

True Love.
I think true love is never sold,
But rather brings an added light;
For when vision comes an added light,
The heart is filled from common sight.
No soul can ever clearly see
Another's highest, noblest part,
Through the haze of selfishness,
Which blinds the heart.
Your unkind eyes shall fall
On him who fills my soul with light;
You do not see my friend at all,
You see what I see from your sight.
You do not see that face would climb,
You but the steps that turn away;
You see the soul unarméd, and
You but the garment and the clay.
You see a mortal weak, mistle,
Dwarfed over by the earthly cloud;
I see how manhood, perfected,
May reach the stature of a god.
Blinded I was, as now you stand,
Till on me came the heavenly sweet,
Love, the deceiver, laid his hand,
And lo! I worshipped at his feet.

THE PARTNER.

Mr. Thomas Mathers was the only clerk in the banking firm of Hodgson, Dunford and Parr, St. Swithin's lane, Lombard street. It was neither a very responsible nor a very lucrative position, but as all his friends called him longed, as perhaps fifty thousand young men in a similar situation in London are longing at this moment, for a more important position, he had been looking at the columns of figures and copying entries from one big book into another. The chance did not come, but Tom had not despaired, and there was this difference between him and the great majority of his fellow-prisoners of the desk—he had had the pluck to work away manfully whenever he had a moment's spare time. He scraped together some day-help him to better his position, even though he could not see exactly how it was to be done. With this end in view he had been studying German and Italian; and he did everything he could to pick up information as to the financial circumstances of the customers of the bank. He scraped together as to who had accounts at the bank, as far as he possibly could, and picked up in time a name, more or less accurate, as to the commercial status of most of them. One day he happened to be at lunch in his favorite restaurant, when an acquaintance named Darling came and sat down beside him. After a little casual conversation, Darling asked him to let him know of any vacant clerkship he might hear of.
"I will, certainly, old fellow," returned Tom; "but I hope you haven't got into a row with Appleton." (Frederick Appleton was Darling's brother-in-law, and he had been secretary of the Mudford and County Chemical company, in whose counting-house young Darling had a subordinate post.)
"No, nothing of the kind," returned Darling, and then he changed the subject.
On his way back to the bank after lunch Tom asked himself why Darling should have his present situation. He had a capital prospect there—his brother-in-law being the secretary; and there was a prospect of promotion, and his influential relative. Could it be that Darling had had a hint from his brother-in-law that the chemical company was getting into shallow water, and that it behooved him to be looking out for another situation? It seemed more than likely; and young Mathers determined to get to the bottom of the matter. He slipped into the bank at noon, and after a hurried look at the junior partner, Mr. Carr, a good-natured sort of man, who was not likely to snub him for volentary information, he went to the secretary of the Mudford and County Chemical company, in whose counting-house young Darling had a subordinate post.
"Well," growled the banker, "what do you want?"
Tommy was on the point of saying that he had come to speak to Mr. Carr in a moment he had changed his mind.
"I heard something to-day, sir," he replied, "that made me think that Mudford company are not in a very good way."
"Well, what of that? What's that to me?"
"Nothing, sir; only I thought, there was no harm in letting you know."
"Anything of that kind you can say to Mr. Parkinson," answered the old gentleman as he seized his umbrella and walked down the passage.
Tommy felt snubbed; but he did not mind that much. He had done what he wanted—brought himself under the attention of one of the partners. If he had given the hint to Parkinson, the head cashier, Parkinson, not he, would have had all the credit of it. He retired to his place among the other clerks a little sore at the rebuff, yet not entirely dissatisfied.
On his way home Mr. Hodgson returned to the bank, and he found some shares of the Mudford Chemical company as security for the balance of an account of one of their customers who was deemed rather shaky. Next morning, accordingly, he called Tommy into his room and questioned him as to the nature of his information.
"I have just bought up my entering into that, sir," said Tommy, with the utmost coolness.
Mr. Hodgson dismissed Mathers to his work, and immediately set to work to have the shares of the Mudford company exchanged for other securities.
Tommy, who managed to know most of what happened at the bank, noted the fact and rejoiced.
Within a few weeks the shareholders of the Mudford Chemical company met

and resolved to go into liquidation; and Mr. Hodgson did not think it worth while to thank the junior clerk for the information he had given, Tommy was perfectly satisfied. He knew that he did not forget things which say their pockets.
It happened that some months after the incident of the Mudford Chemical company, Mr. Hodgson had a business to transact in Turin, and he was thought advisable that the senior partner should proceed to that city to transact the business. As the prospect seemed favorable, of starting a branch house there. The question then arose which of the clerks should accompany the firm, and Mr. Hodgson, mindful of the service which Mathers had rendered him, consulted the head cashier on the propriety of the selection. Parkinson, it happened, had a favorite in his own mind, and Tommy would have lost his opportunity if he had not remembered that at one time, when he was bent on acquiring a new house, he had spent his evenings for a few months over an Italian grammar. He contrived to let this fact be known, and in due time Mr. Hodgson found himself on board the Dover and Calais packet, in charge of a large dispatch-box and Mr. Hodgson's bulky portmanteau. The journey was by no means a comfortable one, for the young man found that he was expected to travel second class and generally act as courier to his employer. When at last Curin was reached, things were no better. Mr. Mathers, who had been waiting for a very little while, and besides, he had to do the work of three clerks. Sometimes he was tempted to regret that he had left his comfortable rooms in Torrington's square. Bloomsbury; but in his calmer moments he reflected that at least he was occupying a different position from that of the rest of his fellow-clerks.
The chief man in Turin, so far as Hodgson, Dunford, and Parr were concerned, was a certain Count Marsoni. The Count's solicitor did not prevent his being the principal member of a large firm of merchants and shipowners. To cultivate this man, was, indeed, the chief reason of Mr. Hodgson's journey to Turin; and, as the old banker knew very well how to lay aside his crusty and pompous manner when it suited his book to do so, he soon came to be a not unobnoxious guest at the Villa Marsoni.
Mr. Hodgson began to see that there was a very fair opening for an English clerk in pushing his way here and there, when he received news that his wife was seriously ill. This made him hurry off to his home, leaving Mathers behind him to complete a transaction which he had already practically arranged.
Delighted at being left to represent the firm, for ever so short a time and on a matter of no great importance, Tom was pacing one day down the principal street of the city with a look of considerable importance on his face, when he met Count Marsoni. The Count, who had just returned after the old banker, when Tommy proudly informed him that he had returned to England, leaving him in charge of the affairs of the firm.
"Ah, indeed? Well, there's a little matter I wanted to speak to you about," said Tommy in his very best Italian.
"Well, suppose you dine with us tonight, and we can talk it over after dinner," returned the Count, who thought he ought to show a little attention to the long Englishman.
Of course the invitation was accepted. Tommy had no sooner entered the drawing room at the Villa Marsoni than he lost his heart at once, involuntarily, to the beautiful young woman, indeed, beautiful and vivacious even to have turned the head of a wiser and colder-blooded man than Tommy Mathers. He was ready to be anxious here by his efforts to speak a language that he partially knew, that he won more favor in the maiden's eyes than many a more accomplished talker could have done. Such an impression, indeed, did the Signorina's bright eyes make upon Tommy's susceptible heart that he was barely able to give attention to the count, when, after dinner, he began to talk of bills, discounts, mortgages and debentures.
Time went on; Mr. Hodgson did not return to Turin; and Mr. Mathers paid several visits to the count's residence, coming away more in love every time. Meanwhile, by dint of going about continually among the citizens, the young man was able to send home a good list of prospective customers that the partners determined to establish a branch office in Turin, and offer to young Mathers a subordinate post in it.
Nothing definite, however, had been fixed, when one day Tommy, finding that the count was in the city, called at the villa, lost his head completely, and was making love as well as his imperfect knowledge of Italian permitted when the count, suddenly coming in, saw him in the act of kissing his daughter's hand.
Mathers fled like a hare disturbed on her form, and the count advanced with a look of stern indignation.
"More as a matter of fact than anything else, for he knew his case was hopeless, Mathers formally asked the count to annul the marriage, laying the blame of his irregular declaration on the strength of his passion and his ignorance of Italian etiquette.
The count heard him to the end, and then surveyed him from head to foot with a look of contempt.
"It's a piece of gross presumption in you to suppose that I should be addressed by my daughter," said the count at

