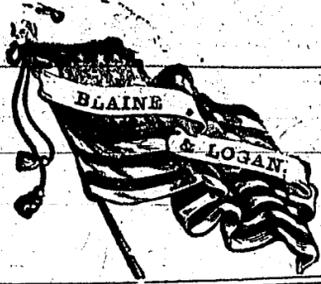


South-Jersey

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.



Republican

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

Vol. XXII, No. 42.

Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, October 18, 1884.

Five Cents per Copy.

Oct. 4, 1884.

CALL

AND

SEE

Our new stock of

Fall

Dress

Goods,

Muslins, Canton

Flannels, etc.

A full line of

Hosiery

and

Notions

Just Received this week,

Stockwell,

Bellevue, Avenue,

Hammonton, New Jersey.

Leave your order at the Republican Office if you want

Calling Cards,

Business Cards,

Wedding Cards,

Invitation Cards.

**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 SAFE, 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.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and scrofulous affections—the King of Blood Purifiers.
DR. JOHN BULL'S VEGETABLE WORM DESTROYER is prepared in the form of candy drops, attractive to the sight and pleasant to the taste.

**DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,**
The Popular Remedies of the Day.
Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY

Letter from the Far West.

FROM MRS. MARIA M. KING.

BRECKENRIDGE, Col., Oct. 6, 1884.

Editor of the Republican:

Autumn, with its "sere and yellow leaf," is here, and the approach of hoar winter is heralded by bleak winds and occasional furies of snow. The latter, however, at this season cannot abide the warm sunshine of these bright autumnal days, but melts off in a few hours, leaving the air as balmy and mellow during the presence of the sun, as an October day in a much lower altitude. The "sere and yellow leaf" we see here in the Fall, and which speaks so eloquently of the changing season, belongs to the dwarf willow, which is common in the ravines and on the moist ground in the valleys, and the dwarf poplar, which grows in profusion on some mountain sides that have been stripped of their timber. The patches of these shrubs, which in the season when their foliage is green attract no particular attention, on the approach of autumn become very noticeable, as they assume a yellow tinge, and after a bright golden and orange hue, reminding one of a field of bright poppies. This autumnal coloring is in fine contrast with the dark green of the evergreens which clothe all the mountains and valleys save in occasional localities, and the hue of the sky, which, in this clear atmosphere, is of the deepest blue. In my solitary rides on horseback through the valleys and among the hills so beautified by Nature's touches, I have been delighted to mark these strong contrasts of color, which give to the wild and rugged landscape a charm which it lacks at other seasons.

I have utilized some of my horseback rides by gathering a few huckleberries, which have been very plenty this season on the mountain sides where the timber was burned off three or four years ago. Hundreds of bushels of this fruit have been picked in this vicinity this year. The berry grown here differs from that of the East, being more tart. The pleasure of gathering them here is not spiced by reflecting on the after part to be anticipated from a visit to huckleberry fields in South Jersey, where the tiny sand-tick is sure to find out the intruder of its domains, and cause itself to be remembered for many a long day. There are no sand-ticks here.

By the way, we have caught that trout; but it cost us three trips of two to three miles each before it could be induced to bite, and then did it not look handsome in the basket and on the platter! But we have caught some very fine mountain trout "with a silver hook." Besides, our son Preston bro't us some fine ones from Egeria Park. He is a famous trout-fisher, having caught seventy in three hours in the Park, from a stream that is from eighteen inches to three feet wide—so plenty are these delicious fish in some of the streams in the parks and mountains. Mr. King has gone to the Park—80 miles distant—and will try to redeem his reputation as a fisherman, while hunting and exploring the land. This Park and the country beyond it, in Colorado and Utah, is an Elysium for cattle men. Many large herds have been driven in there this season, and more will follow, until the rich pastures are all occupied. Several have passed through our town—one herd of 300 cattle and some hundreds of horses, another of 1000, one of 500, and others. Some of the poor beasts are in a pitiable condition before they reach the end of their long journey from Texas or some of the western states. They become footsore, and some are unable to travel or get their food by the way, and thus some are lost from every herd.

To be Continued.

Blaine vs. St. John.

The Rev. O. H. Warren, D.D., editor of the Northern Christian Advocate, published in Syracuse, was formerly pastor of the M. E. Church in Baldwinville. One of the members of that Church, E. L. Talmage, wrote to Dr. Warren, asking for a statement of his reasons for not supporting St. John, and his reasons for

preferring Blaine. Following is Dr. Warren's answer:

We know the alternative which is placed before the people by the Presidential nominations made: We must have Blaine or Cleveland for President. You know well the wide difference between the leading political parties, their history, their composition, their traditions, their principles, and the characters of their candidates, and need no reminder as to what this alternative means. Our Prohibition friends (or St. John men) declare that this alternative means nothing and thus challenge a comparison of the issues it presents with what they propose to accomplish by their party movement. We accept the challenge and make the comparison. The merest outline of my own view of the situation is all that I can present in this letter.

First—Note the issues that are incidental—that is, not formally made in the party platforms—and yet are of great importance. Here we should not forget the history of the past twenty-five years as it relates to the Southern States. We know well enough what would be the pressure brought to bear on a President owing his election to the "solid South." Is the country ready for such a result? Do we want the Bourbon element of the South, now somewhat dormant, suddenly revived and brought back to power? Do we want a Wade-Hampton for Secretary of the Treasury? Do we want an administration that will be compelled to listen to the application of such men for office? I ask these questions in the interests of the people.

What does it owe us that we have during the past eight years but to Northern ideas, Northern men, and Northern enterprise? To what, in short, but to the fact that the younger men of its present population are breathing the spirit of liberty and adjusting themselves to the methods of the world's best civilization? There is now a tendency to the unification of the whole country that is full of hope for the South. But who will affirm that this hopeful tendency would have existed to-day if the South, through the agency of a Democratic administration, had held the reins of the national government during the past twelve, or even the past four years? And who can have faith to believe that this tendency will not be checked by the removal of Bourbonism and the return of rebels to office? No, the Republican administration has given the South its prosperity in spite of its Democracy, and must continue to do so until the Democracy is powerless. It is no time now to invite it to Washington to retrieve its "lost cause," or even to modify the results of the grandest victory and revolution of modern history.

We are to remember also that the shotgun spirit and policy in the South are not dead; the freedom of the ballot is not yet secured and the oppression of the black man is by no means at an end. Every representative of the colored race that has yet spoken has advised colored men to vote for Blaine in preference to any Prohibition or "reform" candidate. Do not let us be deceived into the belief that the hater of the negro is dead; tender caresses and generous nourishment from a Democratic administration would soon revive him and make him as strong and cruel as ever.

Another incidental issue is the admission of Mormon States. On this issue the Republican party and Mr. Blaine himself can be trusted, as their records show. The Democratic party's record affords no ground of confidence here. The probabilities are that, with a Democratic Congress and President, three or four Mormon States would be admitted during the next four years; and in that event, with the Bourbons in power, how long would it be before a solid South and a solid Mormonism could be broken? The party would not break with them, nor they with the party: the perpetuation of each would depend upon and secure their mutual support.

Good government is another incidental issue. I am surprised that intelligent ministers of the gospel should forget the dignity and significance of government, and talk as if there was "nothing on which to appeal to the Christian conscience," unless a "great moral issue" is involved. If these men were electing the president and directors of a railroad they would evidently be at a loss for a motive, unless they could raise a "moral issue." But, admitting in some instances the importance of good government, our Prohibition politicians still assert that the Republican party is "corrupt and unfit to rule." This does not take away the alternative. We must still have the Republican or the Democratic party in power—the former with an able statesman for President, or the latter with a man without ability or experience. Nor is there any force in the charge, when made in comparison of the present with the past. The purest and most honorable part of the Republican administration has been the last four years. Any man who has made himself familiar with history will not deny this, and the tendency toward improvement in governmental methods was never so

strong as at present. Its party methods or methods of party management, were never before so favorable to an honest expression of the people's choice as now. It seems to me that these men whose consciences so suddenly revolt against the support of a "corrupt" party ought to give an account for their past conduct.

