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Five Cents per Copy

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF
FEVER and AGUE
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 this Tonic, a small 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 easy 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, 331 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY

GO TO PACKER'S Old Stand, The Hammonton Bakery.

Where the usual variety of choice bread, rolls, cakes, pies, and crackers, so well attested to, in quantity and quality, by a critical and discriminating New England palate. Also for this special occasion may be found a full, complete and varied assortment of choice confectionery, comprising:—

ginger-breads, "aromatics," chocolate, "cream-cakes," "bon-bons," lozenges, etc. Also a great variety of penny-cakes for the little

Also apples, oranges, lemons, limes, etc. Thanking the public for the liberal share of patronage so generously bestowed, we hope to merit a still larger and more constant patronage in the future.

D. TACKER.

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of our civilized race. Those symptoms indicate the presence of Liver and Bowel troubles: Sick Headache, Nausea, Fullness, Aversion to food, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Loss of spirits, Feeling of having neglected some duty, Distention, Mucous ring at the mouth, Dark before the eyes, Highly colored urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a medicine that acts directly on the Liver. Dr. J. C. TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Liver and Skin is such as to remove all impurities through these three "sewers" of the system, producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous and healthy interior, with daily work and a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

DR. TUTT'S PILLS ARE A NEW MAN. I have had Malaria for several years. I tried all kinds of pills, and they did me no good. I had cleaned me out nearly. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural heat. I feel like a new man.

W. D. EDWARDS, Fall River, Or. Sold every where. Price, 25 Cents per Box.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE

GRAY HAIR OR WHITENESS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.

Onco, 44 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

THE DUDINE.

H. C. DODGE.

A
Is the angel
whose picture we show.
E is her bang and her bunnet
below. C is the cotton that hangs
the braid. D is the doggie kissed off
on his nose. E is her eyebrows, dark

shaded with care.
F is her flirting
if maw isn't there.

G
Is her
glances of
ten
billion or more
that she
has in her
eyes. H is her
hair, that she
has in her
bunnet.

I
Is the
idea that
she has in
her
mind. J is the
jewel that she
has in her
ear.

K
Is the
knowledge that
she has in
her
heart. L is the
lace that she
has in her
collar.

M
Is the
mash she
has in her
mouth. N is the
note that she
has in her
voice.

O
Is the
overtone that
she has in
her
voice. P is the
piano she
plays on her
table.

Q
Is the
quail upon
which she
sits. R is the
royalty she
has in her
blood. S is the
silk that she
has in her
stockings.

T
Is the
talk that she
has in her
mouth. U is her
useless
eyes. V is her
vain
glory. W is her
writing
table. X is her
X-ray
vision. Y is her
yacht. Z is a
zephyr
blowing
away.

From the Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 18, 1883.

Government receipts to-day: Internal revenue, \$335,283.70; customs, \$576,933.63.

The Civil Service Commissioners have not yet completed the regulations to govern promotions in the departmental service. Commissioner Eaton said to-day that the work was far from being completed, as much of the detail had yet to be framed. Judge Thomas, of the civil service commission, is expected to return to Washington next Monday.

All the members of the Cabinet were present at the regular Cabinet meeting to-day. The session was an important and protracted one. The subjects under consideration were the changes in the division and department commanders of the army to follow the executive order relieving Gen. Sherman from command of the army and installing Gen. Sheridan in his stead, and also the selection of a successor to Commissioner Marble, the retiring patent commissioner, and the action to be taken in several army court-martial cases.

The published statement that the President has directed that the annual report of all the bureau officers of the different departments be withheld from publication until after he shall have sent his annual message to Congress is officially denied at the executive mansion.

Private Secretary Phillips says the President has never made such a request nor has he ever intimated that such was his pleasure. The reports of bureau officers are made to the heads of the departments, and it is for them to say whether or not their contents shall be made public in advance of their transmission to the President, and by him to Congress in regular course of official routine, as documents to be printed with the President's message.

The President yesterday approved the sentence of dismissal in the case of Lieut. Col. Guido Iges, 13th Infantry, who was tried by court-martial on charges of having duplicated his pay accounts. The President also approved the sentence of dismissal in the case of Capt. Edward B. Hubbard, of the quarter-master's department, who was tried on charges of drunkenness. He disapproved the sentence of dismissal in the case of First Lieut. James F. Simpson, 3d Cavalry, who was tried on a charge of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman in having married a woman with whom he had been living as his mistress. He also disapproved the sentence of dismissal in the case of Commander Frederick R. Smith, U. S. N., who was tried on charges of duplicating his pay accounts.

The executive order with regard to retirement of General Sherman, which was anticipated yesterday, was not issued, and nothing more could be learned upon the subject last night. It is understood that Maj. Gen. Hancock will succeed Lieut. Gen. Sheridan in command of the division of the Missouri, that Maj. Gen. Pope will succeed Gen. Hancock in command of the division of the east; and that Maj. Gen. Schofield will remain in command of the division of the Pacific. Gen. Hancock was tendered Lieut. Gen. Sheridan's command, and is understood to have accepted it.