length in English, with his chin in the air.
"Of course," said Tommy, bitterly, stung by the count's look. "If I were a partner in Hodgson's, though, you would not be so particular for a moment or two out of my wits." So said Joshua Martin, an engineer on the Canadian Grand Trunk railway, to his comrade, sitting at a station table, on that fine December night, snow-bound.
So it happened, perhaps on account of the glibly surrounded and prospects, that the men of the blockaded freight train talked nearer to the little stove and gaffer of ghosts.
"I had a freight train which ran now and then, for the time being, were not arranged then, and the traffic was provincial, though such cars as did run had to keep to a schedule in the hands of the railway's officers. The Intercolony, you know is partly for British military purposes.
"Well, down along the gulf of the St. Lawrence there are all kinds of traditions and legends, shadows. There are creeps stories of Indian times and French times which would fill a book, and one of our men, who knows these stories by the score, and nothing pleased him better than to get any one who would listen to his yarns.
"As a rule, people did not seem to care about the tales, but I don't know why, for many of his stories were very interesting. But one night it happened that a lot of us were obliged to listen to his yarns, and he was sitting in the same position as we are tonight. There had been a block at his crossing, and three trains were waiting, mine among them, bound west, until the morning lights."
"Hullo, sir!" cried Mr. Hodgson, as he caught sight of the young man.
"What are you doing here? Anything wrong?"
"Nothing is wrong that I know of, sir," said the young man, coolly.
"Then why are you here without leaving the train?"
"Didn't you get our letter informing you of our arrangements?"
"I did Mr. Parr. It is in consequence of the illness of the young man, and Tommy helped himself to a chair as he spoke.
"I am afraid, sir," he continued, "that the young man is not in the best of health, and you were good enough to offer me a berth."
"Don't then?" burst out old Mr. Hodgson, in great wrath at the one who had been so kind as to offer him a berth.
"Well, in fact, I was ready to jump at this five hundred, for that matter."
"You forget, sir," said Tommy, respectfully, "that I have been waiting at Turin for some time. I know the business there; and what I came here to propose was that I should have a small share in the business."
Mr. Parr, started and ejaculated, "What sir?"
Mr. Dunford laughed aloud and then swore.
Hodgson choked and gasped for breath. If a shell had burst in the room it could not have occasioned more surprise than Tommy's modest request.
If the answer had been a simple "no" demanded to be allowed to help himself from the drawers under the counter, it would not have seemed so absurd as this demand of a share in the business.
"Of course, having no capital, I expect only a very small share in the business," continued Tommy; "but you will see that, as Count Marsoni's son-in-law."
"What! What! What do you say?" echoed the partners in various indignations. "You mean to say that you intend to share in the business, and that amount of business, and it would be more fitting if my name appeared in the name of the branch firm."
"Do you mean to say that you are going to marry that young lady, Count Marsoni's daughter?" said Mr. Hodgson, with wonder, incredulity, and a touch of anger.
"I mean to say that I am going to marry the daughter of your clerk, Mr. Marsoni."
"It is as good as settled, sir," said Tommy, modestly. "Of course this is a private matter, but it is one that will naturally take into account."
This was quite evident, and Tommy having made his shot, rose, bowed, and withdrew.
Before half an hour had passed the firm had taken their resolution. The share which Tommy was given represented little more than a somewhat paltry salary, but he had not gone to Turin as a partner in the branch firm of Hodgson, Dunford, Mathers & Co. of Turin. As soon as the partnership deed was executed, Tommy returned to Italy, and had another interview with the count, who, imagining that he had misconceived the young man's true position all along, was willing to let him have a partner in the wealthy house of the English bankers was one who might, without any impropriety, be presented to society as the daughter's husband. Within three days of his marriage, as celebrated, Tommy had done the trick.