Another incidental issue is the purity of society—the guarding of chastity against a popular and influential sanction of the doctrine that gross violations of the law of chastity shall form no barrier to preferment for the highest honors in government, and the highest distinction in society. Let monarchies inherit such rulers, but let not a self-governing people elect them.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

The total of gold and silver coin in the United States on October 1st, was \$815,000,000.

Minister Morton expects to do some campaign work for Blaine and Logan before his return to France.

*Vigorous health is man's finest estate. If weak and nervous, send for circular and free trial package of Pastilles—a radical cure.
Harris Remedy Co., St. Louis, Mo.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S

FAVORITE REMEDY

For the Cure of Kidney and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and all Disorders arising from impure state of the BLOOD. To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex it is an unfailing friend. All Druggists. One Dollar a bottle, or address Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

FEARFULLY COMMON.
Kidney Complaint Among both Sexes and Ages.—A Brilliant Recovery.

There is something startling in the rapid increase of Kidney diseases among the American people within a few years past. Many cases result to certain classes tend to produce more serious disorders. Prof. of example, careless living, overwork and exposure. Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., is often consulted on the exceptional success of his medicine called Favorite Remedy in arresting and radical curing these most painful and dangerous disorders. Prof. of the following are constantly brought to his attention, and are published by him for the sake of thousands of other sufferers who he desires to reach and benefit. The letter, therefore, may be of vital importance to you or to some one whom you know. It is from one of the best known and popular druggists in the fine and growing city from which he writes—and doubtless where there are many and distinguished places of business on the corner of Main and Union Streets.

FRIDAYFIELD, Me., March 22, 1884.

Dear Sir: For ten years I had been afflicted with Kidney disease in its most acute form. What I suffered must be left to the imagination for no one can appreciate it except who have gone through it. I resorted to many physicians and to many different kinds of treatment, and spent a great deal of money, only to find myself sicker and worse than ever. I finally gave up and used 25 bottles of a preparation which you advertised as a specific for this disease, and I feel that I have a specific in your medicine at least in my case.

Your Favorite Remedy—1884 with perfect recollection of all that was done for me besides is the only thing that did me the greatest good, and I am happy to admit that it gave me permanent relief. I have recommended it to all the friends who have been afflicted with Kidney disease, and they all agree with me in saying that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has not its equal in the whole world for this distressing and often fatal complaint.

Yours, etc., LYMAN CRAWFORD.

TUTT'S PILLS

"THE OLD RELIABLE."

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

Indorsed all over the World.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels constive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASE WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED. TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They increase the Appetite, and cause the body to take on flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of 25 cents. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

BUY YOUR Bread and Cakes

Pies, Rolls, Buns,

Etc., Etc.,

Baked Fresh Every Day,

At Packer's

"Old Reliable" Hammonton Bakery.

Patronize home industry, and encourage home enterprise. By so doing you will the better enable us to serve you, and thus deserve your patronage.

Baker's Liquid Yeast

Which most people prefer, made fresh every day.

Fruits and Confections
As usual.

Wm. D. PACKER.

90 CHOICE BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

Close to SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, POST OFFICES, and R. R. DEPOTS, in the CENTRE of the Town of Hammonton.

Prices Reasonable. Terms Easy. Call on, or address, A. J. SMITH, Hammonton, N. J. P. O. Box 299.

Established 1842.
R. W. Woodruff & Co.,
Commission Merchants in

FRUIT, VEGETABLES
POULTRY, Etc.,

43 & 44 Fulton Pier & 45-46 Exchange Row, West Washington Market, New York. Shipping Cards and Blanks, and information furnished by Wm. D. PORTER, M.D., who say of this firm: "I ship all my produce to them in preference to any other house in New York."

L. W. COOLEY,
Fly-Nets, Dusters, Hoods, etc.

HAMMONTON, N. J.

Everything in that line kept for sale including Trunks, Valises, etc. Satisfaction given in new work or any kind of repairing.

Pay the Printer promptly.

Wm. Bernshouse,
CONTRACTOR & BUILDER

[Of 32 years' Experience.]

Steam Saw and Planing Mill

Lumber Yard.

Doors, Sash, Moldings,
and Scroll-work.

Window-Glass,
Old sizes cut to order.

Lime, Cement, and
Calced Plaster.

Manufacturer of

FRUIT PACKAGES

Berry Chests

Cranberry and Peach

CRATES.
Odd Sizes of Fruit Crates made to order.

CEDAR SHINGLES
A Specialty.—odd sizes cut to order.

Oak and Pine Wood for Sale,
Cut and Split if desired.

A large quantity of Pine and Cedar Cuttings, for Summer and kindling, \$2.50 per cord. CEDAR PICKETS five and a-half feet long, for chicken yard fence.

Dr. GEORGE R. SMIDLE,
DENTIST.

HAMMONTON, N. J.
Office Days, — Wednesday Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of each week.

THE SWALLOWS.

The dusky swallow will return again,
And on the balcony will sing,
And on the balcony will sing,
And on the balcony will sing.

A POSTAL COURTESY.

"She really is the prettiest little creature I ever saw," said Mr. Willooby Vane, as he turned from the window.

conscience. Prove to me that I have not been imprudent in answering your letters, by at once replying to you.

"I am, indeed, did she happen to mention the young lady's name?"

"Don't mention it, sir. You are her father, but I don't know her name."

"I have no fear on that score, captain. Unite her to me, and if a life of devotion—"

received a letter from him explaining the whole affair; and the postmark bore the words: "Montreal, Canada."

"I have no fear on that score, captain. Unite her to me, and if a life of devotion—"

ing voice. "Will five minutes be sufficient?"

"I have no fear on that score, captain. Unite her to me, and if a life of devotion—"

before sailing. "I am, indeed, did she happen to mention the young lady's name?"

"I have no fear on that score, captain. Unite her to me, and if a life of devotion—"

little voice took up the strain, and the spell was broken. I went to the morning-room in a sort of a daze.

"I have no fear on that score, captain. Unite her to me, and if a life of devotion—"

spoolcase case and an embroidered velvet cap on it, before Giulia came in.

"I have no fear on that score, captain. Unite her to me, and if a life of devotion—"

of him, so I begged for a seat in her carriage that I might go home with her.

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The Republican

Entered as second class matter. HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC CO., N. J. SATURDAY, OCT. 18, 1884.

Republican National Ticket.

For President of the United States, JAMES G. BLAINE. For Vice-President, JOHN A. LOGAN. For Congress, Second District, JAMES BUCHANAN, OF Trenton. For Assemblyman, EDWARD NORTH, M. D. For Sheriff, CHARLES R. LACY. For Coroner, JOHN T. IRVING.

Returns from all the counties in Ohio show a Republican plurality of 13,115; and a majority between 10,000 and 11,000.

The West Virginia Democrats claim a majority of something like 8000 but the Republican leaders think it will be considerably less.

There were snow storms in New Hampshire and Maine Thursday morning.

Gold circulation fell off \$23,000,000 during the year, silver increased \$42,000,000 and paper, \$112,000,000.

An Italian man, who thinks he is St. John the Baptist, has turned up in Trenton.