HOWARD.

The national bankers want the legal tenders retired, while the Greenbackers want the national banks retired. On the other hand, the people will probably worry along without abolishing either of them.

President Arthur approves the dismissal of two officers from the army, one a lieutenant colonel, for swindling, the other a lieutenant, for drunkenness; but he refuses to dismiss the young lieutenant who was man enough to marry the woman he had wronged. The President is disposed to try the experiment of introducing a little justice into military jurisprudence. The novelty of the thing may make it popular.

Nervousness, debility and exhausted vitality cured by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

The "oil spot" in the Gulf of Mexico is area of shallow water, which is calm while a gale is raging and waves are tossing all about it. The mud from the bottom has a soapy character.

Baltimore, Md., Dr. Irwin H. Eldridge says: "I would recommend a trial of Brown's Iron Bitters in all cases of anemic debility or when a tonic or appetizer is indicated."

A scientist says that in the moon a hickory nut falling from a branch would crash through a man like a minie ball. That settles it. We shall never go to the moon to gather hickory nuts.

Owenton, Ky., Dr. I. F. Mundy, says: "I have found Brown's Iron Bitters one of the best tonics and preservatives I frequently."

Size ain't everything. A watch ticking can be heard further than a bed ticking.

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.

"The mighty sea," exclaims a contemporary, "certainly, why shouldn't they?"

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

SALE FOR TAXES.

TOWN OF HAMMONTON.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a warrant issued by N. Hartwell, Esq., to take the taxes laid on unimproved and unencumbered lands, not on lands tenanted by persons not the lawful proprietors, who are unable to pay their tax, in the Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic, the Collector of said town will on WEDNESDAY, the

25th day of November.

Next at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., at the office of the Town Clerk, sell the timber, wood, herbage, and other vendible property found on the premises, taxed to the under named persons, to make the taxes and costs assessed to their respective names:

The Costs in each case will be 86 cents.			
NAMES.	Block.	Lot.	Assess. Tax.
Abbott, J. B.	18	10	\$2.84
Anthony, L.	18	11	3.25
Brown, E. W.	10	12	3.88
Cochran, Benjamin	9	13	2.40
Ochirra, Ben Janu	10	14	2.63
Ford, F. G.	7	30	1.90
Freed, Matthew	17	10	3.73
Hopkins, Charles F.	17	20	3.80
Miller, Abraham	6	24	2.93
Miller, Geo. F. Esq.	1	20	3.13
Miller, Geo. F. Esq.	1	20	3.13
Miller, Alfred	18	29	3.16
Page, Charles	1	21	3.18
Vinland, Casper	18	30	3.40
Walker, Mrs. J.	1	40	2.50
Welser, George	1	12	1.50
Wright, John	1	40	2.12
Wright, John	1	28	1.20
Wynn, Isaac	3	31	3.10

LEWIS HOYT,
Collector.
Dated October 20th, 1883.

E. H. Carpenter,

Hammonton, N. J.

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS, CAPS, LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Blank and School Books, Stationery, Sewing Machine Needles, Silks, Cotton, Notions, Fancy Articles, Etc.

At the lowest cash prices.

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 the SCOTT PLACE, one of the most beautiful in Hammonton, for sale, or will rent it for a year, or the season.

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.

A. J. SMITH,

NOTARY PUBLIC
AND
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

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

Hammonton, N. J.

Gerry Valentines,

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish Coffins, Caskets (with handles and pat.), Shrouds, Robes, of all quality, and to attend to all funerals. Charges reasonable and Furniture repaired and renovated.

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

PLAIN TRUTHS

The blood is the foundation of life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the only sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood.

These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that nothing but Brown's Iron Bitters will restore the blood to its natural condition, and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.

Brown's Iron Bitters will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will not blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively not injurious.

Saved his Child.

17 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. Feb. 22, 1880.

Gentle:—Upon the recommendation of a friend I tried Brown's Iron Bitters as a tonic and restorative for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly convinced was wasting away with Consumption. Having lost three daughters by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was loth to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the disease, but to my great surprise, before my daughter had taken one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, she began to mend and now is quite restored to former health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and when the physician was consulted he quickly said "Tonics were required," and when informed that the elder sister was taking Brown's Iron Bitters, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."

ANNA M. PHILIPS.

Brown's Iron Bitters effectually cures Dyspepsia, indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

THE LADIES' STORE

OF
HAMMONTON.

TOMLIN & SMITH'S,

Corner of Bellevue & Horton St.

Hamburg Embroideries, Laces, White Goods, Fancy Articles, Toys, and MILLINERY GOODS.

Ladies' Furnishing Goods a Specialty. Demorest's Spring Fashions have been received.