The Indian's Ghost.
"Yes, I was once pretty well frightened by the count's look. If I were a partner in Hodgson's, though, you would not be so particular for a moment or two out of my wits." So said Joshua Martin, an engineer on the Canadian Grand Trunk railway, to his comrade, sitting at a station table, on that fine December night, snow-bound.
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"Well, down along the gulf of the St. Lawrence there are all kinds of traditions and legends, shadows. There are creeps stories of Indian times and French times which would fill a book, and one of our men, who knows these stories by the score, and nothing pleased him better than to get any one who would listen to his yarns.
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front of the train was a spectral form, waving what was perhaps his course, or worse still, foreboding ill to the train it was driving.
"What was I standing there, with thoughts and fancies rushing through my brain at moon-hour speed, the Thing kept the same post, now seeming to glide quietly through the air, now moving its horrid arms with fierce and vehement gesticulations, and then, when the fitful gusts would violently strike the engine, it seemed to be flung against it as though passing once more through the motions of a war-dance.
"I had ample time to note the hateful presence. I had many miles to run, and the train was heavy, and in the fit of horror which had possession of me I had let the steam diminish and let the speed fall off. But it was the same thing. There stood the phantom, sharper and more definitely visible when we were passing through an open space than when we were in a tunnel, where it seemed at times to fade and almost disappear.
"It could not be human, for nothing human could keep pace with the running of an engine. It glided with the train.
"It continued, too, its peculiar action. It was in motion all the time. It was so accurate that we hardly were able to think of any course to pursue. But the terror was growing too great, and at last in spite of regulations, I thought I would make an effort to run over the hateful Presence. But putting on steam was no use. There moved the ghost equally with the train. The sudden increase of speed, however, broke the brake over the top of the cars to see what was wrong, and his company was at least encouraging.
"That you see that thing ahead? I must have gasped. 'The Indian-look?'
"Why, said the man, 'are you daft?' there's nothing ahead."
"Nothing!" said I savagely. "Look right on the track—see it move!"
"Nonsense!" was all the answer. "There is nothing."
"By this time I was as angry as my fright would permit, for I did not at all relish the idea of being the only spectator of what was quite clear at least to me, there it was, and I was in a shape of motion, persistently waving its arms, with equal persistence, holding its uniform position.
"But even, I suppose, a ghost would become familiar in course of time, and I found that my fear was getting a little less than it had been at first. It was getting familiar, probably, bringing about a corresponding change in the other features of its adornment was the possible addition that its spirit walked the earth, and was to the person who met the spectral and gigantic form of the Indian, as the latter was a hunter and had been known to encounter the visitation, and of course, gossip always had a romance of their evil fate.
"I suppose that listening to all these stories in a half-sleep state in the hot waiting-room had an unwelcome effect on me, for when the time came to go on the train to the station, I began to think that perhaps I had been foolish to give way to my fears as I had, but the ghost was still in his place. Right glad I was to whistle down the track, and see the lights of C ahead. Then I wondered if the ghost was going all the way with us. It was still going on before, as usual.
"When we ran into the station it seemed to fade gently away. The station-master was very loth to believe the story which I gave him as I have given it to you, and he said that the ghost of an Indian ghost would never have been discovered for him.
"It happened that I had to run on a little later, and he was in a quiet place, engine for company like and as we ran out of the lights of the station, what should appear but my ghost once more.
"Oh, I see it! I see it! I pointed it out to him. 'I must find out what it is.'"
"So down he gets and walks in front of the engine, and I was sitting in the tank from the driver's seat."
"Presently back he comes."
"Here's the ghost," said he, and handed me a half-dollar leaf.
"Both!" said I, "how could that be the thing I saw?"
"Just so," said he; "his leaf had got frozen by one end to the glass of the headlight, and the heat had projected the shadows right in front of you all the way. See, I'll put it on again."
"So he did, and there was the figure again. My fright had all been caused by a leaf, shaped something like a human form, blowing about in front of the lantern, and its shadow cast out into the snow and darkness. I felt mean, and made up my mind never to believe in ghosts again."
"But how was it that the brakeman did not see it?"
"That struck me, and when I coupled up again I climbed up and saw that the angle was wrong. My ghost I keep in a book now, and I laugh sometimes when I look at it."
A scientific expedition for the exploration of Africa, is in course of organization under the charge of Dr. Emil Reichel. Much has been expected of it. Herr Adolph Krause will lead the party and see that the plans are carried out. The immediate object is described as the investigation of the languages and social condition of the inhabitants of the region about the Niger, Benue and Lake Tsad.

AN OPERATOR'S STORY.
One afternoon last September, at the Glen Mountain house, at Watkin's Glen, New York, a telegraphic friend told me how he won great success in his profession, as follows:
"Almost three years ago I first visited this famous watering place. I had been 'working a circuit' in various cities and stopped off here for a little recreation.
"One evening in the dining room, amid the clatter of dishes and knives and forks, my trained ear caught a meaning from the kids drumming on the table of ladies in the hands of two well-dressed men opposite me. To the crowd, if noticed at all, those sounds only indicated impatience at the hurrying yet delayed waiters.
"If it had been commonplace conversation I should not have heeded their communication, except, perhaps, for sport to 'call' them. They talked off a phrase or two at intervals during their meal. Once the head waiter noticed the clinking of a spoon upon a cup, and inquired if either of them wanted anything. For an instant they were confused, then one said he wanted more coffee. A waiter replenished his and nearly fell up. After that the ticks were less frequent. Of course it was none of my business, but I could not help hearing the tick talk, and the conversation was so curious I greatly interested myself.
"That very evening, while I was reading in the office, the two conversers in lightning light into the table came in and left fresh cigars. Occasionally the hotel 'sunder' clicked tidings from the world of the surrounding night. The death of a man of national prominence was heralded by the instrument. As the head operator informed the bystanders of that important news one of the strange operators said to the other: 'He's dead at last.'"
"Hush!" whispered the other. Nobody seemed to notice the betraying observation or its rejoinder.
"As I wondered at the object in view of that pair of mysterious conversers I did not reveal my identity, but determined to heed any signs. Whenever they were in the dining room I followed them best not to sit near them, and therefore, did not obtain any peculiar information.
"After a steambath ride on beautiful Seneca I visited Ithaca to inspect Cornell university. When I returned to Watkins the landlord told me he was sorry he could not give me my former room because of an extra large occupation party. He consented, however, to give me one as good, which I thankfully accepted.
"That night I was far from being sorry for the change of room, as I heard mysterious raps on the wall. Somebody was signalling to some one in another room. If the message had been ordinary I should have signaled that I was an unimportant listener.
"It was the same old jargon of unmeaning words and phrases. From the frequent repetition of some of them a few had become familiar to me. As a commercial operator I had handled many cipher messages. To amuse myself I tried to solve these. In them a leading expression had been: 'The soup is getting hot.' I was more than elsewhere about something. These conversations, being disguised, were in themselves suspicious. I thought I had made out some of the key to the cipher.
"As the night was pleasant I went down stairs and took a stroll. A few stars peeped out. The wind sighed through the famous gorge close by. I sauntered along meditatively, however, as the adjacent stream would have been a convenient place for a footpad to dispose of his victim without exciting alarm.
"Suddenly I saw a light flash out and disappear above the glen. Almost

A Ghost's Question.
When with your new, how love you laugh-
ing go
Through the loud streets we two have
known so well
Will not old memories your feet compel
To walk, sometimes, for one whose steps
is slow,
Whose presence only you may feel or
know—
The shadow of a shadow you dispel
With wave of hand, as the old tale you
tell
To now cars listening as I used, you know
Or when you press your hands against your
breast
Will you for one dead instant think it
misses
And thrill to the swift joy you once pos-
sessed
And quaffed and savored, as men quaff
their wine
Then turn and smother smiles, just back her
jest,
And aware afresh she doth all charms
combine?