Judge Nixon has stated at the United States Court that the district petit jurors are always selected from Mercer, Burlington and Hudson counties in order to save mileage.

The Rio Grand Sugar Company has put in new machinery, and the works now have a capacity for crushing ten tons of cane per hour. The crop of the 1,400 acres is 10 per cent. larger than last year.

Ex-Gov. St. John, the candidate of the Prohibition party, wrote a lengthy reply to the appeal addressed to him by New York Republicans, asking him to withdraw from the presidential contest. He reiterates his determination to remain in the field.

Why go about with that aching head? Try Ayer's Pills. They will relieve the stomach, restore the digestive organs to healthy action, remove the obstructions that depress nerves and brain, and thus cure your headache permanently.

Twenty-one business houses in Liberty, Va., were destroyed by an incendiary fire Sunday. This is the post-office of our former townsmen, Mr. Van Dorn.

Mr. Blaine spent a quiet Sunday at Lancaster, Ohio. Presiding Elder Harrison, of the Mormon congregation, says that they will support Cleveland.

Rev. Dr. Newman Hall's noted English divine, has arrived in Philadelphia.

If you would have appetite, flesh, color, strength and vigor, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which will counter them upon you in rapid succession.

American Sanitary Inspection at London and Liverpool has been discontinued.

The Supreme Court of the United States met in Washington, Monday.

The United States Government has not been requested to mediate in the Franco-Chinese imbroglio by either of the contending powers.

By a collision between trains on the Camden & Amboy and West Jersey Roads, at Third and Bridge Streets, in Camden, Engineer Joseph Carman was killed, Fireman George Simkins fatally hurt, and several passengers injured.

The International Prime Meridian Conference, at their meeting in Washington, accepted the meridian of Greenwich. The representatives of France and Brazil did not vote, and the representatives of San Domingo voted against it.

The Asbury Park Journal says: Taking the country over, three fourths of the liquor dealers are connected with the Democratic party, and the reason is that business suits the party and the party suits the business.

By a vote of its citizens, Washington, Warren County, N. J., is a prohibition town, but it has thus far been only in theory, as the hotels are selling liquor openly, notwithstanding the fact that suits have been brought against their proprietors. Three of the cases have been postponed, and in the others the plaintiff was nonsuited.

Judge Channau, of Quebec, began an investigation into the recent attempt to blow up the Parliament Buildings in that city.

The Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims resumed its sessions in Washington.

Kulchi Kuhl, the newly-appointed minister from Japan, arrived in Washington Wednesday.

Robert S. Green was nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Third New Jersey District.

The richest silver mines ever discovered in the South are those recently brought to light in Murray County, Ga. We don't see the advantage in extending the privilege of the ballot to women. If they were allowed to vote it would be difficult to find one that would acknowledge that she was old enough to vote.

Women love to be loved. The only noticeable thing about the fact is that men encourage them in it.

Circuit court—Hugging.

Special Town Meeting. Notice is hereby given to the legal voters of the Town of Hammonton, in the County of Atlantic, that a special Town Meeting will be held in

UNION HALL, On Tuesday, 21st day of October, inst., at ten o'clock in the forenoon. For the purpose of voting upon the acceptance and opening of the following streets:

Second, Extension of Fifteenth Street South-west, beginning at the South-west end of Fifteenth Street, near Albri's, as surveyed and accepted in 1883, and extending thence South 42 1/2 degrees West, across Albri's land, ten and fifty-one feet, to the north-east end of Fifteenth Street, and thence South 90 degrees and 50 minutes East, six and sixty-one hundredths chains across Jave Roy's estate, to a stake near her south-east line, thence South 34 degrees West, across lands of O'Neal and Braddock, about ninety-two chains, to the north-east end of Fifteenth Street, as run across the swamp from William and Mary's Landing Road. Whole distance, about 112 chains.

Land damage to B. Albri, \$100. Estimated cost of opening road, \$100. First, Extension of Fourteenth Street from Second Road to Egg Harbor Road, beginning in the center of Fourteenth Street at its intersection with Second Street, and extending thence North 60 degrees East, between lands of J. J. Byrnes and L. Eldridge on the South-east, and Jesse N. Rogers on the North-west side of said road, and on the "Bishop Field" tract now owned by B. Albri; also across Braddock's and L. R. Anthony's lands, to Egg Harbor Road. Whole distance, one hundred and eleven chains.

Land damages to L. R. Anthony, \$50. Estimated cost of opening road, \$150. A. J. SMITH, Town Clerk. HAMMONTON, N. J., Oct. 9th, 1884.

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For Sale.

I have a very fine FARM, with outer buildings in complete shape, for sale, or will exchange for Hammonton property. The place is near Bass River.

I have a few village homes and farms placed in my hands for sale, on the most reasonable terms.

W. RUTHERFORD, Real Estate and Insurance Agent, Hammonton, N. J.

STEAM Laundry

Having added Steam Power and other conveniences, I am better prepared than ever to do all kinds of Laundry work in a satisfactory manner. Rates reasonable.

NATHAN ELLIS, Delaware Ave., Hammonton.

Miss M. L. Little, TEACHER

Instrumental Music Hammonton, N. J. Will give instruction to pupils, either at her residence, on Central Avenue, or at the pupil's residence.

WOOD.

Pine and Oak Wood for sale by the cord, at the mill.

WM. BERNHOUSE.

S. D. HOFFMAN, Attorney-at-Law,

Master in Chancery, Notary Public, Commissioner of Deeds, Supreme Court Commissioner. City Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.

Trenton BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Original, Practical, and Popular Course of Instruction. Equips for business pursuits in a few months more thoroughly than in years by former methods.

A sure stepping-stone to preferment and success. The cost is so small in proportion to its benefits that everyone can afford to be without it. Large corps of the ablest teachers. All modern appliances. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue, containing valuable information. Mail \$2.00. Address: A. J. RICE, Principal. Session begins Sept. 1st.

Gerry Valentine, UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish Coffins, Caskets (with hand painted designs), Burial Cases, &c., in a neat and artistic manner. Funerals promptly attended to. Charges reasonable, and Furniture for rent. \$10.00 on Egg Harbor Road, next to Aiken's Carriage Factory, Hammonton.

Rutgers Colloge,

New Brunswick, N. J., near N. Y. on P. R. R. Year begins (examinations for admission) in September, 1884.

Sloan Prizes for Best (Classical) Entrance Examination.—1st, \$400 (100 cash); 2nd, \$200 (\$50 cash). Each year a Professor of the Faculty. Classical Course (Latin and Greek) through Additions to Scientific Apparatus. Ample provision for study in Physics and Chemistry, and in Greek and Senior years. French and German taught in the History and Science Text-books daily used in History and Science.

SCIENTIFIC Professor of the Faculty. The New Jersey Colloge to Promote the Agricultural and the Mechanic Arts. A practical Scientific School of high grade, two courses of four years each. "Engineering and Mechanics" and "Agriculture and Geology."

Through work with constant supervision in Engineering and Surveying. Careful laboratory work in Chemistry, with full apparatus for each student. A well equipped Astronomical Observatory, for students use. Full course in Drapery.

French and German taught, with a view to their Practical Use. Forty Five Scholarships (free) a few vacant by graduation, to be filled before Sept. 26th. Special students in Chemistry and its applications, if properly qualified, are received in the Laboratory.

In every part of the State, graduates are catalogued, or any information, "Engineering and Mechanics" or "Agriculture and Geology," address "Secretary, RUTGER'S COLLEGE, P. O. No. 11, D. D. D., Trenton, N. J."

Mulberry Trees.