AT

Stockwell's,

Bellevue Avenue,
Hammonton, New Jersey.

You will find always a fresh stock of

Dry Goods,

Notions,

Novelties

Groceries, etc

Organs

AND

Sewing Machines

Of the very best make
Always on hand.

Call and see!

10,000

Grape Baskets

Received and for sale by

Geo. Elvins.

\$5.50 per 100.

NEW JERSEY STATE

Normal and Model Schools,

TRENTON.

Fall Term will commence
Monday, Sept. 17th, 1883.

TOTAL COST for Board, Tuition, Books, etc., at the Normal Sch. at \$1.4 for Ladies, and \$1.60 for Gentlemen; at the Model School, \$2.00 per year. The Model School offers to both young Ladies and Gentlemen superior advantages in all its departments: viz., Mathematical, Classical, Commercial, Musical, Drawing, and the Allied Professions. For Catalogue containing full particulars, address

W. HASBROUCK,
Principal, Trenton, N. J.

GOLD.

Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want more men who will devote their whole time to the work, and only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address TAYLOR & Co., Free-lance, Malac.

AN AUTUMN PICTURE.

DORA READ GOODALE.

Shy deep, intense and wondrous blue. With clouds that sail the heaven through. And mountain slopes of snow and green. With here and there among the green. A maple or a ash tree's fiery red. In glowing color, bright and red.

A Young Wife at Richmond.

Mr. Thomas Bilbury is the junior partner in the great firm of Bilbury, Blackthorne & Co., tea merchants of Calcutta and London. The senior partner is Mr. Joseph Bilbury, his father, who has a very nice house at Key; and until a year or two ago there was a third member in the firm in the person of Thomas' uncle, Mr. Babington Blackthorne, the Calcutta representative of the establishment. But, unfortunately, Mr. Blackthorne, like many Englishmen who live in India, drank too much Scotch whisky and Bass' ale, and ate too much curry and too many "Bombay ducks"; the result being that at the age of fifty-five his liver declined to bear the strain put upon it, and collapsed, leaving its owner so weak and ill that he had barely time ere he died to telegraph to his partners in England a brief notice of his impending fate.

Mr. Bilbury did not in the least recognize her husband. "Do let me order a fire to be lighted," she added. "Oh no; not for world!" ejaculated Tom, as he turned slowly round, conscious at last that even his nervousness was an excuse for his rudeness. "But the fact is, Mrs.—" "My name is Mrs. Bilbury!" "Oh! thank you!—Yes! The fact is, Mrs. Bilbury, that I am not yet entirely reconciled to this abominable English climate. I—ah—that is to say a man who has existed in groves of mango-ah—and has lived on curry and chutnee—ah—with the thermometer standing doggedly at a hundred and two in the shade, is—ah; but I dare say you understand!"

"Oh perfectly, Mr.— I think I may not the pleasure of knowing your name." "Who am I?" thought Mr. Thomas Bilbury. "My name," he said, after a slight pause, "is Bilbury."

"What a curious similarity?" said his wife. "Yes; I can readily believe that people coming home from India find this climate very trying at first, even in summer. My husband writes that the heat in Calcutta has been excessive. Possibly, Mr. Tilbury, you may have called to give me some news of him? I hope so. I thought that his last letter was not written in very good spirits."

"That is satisfactory," thought Mr. Bilbury. "The lapse of two years has not altered her love for me." "Yes," he said aloud; "I can give you some news of him, for, a month ago, I was at Calcutta."

"Indeed? How delightful! Do sit down, Mr. Bilbury. 'It is delightful to meet any one who has seen my husband recently, for I gather from what you say that you have seen him. How was he?"

Mr. Bilbury was by this time much exercised in his mind as to what to say next. On the one hand, he was afraid to declare himself for fear of frightening his wife; on the other, he rather enjoyed the situation. He therefore determined for the present to retain his incognito.

"As well as could be expected," repeated Mrs. Bilbury with alarm. "Do you mean that he has been ill?" "Well, not exactly ill," replied Tom, who had not yet quite made up his mind as to what he should say. "But I do not understand you. Tell me, please. What has happened to him?"

Mr. Bilbury wondered what the end would be. He heartily wished that his wife would recognize him and settle the difficulty by throwing her arms round his neck.

"Nothing very serious," he said. "I dare say he has told you that he has become very fond of tiger-shooting?" "Ah, tigers! Tell me, Mr. Tilbury, tell me!"

"Well, he went out tiger-shooting one day as usual—ah—he was accompanied by his servant. They entered the jungle suddenly, and without warning, a huge female tiger sprang upon your husband and bore him to the earth. The native fled for assistance, help arrived, and the victim was found faint from loss of blood, with his right arm torn out at the socket, his left eye destroyed, and the calf of his left leg—ah—deeply scored by the cruel claws of the ferocious monster."