without any reason I turned my head and saw a light flash from the upper portion of the hotel. The moon shone brightly on the high lights. The light in the hotel was accidental. Maybe my excited senses were deceived about the gleam over the glen. Nobody of flesh and blood could flash a light 150 feet above the little stream whose voice was lost in the black death below. Perhaps it was a fiery flash in its tiny lamp out in the emptiness, nearly 500 feet from bank to bank at that point.
I stepped close to a large tree and thought for some time about the unknown ingredients of that "soup." I hugged the friendly pine tree as somebody walked cautiously past, going toward the hotel. A few minutes after I determined to investigate one theory.
I cautiously sought the track of the railway. Carefully I crept along the ties and went out over the abyss. I estimated the distance when the light flashed, and earnestly groped for something. I knew not what. You may think I was foolish.
I was about to go back to the hotel when my right hand, beside a rail, touched a wire. I struck a match, and shielding the blaze, I perceived that the copper wire ran into a postmarked cuff. I held it securely under a cross timber. The wire led into the air toward the hotel.
The brief light was out. There I clung, held up by the structure which, for all its iron, iron and wood, seemed to almost sway in the gale sweeping down the canyon. Taking out my pocket knife, I grasped the wire on the outside of the rail, with my left hand held with my right close over it, the big knife blade. The outer severed and I fastened around a rail.
You may be sure I carefully untied that box. I was tempted to heave it into the gorge but recollected that such a course would frustrate my plan to detect and convict those dynamiters. As I tried to return, I started to go back, I started to return. I left that mysterious box in a corner of the wall, and I fastened it in the hole.
By night request the night clerk cautiously admitted me to the room of the proprietor. With due precaution I confided to him. He went out and gave the clerk some instructions in a low tone and handed me a pass key. I slowly went to my room.
The house was still. Suddenly there rang out an alarm of fire. Soon footsteps were heard. I went to the window and saw a fire. They hurried out of windows or down the stairs. In a few minutes everybody returned, pale, trembling and nervous. The fire had been put out with not very heavy damage, strange to say, Nobody, fortunately, was hurt. Everybody congratulated everybody on narrow escapes. To this day there are, I understand, no more fires in the hotel. I have known the origin of that fire alarm.
To any outsider would it not have been surprising that the occupants of rooms adjoining mine were more dressed than any others of the seeming guests? Furthermore, my neighbors had scarcely disappeared far downstairs till my pass key, furnished by the proprietor, was used. If ever an intrusion was made, it was by a single glance before a heavy exit showed me a lighted bulb's eye lantern set on the carpet and near it an open valve. That valve held an electric battery. Its wires led to another valve which contained a reel from which led a wire running through a space beneath the partially raised lower sash out into the darkness toward the railway bridge.
The electric alarm connection subsided when there came a rumbling and a roar in the quiet night. The New York night express was nearing Watkin's Glen station. The bridge watchman came from his shanty and signaled "Go ahead!" To what? The ponderous train crept over the bridge. I snuffed, thinking of what might have happened.
The conspirators were lushed. I could imagine one, whose room gave him a view of the bridge, peering out anxiously as the train's lights flashed on to the doomed bridge. Did any remorse seize him for the dastardly deed of trying to hurt that unwarned train to certain death and ruin? He seized the reel with one hand to quickly draw in the evidence of his crime. With the other he pushed the electric button and sped the fatal spark to the end of the wire. The devilish contrivance did not work. Before the fend could recover from its astonishment the train had passed safely across the bridge.
With an oath the villain turned as the door was flung open and revolvers held him prisoner. The tarantula when cornered stings itself. The train-wrecker pushed his right hand into a side pocket and withdrew it, not holding a revolver but something which he swallowed. He staggered and fell—dead. Prussic acid, carried for years, had rescued him from earthly punishment. His partner, next door, was

captured by surprise. He too was fully dressed but stoutly denied his complicity in any crime.
The electric apparatus, wire, infernal machine and my testimony convicted him. He is now visiting Auburn to be entertained by the state for ten years. He turned traitor to the rest of the gang and tried to turn state's evidence. A number of rascals had planned to wreck that train. Several stationed themselves in the glen below to plunder the dollars and the bodies.
My good luck in frustrating the murderous design commended me to the railway company and I was given a lucrative position as some of my reward for preventing what would have proven a calamity almost unparalleled in the history of railroads. The cuff box is kept among the archives of the company. Come out north of here to-morrow and I'll show you a hole in the collar, which was stung to death in this beautiful spot. Actuated by a foolish impulse, he fired his rifle at one of the nests, whereupon the bees came down on him in such numbers that he attempted to save himself by jumping overboard. The relentless insects, however, still pursued him with fatal results. I quote the story from memory, but believe it to be found in detail in Forsyth's charming work, "The Highlands of Central India."
"A friend once told me that he was driving near a village some miles from Jabulpore, and his servant and horse were attacked by bees without any real provocation. The enemy crowded round in such numbers that the situation became serious. After receiving several stings, and finding the horse becoming restless, my friend resolved to save his own life, and that of his servant, both of which were really in jeopardy, at the risk of a little discomfort to other people. Accordingly he whipped up his horse and made for the village, a cloud of bees keeping up with the trap without the least effort. When the village was reached, the bees, as my friend anticipated, found so many other objects of interest that they abandoned their attentions with less marked pertinacity than hitherto. In other words, we cloud left the trap and scattered among the villagers, who were, however, so numerous that two or three stings appeared probably represented the total damage. The expedient was not, perhaps, a charitable one, but in circumstances was, I venture to think justifiable."
Precious Metals.
How Gold and Silver are Refined at the Assay Office.
In the very heart of Wall street are the United States sub-treasury and the assay office. Here is the true heart of the bullion interests of New York, and it is used by brokers, bankers, merchants and jewelers. Any one having gold or silver which, when assayed, will amount to \$100 or over may deposit it. He will receive its value in coin or in fine gold, or if it is silver, in fine silver bars. The gold and silver bars have their weight stamped upon them, and the former bears, under the governmental seal, the value in gold coin as well. These bars have been assayed by the government, and are as true as the scales. They are used by the arts and manufacture, thus preventing the melting down of gold. To determine just how an exchange shall be made a chip is taken from the metal brought to be assayed, and it is melted by itself and poured into molds. These small samples are assayed, and by calculation the proportion of pure metal is indicated. Of course, deductions must be made for the cost of parting, refining, etc., but the net result is paid to the depositor.
To obtain the best results in the separating department the deposits are so combined that the gold granulations shall have over two parts of silver to one of gold, care being taken that not exceed 2 per cent of the mixture. About 25,000 ounces can be treated in four kettles. The acid is added to the granulations in successive portions from a reservoir on a floor above, into which it is forced by air pressure from a receiving cylinder in the basement. It is boiled about five hours, then allowed to cool, and afterward siphoned into silver reducing tanks, four in number. The removal of the silver in the acid solution leaves the residue in a dissolving kettle; to this fresh acid is added, and it is removed to another kettle, and acid being again added twice. The resulting weak solutions of silver are si-