Mulberry Trees, for silk food, five best kinds, can be supplied to any place, and of various sizes, from home-grown stock, or imported from Italy, France, and Japan. Send for price-list, to I. BUTTERTON, The London Nursery, Hammonton, N. J.

Wanamaker's.

Important news about black velvets.—Importance in black velvets centers around these two points: first, the fabric; second, the black.

There are a great many makers. Those who make all-silk are in Lyons, France; and those who make cotton-back are in Krefeld and Eberfeld, Germany. All-silk are therefore commonly spoken of as Lyons velvets, and cotton-back as German.

We have seen about all, possibly all the makes of both in the wholesale market. We do not buy abroad. We'd rather let somebody else have the job of getting them through the Custom House. We look them all over, and buy what we consider the best of the several grades.

This results in our having these: German, 18-inch, \$1.25; German, 20-inch, \$1.50; Lyons, 24-inch, \$1.75; Lyons, 27-inch, \$2.00.

and we'll get finer, if anybody wants it. Now in these few figures we state almost the whole of what we presume is the most carefully chosen and comprehensive stock in any one store in the country. (So broad a statement as that calls for your remembering that we need just that. We have the largest trade in the country and the most varied. What should we do with a surpassable stock?)

We have no objection to telling how we choose, what we look for, what we require. German velvets from \$1 to the best that is made, and Lyons from \$5 to the best that is wanted. But wherein does quality reside?

Quality of silk, closeness of pile, back to hold it black. The best of silk is not to be expected in German velvets. They are made of duller silks and worked-over silk-wastes; as many sorts and mixtures as makers; more: Lyons is famous for quality of silk.

Closeness of pile means quantity of silk, yielding solidity, soft resistance to touch; what you expect of velvet. The back is too plain to more than speak of. Black! There's where nine out of ten are astray.

The black that is wanted varies a little around the happy medium; neither blue nor jet; between. Not all alike, but as near as we can. Mere color is more than quality, quantity, purity of silk, more than all else. Color first; then quality; then how will it wear? Or, to put it another way, how looks it for color? for general fullness? only then how long will it hang together?

And this leads to a nice detail of color. We have German velvets of a rusty black to match old stuffs a little faded, 20 inch; \$1.50 to \$2.00.

Having guarded all these points of color, quality, quantity and putting together, we haven't the least hesitation in believing that we have about as thoroughly mastered the black velvets that have come into the country as we hope to next year and that is saying a great deal.

If we should say table-linens for 50 cents a yard, they who don't know our practice of selling nothing but linen for linen would think we had cot-

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Another cold snap, Tuesday. A good fire felt comfortable.

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Prof. Matthews requests that our citizens look over their books, and if they have any which formerly belonged to the school library, to please return them to the High School. An effort is being made to revive and increase this library.

Mr. Lacy, our candidate for Sheriff, will be in Hammonton next Tuesday. If you wish to see him, be at Union Hall on that evening. We believe him to be a worthy man, and his countenance gives the lie to the evil reports circulated.

David S. Blackman (ex-Judge) died of apoplexy, on Monday morning last, October 13th (we presume at his home, at Port Republic). Judge Blackman was widely known, could call every acquaintance his friend, and his immediate neighbors were warmest in their friendship. The call was sudden, but he was ready.

Active in every good work, but six days before his death he was in Hammonton, attending the Sunday School Convention, seeming there in excellent health. Many of us mourn his departure.

Mrs. Sally Seely, wife of Mr. Danah Seely, died on Sunday night, October 12th, 1884. Mrs. Seely was born in Yatesville, Chenango County, N. Y., March, 1816. She emigrated to Hammonton in the Spring of 1860, and has ever been counted among the very best of our citizens.

Mrs. S. has been a sufferer from chronic disease for many years, and several times her life has hung in the balance for days; but she was spared to bring up her family, and live nearly the allotted years of man, an example to all who know her of patient endurance and a consistent Christian life. The funeral services were held at her residence, conducted by her pastor, Rev. D. T. Davis, attended by a large number of friends. It was well with her, for her hope was built on the Rock—Christ Jesus.

The Republican rally of the township, has Tuesday night, called out a full house. The Club and band first marched down street, where, in front of M. L. Jackson's, a large and handsome banner was raised, with hearty cheers and cheerful music. The banner contains well-executed portraits of Blaine and Logan, painted by cut townsman, Wm. P. Keyser—and the names of Buchanan and North. Returning to Union Hall, Hon. George Elvins introduced Hon. Edward Moore, who gave us a short address, full of solid sense, as was to be expected, and his audience for nearly an hour. While making my good points, he illustrated with numerous anecdotes, and showed the fallacy of hoping for prohibition through a third political party. We see by their cheer on that that Prohibitionists did not like that address,—evidently, at least one spark held fire long enough to burn.

We next welcomed the old Republican warriors—Mr. W. D. Wharton—whom severe sickness could not longer keep silent. He went back to party records, and showed where the Democrats had proven themselves untrustworthy, and compared it with the Republic in administration under which the country has steadily advanced and prospered.

The Republican County Convention was held at Atlantic City on Saturday last, October 11th. Eighty-one delegates (the full quota) were present. Called to order by S. D. Hoffman. Orville E. Hoyt was chosen Chairman, Mr. Heston made Secretary. One delegate from each ward and Township was named for each Committee,—on Credentials, Rules, and Resolutions. Adjourned to 1:30.

Committee on Credentials reported all delegations full, and no contests. Committee on Rules reported as follows: Nominations for Assembly shall be first in order, followed by nominations for Sheriff and Coroner.

Each delegation shall through its Chairman, cast the vote for the respective candidates for each office. The majority present shall cast the vote of the absentees, unless otherwise agreed to.

The basis of representation for next year shall be the vote for Coroner this year; and the representation shall be one delegate for every twenty-five votes cast, and one for every fraction over twelve votes; and each township, town and city shall have, in addition, two delegates at large, excepting where a city is divided into wards, then each ward to have two delegates at large.

An amendment was offered by an Atlantic City delegate, to strike out the last clause of rule four; a vote was taken by townships, and amendment lost, as was another, to make the vote on Assemblyman the basis of representation. The report was adopted.

We read and adopted, as follows: The Republicans of Atlantic County, in Convention assembled, hereby approve in Convention assembled, the platform of the National Republican Convention of 1884. This Convention pledges its fullest support for President and Vice-President of the United States.

We deem the nomination of James Buchanan for Congressman from this District, one especially fit to be made in behalf of the labor and industrial interests of this State and District.

We especially endorse those parts of the platform of the National Convention which declare in favor of a protective tariff and the protection of American citizenship as well as at home.

We pledge ourselves to use every fair and lawful means to secure the election of each and every candidate put before the public by this Convention.

On the call of townships, Dr. Edward North of Hammonton was by acclamation nominated for Assemblyman,—a deserved compliment.

Messrs. Chas. R. Lacy, H. J. Monfort, Hiram Godfrey, Jos. B. Turner, Charles Wyatt, and M. V. Moore, were named for Sheriff. Three ballots were taken, as follows:

FOR SALE.—One acre of ground, plenty of fruit, good well, four poultry houses and yards ready for business. A good comfortable house, in good repair, with every necessary convenience. For particulars, inquire on the premises, on Valley Avenue, opposite Grape Street, Hammonton. ENOS BEAN.

Somebody writes from Vineland—sighing himself "P. Cline"—and says that the statement that nearly every member of the Prohibition Club had gone over to Blaine is "an unmitigated lie," that they have over seventy members. Well, their authority is Mr. G. F. Waaburn, of Vineland, and he told the story about two weeks ago. Since then, energetic work in a city of 5000 inhabitants—the model temperance town of the United States—has brought their membership to seventy. There are evidently several hundred men, per se, in Vineland who see that one feather will not clothe a bird, one question will not justify the formation of a separate political party.

