

# South-Jersey Republican

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Five Cents per Copy

## 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.

GEO. S. WOODHULL, JNO. T. WOODHULL,  
(Late Justice of Peace) Attorney at Law  
Court, N. J.  
**GEO. S. WOODHULL & SON,**  
**LAW OFFICES,**  
S. W. Cor. Front and Market Streets,  
CAMDEN, N. J.  
ROOKS 1 AND 2, TAYLOR BUILDING.

## HAMMONTON BAKERY

Where may be found the BEST ASSORTMENT of Choice Confections in Atlantic county. Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Nuts of all kinds, choice eating Apples, Messina Oranges and Lemons, Figs, Dates, and Cocoanuts; Coles & Harker's Caromels of a dozen different varieties, Cough Lozenges, Mixtures, Imparials, Candy Toys, Molasses Candy, etc. Also, Bread, Cakes, Pies, Cullers, etc. Thankful for past favors a continuance to respectfully solicited.  
**WM. D. PACKER.**

## THE BEAUTIFUL AND FINE-TONED

## A. B. Chase Organ

All recent Improvements. Beautiful Cases. Tone Quality Unexcelled. A No. 1 instrument in all respects. Workmanship the very best throughout. Mouse and Moth proof. Music receptacles close to exclude dust. Having, we believe, more good qualities combined than any other first-class organ in the market.

## Mason & Hamlin ORGAN

Too well known to need recommendation.

## Acme Organ Speaks for Itself.

I buy for net cash, in lots, direct from the manufacturers, and at the lowest possible figures, and shall sell ONLY THE VERY BEST and most reliable instruments in the market, Your Patronage Solicited. We Study to Please. Terms, Cash or Easy Payments.

**El in Stockwell,**  
HAMMONTON, N. J.  
J. BURGESS, Agent.

**ONLY \$20**  
for this style of PHILADELPHIA RINGLET. Equal to any other in the market. New subscribers, send us 10 cents, and we will send you one for free. This is the same style other companies retail for \$50. All Machines warranted for 2 years. Send for Illustrated Circular and Testimonials. Address: **CHARLES A. WOOD & CO.,** 11 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## WEEP NOT.

Dear parents, do not weep  
For Willie, in his infant charms,  
Safe folded in the Saviour's arms,  
Now rests in quiet sleep.

Weep not! that infant form  
Is not your Willie dear, 'tis clay.  
From pain and death he's passed away  
To that "Sweet Life" beyond.

With angels' tender care,  
His little feet will learn to tread  
The land of flowers which ever abode  
Their sweetest fragrance there.

Grieve not for Willie dear,  
Though sad and lone the heart within.  
He ne'er will tread the path of sin.  
It cannot enter there.

Your precious bud will bloom  
"Mid songs of joy in angel spheres."  
May you with him, from toil and tears,  
Dwell in that "Home, sweet Home."

The above lines are inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. John Carver, in memory of their infant son, Willie, who passed from their tender care to a higher life on the 21st inst., aged eight months.  
By LEVY E. LIEBER.  
ELWOOD, N. J., Oct. 26th, 1881.

## What Folks Think.

As the supporters of the Independent ticket—so called—are backing Mr. Collins, for Sheriff, mainly on the ground of his persistent efforts made a few years ago to have an investigation into the affairs of Sheriff Adams, it is time for the voters of Atlantic County to understand that there was no investigation, for the reason, there was nothing to investigate. This Mr. Collins knows as well as any body else. But, having elevated his back because he had a few cents more to pay in costs than he thought he ought to have paid, he was determined to get those few cents or ruin Mr. Adams' reputation as a man and as an officer of the county. The matter was brought before the Freeholders, and Mr. Adams was exonerated. It was also presented to eminent counsel, who informed the Sheriff that he was justified in withholding all fees or moneys, until proper vouchers were presented. There was money due somebody, but not Mr. Collins, which was overlooked by Mr. Izard, the Collector and Treasurer of the County, but which was corrected as soon as detected, and made right. About this matter Mr. Collins has been a chronic scolder and fault-finder, leaving nothing undone, that he could do, to bring Mr. Adams into disrepute, and at the same time making a bid for nomination for Sheriff, after which he has painted as "the hart panteth after the water brooks." He wanted, and still wants to show Atlantic County that he can do honestly in the Sheriff's office, and make money. About ninety-nine times in a hundred, such men, so loud mouthed in proclaiming their own honesty, are the last men to be trusted. And in order to get the position to seek it at the hands of a party with whom they never fraternized, but opposed, looks very much as though there was a large woolly head in the wood pile. For his reason every true Republican should vote for Westcott, for Sheriff.

Mr. Adams stands to-day, vindicated, both by the Board of Freeholders and by the Court. Then why harp on his case. Mr. Adams is not a candidate for Sheriff. Neither is Mr. Westcott a candidate made by Mr. Adams. He had nothing whatever to do with his being made a candidate. Yet the advocates of the cross-breed ticket, must wiggle all around the sap bush to hit Mr. Adams, to show what an excellent man Mr. Collins is to look after the interests of the County. Tuppenny-hapenny men are not the men for public positions, and such a man for Sheriff would be a public nuisance. This is another reason why you should vote for Westcott.

Mr. Collins may be a good temperance man, and all that; but what of it, if he is nominated by a party whose known pretensions and professions are as far from temperance as the north from the south pole? Is it possible that any Republican can be caught by such chaff? It is like the dove transforming his atantic majesty into an angel of light; and from all such the Republican should say, "good Lord deliver us." On merit, alone, so far as political or temperance principles are

concerned, Mr. Westcott stands head and shoulders above his competitors. He has never forsaken his party to run after shadows. He has never denounced his betters as dishonest because he couldn't be the great "I am." He has never labeled himself as the honest man of Atlantic County, the concentrated essence of honesty, nor "I am better than thou." A man who thus proclaims himself should be given a wide berth. See to it, Republicans, that you vote for no such man, but vote straight for Simon Westcott, the Republican candidate for Sheriff, and no mongrel. Mr. Westcott has proven over and over again, that he is an honest man, a true man, a Simon pure Republican, and doesn't want to be saved or lost by clinging to the skirts of Mr. Adams. "Be just and fear not." Be true to Republican principles, those principles that have done more good for the whole country than was ever dreamed of by Democratic, Greenback, or any other party, or party mongrel. Vote for the Republican candidate for Sheriff, as every candidate on the ticket is as a stone in the Republican fabric, which is, and has been, the chief support and mainstay of this great Republic. Think well, Republicans, before you vote for a man who has left his party for his party's good.  
PRO BONO PUBLICO.