JUBBULPORE'S HAD BEES.
Their Nests Guard the Beautiful Marble Canon of the Nerbudda.
A painful instance of the terrible consequences of provoking bees is connected with one of the loveliest sights in India, the famous marble rocks of Jabulpore. These rocks form a gorge through which the river flows, and the copper solution is then siphoned into concentrating tanks, and the silver, after being scraped from the copper plates, is placed in a filter, where it is washed, and, when melted, it is found to be from 990 to 990 1/2 thousandths fine.
If any warning were required it is given by a tomb which stands on the outskirts of the village, just above the gorge, where the bones of one who was stung to death in this beautiful spot. Actuated by a foolish impulse, he fired his rifle at one of the nests, whereupon the bees came down on him in such numbers that he attempted to save himself by jumping overboard. The relentless insects, however, still pursued him with fatal results. I quote the story from memory, but believe it to be found in detail in Forsyth's charming work, "The Highlands of Central India."
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phoned off, and after the third repetition of this process gold results, which, when melted, fluxed, and cast into bars, is 997-1,000 to 998-1,000 fine.
-The solution of silver which is obtained by the above process is after a settling process boiled by the application of steam about five hours in lead vats. In these copper plates are plunged, a portion of the copper gradually replacing silver in the solution. The copper solution is then siphoned into concentrating tanks, and the silver, after being scraped from the copper plates, is placed in a filter, where it is washed, and, when melted, it is found to be from 990 to 990 1/2 thousandths fine.
The men, who are busily working eight hours a day in pouring molten gold from crucibles into molds, are at the risk of their lives, as if they were handling iron. If it were possible for any class of men to grow tired of the glimmer and glint of gold, these men must be the fortunate individuals. Someone undoubtedly keeps a close watch on them, but it is not apparent, and they do not seem to be restricted in their freedom because they work in the precious metal. When they have finished their work they change their clothing and go home. There has been but one arrest among them in years. A few dollars' worth of gold was found in the pocket of a workman, but the grand jury did not find against him, the inference being that some enemy had placed it there.
Queer Weddings in Vienna.
Of late Vienna has been the scene of so many murders and burglaries that one might almost imagine being in one of our western cities. One of these was the wedding of an elderly widow, who was desirous of finding a successor to her lamented spouse, and inserted an advertisement for a husband, immoderately naming the amount of her modest means as an inducement. It appears that some adventurer called upon her in answer to her "personal," and because she did not find him an acceptable candidate, she turned her and carried off her treasures.
This rather peculiar custom of procuring a companion for life through the newspapers is by no means unusual here, and every day the journals print such notices as the following: "A young aristocrat, handsome and amiable, wishes to marry a young, handsome and accomplished lady." "None having a fortune less than 50,000 florins need apply." or "I, a lady of 35 years of age, having an annual income of 1,000 florins, am determined to marry, and desire gentlemen of intelligence, who quest an amiable wife, to communicate with me through this journal." The above are among the least shocking, and the persons contained in every daily paper would furnish material for many a novel.
Weddings should only take place in a church here as the ceremony must be performed in old churches, so cold and damp as to chill the bridal party to the bone. Wedding parties who enter the side door of the Yotive and other large churches are invariably poor. I am told the privilege of passing through the main door and walking down the middle aisle to the altar cannot be purchased under 500 florins—half the annual income of an Austrian official.

Carrying Trade.
The public generally has an idea that England has a preponderance of the carrying trade of the world. So she has. The United States comes next, a fact that will gratify the American till he learns that "next" means. The vessels flying the British flag number 23,500, with a tonnage of 11,200,000. American vessels number 6,600, and their tonnage aggregates 2,700,000. Of steam vessels, which fill so important a place as means of transportation nowadays, England has 7,764, representing 9,233,000 tons, while poor America has only 422, with a tonnage of 601,000. To give a general view of the size of the merchant fleets of the world, they combine in an aggregate of 100,000 vessels, and 23,000,000 tons. It is worth bounds to say that England alone controls half the carrying trade of the world. To reach this eminence on the ocean England took every advantage of our civil war, for previous to that the American flag ruled the seas. England has built up her merchant marine at the expense of our own. Now on the question of a prolonged war the question naturally arises: How is America to be benefited in her shipping interests? Will the advantages offered be promptly taken? Will our shipowners and our shipbuilders have the wisdom to turn the tables on the nation that put our misfortunes to such good account twenty years ago? Will our lawmakers rise equal to the occasion? Is the summing of this war cloud to be the sign of a return of a more American commerce to its old-time greatness?

Are you Prepared?

As the cold, chilling blasts of winter will soon be upon us, we desire to inform you that we have in stock

Underwear

FOR
Men, Women, and Boys.

Also, Heavy Coats, Heavy Boots, Gum Coats, Gum Boots, Heavy Shoes, Gum Shoes, Fall and Winter Hats, Caps, Blankets, Comfortables, Blankets for your horses, Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions,

FLOUR and FEED.

Pratt's Horse Food, To keep your stock in good condition. And, in fact, a complete line of General Merchandise, at reasonable prices.

We still offer bargains in Youths' & Children's Shoes.

P. S. Tilton & Son.

J. S. Thayer, Contractor & Builder

Hammonton, N. J.

LUMBER

For sale, in small or large quantities.

HEATERS

Furnished and Repaired.

Plans, Specifications, and Estimates Furnished

JOBING

Of all kinds promptly attended to.

Shop on Bellevue Avenue, next door to Elam Stockwell's store. Orders left at the shop, or at Stockwell's store, will receive prompt attention. Charges reasonable. P. O. box 53.

E. H. CARPENTERS, FIRE

Life and Accident Insurance AGENT

Office Residence, Central Av. & Third St. Hammonton, N. J.

Wagons and Buggies.

On and after Jan. 1, 1886, I will sell one-horse wagons with fine body and Columbia springs complete, 1 1/2 inch tire, 1/2 axle, for CASH, \$60.00. One-horse wagon, complete, 1 1/2 inch axle, for \$55.00. The same, with 2 inch tire, for \$50.00. One-horse Light Express, for \$45.00. Platform Light Express, for \$40.00. Side-spring Buggy with fine finish, for \$70.00. Two-horse Express Wagon, for \$75.00. New-top Buggy, for \$50.00. These wagons are all made of the best White Oak and Hickory, and are thoroughly seasoned, and ironed in a workmanlike manner. Please call and be convinced. Factory at the C. & A. Depot, Hammonton. ALEX. ATKINSON, Proprietor.

Newspaper Decisions.

Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment. If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send him until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not. The publishers have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice or removing and leaving them uncollected, is prima facie evidence of fraud.

The People's Bank

Of Hammonton, N. J.
Capital, \$50,000.

R. J. BYRNES, President.
M. L. JACKSON, Vice-Pres't

W. R. TILTON, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:
R. J. Byrnes,
M. L. Jackson,
George Elvins,
Elam Stockwell,

Daniel Colwell,
George Cochran,
D. L. Potter,
T. J. Smith,
G. F. Saxton,
Edw. Whiffen,
J. C. Brownings,
Z. U. Matthews,
P. S. Tilton.

MONEY TO LOAN.

JOHN ATKINSON, Tailor,

Has opened a shop in Rutherford's Block Hammonton.