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

No aim at the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves. How long does a widower mourn for his wife? For a second. Creditors and poor relations seldom call at the right moment. Offences are easily pardoned when there is love at the bottom. The hours are a part of eternity, and their relation to it never ends. Pity is the virtue of the law, and none but tyrants use it cruelly. Falseness always endeavors to copy the mean and attitude of truth. A mere sanguine temperament often passes for genius and patriotism. Moderation is commonly firm and firmness is commonly successful. Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a heaven, and hell a fable. He who betrays the confidence of one is not worthy the confidence of another. Freedom from low necessities can only come by reaching after satisfaction. The world forgives with difficulty the fact that one can be happy without it. Reason is the torch of friendship; judgment its guide, tenderness its ailment. Promises hold men faster than benefits; hope is a cable, and gratitude a thread. Industrious old ladies, as well as delegates, believe in the "you knit" rule. It is a singular contradiction that when the mosquito visits you he stays to burn. Our happiness and history are trusted to our conduct, and made to depend upon it. The attainment of our greatest desires is often the source of our greatest sorrows. Our years, our debts, and our enemies are always more numerous than we imagine. Although cremation relates to dead subjects it is one of the live-questions of the age. Let amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the greatest space thereof. Genius follows its own path and reaches its destination, scarcely needing a compass. There are but three classes of men—the retrograde, the stationary, and the progressive. No cord or cable can draw so forcibly or bind so fast as love can do with a single thread. Avoid circumspection in language. Words, like cannon balls, should go straight to their mark. He who receives a good turn should never forget it; but he who does one should never remember it. He that would live at ease should always put the best construction on business and conversation. To all intents and purposes, he who will not open his eyes to the present, as blind as he that cannot. He that gives good advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example builds with both. Those who think that to dress well, it is necessary to dress extravagantly or grandly, make a great mistake. New actions are the only apologies and explanations of old ones which the noble can bear to offer or receive. It is one of those strange inconsistencies of human nature that men prefer to do good through that of justice. Be not penny-wise; riches sometimes fly away of themselves; sometimes they must be sent flying to bring in more. Public discussions are an intellectual stamping mill, where the worthless quartz is crushed and the pure gold set free. Virtue will catch as well as vice by contract; and the public stock of honesty, mainly principle will daily accumulate. To find one who has passed through life without sorrow, you must find one incapable of love or hatred, or hope or fear. Money in your purse will credit you; wisdom in your head will adorn you; and both in your necessity will serve you. Mark this well, ye proud men of action! You are, after all, nothing but unconscious instruments of the men of thought. No state can be more destitute than that of a person who, when the delights of sense forsake him has no pleasures of the mind. By holding a very little misery quite close to our eyes we entirely lose sight of a great deal of comfort beyond which might be taken. Religion can no more be learnt out of books than seamanship, or soldiery, or engineering, or any practical trade what soever. We ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear experience. There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or supply the want of it. Love is the most terrible and also the most generous of the passions; it is the only one that includes in its dreams the happiness of someone else. It is much easier to find a score of men who discover the truth than to find one intrepid enough, in the face of opposition, to stand up for it. The action of man is a representative type of his thought and will; and a work of charity is a representative type of the charity within the soul and mind.

The Town of Ghent.

Ghent is a town which somewhat resembles its neighbor, Bruges, although it is to me a sterner sort of place, as befits its long history of independence and revolution. It preserves much of its ancient appearance, through virtue of its sturdy character, and its ancient-belfry in which the great bell Roland still hangs, but it is not the musty, delightful flavor of Bruges. It possesses, however, a flavor of its own, of which, in truth, I can say nothing, for I have not yet had a chance to visit its streets, for a fortune never encountered, nor could I in any way escape it until I got aboard the train and left the town behind me. Ghent is also associated in my mind with the worst lunch I have ever encountered in Europe. It consisted of some strange meat, which I am convinced was kitted, and had been waiting for a customer quite as long as was good for it. I tasted it once, but could not take the second mouthful, and the restaurant seemed of the sort to take offense if his dishes were refused. I did not wish to become involved in an explanation with a strange, fierce man, and in an unfamiliar language, and I could not eat the lunch for fear of making a laughing stock. Presently the restaurant-keeper stepped out for a moment; I drew a newspaper from my pocket, rolled up the suspicious portion it, and stowed it away again; the proprietor came back and looked unsuspiciously at my empty plate, and I arose and went away. I was looking for a dog, who I pity the dog or cat that found the package in the gutter into which I threw it as soon as I got around the corner. I have plenty of reason to feel no agreeable emotion at the thought of Ghent, but in truth my memory of it is exceedingly pleasant, and I would not care to go to the cathedral, where I went to study Van Eyck's splendid picture of the "Adoration of the Mystical Lamb." It was the only visitor to the church that afternoon, and I had the services of the sexton entirely to myself. He was a short, stout little fellow, with a serious, looking peace, who was very ready to talk of the treasures of art in the cathedral, and did so intelligently and to considerable length upon the subject of the early system of painting in Flanders, which he had studied, as he said, in all the galleries of the country. He was very ready to hear him speak so eloquently upon the glories of the past, when the church was the mother of art and foremost in all its affairs. His tone changed, however, when he came to modern times, and he said that he had heard of a man who had been so bold as to hold her own against the State, and the indifference of the people to religious things, to find time or means to encourage painters and sculptors as she once did. Beside, the painters, like the people, have become more and more worldly. He was very ready to talk of the treasures of art in the cathedral, and did so intelligently and to considerable length upon the subject of the early system of painting in Flanders, which he had studied, as he said, in all the galleries of the country. He was very ready to hear him speak so eloquently upon the glories of the past, when the church was the mother of art and foremost in all its affairs. His tone changed, however, when he came to modern times, and he said that he had heard of a man who had been so bold as to hold her own against the State, and the indifference of the people to religious things, to find time or means to encourage painters and sculptors as she once did. Beside, the painters, like the people, have become more and more worldly.

Brickmakers.

A very interesting account of the habits of the brickmakers in the Lippe country (Germany) is given in a Westphalian paper. Every spring thousands of men are sent to work in the frontier to work in foreign brick yards and remain all the fall. This emigration has continued for hundreds of years, as may be seen from an ordinance of the year 1630. As the modern post was unknown then, the brickmakers used to select a confidential go-between, a guide, and a messenger, of some education and known as a "brick messenger." He found out work, made contracts, acted as postman and as guide, philosopher and friend. The government finally appointed three of them and gave each a district. The Impenal laws have since changed, but there are master brickmakers who undertake to deliver the proprietors of the yards a certain quantity of bricks, and to look out for their employer's interest in every way. The working seasons generally last from the beginning of April to the end of October, depending on the weather. Work begins at 4 A. M. and ends at 9 or 10 P. M. In the Northern countries they are hailed as "messengers of spring," and are generally looked on with favor. They not only travel throughout Germany, but also to Denmark, Sweden, Poland, Austria, Hungary, and Alsace. The little district of Lippe contains only 120,000 inhabitants, and this portion of its population bring back some three million marks annually. The brickmakers always return with glad hearts. In winter they turn to other employments.

A Trainway.

The Helena, Montana, Company is constructing a trainway, which will be the longest and to the largest in the world. It consists of an endless wire rope, travelling over grooved wheels or sheaves secured to the cross-arms of elevated supports placed from 100 to 300 feet apart. The rope, carrying suspended buckets so fixed as to clear the ground, is attached to large horizontal endwheels, provided with devices for gripping the rope, which prevents it from slipping and enables its speed to be regulated. As a matter of fact, anybody has a right to complain of coffee when he finds grounds for it in his cup. Teachers in the public schools of France are very seldom paid more than \$5 a week, and as the expense for salaries is now a little over \$15,000,000 the Minister of Public Instruction refuses to add to this amount and so increase taxation.