"Dear me, how alarming!" commented Mrs. Bilbury; but the exclamation seemed so out of proportion to the gravity of the story that Mr. Bilbury felt seriously disappointed. "That fully accounts," continued Lydia, "for his bad spirits. His right arm?" "Yes, torn out at the socket, Mrs. Bilbury. He has learned to write with his left hand."

"Ah! dreadful. And his left eye destroyed?" "Yes; he wears a glass eye, poor fellow."

"I must be agony! And his leg—deeply scored by the cruel claws of the ferocious monster! Terrible misfortune! And when you tell him, Mr. Bilbury, how was he? Will he survive?"

"New light seemed to break upon Mr. Bilbury. Did his wife want him to survive? He felt by no means sure of it. "It is impossible to say with certainty," he said; "but you must hope for the best. Let me beg of you, my dear Mrs. Bilbury; to keep up your spirits."

"Indeed! Then he had not quite forgotten me?" "Forgotten you?" repeated Tom, his feelings for an instant getting the better of him. "Oh, no! I think that it is the lot of too few women to have a husband so utterly devoted to her."

"And of but few men to have a wife!" "So charming," said Mr. Bilbury, finishing the sentence.

"Oh, Mr. Tilbury! But excuse me. Do; to please me. You know that a woman hates solitude little less than smallpox. One moment, I will just go and give the necessary orders." Mrs. Bilbury rose and quitted the room.

"Well, this is awful!" reflected her husband as soon as he was left alone. "She doesn't recognize me, and apparently she doesn't seem to care for me much. She reminds me that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. That, I suppose, means if I would only die and liberate her she would promptly marry some one else. A nice instance of the faithfulness of women. Perhaps I should do well to leave her at once and never let her know the truth; but I can't do that. I love her still; indeed, I'm afraid I love her more than I ever did. No, I will see this affair to the end. If she is unfaithful, I will find her out, and then—"

"His meditations were cut short by the return of his wife, who informed him that she had ordered some luncheon, and that he must meanwhile do his best to amuse her, as there was no one else in the house except the servants. This style of conversation made Tom more and more reckless; and at once he launched out into an account of an imaginary moonlight picnic at Aden, where—so he let it appear—had broken her hearts of several charming girls, and upon the whole had behaved in a highly reprehensible manner.

"It must have been very delightful," said Mrs. Bilbury. "I wish I had been there! Sometimes we have very pleasant evenings here. Of course I know every one in the neighborhood, and, as a married woman, I ask whom I like to my house. You must come some night, Mr. Tilbury, and sup with us afterwards."

"He was," he said with deliberate hesitation, "as well as could be expected."

"I'm afraid I shan't be here for long," he said bitterly. "I am going abroad. I cannot rest anywhere."

"You are worried, I see," said Mrs. Bilbury. "I can sympathize with you. As a family matter and disappointment, you know."

"Disappointments! But you are young—and if you will excuse me, not looking. Perhaps you have merely lost your heart to one of the young ladies at Aden."

"Oh, no," he replied. "And, to tell the truth, I am doubtful whether any woman would be worth worrying about."

"Don't be cynical," said Mrs. Bilbury with a smile. "Perhaps you expect too much from women."

"I expect sympathy, fidelity and consideration," answered Mr. Bilbury, gravely.

"But the probable death of your husband!" added Mr. Bilbury.

"Oh, I am philosophical. We were only together for two days, we only knew each other for a few weeks. What am I to him? What is he to me? Life is still before me."

"That is rather plain speaking," thought Tom. "I wonder whether she would like to get up a flirtation with me. I will draw her on a little."

"Ha!" he said aloud, "you have happiness within your grasp, and you can make another happy. It is not every man who is so fortunate as to meet with a woman like you. Now, I confess that I have been unfortunate in my experience. But if I thought that I might hope for your sympathy?"

"Surely, Mr. Tilbury, it would be unwomanly of me to refuse it."

"This," thought Mr. Bilbury to himself, "is my faithful and devoted wife!" yet he was unable to refrain from seating himself beside Lydia and putting his arm round her waist. "Dear Mrs. Bilbury," he said, "I love you—do you, can you love me?"

She gave a scarcely perceptible gesture of assent; and Tom, now thoroughly convinced of his wife's untrustworthiness, sprang up and confronted her.

"Mrs. Bilbury," he said, "what would your husband say to this? You have disgraced him!"

She looked up, and held out her hands imploringly.

"Ah! if you were only a good woman!" And he approached her and took her by the hand. For an instant he stood thus; then he raised the hand and kissed it, and finally he kissed his wife on the cheek.

"Are you going, Mr. Bilbury?" she asked.

"Yes; I had better go; it is for the best. We could not be happy. Good-bye!" He kissed her again, and then moved slowly away to the door, where he stood, painfully regarding her.

"Good-bye!" she echoed. "But," she continued in another voice, "Tom!"

"Tom!" repeated Mr. Bilbury, starting and coloring. "Who told you my name was Tom?"