Garments made in the best manner. Scouring and Repairing promptly done. Rates reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case.

Yes; we Advertise

Because it is Popular!

Yet it pays to let you know about our goods. Still, our best advertisements are the goods themselves. This is shown by the packages sold at our store. We have a complete line of our own-made, and English Breakfast Tea. Also, our best quality of Java, Laguira, Maracantho, and Rio Coffee, and coffee callers calling agents to remark. That is, splendid tea, elegant coffee, no trash, etc. Yes, coffee ground to order, while you wait.

What is said of our tea and coffee is echoed in regard to our Pork, Lard, Ham, Shoulders, and Bacon. Our Butter is hard to find better, and as to Cheese, why, we always keep "full cream."

We have a good line of Dry Goods and Notions, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars.

Geo. A. Rogers,

Of Elm, will sell.

Pierce College of Business,

Record Building, 917 919 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Penna.

Thomas Hay Pierce, M. A., President, and Founder. Morning, Afternoon and Night Sessions.

N. D. PAGE, Photographic Artist.

Hammonton, N. J.
Our Terms—Our subscription price to all within the county is One Dollar per year if paid in advance. If not paid within the first two months, \$1.25 per year, invariably. To subscribers outside of this county always \$1.50 in advance—as we are compelled to wrap papers and prepay postage.

Atlantic Commission House, Dealers in Country Produce Only house of the kind in Atlantic City. Good Prices—Prompt Returns—Orders promptly filled. W. H. WRIGHT, Manager, 1832 Atlantic Avenue.

The Republican.

[Entered as second class matter.]

HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC CO., N. J.
SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1887.

Mr. P. H. Brown believes in raising his own peach trees, and has some which it is hard to realize have grown from the pit this year. He has now about four thousand young trees, "budded" with the choicest varieties obtainable, which he will set out on his farm.

It would be well for parents to impress upon the minds of their children that bills posted up in a public place are protected by law, and any person who tears one down is liable to arrest and punishment. We were reminded of this when a boy deliberately tore one of the Board of Appeals' notices from a tree in front of the post office.

List of unclaimed letters remaining in the Post Office at Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, Nov. 19th, 1887:
Lena C. South,
Mrs. Fecht,
Miss Mary Chapman.

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please state that it has been advertised.
Cyrus F. Osmond, P. M.

Democratic journals are charging that the recent marked gain in the Republican vote in New Jersey is due to fraud, and they are doubtless right. The gross and outrageous frauds of last winter by which the Democrats secured a majority of one in the Legislature and a United States senator, to which they have no right, have not been without their effect on honest voters. Fraud is likely to play an important part in New Jersey elections for some time to come, but it is Democratic fraud already committed which is going to plague and defeat the party responsible for it.

For Sale.—Store building lots, on the T. B. Tilton place, Bellevue Avenue, Hammonton, N. J. Apply to Wm. ROYERSON.

Wood! Wood!

Oak and pine wood for sale, from store lengths up to inch-bards, siding, or frame stuff. Dressed planks on hand, kept under cover. LEVI G. HORN,
Oak and Myrtle St., Hammonton.

FOR SALE.—14 acres in Elwood—one mile from station, with house and considerable fruit. Price, \$400. For all particulars, inquire of FRANK BOWEN, Hammonton.

Wm. Rutherford, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Insurance placed only in the most reliable companies. Lowest rates to all. No two-thirds clause, no black-mailing. Address, Hammonton, N. J.

Trees, Trees.—Pear, Plum, and Cherry, Quinces, Apricots, and Mulberries just received. Prices reasonable, and terms very easy. Particulars given at the REPUBLICAN'S Office, Hammonton.

Chicken Houses fitted with hot water and an improved stove, by J. M. JORDAN. Don't get any other.

FOR SALE.—A twelve-room house, near the station. Apply to G. F. SAXTON, Hammonton, N. J.

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

Master in Chancery, Notary Public, Commissioner of Deeds, Supreme Court Commissioner.

City Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.
N. D. PAGE, Photographic Artist.
Hammonton, N. J.

Fine Portraits
By the Latest Processes. Particular attention paid to lighting and posing.
Views of Residences,
Copying, etc.,
Promptly done in the most satisfactory manner. Also,
Life-size Crayons
And large pictures. Frames of all styles at extremely low prices.

DON'T GO HUNGRY

But go to

Packer's Bakery,

Where you can get

The Best Wheat, Bran, and Rye BREAD

At the old price of ten years' standing.

FIVE CENTS per LOAF
Breakfast and Tea Rolls, Cinnamon Buns, Pies, Crullers
A great variety of Cakes. Baker's Yeast constantly on hand.

Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Nuts and Confections, as usual
Meals and Lunches furnished to order, and a limited number of lodgers accommodated.

Wm. Bernshouse, CONTRACTOR & BUILDER
[Of 32 years' Experience.]

Steam Saw and Planing Mill Lumber Yard.

Doors, Sash, Moldings, and Scroll-work. Window-Glass, Odd sizes cut to order. Lime, Cement, and Calced Plaster.

FRUIT PACKAGES BERRY CHESTS

Cranberry and Peach CRATES—Odd Sizes of Fruit Crates made to order.

CEDAR SHINGLES

A Specialty.—odd sizes cut to order. Oak and Pine Wood for Sale. Cut and Split if desired.

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

Jones & Lawson BUILDERS

CONTRACTORS AND

Hammonton, N. J.
Plans, Specifications, and Estimates furnished JOBBING promptly attended to.

COAL.

Best Lehigh Coal for sale from yard, at lowest prices, in any quantity. Orders for coal may be left at John A. Saxton's store. Coal should be ordered one day before it is needed. GEO. F. SAXTON.

J. MURDOGH, SHOES.

MANUFACTURER OF Ladies' Men's and Children's Shoes made to order: Boys' Shoes a Specialty. Repairing Neatly Done.

A good stock of shoes of all kinds always on hand.
First floor—Small's Block, Hammonton. : : N. J.

HERMANN FIEDLER, MANUFACTURER

WHOLESALE DEALER IN CIGARS, Hammonton, N. J.

S. E. BROWN & Co.

Hardware, Stoves, Heaters and Ranges.

Special attention given to Heating Furnaces. Estimates Furnished On application.

Tin Roofing, Tin Sheet Iron Work

Incubator Tanks A Specialty.

We have competent and experienced workmen, and every job is guaranteed.

FURNITURE Department

You will find Chamber Suits, Extension Tables, Bedsteads, Dining Tables, Bed Springs, Mattresses, Kitchen Tables, Lounges, Chairs, Stands, Rockers, Bureaus, Wash-stands, Towel Racks, etc., etc.

Also, a full line of Carpets and Wall-Papers, In Neat Patterns and at Reasonable Prices.

Call and see them S. E. BROWN & Co., Hammonton, N. J.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1887.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

A slight fall of snow last Friday. These November winds make the wind-mills hum.