## Collins vs. Adams.

Mr. Collins, who has for so long a time persisted in bringing the name of ex-Sheriff Adams before the public as a defrauder of the County money, is now a candidate on a mongrel ticket for Sheriff. His nomination has renewed the slander, and the question is asked by Mr. Collins' friends—if the accusations or charges are not true, why does not Mr. Adams answer the charges and refute the statements? There are good reasons why, which any man who has been in public service will readily understand. In the first place, his many friends advised him to take no notice of these charges, but to treat them with silent contempt, which he has done, as all know, and which is often the best way. His counsellors were the best the State could afford, and they advised him what to do. He has never denied that he held a few dollars as witness fees that belong to somebody; and the question might arise why he has never paid it over. He was advised by his counsel to hold the money until proper vouchers are presented, which vouchers have not yet been presented. Mr. Adams defies his accusers to point to one penny wrongfully or fraudulently obtained or retained from the funds of the County; and they dare not, in public print or otherwise, publish such charges. If Mr. Collins, or any other man, has a claim for witness fees, why don't he present the proper vouchers and get his money—which has been ready this long time—and stop his slandering tongue?

In regard to the thirty dollars which has troubled Mr. Collins so much and so long, Mr. Adams' friends understand about that matter also. It was not paid at the time, as the party did not have sufficient funds to pay fines and costs until after that term of Court was over, and the Collector had it entered on his book as a charge against the Sheriff, to be paid at the next term of Court; but it was forgotten by both Sheriff and Collector in their settlement, and remained unpaid until the Collector happened to remember it and called the Sheriff's attention to it, when he promptly paid it. Even had it not been forgotten, no great crime is shown, for the law fixes no stated time when fines shall be paid by the Sheriff. But Mr. Adams was always prompt in paying in all moneys due the County, as was well known, or his bondsmen would not have been so ready to stand by him through his five years' service. They will still stand by him, if he needs be, for they are well assured that he did his duty nobly and manfully at all times and under all circumstances. Mr. Sharp, the present Prosecutor, and other lawyers, have been heard to say that Mr. Adams was a good and competent officer.

It is pretty generally understood by prominent men of both parties what all this harangue means; but instead of injuring the ex-Sheriff or his party, it has made him friends and swelled his party vote.

Mr. Collins speaks about rings. I know of no more well-defined ring in the County than the one he belongs to. In his letter, Mr. Collins says: "Let the past be forgotten, so far as certain investigations are concerned." He might have said that some time ago, for the Board of Freeholders have known all the while that there was no truth in these accusations, and they were men of ability and good judgment, with few exceptions. It must be remembered that Mr. Adams asked for an investigation, but the Board knew of nothing to investigate, much to Mr. Collins' chagrin.  
ONE WHO KNOWS.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only; very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging.

## Elegant BOX - Paper - BOX

A Good Assortment.  
Can give you any price you want.

## Autograph Albums.

Very fine for price—  
From seven cents up.

The world-renowned

## Arnold's Ink

From bottles at five cents  
To quarts at sixty cents.

Besides these, we keep

Combs, Brushes,  
Toilet Waters, Extracts,  
Soaps—Castile and others

Almost everything in our line you will find us well stocked with. We'll treat you well, and guarantee our stock to be of the very best quality.

Very Respectfully,

## A. W. COCHRAN,

DRUGGIST. HAMMONTON

"Super!" Flavoring Extracts.

85 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything, \$10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. Norfolk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Men are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work falls to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address, H. HALLEY & Co., Portland Maine.

—Jos. H. Shinn.  
**INSURANCE AGENT**  
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,  
References: Policy holders  
in the Atlantic City  
Area.

## SALE FOR TAXES.

Town of Hammonton.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a warrant issued by N. Hartwell, Esq., to make the taxes laid on unimproved and unencumbered lands and 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 the 25th of October 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 undernamed persons, to make the taxes and costs assessed to their respective names. The costs in each case will be 85 cts.

NAMES.	Block.	Acres.	Tax.
Abbott, John	18	3	1 95
Bailey, Wm. T.	8	15	18 10 00
Baslow, J. M.	1	59	10 68
Clement, Samuel	17	—	23 1 80
Cochran, Benjamin	9	37	10 1 95
"	19	24	29 2 70
Evans, David	17	—	6 1 11
Gleason, Estate	13	Part of 66	2 58
Goffey, Charles	1	7	29 1 35
Henzey, Catherine	1	13 17	29 49 3 58
Hollen, Eli Estate	2	70	60 2 70
House, Wm. A.	19	14	10 68
Jones, Evan Estate	11	16	16 68
McCormick, Edward	2	21	5 68
Miller, Abraham	5	7	21 1 35
Miller, G. F. Estate	1	29	27 3 38
"	—	22 1/2	8 68
Majors Cranberry Co	14	32,23,26	50 2 70
Owner Unknown	10	31	2 68
Palmer, Josephine	14	25	10 1 58
Potter, C. W.	15	25	10 45
Reeves, William	6	Part of 11	2 45
Smicklo, Charles	5	68	3 45
Walker, Mrs.	1	41	29 1 60
Wharton, James	16	2	16 68
Wilson, Gen. J. W.	6	12	15 90
Winland Cranberry Co	19	33	100 6 70

**LEWIS HOYT,**  
Collector.

Dated September 24th, 1881.

## ADJOURNED.

The above sale is adjourned to Tuesday, November 1st, 1881 same place and hour.  
**LEWIS HOYT,**  
Collector.