"You did, you foolish fellow, about two years ago."

"And you know me, Lydia?" he cried, as he quickly returned to her. "You have known me all along?"

"No; I did not know you until you told me that tremendous story about the tiger. There was no mistaking you then!"

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bilbury were embracing each other so affectionately that the conversation was rendered very fragmentary and disjointed. It is, therefore, almost impossible to chronicle what they said; but it is certain that they forgave each other, and it is a matter of notoriety that there has since been no happier couple on Richmond Hill. Chambers' Journal.

WHAT THE NORTHWEST NEEDS.—Tetotalers will notice with regret that the first whisky over the completed Northern Pacific Road was for a carload of beer. This, of course, is not the fault of the prohibitionists. It simply shows that the most pressing need of the far Northwest is a brewery.—Chicago Inter-Ocean

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time.

For the Fair Sex.

—A pretty material for evening dresses is Melbourne foulard. It makes very stylishly in cream color, with draped skirts trimmed with wide loops and ends of baby velvet.

—The economical will be glad to learn that silks will be cheaper than ever in the fall, as thousands of pieces of last year's silks have lately been purchased at Lyons at cost price.

—The only pairs which young girls wear are the pelrine pelisse, the paleot, and the Carrick, which last is a double cape with a ruche around the neck, and fastened with a bow of ribbon.

—Little girls of from 4 to 8 frequently wear the Louis XV. jacket, with large revers forming a collar, and pockets in the same style. Under the loose waistcoat is worn a plaited skirt.

—It is not at all likely that the Jersey will remain a fashionable garment, for it has already become common; but it has made a certain place for itself, and will remain through fluctuations or fortune as the basques and the polonaise and the blouse wait have done. The Jersey is easy and delightful wear for a good figure and for informal occasions. It fits like a glove, yet admits of much freedom of movement; its elasticity does away with all sense of binding or pressure; but for this very reason a round, flesh-enclosed form is an indispensable qualification in the wearer, and no angular or made-up figure should ever attempt a Jersey. Domestic Goods.

The American manufacturers come to the fore this season, surpassing all previous efforts and fairly rival those of foreign manufacture in magnificence and beauty. The superb brocades on ottoman grounds, are strewn with sprays of shaded roses and other flowers. On black satin grounds enormous jardiniere designs are in high relief of velvet on marvellous. The American satin parvilloux, satin armures, armure Dijon, plain satins and velvet, gos-grains are equally elegant of the above described shades. These are all duplicated in delicate colors for evening toilets, such as a brilliant golden olive, mantle, eglantine pink, light blue, creamy white, the pale milky way, and maize.

The old conceit of uniting two materials in the way of placing the figured fabric below and the plain above will be revived, with also the fashion of wearing plain velvet basques with a different skirt. Some of the new fabrics for the cold season are excessively coarse and rough, like blankets. Wide stripes accompany the ribbons.

Two kinds of ribbons are used—the very narrow satin ribbons for garniture and the very wide for sashes; there is a medium width employed for belts, but these are hardly common. The "happy thought" of clustering very narrow satins in different shades and colors as rosettes, bows and groups of loops with ends, has revived, and that formerly highly favored kind of garniture, and given it a stimulus unknown before. Four hundred yards has been put, it is said, on one dress, and that may not represent the maximum, since the furor has only just set in. It is more than probable, however, that it will soon expend itself, as the violence of a storm is its own prophecy of speedy abatement.

In each ribbons are some new styles of unexemplified beauty. The exquisite late patterns seen in broadened silk and velvet upon some rich fabrics, have been transferred to elegant ribbons with great success, entirely covering ruby and rose-pink or wine-colored surfaces with a frost-like tracery which perfectly reproduces the rarer fabrics. There are other ribbons which are broadened so as to represent the finest hand embroidery of a conventional kind; and still others in duchesse satin with a striped centre of moire in the solid color.

—In forecasting weather, Mr. Rollo Russell points out that next to frequent readings of the barometer and thermometer locally, and a knowledge of the distribution of atmospheric pressure over an area may be, observation of the character of clouds, especially of the cirrus variety, is of the greatest utility. Observation of cirrus can plainly be made use of in a system of telegraphic weather forecasts.

AT TWILIGHT.

Upon a sea of blue and purple light. The moonbeams fall—one uncheerful ray. The rosy sky a pale coloring takes. And lingering yet the sunset glow. A shadow withereth on the grass. As if of yore the water lily of the mead. And both are merged in fainter blue. The white clouds all their fleecy grace unloose. On the shadowy shadowy grass lies still. The sea gulls float and spread their broad, white wings. The beacon light its radiant warning flings.

With pennants flying in the distant breeze. The steady ships at anchor. Or, dipping low, beyond our vision glide. Nearer come strains of sweet, wild melodies. Rising and falling with each measured oar. As eager boatmen pull for home and shore. Boston Journal.

