia War.

The month of July, 1881, witnesses the completion of the largest and most important literary work this country and the century have seen. It is the Library of Universal Knowledge, large-type edition, in 15 large octavo volumes, containing 10 per cent more matter than Appleton's Cyclopaedia, at less than one-fifth its cost, and 20 per cent more than Johnson's Cyclopaedia, at a little more than one-fourth its cost.

Chambers's Encyclopaedia, which forms the basis of the Library of Universal Knowledge (the last London edition of 1880 being reprinted verbatim as a portion of its contents), is the laborious product of the ripest British and European scholarship. It has developed through a century of Cyclopaedia making; its various editions having been many times revised, in successive years, till it has come to be universally recognized, by those competent to judge, as standing at the very front of great aggregations of knowledge, and better adapted than any other Cyclopaedia for popular use. It contains such full and important information as the ordinary reader, or the careful student, is likely to seek upon about 25,000 subjects in every department of human knowledge. Chambers's Encyclopaedia, however, is a foreign production, edited and published for a foreign market, and could not be expected to give as much prominence to American topics as we desire. To supply these and other deficiencies a large corps of American editors and writers have added important articles upon about 15,000 topics, covering the entire field of human knowledge, bringing the whole number of titles under one alphabetical arrangement to about 40,000. Thus the work is thoroughly Americanized, and the Library of Universal Knowledge becomes at once the latest and most complete Encyclopaedia in the field, at a mere fraction of the cost of any similar work which has preceded it.

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Of course the old and wealthy publishers who have grown rich (it is said that the Appletons have made a profit of nearly two million dollars on their Cyclopaedia) from the sale of their high-priced publications are not pleased that their monopolies are broken and their power overthrown. Of course the book agents and booksellers who have been used to getting from 40 to 60 per cent commission for selling these high-priced books are not so well pleased to sell the Library of Universal Knowledge on 15 per cent commission, though those who are not short-sighted discover that their own interests, after all, are identical with the interests of the people, and their real profits, in the end, are increased, by the immense sales which result from meeting the people's wants. The majority of booksellers, however, are better pleased to stand than to sell this and our numerous other standard and incomparably low-priced publications. But the Literary Revolution has always looked to the people, in whose interests it is, for its patronage, and it has never looked in vain, as our more than one million volumes printed last year (this year being increased to probably more than two millions) abundantly prove. You can order the Cyclopaedia directly from us, and by uniting with your neighbors and friends you can secure club rates as follows:

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The trials of country cousins are nearly over and now the city cousins are wondering how they can get out of having the long visit returned during the opera season.

A Jerseyman says that a few days ago he saw a hoop snake, tail in mouth, running off with a boy, the boy being on top all the time and kicking like sixty. We suspect he saw a youth on a bicycle.

A New York fop went to the Zoological Garden the other day with a near-sighted girl, but he won't do it again. While he was silently admiring his small feet the girl approached that dressed-up baboon and remarked that it was time to go home.

A New York horse that attacked and killed a man is believed to be insane. They've got so used to accounting for the killing of men on the theory that the killer was insane that next they'll be alleging insanity against the engine that runs over a man. —Boston Post.

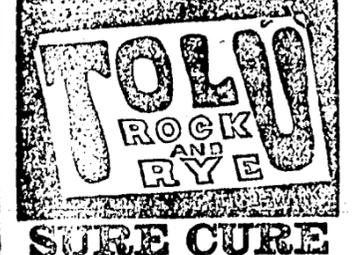
Some wicked fellow got into a Vermont church vestry just after the deacons and the clergyman had held a meeting there. And he left four beer bottles and a whisky flask, all empty, and two packs of cards under the table. And when the sewing society met there an hour later and discovered the articles, didn't tings just hum? —Boston Post.

Very singular: "Strange!" said Mrs. Smith, as Mrs. Brown concluded the tale of her terrible sea-sickness; "Strange that going on the water should make you sick. Why, I am never sea-sick." "Aren't you?" replied Mrs. Brown. "I suppose you are an old sailor." "No, indeed," Mrs. Smith responded. "I never was on the water in my life." Mrs. Brown —"Oh!"

Major Daniel, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Virginia, has a pale and beardless face and a boyish expression, reminding one of Byron. He is said to be a very chivalric person, and it is related that he left school with a room-mate, who was expelled for some violation of rule, because, though not guilty of the same offence, he was present and in full sympathy with the offender.

Colonel Henry T. Titus, who died at Titusville, Fla., a few days ago, had a remarkably adventurous career. He was born in New Jersey, but in his youth went to Florida, where he joined the Lopez expedition. In a hand-to-hand encounter at Cardenas, he cleft the skull of a colonel of lancers at a single blow. He essayed another landing in Cuba, but was unsuccessful. He was in the thick of the quarrel in Kansas in 1859, and once had a scuffle with Ossawatimie Brown. He served in the confederate army, joined the Walker expedition to Nicaragua, led a wild life in Mexico, Arizona and Colorado, and in his old age founded the flourishing Florida town that bears his name.

The labor question and the question of taxation are the great practical problems of Fijian life. It is not easy to ascertain how far "blackbirding" or coolie-stealing prevailed before the annexation. Mr. Cooper's own accounts of the matter seem rather inconsistent. At present the Governor does his best to secure the return of imported laborers to their homes when their term expires. Mr. Cooper thinks that these half-civilized returned emigrants raise the moral tone of their neighbors. It is certain that the Solomon Islanders seem to have become rather more than less savage during recent years. An amusing story is told of an imported Polynesian nurse who returned to her own people after she had served her time. A "recruiting agent" met her and asked her if she would return to Fiji. "Well," said the girl, "I like it, but I don't know if my pa will let me go." "Oh, I see; the old folks live here?" "My pa live here; ma's dead." "Oh, how did the old lady die?" "Gentlemen come visiting, and pa get jealous; so he fight and kill ma, then he put her in a low (oven), and pa and his friends ate poor ma all up."



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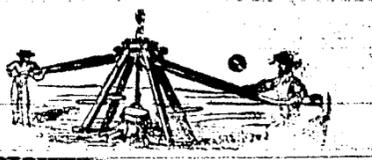
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