Mr. Woolley is already displaying some holiday bills.

Thanksgiving, next Thursday. Is your turkey fattened?

Mr. Cook, the jeweler, is at home again, busy at his bench.

Mrs. Elam Stockwell has been suffering, for a week or more, the effects of a fall.

Friday morning's down-express on the P. & A. C., decapitated somebody's pet dog.

Grand Army Post meeting this evening. Visitors are expected from the Haddonfield Post.

The masons are at work in Geo-Bowles' new house. He will have a neat and pleasant home.

P. H. Jacobs has returned from Chicago, bringing a pocketful of pictures. Ask him to let you see one.

S. E. Brown & Co. are about to put a large "Norsly" heater in their cellar, to warm both store and dwelling.

Special examination of teachers to-day, at Atlantic City. Regular examination next Saturday, at Egg Harbor City.

A. H. Simons has just received a stock of Florida Oranges, white grapes, and confectionery of the very choicest varieties.

Major C. M. Jordan & Co. have issued their business card, as breeders and importers of fine poultry—Dorkings a specialty.

You'll find every day a thanksgiving day in the Editor's office, if you hand him a dollar or two on your subscription account.

Dr. J. H. North has set out a young peach orchard of several thousand trees. It is evidently intended to give the peach business a fair trial here.

At St. Mark's Church, Sunday before Advent, Nov. 20th. Holy Communion at 7:30 A. M. Morning Prayer and Sermon at 10:30. Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:30 P. M. Sunday School at 2:30.

Union Thanksgiving services in the Presbyterian Church, next Thursday, at 10:30 A. M. Sermon by Rev. E. M. Ogden. Everybody is urged to attend.

Before his death, Mr. Howard Long partially completed a pipe-organ. Lately, Mr. Harry English purchased and will complete the instrument and offer it for sale.

Sheriff South E. Johnson was sworn into office on Tuesday last. He appointed ex-Sheriff Lucy his Deputy, and there will be no changes about the jail at present.

If you wish to subscribe for any paper or magazine published anywhere, in any language, call at the REPUBLICAN office, and see if we cannot save you something on the price.

The Board of Appeal in cases of taxation will meet on Tuesday next, at 10 o'clock A. M., in the Town Hall. If there is anything wrong in your tax bill, show it to the Board, and they will make it right.

Dr. H. E. Bowles started for Hartford, Conn., on Monday, having in his car Thomas Norton, who is one this autumn of the Soldiers' Home. The doctor also hopes to secure the evidence necessary to secure Norton's pension.

A District Convention of Methodists

was held in the Hammonton M. E. Church on Thursday, day and evening. There were ministerial and lay delegates present. The meeting, including a service of song in the evening, was in charge of Prof. Kirkpatrick, of Philadelphia. The Church have arranged to hold special services every evening until further notice. Pastor Zolay will have the assistance of several ministerial brethren from abroad.

We have made arrangements by which we may be able to benefit our subscribers occasionally. That is, we will receive subscriptions for almost any paper or magazine published, at club rates. For example, we can furnish Harper's Weekly, or Monthly, Frank Leslie's Puck, or Judge (each of them \$4 per year) at \$3.50 each. There are thousands of papers on our list; come and see. On most of the \$1 weeklies we cannot make any reduction, but we can save you postage and the expense of forwarding money.

Mr. Alfred E. Pearsall, in his entertainment on Wednesday evening, more than fulfilled our expectations. He is well termed a "musical humorist," having a rich, full, cultivated voice, of unusual compass, and is familiar with the many little accomplishments which make platform solos so entertaining. As an elocutionist, he more nearly fills our ideal than any other one we ever heard. With it all, his selections are so pure, tending to encourage temperance, morality, and religion, that we were entirely satisfied. Gentlemen of the Committee, please place Mr. Pearsall on your list for next season.

List of jurors chosen for the December term of Court: Atlantic City.—Adolph Kessler, H. H. Smith, Wm. Westcott, Robert White, John Clements, Simon L. Westcott, Wm. Traux, Ezra Conover, Geo. Clinton, Joe Stealine, John C. Stauber, Elwood Buckley, John Bothwick, Somers Woolbert, Joseph Somers.

Asaph Adams, Elmer Champion. Buena Vista.—George B. Cake, Alfred Pennock, Philip Kramer, Paul Gratzkin. Egg Harbor Twp.—Constant Smith, Uz. Bowen, Winfield Adams, Isaac Steelman, Wm. Ireland, Scull English, Lem. Conway.

Egg Harbor City.—Geo. Braeder, John Voss. Galloway.—Wm. Krebs, Mark Somers, Wilbur Hickman, A. B. Smith, Jacob Kieszko, Jr.

Hammonton.—Charles E. Small, John Trafford, John Waiters, Wm. Velt. Hamilton.—Clark W. Abbott, James Coleman, Job Smallwood, And. Bozarth, Mole Harbert.

South Atlantic.—Lorenzo Bye. Somers' Point.—Wm. B. Steelman. Weymouth.—A. Campbell, Samuel Peterson.

The New York Weekly Tribune will go into the fight of the Presidential campaign greatly enlarged as per announcement in another column. It will also have new presses of the latest pattern, and generally appears to be preparing for vigorous and telling work during the coming year. There is no more sound and instructive paper printed in any of our large cities. The Tribune excels especially in the discussion of questions of public interest, as for instance that of pensions to the Union volunteers, which is a topic of interest in every part of the country, and to which The Tribune is giving a great deal of space. We notice that The Tribune gives the arguments for a Service Pension special prominence. In regard to all questions of national importance, The Tribune is a Republican text book of great authority and ability. If there was ever a time in the history of the country when patriotic men need to think upon national topics, that time is the next twelve months. The surplus of revenue creates a situation which calls for Congressional action, and the question must be disposed of in a way to protect the interests of the working-men, farmers, old soldiers and business men of America, and the general cause of national sobriety and morality. The Tribune gives so much space to these national discussions, and is so full of suggestive thought, that we should be pleased to see the paper in the hands of every thinking man during the coming year. In selecting your newspaper, always stand by your friends—the paper which advocates your interests. One of the new ventures of The Tribune is its "History of the United States and Pocket Atlas of the World," a unique, handsome and valuable premium. Another one is a "Presidential Pocket Knife." A most entertaining one is its "Book of Open-Air Sports."

SCHOOL REPORT.

The following pupils of the Hammonton Schools have received an average of 90 in department, 80 or above in recitations, and have been regular in attendance, during the week ending Friday, Nov. 11, 1887, and thereby constitute the

ROLL OF HONOR. HIGH SCHOOL.

W. B. MATTHEWS, Principal.

Miss MERRIS COLWELL, Teacher.

Miss C. A. UNDERWOOD, Teacher.

Miss Flora Potter, Teacher.

Miss Bernice E. Gage, Teacher.

Miss Clara Carter, Teacher.