## CAMDEN & ATLANTIC R. R.

Stations.	DOWN TRAINS.				
	H. A.	A. A.	M.	F.	S. A.
Philadelphia	6 00	8 00	—	—	5 00
Cooper's Point	5 12	7 16	8 16	—	8 12
Penn. R. R. June	6 18	8 18	8 15	—	8 18
Pa. D. field	6 35	8 27	—	—	8 32
Abland	6 41	8 32	—	—	8 39
Kirkwood	6 50	8 37	—	—	8 45
Berlin	7 05	8 48	—	—	8 56
Atco	7 15	8 53	—	—	9 02
Waterford	7 21	9 05	—	—	9 11
Ancora	7 29	9 11	—	—	9 16
Winslow June	7 35	9 17	—	—	9 22
Hammonton	7 41	9 23	—	—	9 29
Da Costa	—	9 28	—	—	9 33
Elwood	—	9 36	—	—	9 42
Egg Harbor	—	9 47	—	—	9 52
Pomona	—	9 57	—	—	10 02
Absecon	—	10 08	—	—	10 12
Atlantic	—	10 21	—	—	10 25
May's Landing	—	10 55	—	—	—

## UP TRAINS.

Station.	UP TRAINS.				
	H. A.	A. A.	M.	F.	S. A.
Philadelphia	7 35	9 26	6 00	—	6 29
Cooper's Point	7 28	9 12	5 56	—	6 11
Penn. R. R. June	7 23	9 08	5 53	—	6 09
Haddonfield	7 07	8 58	5 43	—	5 56
Abland	6 57	8 52	5 36	—	5 49
Kirkwood	6 52	8 48	5 31	—	5 44
Berlin	6 39	8 35	5 26	—	5 33
Atco	6 32	8 28	5 13	—	5 27
Waterford	6 24	8 19	5 05	—	5 19
Ancora	6 18	8 12	4 59	—	5 13
Winslow June	6 13	8 07	4 54	—	5 08
Hammonton	6 05	8 00	4 42	—	5 00
Da Costa	—	7 51	4 37	—	4 55
Elwood	—	7 47	4 29	—	4 47
Egg Harbor	—	7 38	4 20	—	4 37
Pomona	—	7 27	4 09	—	4 26
Absecon	—	7 17	3 59	—	4 16
Atlantic	—	7 02	3 45	—	4 02
May's Landing	—	7 15	4 00	—	—

Up express stops at Hammonton 3:45 A. M. Philadelphia 9:50. Down express does not stop.

## Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Time-table of May 7, 1881.

Stations.	M. & A.				Acc. Sundy			
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Philadelphia	—	8 00	—	—	5 00	—	—	—
Camden	4 45	8 20	6 20	—	8 22	—	—	—
Wilmington Junction	5 08	9 06	6 45	—	9 06	—	—	—
Cedar Brook	6 12	9 12	6 12	—	9 14	—	—	—
Winslow	6 31	9 30	6 25	—	9 28	—	—	—
Hammonton	7 05	9 28	6 32	—	9 31	—	—	—
Da Costa	7 20	9 33	6 38	—	9 37	—	—	—
Elwood	7 43	9 41	6 45	—	9 45	—	—	—
Egg Harbor	8 00	9 51	6 55	—	9 55	—	—	—
Pleasantville	8 55	10 16	7 16	—	10 21	—	—	—
Atlantic City, Ar.	9 15	10 30	7 30	—	10 25	—	—	—

Acc. M. & A. Acc. Sundy

Stations.	M. & A.				Acc. Sundy			
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Atlantic City	6 00	10 45	4 00	—	6 0	—	—	—
Pleasantville	6 15	11 30	4 15	—	6 15	—	—	—
Egg Harbor	6 38	11 47	4 26	—	6 26	—	—	—
Elwood	6 44	12 16	4 41	—	6 46	—	—	—
Da Costa	6 56	12 26	4 57	—	6 57	—	—	—
Hammonton	7 02	12 39	5 08	—	7 08	—	—	—
Winslow	7 12	12 53	5 17	—	7 17	—	—	—
Cedar Brook	7 23	1 16	5 27	—	7 27	—	—	—
Wilmington Junction	7 30	1 26	5 33	—	7 33	—	—	—
Oakland	8 05	2 20	6 00	—	8 04	—	—	—
Camden	8 10	2 40	6 07	—	8 10	—	—	—
Philadelphia	8 30	—	6 25	—	—	—	—	—

The express leaves Atlantic City at 7:30 A. M. Pleasantville 7:34 Hammonton 7:52 arrives at Philadelphia at 9:00. Returning leaves the city at 9:10 P. M. arrives at Hammonton at 3:45; Pleasantville 5:47; Atlantic City 6:00.

**Agricultural.**

**Poultry or Butter?**  
*Essay Presented by Sister Nellie to the Pomona Grange of Columbiana County, Ohio.*

When financially considered, it which would be the best for the farmer's wife to devote her spare time, to the raising and taking care of poultry, or to milking and making butter for sale? I unhesitatingly answer the raising and taking care of poultry; and say further, that no department coming within the province of the farmer's wife can be made to yield more profit, for the capital invested, than poultry. We do not say such is the result, but do assert it may and will be, with proper care. Let the same careful attention and intelligent thought be exercised on the poultry question that is required in milking and making butter for sale, and more profit will be realized. It is necessary to become familiar with the habits, diseases, treatment, and wants of the poultry yard, and carry them out with precision. To prove my assertion, I will attempt to illustrate by giving the costs and profits in keeping poultry and making butter for sale:

We will purchase a cow for \$35.	
To six months pasture, at \$2 per month \$12 00	
To 2 tons of hay, at \$15 per ton 30 00	
To six lbs. chopped grain per day for 2 months at 40 cents per bushel 24 00	
Total cost 80 00	
Total income 87 50	
In estimating the profits we will reckon the yield of milk per day at twelve quarts for eight months, and one quart of milk to produce 11 ounces of butter, or 270 pounds of butter per year.	
Estimating butter at 15c. per lb., as an average price, we have 40 50	
Valuing the skimmed milk at about 2 cts. per gallon 10 00	
Total income 50 50	
By this calculation we see the cost exceeds the profit by \$29.10, and you will perceive I have made no charge for labor performed in feeding, milking and churning.	
We will invest the same amount of capital in poultry; \$35 will purchase about 140 hens; average yield of eggs for each hen per year 12 dozen, or about 140 eggs:	
Average price per doz., 15c. making 2100 00	
When eggs are permitted to run at large each bushel of grain will be sufficient for each four, and the average yield would be 105 00	
To 4 gallons skimmed milk per day, at 2 cts. 84 00	
Total cost 2100 00	
Total income 105 00	
This leaves a net profit of \$197.40.	
That poultry can be raised and kept in large numbers for sale with good profits is almost certain, but many fall from lack of knowledge in regard to the quality and health of domestic fowls; to be successful in this, as well as any other business, the mind must be given to it, as well as patient attention and practical experience, bought, sometimes, by several failures.— <i>Philadelphia Farm Journal.</i>	