Underground Berlin.

All-telephone, telegraph and electric lighting wires in Berlin are now underground. A popular German magazine furnishes some details of the underground plant of the city. The gas supply of Berlin furnishes light for 14,000 street lamps and 700,000 private burners, and although gas lighting was first introduced in that city in 1803, it has been steadily improved, meeting the increased demand and furnishing power for a great many small industries, so that the use of electric lighting has not diminished the production of gas. The pipes are laid under the sidewalks, and the inconvenience is caused ordinary street traffic for repairs or extensions. The water supply was first introduced in 1854 by a private company, but since 1873 it has been owned and managed by the city. Twenty-three great reservoirs supply the city by means of enormous pumps, through a well devised system of pipes, 17,000 water meters measure the supply for as many customers, while a complete system of filtering the water has been successfully introduced. A complete system of underground drainage, devised by the chief engineer of Berlin, a recognized authority in hygiene. Hohrecht, begun in 1873, has been gradually introduced, providing canals underground of solid masonry, and supplementary system of earthenware pipes, through which all city drainage is carried off to great fields, where the drainage is recovered and utilized. Every house in Berlin is connected with this underground drainage by an approved system of pipes, and the rain water from the roofs and streets is also carried off through it. Every house, too, must have its water supply, and this is also regulated by law, with careful consideration of the needs of the inhabitants. Twenty-two steam engines with 3,100 horse power, in five stations, scattered throughout the city, supply the power for forcing all the waste of the million of people that inhabit Berlin out to a distant point. The cost of the city gas works in Berlin amounts in the aggregate to seven millions of dollars, of the water works to eight millions of dollars, and of drainage to eight millions, and of course the great proportion of this large capital of over twenty millions of dollars is invested in the work underground, and yet it is not complete. The city of Berlin has recently contracted with the German Edison Electric Light Company for a thorough system of underground wires, by which every street can be lit, and every house too if the owner chooses to introduce it. Water and light and drainage are now fully supplied, but Berlin is discussing the American plans for heat and power, to be supplied from central stations through underground pipes, under such system as may be approved by its local scientific authorities. Dr. Werner Siemens, one of the famous family, has submitted a plan for supplying heat from coal mines only a few miles from Berlin.

The French Canadian.

Interesting as sections of ancient rocks or drifts to the geologist are those sections of the France of the seventeenth century in the lap of the nineteenth century in the new world to the sociologist. The ancient city of Quebec is still the centre of all the French Canadian life; and how full of quaint beauty and poetry it is only they know fully who have been wearied to death by the monotonous opulent sameness of American cities. The student who would make inquiries into this life, the music, the customs and the way of thinking among the people will find Cote de Beaupre, a strip of country extending down the river in the vicinity of Quebec, a most accessible district, and at the same time possibly the most perfect illustration of what he desires to investigate. Not very long ago, the Abbe Perland said, "In the habitant of the Cote de Beaupre you have the Norman peasant of the reign of Louis XIV., with his legends, his songs, his superstitions and his customs." Unfortunately for him, he still sticks to old fashions in farming, as well as to old songs, and the stiff Lombardy poplar that his ancestors brought from France. He does not care to spend money on expensive agricultural implements. He enjoys his social merry-makings more than political discussions, and prefers steady hard work by day, and smoking his native tobacco with his neighbors in the long evenings, to thinking over rash experiments on his narrow terrace. At the head of the ancient-south pyramid on the banks of the St. Lawrence stood the Governor-General and the bishop. The Governor was supreme, though with a bishop like Laval it was often a question which of the two was the Governor. Then came the seigneurs and the curés. The base was constituted by the habitants. Female pedestrian matches are prohibited in Allegheny, Pa.

County Woods.

The finest and most costly of the woods, in France, is the chestnut wood that does not come from France, but from Persia and Asia Minor. The tree is crooked and dwarfed, and its sole value for the burls that can be obtained from it. These are large, tough excrescences growing upon the trunk. In the grain is twisted into the most singular and complicated figures. The intricacy of these figures combined with their symmetry is one of the elements that determine the value of the burl. Color and soundness are other elements of value, which vary very widely. Burls worth from \$300 to \$1000 are not uncommon. The Paris Exposition for 1878 one burl weighing 2300 pounds was sold for \$5000, or upwards of \$2 a pound. In buying burls much care is necessary to guard against fraud. Often decay and malformation result in leaving hollows in the very center of the wood, of course, greatly lessens the value. These hollow places are sometimes filled by fraudulent dealers with substances resembling the wood, and the whole is sold at a very much higher price than its worth. Compressed manure is one of the materials used for this purpose. An even worse fraud than this is that of placing stones in the hollows to increase the weight, and thereby enhance the value of the burl. This not only cheats the buyer but is liable to ruin the valuable knives used in cutting the veneers. There are rosewood and mahogany burls, but unlike those of the French walnut, they are of but little or no value. In those woods it is the trunk of the tree that is prized; the knots are discarded. Next to the French walnut, ebony is probably the most valuable of the cabinet woods. Occasionally a fine piece is found that brings even a better price than the French walnut. For a particularly large piece, even five dollars a pound might be paid. In ebony the main thing is size. It is difficult to get large pieces that can be used without cutting. Beyond an mahogany are always in demand. The only one that is that of San Domingo. Next come the mahoganies of Cuba, Honduras, Mexico and Africa. There is much less difference in value between different specimens of ebony and French walnut. Fair rosewood will sell in the log for five and a half and seven cents per pound.

Art.

Art, from a scientific standpoint, may be defined as a pleasing aggregation of optical illusions. Especially is this definition applicable to a large class of painting. Whence come the five-pointed conception of a star, so often figured in the work of art and the designs of the national flag? What strange infatuation caused Froissart to represent cannon balls flying in mid-air in the illustrations of his "Chronicles"? Who conceived the idea of a flash of lightning as generally portrayed on canvases? How arose the artistic design of a jumping horse, a bird in flight, a bound in the chase, an athlete running or leaping, or of animals in attitudes? Such are some of the difficulties in the way of art. A five-pointed star would indeed be a marvel, and its perpetuation in art is a point above the wonderful power of optical illusion on the imagination. A cannon ball ordinarily travels at the rate of 500 yards per second, so that the eye could scarcely catch a glimpse of its shadow as it had flown a mile away. Old soldiers speak of seeing cannon balls in mid-air, but it is evident from the mathematical statement that no lad above, that they received an impression merely, added by the whizzing noise in the ear, or, in other words, an optical illusion took place. A flash of lightning has ever been supposed to last a tenth of a second, but Whatestone has demonstrated with a most accurate instrument of his own invention, that the duration is much less than a millionth part of a second or more exactly, 1,152,000th part of a second. Talk of an artist painting a flash of lightning! From the Finnish Observatory at Sodankylä there comes an important fact to students of the electrical condition of the earth. Prof. S. Somstrom had placed on the hill of Orantunturi a galvanic battery, with conductors covering an area of 900 square metres. Soon the compass was found to be surrounded with a halo. This effluence was of a yellow-white color, and it gave faintly but perfectly the spectrum of the aurora borealis. Further experiments confirm the accuracy of the first observation. The result was not due to local or accidental circumstances. In the southern portion of the country drained by the River Congo, in Africa, there has been found by Lieutenant Wissman a very dense population. During his journey from Loanda to the interior he was surrounded by a host of natives with very serious obstacles. On the contrary, the noted Mirambo gave him every assistance. At one point of his route he found a tribe of dwarf negroes. The full details of his journey will be read with interest when they are published. One lady had a little tiff, and one of them remarked as she departed: "Well, as I told my husband this morning, I shouldn't care to be in your shoes." "I imagine not," the other one responded. "You would find them painfully close fitting."