Postage Not Stated.

I was tall, overgrown, awkward and sixteen, with a provoking consciousness that my hands and feet were very large, and the added misery, in the case of the former members, that they were always red, and I never knew what to do with them when in company. I was making a visit at grandmother's delightful old-fashioned country home, when one morning the dear old lady called me to her.

"Here is something for you, Jim," she said, "an invitation to a children's party at Mrs. Edwards'."

"Children's party," I repeated, probably with a shade of scorn in my voice, as indicating that I was no longer to be placed in that juvenile category.

"Not children exactly," corrected grandma, with a smile at my masculine dignity. "Young people, I should say. Mrs. Edwards' daughter, Fido; once in 14, and Tom Byrne and all the boys—young men, I should say—with a trinkle of amusement, 'will be there.'"

I had sundry misgivings that I should have to enjoy the party at all, being so very much afraid of girls, though beginning to admire them as mysterious and fascinating beings. However, I accepted the invitation, as I found that all the boys I knew were going, and the party was to be quite a "swell" affair for the village.

When the evening came it found me with the rest, seated in a large parlor, very unhappy because my hands and feet, which would by no means arrange themselves in any graceful or becoming manner, and extremely bashful, but full of admiration for a lovely black-eyed girl about a year younger than myself, whom I knew to be Tom Byrne's sister.

She sat some distance from me, but she had given me a sweet smile when I first came in, and now from time to time cast glances at me which increased at once my bliss and my confusion.

Various games were suggested and played, but they were of a quiet character, such as "Twenty Questions," "Proverbs," etc., so that I had no opportunity of approaching any nearer to Mabel, who I should have been very willing to have questions and answers during the progress of these intellectual amusements.

When a girl should call for me! But no one did, and I was half disappointed, half relieved. That I was exempt, when at last it was Mable Byrne's turn to go out.

She had the room with a lovely blush on her beautiful face. The door was softly closed upon her, and then after a brief pause, there was a faint knock. The post-master opened the door a few inches.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"There's a letter here," she replied.

"For Mr. James Hill?"

"How much to pay?"

"Postage not stated," was the faint reply.

They all laughed loudly and looked at me, for that was my name. The blood rushed in my veins, and to my face. I got on my feet somehow, and with my heart torn between a wild desire to go into that hall and a wish to sink utterly a ray from human kind, I stumbled out of the door.

The door was closed behind me and I found myself almost in darkness, as the hall was dimly lighted. I paused a moment and then heard the faint sound of quick breathing; another heart was beating as violently as my own. For once in my life I knew what to do with my arms. I caught hold of her—scarcely know how. The darkness gave me courage and I held her in a close clasp, and pressed my lips to her cheek in three or four rapid, half-freighted kisses before she could free herself from my embrace.

"There, there, Mr. Hill," she said, with a faint merry laugh, "don't be so bashful again. I'm sure you are bold enough now!"

"Have I paid my postage?" I stammered.

"Indeed, yes; enough and to spare. Come, let us go back to the parlor."

Spelled me in my willing prisoner, and the rest of the evening I was her bond slave; her partner in all games, her companion in the dance (wherein I excelled the country boys, and gloried in my accomplishment), and at last, crowning delight of the evening, her escort home.

This was all. The next day I returned to my home in the city, and Mabel Byrne became only a memory; strong at first, fainter as time went on, but never always. When, I saw other girls I compared them mentally with Mabel and they never seemed half so fair and sweet as she.

"But then, I did not see many other girls," I thought, "instead of dimly gazing, seemed rather to increase upon me as the years went by. I avoided society and was so much of a recluse from ladies that my mother was quite worried, lest I should become a confirmed old bachelor. Perhaps one reason why I retained my diffidence was that my parents were among books, and not among people. I had made the science of geology my study, and at 27 found myself in a comfortable position as assistant professor in one of our best colleges, the salary of which with my own income added, making me so far at least that I required to devote my summer vacation to a tour in Europe."

Equipped with bag and hammer, August found me making a pedestrian tour of Switzerland, with a special view to the study of its glacial system, and lithology. I avoided the well-traveled ways, thus escaping the society of all other tourists; and I was therefore utterly amazed when one evening, as I drew near the little village which was my temporary abiding place, a tall form strode toward me out of the darkness and a hearty voice cried out:

"Jim! Jim Hill!"

"Who is it?" I replied, with a half-nervous start.

"Ah! I thought it was my old friend! Have you forgotten Tom Byrne?"

"Of course not, for I had met him occasionally since we were boys, and I was heartily glad to see my former comrade, always one of the best of companions."

"I saw you near the book at the inn," he explained; "was sure it must be you. At any rate I thought I would start out to meet you."

"But how came you here?" I inquired.

"I was in the way of the way corner of the road," he explained; "was sure it must be you. At any rate I thought I would start out to meet you."