**Farm Hints.**  
**PEACHES IN TENNESSEE.**—E. Henry writes from Greenville, Tenn., that there is at least one place where the peach still flourishes as it did in the older states half a century ago. Curl, yellows, and other modern peach troubles have not invaded these mountain localities, where peach trees give no more trouble than do the trees of the forest. Our correspondent states that numerous orchards have been in bearing for twenty-five years, and some that are fifty years old, and still yield crops of large and delicious fruit. In Tennessee the peach orchards planted on the tops of the hills rarely fail to give a crop, while those in the valleys are often injured by late spring frosts. Mr. H. states a note we published some years ago on the healthfulness of Tennessee peach trees, has directed the attention of some of the more enterprising nurserymen to the locality, and that these now procure their seed for raising stocks from these. It is always best to select fresh seed pits for planting from the most healthy localities possible.—*American Agriculturist.*

**STORING APPLES.**—In answer to an Iowa correspondent, and to whether apples will keep in a damp cellar, we answer that they will. Dampness does not injure apples, but on the contrary some assert that it prevents them from evaporating their own water. As evaporation, however, does not amount to much any way, unless the temperature is very dry and warm, this claim is not very important. Some two or three years ago we remember to have seen an account in some agricultural

paper of the appearance of apples that had been stored in a damp, dark cellar, and we remember that those stored in such places were brighter and less decayed than those which had been stored in dry cellars. If we mistake not in this same experience was related the fact that a large quantity of apples were placed in unheated barrels, and set in a cellar which had three or four inches of water in it. The barrels were set on something above the water, stones or timbers, and it was claimed that it was very seldom that apples kept so excellently.

Some years ago a canal boat, loaded with apples, sank, and the boat and her cargo remained in the water all winter. In the spring they were raised, and apples that could not have kept in the open air one-half of the winter, were found to be in splendid condition; and it is said to be the custom in Russia to store apples by heating them up in tight barrels of water. In fact moisture or dryness has nothing to do with the keeping qualities of apples at all. That all depends upon temperature, and if that can be kept uniformly low, not too low however, the apples will keep. The old-fashioned way of burying apples, as is often done with roots, shows that moisture does them no harm.

While upon this subject it will not be out of place to call attention to the necessity of securing apples, which are intended for winter keeping, in a good condition. The reckless manner of gathering fruit of which some are guilty, insures its destruction before the winter is over in whatever place it is stored. The apples should be carefully picked, carefully placed in the barrel, and carefully handled throughout. Place them, at least we do, in a dry, plain, where the temperature can be controlled, and the family will not only have that excellent winter luxury, apples during the entire season, but there can be apples to sell when they will bring the most.

**An Irish Story.**

One of the Boston (Mass.) restaurateurs' sons of an Irish immigrant who acts in the humble capacity of waiter, and adds much to the entertainment of guests. One of them being served with a small lobster, asked:

"Do you call that a lobster, Mike?"

"Faix, I believe they do call 'em crabs at home."

"Oh! said the diner, "you have lobsters in Ireland?"

"Is it lobsters? Begorrah, the creek is full of 'em. Many a time have I seen 'em when I've lepped over the stramines."

"How long do lobsters grow in Ireland?"

"Well," said Mike thoughtfully, "to speak wild bounds, sur, I'd say a matter of five or six feet."

"What! five or six feet? How do they get around in those creeks?"

"Bedad, sur, the creeks in Ireland are fifty or sixty feet wide," said the unabashed Mike.

"But," said the persistent inquirer, "you said you had seen them when you were leaping over the streams, and lobsters here live in the sea."

"Deed I did sur. We're powerful leppers in Ireland. As for the saying, sur, I've seen it red with 'em."

"But look here, my fine fellow," said the guest, thinking he had cornered the Hibernian at last, "lobsters are not red until they are boiled."

"Don't I know that?" said Mike, reproachfully; "but there are blin' springs in the old country, an' they swim thro' 'em an' come out ready for you to crack open an' eat," and Mike walked off to wait upon the next guest, leaving his interlocutor to digest the lobster and the story.

**The Brain and Heart.**

The greatest object in life should be to do good.

He is thanked who does the greatest good for mankind.

He who seeks for much gain will always be in want of gain.

It is impossible to live pleasantly without living honorably.

Wearied.

The way is dark, my Father; I am faint and worn.

As up the rugged path I climb to Thee; And oh! amid the swellings of the mountain storm I long Thy face to see.

The way is dark, my Father, and my heart grows faint:

Oh! let a ray of light upon my pathway shine.

Forgive, my Father, Thy creature's sinful plaint;

And as I go, oh place Thy hand in mine.

One must set to work betimes to keep one's self free from passion.

The highest as well as the noblest fruit in human nature, is love to God.

It will be for your zeal for reforming the world, begin on yourself.

The good thoughts of to-day will awaken good thoughts of to-morrow.

The shame of being thought poor leads to worse evils than poverty itself.

Nature has sometimes made a fool; but a coxcomb is always of man's own making.

**A Wife's Wonder.**

If I had never met thee, my beloved, As in this world, where so much waste is seen, Or seeing waste, might easily have been, I wonder what my nature would have proved!

I am so much thy work; thy thoughts rule mine, Give them direction, lift from what is low, What grasp or play of mind I have in tow, To the strong impulses of being thine.

I catch thy hopes, enjoy what pleases thee, Learn what is beautiful from thy delight, Wait on thy choosing to decide aright; 'Tis but thy shadow any praise in mine!

To love, to pity, to forgive with ease, In other's hopes and fears to claim a part— Are but the certainties of a blissful heart; And having these, how should I faint in thee?

If thou shouldst leave me—in that utter woe I wonder what of life could still be mine!

Would mind be quenched and heart grow cold with thine?

O God! forbid that ever I should know: If idleness does not produce vice or malvolence it commonly produces melancholy.

To live with honor and happiness in this world we must always be what we appear to be.

Each man has an aptitude born with him to do easily some feat impossible to any other.

Annoyance is man's leaven; the element of movement, without which we should grow mouldy.

Misery must follow sin, at a distance more or less near, as inevitably as the needle points to the pole.

Among all the perilous rocks and shoals of life, we can have no better compass than a clear conscience.

**The Dispensary.**

**WHOOPING COUGH.**—The following remedy is said on good authority will readily relieve whooping cough, and if applied in the earlier stage will modify it so that the patient will suffer no more than from an ordinary cough. Evaporate slowly over the gas or over a spirit-lamp a solution of carbolic acid in the room, (closed), where the child, who already has the cough or who may have been exposed to it, is at play or asleep, for half an hour, twice a day, while any symptoms of whooping cough remain. This cough is supposed to be caused by a fungus, and weak solutions of carbolic acid produce conditions unfavorable to the formation and development of the lower organism, whether vegetable or animal.