How to do it.—Bonanza, Jr.—I see you have advertised for a coachman.

Mr. Millionaire.—"Ah! how do you do, Mr. Bonanza, and how is your estimable father? Piling up the millions as usual, I suppose? Yes, I have advertised for a coachman. Do you know of a good man?" "I should like the position myself, sir." "Ah! I see. You love my daughter, but you are too late." "Too late?" "Yes, I gave my wealthy young friend, Mr. Keston, a job as coachman a few weeks ago, and she eloped with him last night." "And you the manager?" "I am." "I would like an engagement as leading man in your new society drama." "What is your name?" "Algernon Vere de Vere." "I never heard it before." "What proof can you give me that you are competent to fill the requirements of the place you demand?" "Alas, I do not know. I was discharged from a London company for incompetency." "Then you are from England?" "Yes." "Have you ever had catarrh?" "I have a chronic case." "Say no more—you are engaged—our success is already assured." "A gentleman caller recently asked him some trivial question when he turned on him and said: "Did you speak or did a cabbage-head burst?" "Exit boy, in company with his father." TAKING THE SAFE SIDE.—I'm not very familiar with American money," said a Montreal banker, "but this bill doesn't look right." "It guesses it's genuine," the depositor remarked. "If it isn't I know where I got it." "It may be all right, but I am not sure. Here, John," he said, turning to the messenger boy, "run into some hotel or liquor saloon with this bill, and ask an American cashier if it's genuine."

MAKING PROGRESS.—Eastern man.

"Ah! yes, our churches are becoming very liberal." Western man.—"In what way?" "Well, for instance, in addition to the organ we now have horns in the choir." "Right in the choir?" "Yes." "Well, you are ahead of us. We still have to slip out the vestry door and go round the corner for our horns." COUNTING THEM.—Jones.—You should have seen the grand torchlight procession my party had the other night." Smith.—I did see it. You had just 1000 men in line." Jones.—1000? Pah! We had 2000. I counted them. I tell you I was juggling." Smith.—No doubt of that. You evidently saw double." "How is your husband to-day, Mrs. Jones?" "He is very ill indeed." "Where has he been?" "Oh, yes, the nurse says he doesn't see the doctor, now." "I'm glad to hear it." "What? What?" "I'm glad to hear it. Now, if you can only keep him beyond their reach I think he will get well rapidly." THE BROADWAY GIVE-AWAY.—Stranger.—"If you please, sir, we want Broadway and Tenth street." Newscaster.—"Yes, we can't have Broadway; it's meeseff has rid it in thin papers as how it's give away; but you might get Tenth street if you'd hurry up an' see the board of Aldermen." "What name does your husband all you by?" said a bride to a friend who had been married several years; "does he call you ducky or lovey? My darling calls me ducky." "Does he? Mine used to call me popsey-wopsey, but he doesn't use that term now." "What does he call you then?" "He calls me, 'Say, there!'" JESUS.—"Why what is the matter with your nose?" "Finks." "It has been frost-bitten." "Jinks." "Oh, no, it has not been frozen by any Arctic expedition." "Finks.—No, but the other evening I kissed a Boston girl." "G. JONES Wilson is a fine-looking man, ain't he?" said a friend the other day. "Yes," replied another. "I was taken for him once." "You say you are as ugly as sin." "I don't care for that; I disdressed his nose, and was taken for him by the Sheriff!" "I suppose," he remarked, as he returned from the bar, "that she must have dropped closely to his head, 'you will call attention now to the size of my ears.'" "Oh, no," she replied sweetly, "that would be altogether unnecessary, dear."

MY BOY.

What the stars are to the sky, What the light is to the eye, What the river's to the sea, Is my darling boy to me. What the dew is to the flower, What the vine is to the bower, What the leaf is to the tree, Is my darling boy to me. Sweeter than the violet, True as lily-bud, still wet With the early morning dew, Is my darling, good and true. When the dreams of youth are done, When the night of age creeps on, May I lean, with pride and joy, Upon thee, my darling boy! CAPTURING A LUNATIC. Alf Dixon, Tom Giffard and I had gone up the river camping out; I had done our second day's work. It was early morning on the third day, glorious weather. I was in the boat getting the steering lines in order; Giffard and Dixon were on the bank, talking to Dr. Rawle. As I understood it the doctor was at the head of a private asylum for lunatics. He had been trying a constitutional when he happened to fall in with us just as we were sitting down to our open air breakfast; the chance meeting led to Giffard's inviting him to share our gypsy meal. He did. He was a pleasant fellow, not too old and not too young. I liked him exceedingly. We talked of things in general, and of lunatics in particular. Something led to his mentioning—I think it was speaking of the cunning of a certain class of lunatics, and the difficulty of keeping them within four walls—the fact that one of his inmates had escaped a day or two previously, and had not yet been retaken. This was the more singular as it was tolerably certain he had not gone far, and search had been made in every direction. As Giffard and Dixon were saying good-bye, preparatory to getting into the boat, the doctor laughingly said: "Should you happen to come across him, I shall consider you bound to bring him back safe and sound. He's a man of about 44 or 45, tall and bony, iron-gray hair, and has a curious habit of showing his teeth and winking his left eye. Don't look for a raving lunatic; for the most parts he's as right as you or I. He's wrong in two things. Whatever you do, don't let him lose his temper; for whenever he does, though over so slightly, he invariably goes in for murder; he's all but done for twice before already. And don't talk to him of England or Englishmen; for if he should get upon his native land, he'll favor you with some observations which will make you open your eyes." We laughed. Alf and Tom shook hands with him and got into the boat. We promised if we should meet him, we should certainly see him returned to custody. Alf stood up and bowed us from the shore; we sank our last good-bye, and left the doctor standing on the bank. It was a beautiful morning. The river was delicious, clear as a crystal; we could see the bottom, and every stone and pebble on it, just a gentle breeze fanning the surface of the water into a ripple. We lit our pipes and took it easily. I am a good bit of a traveler, know many lovely nooks and crannies in foreign lands; I have lived abroad as much as at home, but I will match the higher reaches of our own Father Thames for beauty and for charm against any scenery in Europe. And on the early morning morning, after a spell of glorious weather, it is in all its prime; the water so cool, so clear, the banks so green, so charming; the stately trees on either side, and the mansions, seen over the meadows, are peeping among the trees. You may choose your Rhine, your Garda, or your Magliore, or your Bay of Naples, but leave Cookham and old Father Thames for me. Presumably he had come for river beauties and the camping out—presumably; but as a matter of fact there was a young lady lived not so far ahead, a mutual friend, Lillian Travers. Separately and jointly we had a high opinion of Miss Travers, not only for her beauty, but for other things as well; and having come so far, we hoped we should meet her to return until at least we had a peep at her. Unfortunately, though we knew Miss Travers, we had no acquaintance with Mr.—there was no Mrs. We had met the young lady at several dances and such like; but on one occasion she was under the clasp-iron of old Mrs. Mackenzie. Apparently Mr. Travers was not a party man. But Lillian had promised to introduce us to him whenever she got a chance, and we were not unhopful she would get the chance now. So you see the little riverward excursion had more in it than met the eye. We went lazily on, just dipping our oars in and out; smoking, watching the smoke drifting through the clear air. And all thoughts of the doctor and his parting words had gone from our minds.