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manner of subjects, grave and gay, and so strayed to marriage in general, and especially to the matrimonial lot of some of our old friends.

"You remember Boyd, don't you, Hill?" asked Tom.

"Tall, bashful fellow, like me, I added."

"Yes," replied Tom, laughing. "He married Miss Cutting, our former school teacher. I always thought she proposed to him."

"Sensible girl!" I exclaimed. "I think it is positively a woman's duty sometimes to help a man out. You remember that book of the late Dr. Horace Bushell, published some years ago called 'A Reform Against Nature'?"

In it he denounces the whole woman's rights movement, but maintained that every woman ought to have the right to propose marriage to the man she liked. I think he was scientifically correct."

I spoke with great eagerness, looking always at Tom; but at the last words my glance turned to Mabel, her eyes were fixed on mine, and the look I met there sent the blood to my heart with such a swift, tumultuous rush that I grew faint with confusion, and presently rushed out of the room and to bed—though not to sleep.

The next day I went out in the afternoon by myself for a scramble through a damp and very rough gorge, where Tom and Mabel did not care to accompany me. I was half glad to be alone, for I was nervous over my audacity of the night before; yet at the thought of Mabel's kindly eyes, so overhaunted with blinding happiness, that I had to look many times at a bit of rock before I could see the strise that denoted glacial action.

It was late sunset when I reached the inn. The last ray of light was flushing the distant mountain peaks with that marvelous beauty, which is one of the wondrous charms of Swiss scenery. I made my way without pause to Mabel's parlor, led there by a force that seemed to draw me by a power beyond my control. The room was quite dark and she was alone. As I entered she came toward me with a quantity of letters and papers in her hands.

"These came while you were away," she said.

Mechanically I took the papers. Among them there was a large package on which I dimly discerned the word "Due," followed by an illegible stamp.

"You have paid something on this," I said; "how much was it?" and looked up.

"Postage not stated," replied Mabel.

Promptly, smilingly, she uttered the words. Then her dark eyes softened and faltered. The papers and letters were scattered over the floor. I had caught her in my arms with all the audacity that had been once before mine in my boyish days.

Science.

—More than 3,000,000 trees were planted in Great Britain during the season of 1881-82.

—Although 80,000 paper car-wheels were in use on 160 different roads last year, but three failures are reported.

—M. Victor Saint Paul, a Frenchman, has offered a prize of \$5000 to any person who shall discover an infallible cure for diphtheria.

—The greatest heat of the air in the sun probably never exceeds 145° Fah., nor the greatest cold 65° below zero.

—Mr. Ernest Giles, the explorer, contemplates organizing a grand final expedition to traverse the remaining unexplored portions of the Australian continent, and to endeavor to discover some more trustworthy traces of Leichhardt.

—The London Sanitary Assurance Association is going to recommend legislation which will compel builders of new buildings to obtain a certificate from some authority as to their sanitary condition before such buildings can be inhabited.

—The Engineering Review says that the frequent use of the indicator for determining the amount of power consumed in driving shafting is of great value.

—The President of the French Meteorological Bureau, M. Mangon reports that 83 per cent. of the weather forecasts made by the Bureau have proved good.

—The purest kind of oil is said to be that which is manufactured by submitting solid leaf lard to great pressure during the coldest period of winter.

—It has been observed that "right-handedness" extends far down in the scale of creation.

—A new lightning appliance has been invented by M. de Kladinsky. He directs a jet of coal-gas and of oxygen on a specially prepared prismatic pencil of magnesium.

—It is maintained by some scientists that the aroma of fruit increases with the latitude, while the sweetness decreases.

—Sydney Smith once said to his secretary, in reference to a block pavement proposed to be built around St. Paul's.

—An Irish lawyer, having addressed the court as "gentlemen," instead of "your honors," after he had concluded a brother of the bar, reminded him of his error.

—Alloys are often difficult to make. It has been found that the presence of even 1-5000th of a pound of antimony in a pound of melted lead increases the rapidity with which the lead oxidizes and burns.

—To increase the quantity of nitrogen which is given off as ammonia during the destructive distillation of shales for the manufacture of oil, Dr. Urquhart mixes with the shale before introducing it into the retorts an alkali or alkaline earth and thus facilitates the

Sanitary.

—Sick-headache patients are recommended three glasses of lukewarm water, to be swallowed in rapid succession, and to be followed immediately by a glass of hot mustard water.

—Thousands of persons starve themselves into thinness, paleness and nervousness by living on white bread and sweet things and sleeping too little.

—M. Vignier believes that animals are indebted for the powers of direction which they sometimes manifest so strikingly to the possession of a magnetic sense relating to the forces that govern both the direction and the inclination of the needle the seat of which he locates in the semicircular canals of the internal ear.

—Celluloid, which is a combination of pyroxylene and camphor, is now made into very good imitations of ivory, ebony, coral, amber, turquoise, etc.