Tiny IT.—Bathe the face in buttermilk, sour of course; it is not quite agreeable we know. Take a soft rag and dip it into the buttermilk and wash every part of the neck, face and hands. If there has been a greater exposure to the sun than usual, after washing the face well, squeeze out the cloth and just wipe the skin off, and let it remain so without washing till morning, you will be astonished how soon the freckles and tan will disappear. For keeping the hands and skin soft there is nothing equal to buttermilk. When one gets burned with the hot sun one or two bathtings in buttermilk will cause the smarting to cease, take out the inflammation, and render it comfortable quicker than any other remedy tried. There is something in the acid contained in the buttermilk that does the work. When one has stained fingers, either with berries, apples or nuts, it will remove the stain immediately. It is particularly cooling to the skin. You will never try any other lotion for beautifying the complexion after using the buttermilk, if you can obtain it.

DON'T PUT PRINS IN YOUR MOUTH.—Lately a young woman applied to Dr. Mayer, of Hartford, Conn., for an examination of her throat, which pained her. So far as the examination went, nothing could be discovered, and giving her a bottle of liniment she was recommended to rub the throat with it. But she returned, feeling sure "something was sticking in her throat." The doctor first tried reaching far down with one hand, and finding nothing he tried with the other. At a depth down the throat beyond all reasonable probability of reach by hand, he felt a pin, firmly

sticking in the throat—not cross-wise, but length-wise, and too firmly imbedded to be extracted without instrumental aid. With his forceps he got hold of it, and had to bend it sharply—of course with great pain to the young woman—before it could be pulled out. Its head was imbedded in the back part of the gullet, and the point was deeply fixed in the throat below the larynx. The sufferer almost went into hysterics—the joy over the relief, on seeing the pin pulled out, overcoming all her suffering.

**A Modest Request.**

"Darling, wake up and stop snoring," said a Detroit woman to her husband.

"Eh? Whazza the matter now?" he asked as he half raised up in bed.

"Won't you please stop snoring? If you only know how lame sick it made me I'm sure you'd yield."

"Home sick? How the deuce can my innocent snore make you home sick?"

"Why, you know, darling, that the home from which you took me a joyous bride was only half a mile from a Government fog horn, and every time you snore it reminds me so of home that I just can't stand it. Please lay on your side, and have some little respect for my feelings."

And then the brute spread himself out on his back and in five minutes had her bathed in tears as visions of the old home crept upon her.

**The Scrap Book.**

A Canada farmer discovered a pit containing five hundred skulls. Must have been the site of an ancient theatre to have had so many dead-heads in a pit.

"I don't think," said an old lady, "that bookkeeping is a very sedative employment. They must get," she added thoughtfully, "so much exercise running up the columns."

"Did your fall hurt you?" asked one man of another, who had fallen from a three story building. "Not in the least," replied the other; "it was stopping so quick that it injured me."

A little boy accented his political papa thus: "Papa, are you growing still?" "No dear; what makes you think so?" "Because the top of your head is coming through your hair."

Ordinarily we know from what country most people come by the language they use; but in the case of the swearer it is different. He uses the language of the country to which he is going.

Amateur artist, painting a bunch of apple blossoms, to small boy looking on: "Well, Tommy, do you know what they are?" "Small boy, with absorbed masterful eyes, and a face of Spartan firmness, he looked every inch a king. It was his thirty-fifth birthday. There may have been something said in the thought to him, for he was utterly alone in life, and the circumstances which give a sense of air-freedom at this time, were a feeling of desolation at sixty. Possibly Manfred Lowth thought of this as he hailed his birthday morn, and I thought how much of his life was gone. Not that there was any sign of advancing age in the vigorous figure and abundant dark hair. As he suddenly placed one hand upon the stone wall before him and leaped lightly over he displayed a vigorous agility of exceeding grace; and Manfred Lowth ceased whistling and began searching his pockets eagerly. He laughed merrily as he brought forth from the breast-pocket of his inner coat a little worn mitten. This is how he came by it.

The morning before he had been going over that very hill, but not whistling as now. Reaching the top he looked down upon a little figure seated upon a stone by a lonely roadside, where hardly a house was in sight. It was a perfect picture. The girl wore a crimson merino and a pretty snowy hood, which was pushed back from her nose of a face, over the sweet, low forehead, of which little treasures of golden hair were blowing in the wild March wind. She was altogether too intensely occupied to put back her hair—curiously, occupied too. She had pulled her stocking and shoe from her left foot, and was intently examining the same with a white worsted stocking while the little bare, snowy foot rested unnoted on the frozen ground.

Manfred Lowth recognized Nellie Dare, and thought she must be crazy. What in the world was the child doing.

Suddenly a quick snail-fashed over Nellie's face, her cheek dimpled, she tossed back her hair, and just here she saw the white foot on the hill. She was the white foot put on (Manfred Lowth was sure it was only half put on, by the tracks she made in the snow near by) and Nellie Dare sprang into the cross road and hurried out of sight. Arriving at the place, Lowth picked up the little white mitten. He put two fingers into it—walking on the looking at it and smiling—and then Nellie had looked so prettily and frightened. But why had she uncovered

her foot and examined her stocking by the roadside? Surely there were no thorns or thistles about that time of the year.

When he came to the cross road by the plow he hesitated and finally struck into it. Then he put the mitten into his pocket, buttoned up his coat and walked faster.

Nellie Dare's home was on the suburban road; a little white cottage, with lilacs and rose vines clinging about it—the loveliest place in the summer time. Now there was a face prettier than any rose at one of the parlor windows and Manfred Lowth looked up and bowed to it.

Nellie's fresh young blood flooded her heart as she caught sight of the face which personified all her girlish ideal dreams; she dropped her book and rose trembling as Manfred Lowth entered the room. He looked with laughing eyes at the pretty flushing face as he took her hands.

"Miss Nellie, I have called out of the purest curiosity to know why you have taken the fashion of the chokadeedees and go barefoot in the snowy weather?" he said after a moment.

"Oh, Mr. Lowth!"

"Well, Nellie?"

"I was trying a trick."

Mr. Lowth looked mystified.

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"You ridiculous child!"

Nellie's face was burning hot at her foolishness, but she could not help laughing at Lowth's evident appreciation of it, and through astonishment.

"Nellie, I'll buy you a rattle the next time I go to town."

Nellie pouted.

"Well, did you find the hair?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it mine?"—tossing back the loose masses of dark brown hair.

A little quivering smile spoiled Nellie's pout.

"The rest is a secret."

"Then you don't intend to tell whose the hair was like?"