Excitable temperament, hot-blooded youth," said the stranger.

"I could have said something had I chosen, but I preferred discretion; I didn't like his eyes." "No—nothing," I said. "I think I'll sit in the boat." I didn't wait to learn if any one had objections, but springing around I scrambled past Alf, and tripped full length on to Tom's knees. The boat went up and down like a swing; it was a miracle she wasn't over. "Is the fellow mad?" roared Alf. "At the word 'mad' the stranger rose up straight as a pole." "Mad!" he said. "Do you know, sir—" He checked himself and sat down. "Foolish he's only a boy." In passing Tom I whispered in his ear. "The lunatic," I said. "What?" said Tom, right out loud. "Hoid!" said your, you confounded donkey! It's the man from Dr. Rawle's." "The—?" He was going to say something naughty—I know he was, but he stopped short and stared at him with all his eyes. Either Alf overheard me, or else the same idea had occurred to him at the same moment, for he stopped dead in the middle of a stroke, and inspected the man on the steering seat. Tom and Alf went on staring at him for a minute or more. I kept my head turned the other way to avoid his eyes. All at once I felt the boat give a great throb. I turned, there was the stranger leaning half way out of his seat, looking at Alf in a way that I shouldn't have dared to have him look at me. "What's the meaning of this insolence?" he said. The question was not unwarranted; it could not have been pleasant to have been stared at as Alf and Tom were staring then. "I beg your pardon," said Alf, "as cool as a cucumber." "To what insolence do you refer?" Tom actually chuckled; I couldn't have chuckled for a good deal; it seemed to me not only impudent, but risky; I couldn't forget Dr. Rawle's words about the homicidal tendencies. He turned red as a lobster; I never saw such an expression come over a man's face before—perfectly diabolical. To my surprise he sat down and spoke as calmly and deliberately as possible. "Thank you," he said; "I shall not forget this." There was a sound about his "I shall not forget this" I did not relish. Alf said nothing. Tom and he set off rowing as coolly as though nothing had happened. I extemporized a seat in the bow, and tried to make things as comfortable as possible. I noticed, although Alf and Tom were so cool, they hardly took their eyes off him for more than a second at a time. His behavior before their futile gauds was peculiar, he couldn't sit still; he looked first at one bank and then at the other; his eyes traveled everywhere and rested nowhere, his hands fidgeted and trembled; he seemed all of a quiver. I expected him to break into paroxysms. If I hadn't called out he would have run us right into the shore, when I called he clutched the other string violently, jerking the boat almost round. I heartily wish him at Jericho before he had come near us. "Where are you going?" said Alf. "Keep us in." "I'm going into the shade; the sun's too strong." He had the line, we could hardly interfere on his keeping one side if he preferred the other. He took right to the opposite bank, under the shadow of the willow trees. For some minutes neither of us spoke. With him cramming me on my seat, and ranning his elbows into my side, my position was not pleasant. At last I let him know it. "I don't know if you are aware you are occupying all my seat." He turned on me short and sharp. All at once I noticed his left eye go up and down like a blinking owl; his mouth was wide open, disclosing as ugly a set of teeth as I should ever care to see. Like a flash Mr. Rawle's words crossed my mind; tall, strong, about 45, iron-gray hair, a habit of showing his teeth and winking his left eye. Gracious powers! it was possible we had a lunatic with us! I know the possibility, nay the probability, of such a thing made me feel more than queer. If there is anything in the world I instinctively fear, it is mad persons. I know little of it; I have never been in their company. Possibly my ignorance explains my dread; but the idea of sitting in the same boat and on the same seat with a man who— Dr. Rawle's warning, "Don't let him lose his temper, or murder will ensue," made me bound from my seat like Jack-in-the-box. The boat tipped right out of the water, but I didn't care. The man was glaring at me with cruel eyes; my muscles were strung, my flat clinched, every moment I expected him at my throat. "What the dickens are you up to?" asked Alf. "What's the matter with you?"

Down the St. Lawrence.

"Several years ago," says a traveling editor, "the writer went through Howe's Cave, and a man of another party gave out so completely from fear at the gloomy surroundings that his entreaties to be taken out at first aroused the laughter of his friends, and then their alarm, as he was so demoralized by the cavern that he entirely lost his mental balance; yet it was said that he was an old soldier and a brave man. So with the rapid; delicate women often take delight in the Lurches of the vessel and the visible signs of danger, while strong men retire below, though this is rare, the most of the passengers entering fully into the enjoyment of the scene. Long Sault-Island forms two channels in the river at this place, the rapids being on the Canada side, while the American channel, though swift, can be used for tows at times. The turbulent waters can be seen before the rapids are actually reached. The passengers take their positions upon the sides of the boat, holding on to the rails, and the downward rush commences—some slide down a hill of water nine miles long. Four good men are at the wheel. "But suppose the rope should break?" we asked. "Oh, we have two men at the iron tiller, was the reply. "Suppose that breaks?" But the man only shrugged his shoulders expressively and rolled his eyes. The fact is it is the steamer should set broadside on, she would capsize on the first rock she struck and go rolling down stream, but the chances are against it. The steam is slowed down at first, until a fair start is taken, and contrary to the general impression—it is not shut-off, but soon turned on in full force, to enable the vessel to keep stearage way. The bubbling water now whirling about in violent pools, leaping into the air in waves of spray that fall upon the deck, the roar, the watchful appearance of the men at the wheel, and the occasional rock that appears alongside, give one a sense of excitement and danger that is quite agreeable. Some folks about are pale; a man had his arm wound about a rope, the other around his wife; some cling desperately to the rail. Nine miles of this. Quick turns, so sudden that at times it would seem as if the steamer would swing broadside on, but away she shoots in the new channel, headed for another target that looms up on shore, for this is what these curious objects are that appear here and there, and by keeping the ball on our bow headed for those certain distances the rocks of the channel are avoided. The sensation is a singular one. One man said that he felt as if he was sliding down a hill on his back; another as if he was falling; while a lady was so affected by it that she became dizzy. In fact, the steamer is sliding down a hill of water, and at the same time the variously moving currents give the hull a curious quivering motion hardly describable. "The first steamer that went through here," said an officer of the boat, wiping the spray from his face, "had a good deal of nerve; they went down with the chances all against them. It was the old Passport. The trip was made in 1848, and a man by the name of McGannon, who is still a pilot on the river, held the wheel. The first steamer that made all the rapids was the G.M. She went down by accident, they say; got going, and they couldn't stop her, so they crowded on steam and let her rip, and she went through all right."

The Climbing Fern.

Most people have heard of the climbing perch of the Indian region, which gained the name from having been seen by its discoverer on the stem of a Palmira palm, five feet above the ground, where it was apparently struggling, by means of the spines on its scales and gill covers, to get higher. As that happened nearly a hundred years ago, and there is no authentic instance of the fish having since been detected climbing trees, the occurrence may fairly be regarded as incidental rather than habitual. There is no doubt, however, that it travels long and far by land generally in the morning when the dew waters its path, which acts as a lung. The fish was until lately supposed to fill this cavity with water from time to time wetting its gills, just as the camel in the desert draws up its internal reservoir of water in order to quench its thirst. This theory however, has not been able to survive the fact that those who have sought for water in this labyrinthine organ have never yet found it.

Rich Landholders.

Few people reflect upon the fact that the Indians are the richest landholders in the United States. There are 237,000 of them, exclusive of the Alaska Indians, holding 151,397,668 acres of land. Some of the tribes own 3,000 acres per Indian. The average is about one square mile to each Indian, while a white man is not allowed more than one hundred and sixty acres of public land.