—The London Graphic says: "The cheapest postal service in the world is that of Japan, where letters are conveyed all over the Empire for two sen—about seven-tenths of a penny. This is the more wonderful, considering the difficulties of transit over a mountainous and irregular country which has less than one hundred miles of railway, while wagons can only pass over a few of the chief roads, and the steamers connect but a small number of coast stations."

—The man who rides horseback always takes a back seat.

—Politeness is sometimes fatal. Up in Michigan the other day, a nurse and her charge were killed by the bough of a tree.

—When Fogg was asked regarding the latest additions to the English language he said he would ask his wife. She always had the last word.

—In the far west a man advertises for a woman "to wash, iron and milk one or two cows."

—Edith—it's really difficult to advise you. Night marriages seem to have the prestige of great antiquity.

—Country maidens are now holding guessing matches. They sit out in the garden and guess whether it's a potato bug or an army worm that's crawling down their backs.

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—An interperate citizen, of Rochester, calls his stomach "Hades," because it is the place of departed spirits.

—An Irish lawyer, having addressed the court as "gentlemen," instead of "your honors," after he had concluded a brother of the bar, reminded him of his error.

—"Now, John," said the father of the city family to the father of the country family, "we have been spending all summer with you, and as some sort of recompense we are going to have some amateur theatricals and give you a farewell benefit."

—"No, thankie, Charley," was the reply; "don't wait to do that. The farewell will be benefit enough for me."

How to Preserve and Restore Health.

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Our Young Folks.

—A boy watched a large building, as the workmen from day to day carried up bricks and mortar.

—"My son," said his father, "you seem taken with the bricklayers. Do you think of learning the trade?"

—"No sir, I was thinking what a little thing a brick is, and what great houses are built by laying one brick upon another."

—"Very true, my son; never forget it. So it is all great works. All your learning is one lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the world it would be by putting one foot before another. Your whole life will be made up of one moment upon another. Drops added to drops make the ocean."

—"Learn from this not to despise little things. Be not discouraged by great labors. They become easy, if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the large building went up only one brick upon another."

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Why They Discharged the Cook.

—A man at Long Branch recently entered a restaurant and said: "Have you any clam-chowder?"

—"Yes, sir," replied the waiter. "Bring me a plate."

—"I'll have it," said the man, and he set to work with great gusto. After he had taken about a dozen spoonfuls he drew a pair of opera-glasses from his pocket and looked intently at the chowder for some time.

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Domestic Animals.

—A Sandusky cat suicided by deliberately jumping off the dock into the bay.

—A remarkable instance of the fidelity and sagacity of the dog lately happened at Millford Haven.

—The lesson was not lost upon Gregory. He succeeded in getting rid of his needless ways, and became prompt, precise, trustworthy.

—Boys who take a great interest and an active part in out-door sports, often bring needless illness upon themselves by over-exertion and want of proper care after violent exercise.

—"When about to engage in a game of ball or any sport that requires continued activity, it is best to lay aside the outer garment, and put it on again when the game is finished, and instead of sitting down to 'cool off,' it is safer to walk around for a while."

—"To go in swimming after a long walk through the hot sun is also injurious, as the blood is driven to the internal organs from the surface of the body."

—"An upright Indian, on returning home from a visit to the home of his father and mother in Kentucky, says he saw 117 snakes about the size of a lead pencil playing on a smooth bit of sand bar at the mouth of a creek near his farm."

—"Neglect the whole world besides rather than one another."

—"Never speak loud to one another unless the house is on fire."

—"The very felicity is in the mutual cultivation of usefulness."

—"Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain a fault has been committed."

—"Consult one another in all that comes within the experience, observation or sphere of the other."

—"The beautiful in heart is a million times more availed, as securing domestic happiness, than the beautiful in person."

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Domestic Animals.

—A Sandusky cat suicided by deliberately jumping off the dock into the bay.

—A remarkable instance of the fidelity and sagacity of the dog lately happened at Millford Haven.

—The lesson was not lost upon Gregory. He succeeded in getting rid of his needless ways, and became prompt, precise, trustworthy.

—Boys who take a great interest and an active part in out-door sports, often bring needless illness upon themselves by over-exertion and want of proper care after violent exercise.

—"When about to engage in a game of ball or any sport that requires continued activity, it is best to lay aside the outer garment, and put it on again when the game is finished, and instead of sitting down to 'cool off,' it is safer to walk around for a while."

—"To go in swimming after a long walk through the hot sun is also injurious, as the blood is driven to the internal organs from the surface of the body."

—"An upright Indian, on returning home from a visit to the home of his father and mother in Kentucky, says he saw 117 snakes about the size of a lead pencil playing on a smooth bit of sand bar at the mouth of a creek near his farm."

—"Neglect the whole world besides rather than one another."

—"Never speak loud to one another unless the house is on fire."

—"The very felicity is in the mutual cultivation of usefulness."

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