"No, I shall not tell."

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Manfred had committed himself—as an honorable man he had committed himself. He had no right to say such a thing unless he meant what he said. So he stood half demoralized, looking at Nellie's agitated face.

She was lovely. As he knew her, she was an innocent, affectionate girl; but the idea of marrying her never entered his head till that moment. His ideal was older and graver. He fancied a face of more power, deeper eyes, and stronger effect; but if he read aright the face before him, its meaning was sweet and thrilling.

Nellie blushed with distress under his eyes. He searched the face restlessly. Such face had pursued him when he was a boy and loved with his passionate first love. He dropped his hands and stepped back.

"Are you going to school this summer?"

"Yes, I graduate in July."

"Oh, yes; I had forgotten. And in July comes your birthday?"

"Yes, I'm eighteen in July."

She was womanly for her age, after all. If he were only sure that she was not as light-hearted as she was fair! But that pretty way of tossing back her curls was Besie Bradford's own. He felt sure she had been chattered about the school exhibition, the closing of the library, and the military review in April, and thence took his leave.

Love's Endurance.

Trials makes us brave and strong, Suffering makes us stronger; Faith endures the trial long, Love the suffering longer.

'Tis which 'tis our lot to share, Faith will kindly help us bear, But the love which endures, Love will help us to endure.

Death hath agonies its own, Life hath sorrows greater; Moeira which is alone Is the chief creator.

We can bear them, if we will; Faith will kindly help us still; But the pains we cannot cure, Love will help us to endure.

Human hearts go down the way, Passing, but to borrow Wisdom from their grief to-day, Comfort for their sorrow.

Disappointment, trouble, care, Faith has kindly helped them bear, But the griefs they could not cure, Love hath helped them to endure.

Be for worthiness—our prayer— Of each sweet assurance; God be praised for faith to bear, God forbid that doubt of heart, Never should bid faith depart; Thus the life which have no cure, Love will help us to endure.

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**Nellie Dare's Love.**

It was a March morning, and yet the sky was as blue as June. Manfred Lowth stood on Wilson's hill looking down upon the city. It glistened white and beautiful from the plains, and the hills, green with their cover of pine forest, rose still and stately beyond. The "dull gray meadows" without sight had peaks of snow upon them, and the breeze brought the atmosphere of snow from the mountains.

Manfred Lowth stood with his arms folded across his breast and his tall, powerful figure outlined against the still sky. As he stood thus, still and resolute in his solitude, with his absorbed masterful eyes, and a face of Spartan firmness, he looked every inch a king. It was his thirty-fifth birthday. There may have been something said in the thought to him, for he was utterly alone in life, and the circumstances which give a sense of air-freedom at this time, were a feeling of desolation at sixty. Possibly Manfred Lowth thought of this as he hailed his birthday morn, and I thought how much of his life was gone. Not that there was any sign of advancing age in the vigorous figure and abundant dark hair. As he suddenly placed one hand upon the stone wall before him and leaped lightly over he displayed a vigorous agility of exceeding grace; and Manfred Lowth ceased whistling and began searching his pockets eagerly. He laughed merrily as he brought forth from the breast-pocket of his inner coat a little worn mitten. This is how he came by it.

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her foot and examined her stocking by the roadside? Surely there were no thorns or thistles about that time of the year.

When he came to the cross road by the plow he hesitated and finally struck into it. Then he put the mitten into his pocket, buttoned up his coat and walked faster.

Nellie Dare's home was on the suburban road; a little white cottage, with lilacs and rose vines clinging about it—the loveliest place in the summer time. Now there was a face prettier than any rose at one of the parlor windows and Manfred Lowth looked up and bowed to it.

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Nellie's fresh young blood flooded her heart as she caught sight of the face which personified all her girlish ideal dreams; she dropped her book and rose trembling as Manfred Lowth entered the room. He looked with laughing eyes at the pretty flushing face as he took her hands.

"Miss Nellie, I have called out of the purest curiosity to know why you have taken the fashion of the chokadeedees and go barefoot in the snowy weather?" he said after a moment.

"Oh, Mr. Lowth!"

"Well, Nellie?"

"I was trying a trick."

Mr. Lowth looked mystified.

"That of the first rollin'," said Nellie very much ashamed to show her childishness in her companion, yet half amused at Lowth's expression.

"Did you expect to find him in your stocking?"

"No, Oh,



Sentiment.

Very few diseases are so mortal as the fear of death. All human virtues increase and strengthen by the experience of them. Relations always take the greatest liberties, and frequently give the least assistance. We trouble life by the care of death, and death by the care of life; the one torments, the other frightens us. Modern education too often covers the fingers with rings, and at the same time cuts the sinews of the wrists. The remembrance of a beloved mother becomes the shadow of all our actions; it either goes before or follows. Our own hands are heaven's favorite instruments for supplying us with the necessities and luxuries of life.

Idyl. "Stendo yo' adno, tiermo con la nina Dorita," etc. When we were but mere children—My Dorita and I—We rained to catch the brightest flowers From every woodland night: And her little dexter fingers Would make them seem more fair Than ever, twined in cloisters To garland rhymer's hair.

Sunlight and Health.

Sunlight, says the Cottage Hearth, is even more necessary to health in summer than in winter, for one among other reasons, that discharges of all sorts are more necessary in summer than in winter. The rays of heat quicken the vital powers, the chemical rays exert their mysterious and potent influences, and the illuminating rays independently of the others, as has been recently proved by Mr. Crooke to the satisfaction of the ablest scientists, communicate motion. The exhalations from our bodies in warm weather are more copious than they are in cold weather, and if we shut out the light from our houses, we remove the most efficient of all agents in destroying what is unwholesome. The noxious vapors which free admission of air and light would remove, are absorbed by carpets and upholstery, and become productive of disease. Those who are accustomed to the darkness and dimness of close rooms may not consciously suffer therefrom, but that they sustain injury is evident in their pallid faces, their flaccid muscles, and nerveless movements. The contrast between them and those whose lives pass in the open air is too evident to need comment. It may not be necessary to expose during the day every room in the house to the direct rays of the sun, but there should be frequent opening of doors and windows, so that the solar beam may perform its beneficent office. Bedrooms and other rooms in constant use should receive most careful attention in this respect. Sick rooms especially require thorough sunning and ventilation, and if possible, should always have a southern aspect. More patients die on the north side of hospitals than on the south side; there are more deaths on the shady side of any street than on the sunny side. A notable southern house-keeper, observing strictly the following rule during the summer months, kept her house perfectly sweet and cool and dry from May to October: Until ten o'clock in the morning all the doors and windows were opened wide; then they were closed until four in the afternoon; then opened again till midnight. This rule might not do for all localities, but such a use of it as would secure free access of light and air to every part of the house at least once a day could but be productive of good results.

It Looks Suspicious.

It seems suspicious for a dramatic critic to play to laugh until his vestibutions rattle off like peas from a pod, be afflicted to tears until he has to borrow an extra handkerchief to absorb the moisture, applaud till he seems to lead an encore, and then to write a criticism next morning condemning the play as execrable and the actors as worse. It seems suspicious for a young man to call on the same girl every other evening, and on another girl every other evening. It seems as if 'twould be a "mother evening" with him before a great while. It seems suspicious for a grocer to put up a sign, "None but dairy butter sold here," when there are a dozen kegs of something or other with the labels scraped off just unloading at his store door. It appears suspicious for a woman whom you have known since she was a girl as a decidedly freckled specimen, to appear on the street without a freckle in sight.

An English Writer's Curious Chapter on the Pig.

A writer in the Spectator says: The inductions of the philosopher are not always to be relied on. Not with certainty can he discern the motive principle which is indicating its existence by eccentric signs, nor pronounce infallibly whether the visible reaction be healthy or no. How often has he not, for instance, lately been heard to deprecate, as a mark of sensual proclivities, the brooches and earrings, the unnumbered fancy articles upon which we see depicted in every possible attitude, mental and physical, that best-abused, but withal most useful animal, the pig; and yet the philosopher proves to be at fault, for the change is quite in another direction. Mr. Gilbert solves the riddle for us. The pig has, it appears, been too long an animal in company. Better known, he will be better appreciated. "Make your pig happy, if you wish him to be profitable," is the teaching of this new defender of the swinish race; "give him good lodging and wholesome fare, study his peculiarities and his tastes, treat the jolly, semi-human brute as a friend," and under this genial treatment he will be found to be a creature as profitable as possible. The received idea, and will, moreover, not meet, but considerably benefit its owner. To effect this, however, you must be "not a fool but a philosopher," and also one of those individuals in whom the love of animals is inherent and who, consequently, are gifted with a special power of appreciating and understanding them. It is only fair to say, however, that this author is writing for the amateur pigkeeper, and that he desires to show him how he can make a profitable addition to a small establishment without suffering from any of the nuisance which is supposed to be its inevitable accompaniment, and certainly he makes out his case extremely well; and though we never happened to see a pig residing under a cherry tree, the sty garlanded with wreaths of honeysuckle, or even with scarlet runners, vegetable marrows, or pumpkins, we have no doubt he would not at all object to such a dwelling, especially as it is to have a southern aspect, be clean, well ventilated, and free from draughts, and so conveniently near the house that not only will his larder be always well provided but he will receive many a tid bit and salutation from friendly passers-by.

The Annual Sugar Production.

The annual sugar production of the world is about 5,000,000 tons, or in round numbers 12,000,000,000 pounds, of which about three-fourths is the product of sugar cane and about one-fourth the product of the sugar beet. Only 50,000 tons are produced in the United States, mainly in Louisiana. The best sugar beet crop is not imported either into England or the United States, the centres of production being—first, France; second, Germany; third, Russia; fourth, Belgium, with a notably smaller product in Austria and Holland, and very little in Sweden or Italy. Grape sugar is not referred to in foregoing figures. Great Britain and the United States use about one-third of the cane and beet sugar that is produced in the world. The per capita consumption of sugar in Great Britain in 1877 was 64.9 pounds, while in the United States it is set down at about 35 pounds. Germany consumes about 19 pounds, and Russia only about 7 pounds per capita.

The Faithful Sentinel.

Peter the Great was a tyrant, but, on the whole his tyranny did good service for his Russian subjects. Arbitrary, as all despots must be, he was not without rude notions of justice, and a certain consideration for those who merited encouragement. One day a young recruit was standing guard before the door of the entrance to Peter's private chambers in the palace of St. Petersburg. He had received orders to admit no one. As he was passing slowly up and down before the door, Prince Mentchikoff, the favorite minister of the Czar, approached attempting to enter. He was stopped by the recruit. The prince, who had the fullest liberty of calling upon his master at any time, sought to push the guard aside and pass him, yet the young man would not move, but ordered His Highness to stand back. "You fool!" shouted the prince, "don't you know me?" The recruit smiled, and said, "Very well, Your Highness, but my orders are peremptory to let nobody pass." The prince, exasperated at the fellow's impudence, struck him a blow in the face with his riding whip. "Strike away, your Highness," said the soldier, "but I cannot let you go in." Peter, in the room, hearing the noise outside, opened the door and inquired what it meant, and the prince told him. The Czar was amused, but said nothing at the time. In the even-

Scientific Economy.

To assay carburets of silver or lead, take the mineral or quartz, pulverize it, put it in a crucible or common clay pipe, put in as much common salt as mineral; let it come to a boil. When it cools the silver and lead will be in the bottom, silver the lowest. To separate the lead from the silver, put it in a bone-dust cup and melt; the lead will absorb into the cup, leaving silver and gold; to separate the latter, boil it in nitric acid, and this will leave the gold.

Heating Steel.

Much of the difficulty experienced by machinists in occasional attempts to forge their own tools comes from improperly heating the steel. To produce a good cutting tool steel should be heated no more than is necessary to forge and temper. Follow the advice so frequently given to heat slowly, but at the same time avoid being too long in heating. The best results are obtained by a moderate even heat, until the proper degree is reached, and then forging at once. It is a great but common mistake to allow the piece to come to the proper heat and then lie in the fire with the blast shut off for some minutes. While this should not be done in the process of forging, the practice should be particularly guarded against when heating to harden. In the process of forging the hammer in some degree seems to "restore" the steel; but when the tool is hardened and tempered from such a heat there is no possibility of its ever being of much use. In tempering the drawing should be done carefully, slowly, as this is the way a much better cutting tool is produced than when it is rapidly performed. The color is by no means a sure test of temper, since different kinds of steel do not take the same color for equal degrees of hardness. This is also true of steel that has been worked considerably, as oil tools. The only guide in this respect is experience and judgment.

Letter from England.

LIFE ON THE ROLLING WAVE—HILL-DROP—HOW LONDON LOOKS—PROMINENT MEN—VARIOUS BUILDINGS—THE ROYAL FAMILY—THE CRYSTAL PALACE—SMYTHLEY, ESQ. PRESIDENT GARFIELD, ETC., ETC. (The following letter from England, is introductory to the series now publishing in the HOME NEWS.) Hilldrop Road, London, July, 1881.—I have found quarters in a very high and airy suburban part of this great metropolis. The name of the street, "Hilldrop Road," is suggestive of the character of the neighborhood, for we are on the top of a quite respectable elevation, which "drops" suddenly, the valley forming a beautiful vista below. The house is said to be higher than St. Paul's, though it has but three and a half stories. My fellow boarders are cultivated and gentlemanly. One of them keeps two dogs, and takes them with him wherever he goes. For one of them he recently paid £20. I cannot give a very glowing account of the pleasures of "a life on the rolling wave;" but I managed to be present at all but about six meals. We had pleasant companions on ship board? A lady from the West Indies, was a friend of Mrs. Browning when she was Miss Barrett. She said "she stepped out of her house one morning, Elizabeth Barrett, and came back Elizabeth Browning, without anybody being the wiser." Her father was opposed to her marriage, but was reconciled to it after it was accomplished. I have already visited most of the lions: St. Paul, the Abbey, the Tower, the British Museum, the National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, the Royal Academy, Guildhall, Inns of Court, etc. They have fully equalled my expectations. I came across St. Paul's accidentally, while strolling at random, and discovered it to be too small for such an historic edifice; probably from the proportions being so good. Besides the body of the church, I visited the crypt, great clock, library, etc. On Monday I went to the "Zoo." The one in Philadelphia, is in many respects fully equal to it. Last Sunday we attended Eric's meeting, held in a "court" leading out of Mr. Martin's Lane, near Charing Cross. Five members of parliament were present, one of whom, Alfred Pease, spoke. The preaching was extremely good. We dined with a distinguished barrister. After dinner we had a Bible reading, each member of the company taking a Bible different in language from the others—Greek, Latin, German, French, Italian, Wycliffe's, the revised New Testament, King James and another old English version. On parting, our host was so kind as to present me with a parallel column French and German Bible. We have heard the Bishop of London; but he was stupid, pompous, drawing, and dull, and the service lasted two hours and twenty-five minutes. I went to Parliament the other night, which of course was exceedingly interesting. John Bright admitted us. He looks like a great man, but rather care-worn this morning to the Bidgewater Gallery containing very fine Titans and Gilders. Her ladyship being in town we could not go into all the rooms. We are going soon to Apsley House, having received a note admitting us from the Duke of Wellington. We went to the Crystal Palace yesterday, where there was a bicycle race. In addition to the other attractions, in the evening, at 9.30 there were fireworks; one piece represented Westminster Abbey, and was 90 feet high; another, a gorgeous waterfall. The buildings were beautifully illuminated part of the time. At ten we heard the great organ. A member of our party had her camp-stool stolen on this occasion.

Foretelling the Weather.

Meteorology has been enriched by M. De Parville, a French scientist, who has published his observations on the temperature of the past summer which, throughout Europe, has been unusually high. He comes to the conclusion that this high temperature could have been foreseen, and enunciates the principle that the temperature of the earth's atmosphere is dependent on the changes in the moon's inclination to the earth. "The distance of the moon from the equator," he says—"that is the inclination of the equator—varies every year, passing from a maximum to a minimum limit; and the meteorological character of a series of years appears to be mainly dependent upon the change of inclination when these extremes have been touched." Observations, he claims, show that the rainy years, the cold winter, and the hot summer return periodically and coincide with these extreme declinations of the moon. In the latitude of Paris, he says, the rainy years have occurred for the past century when the moon had reached the extremes of twenty-eight and twenty-six arc of eighteen degrees. These rainy years are separated from each other by periods of about three and then of about six years. The severe winters coincide, as a rule, with a year with the same declinations while the dry, hot summers come in half-way between two wet years. The last wet year was 1873, when the moon's declination was eighteen degrees, and will be next one under the same declination in 1884, when the declination will be twenty-six degrees. This year, therefore, and 1882 should be marked by a maximum of heat and dryness, and the winters by a minimum of coldness.

The Household.

CHICAGO GRAHAM MUFFINS.—One pint of Graham flour, one-half teaspoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder; wet with water to make it soft as gingerbread. SPRINGFIELD SODA BISCUIT.—One quart flour, one pint milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in milk, two teaspoonful of cream-tartar sifted in flour, with salt. CUCUMBERS.—Cucumbers are cooling and agreeable to the palate in hot weather; but to prevent them from rotting hurtful to the stomach, the juice ought to be squeezed out after they are sliced, and vinegar, pepper and salt afterwards added. GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Grate a dozen ears of corn; season with a tablespoonful of salt and half a saltspoonful of white pepper; add the yolks of four eggs, beating them well in; two tablespoonful of butter, warmed; a quantity of milk, and last,

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"Are they all perfect?" "Every one of them?" "No culls in the centre of the bunch?" "I'll cut every cull you find. I got them from a Michigan dealer who is as straight as the Ten Commandments, and he has never sent me a stick of second-class stuff. Come in and see 'em." The Wolverine quietly pulled out his business card and laid it on the desk. The dealer took it up, and read the name and sat down on a stool with a queer feeling in his knees. "There was an awful silence as they glared at each other, and it was full a minute before the victim slowly whispered: "Did you ever see a man make such an ass of himself? Shake!"—Ex.

Beaten at His Own Game.

"Do you pretend to have good judgment as I have?" exclaimed an enraged wife to her husband. "Well, no," he replied, slowly, "our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared to yours."

Beaten at His Own Game.

Talk of fame and romance—all the glory and adventure in the world are not worth one hour of domestic bliss. There has been subscribed in Jacksonville over \$100 towards the Florida Building and Exhibit to be held at the Atlanta Exposition.

Beaten at His Own Game.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Take six large, well-shaped tomatoes; cut a slice of the stem end and take out all the pulp and juice, being careful not to break the tomatoes; then sprinkle them inside with a little salt or pepper; half a pound of cold cooked veal, beef, or chicken, a slice of rolled ham or fried bacon, chop very fine, and add the pulp and juice of the tomatoes; mix all together, and add a little brown ham, an onion, and mix with the most scrupulous of fine bread crumbs, two eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of white pepper, and a pinch of cayenne; fill the tomatoes with the foree meat, pling it quite high, and bake for an hour.

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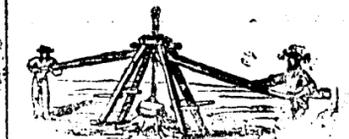
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