Miss Bernice E. Gage, Teacher.

Miss Clara Carter, Teacher.

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Miss Bernice E. Gage, Teacher.

Miss Clara Carter, Teacher.

BREAD

A. H. SIMONS' Bakery.

OYSTERS.

Underclothing and Hats. Price Reduced

From \$1.25 to 85 cts. From 90 cts. to 65 cts. From 50 cts. to 35 cts., etc.

J. A. SAXTON.

Opposite the Post-Office, Hammonton.

Boots! Boots! Boots!

Now is your time for a good Boot or Shoe. We have them in stock. Also, some lots to clear out cheap.

Children's Shoes at 25 Cents. Women's and Boys' Shoes, \$1 and up.

We can fit your foot and your pocket at the same time.

D. C. HERBERT, In the New Brick Block, Hammonton.

Coal Coal.

Having leased the coal-yard formerly occupied by Clayton R. Scullin, and having purchased the good-will and fixtures of the same, I am prepared to take orders and deliver the

Best Lehigh Coal

In large or small quantities, at reasonable prices, The yard will be stocked on the 1st of September, after which a constant supply will be kept on hand.

Orders left at my store, or at the Post-Office will receive prompt attention.

George Elvins,

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Happiness grows at outworn fancies, and is not to be picked up in strangers'... The moment a man is satisfied with himself everybody else is dissatisfied with him... We are often more agreeable through our faults than we are through our good qualities...

HOW TO LIVE.

Colors Should be Made to Suit Complexions... 'What ought a black-haired woman to wear?' asked a newspaper man of an artist... 'Well,' he replied, 'it depends upon the type. The majority of black-haired women have black-eyes and a sallow complexion...'

PERSIAN BARBERS.

The Vexed Operations Which are Carried on in Their Shops... In Persia the barber shaves the heads of his customers, dyes their beards, pulls their teeth, cups and bleeds them when all else fails, and cures venereal diseases and other ailments... Dr. Willis, an English physician, who resided in Persia for many years, being attached to the overland telegraph, was invited by Hassab, his barber, to visit his shop and see him at work...'

THE CUP THAT OVERFLOWS.

The Immense Amount of Poor Tea Consumed by Ignorant Caucasians... If the tea trade is ceasing to be so profitable as it used to be, the tea drinker must be a victim of some kind... The staff of the tea is no longer what it was in Japan, India and Ceylon...'

HORSE NOTES.

—One hundred and forty trotters lowered their records in 1888, against 115 in 1885... —The purse to be given at the carter's race at Hamilton will aggregate \$150... —W. H. McCarty's brown mare, Anniversary—record 2:34—died at Lexington, Ky., from pneumonia...'

NEW EVENING MORNING.

Every day a fresh beginning... You who are weary of sorrow and aching, A hope for me and a hope for you... All the best things are past and over, The task are done and the tears are shed, Yesterday's sorrows, which amaze and grieve, Yesterday's wounds, which amaze and grieve, Are healed with the healing which night has shed...'

UNDER SUSPICION.

Something very unusual to quiet Talmy had happened, and Talmy was decidedly uncomfortable about it... 'Of course everybody knew, as everybody knew everything in that delightful place, where each neighbor was a friend, each friend a brother, and what the village folk knew was this—the miller, old Harvey Jansson, had been robbed...'

THEIR WILKY COUNTRY EDITOR.

He Finally is Given a Railroad Pass by the Superintendent... 'The editor of the Swampville Cypress Lake called on the superintendent of a railroad... "I have come," said he, "to ask a favor of you. I do considerable traveling over your road... I want you to give me a pass..."

FASHION NOTES.

—Circular cloaks are revived in London... —Colored linings are in high vogue, striped and figured silks in bright colors being largely employed for that purpose... —Many of the handsome hats and bonnets are trimmed with loops of ribbon only; no feathers nor metal ornaments...'

NEW ZEALAND VOLCANOES.

The scene at the time of the eruption, as it appeared to an eye-witness is thus described: "At about 2 o'clock he was awakened by a rumbling noise like that of an engine at work...'

A FRANK THAT WAS WELL FIRED.

"Talking about women looking out for themselves and their traps while traveling," said a Rock Island baggage man, then pausing long enough to inquire if his listener had any fine-cut...'

Continuation of the 'A Frank That Was Well Fired' article, discussing the habits of baggage men and the state of the railroad industry.

Farms & Residences In Hammonton, Placed in our hands For Sale.

A very desirably located lot, 50x150 feet, on Belle Ave. near the Presbyterian Church. Cheap, for cash.

Also, two nice lots on French Street, near Horton,—just the place for a residence. Price is low. These three are the property of J. C. BROWNING.

The Lewis Hoyt farm on Main Road,—5 acres, 8-room house, very convenient, splendid location, cheap.

Thirty acres near R.R. station, 4000 pear trees, 1200 apple trees, and other fruit, two fine building sites. Easy terms.

The Capt. J. C. Almy place,—Twenty acres on Bellevue Ave., large house, barn, sheds, etc. Part of the land can be divided into building lots, and will be in demand. This would prove a good investment.

The William Colwell farm, 14 acres, on Third Street—runs to the C. & A. Railroad. Ten acres in pears, balance in other fruits. An eight-room house, good barn, shop, sheds, hotbeds, etc. Paid a good profit last year, and is increasing in value.

For particulars, inquire at the REPUBLICAN Office.

WANTED Agents in every City and town to sell this new book.



AND HOW TO USE THEM.
By ALFRED H. GUERNSEY, Ph. D.
ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED.

This is proving a most fascinating book to the public. In it is examined everything that in any way affects the problem of life or sets conditions upon success in any part of our country, or upon any business or profession. Young men and women beginning life will find the book of great value, and it infuses fresh life into older persons. There never has been in the history of literature a book so rich in the scope and objects of its work, so full of the most valuable and practical information, and so full of the most unqualified praise of every one who examines it.

Mme. DEMOREST'S RELIABLE PATTERNS
Are the only ones that will give a perfect fitting garment.

MME. DEMOREST'S System of Dress Cutting.
Chart and Book of full directions, enabling anyone to Cut and Fit perfectly.

MME. DEMOREST'S PORTFOLIO OF FASHIONS AND WHAT TO WEAR
Is a large Magazine of 80 pages of Fashion Notes and Styles, illustrated with about 1,000 Cuts. Sent, post-paid, for 25 cents.

THE Demorest Sewing Machine.
THIS STYLE ONLY

\$19.50



Nearly 50,000 sold and giving perfect satisfaction.

Don't pay other companies \$40.00 profit on a machine NOT SO GOOD AS THE DEMOREST, but buy direct of the manufacturers. Sent C. O. D.

Write for Circulars.

DEMOREST FASHION and SEWING MACHINE CO.,
27 East 14th Street, New York City.

Tutt's Pills

stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels, and are unequalled as an anti-bilious medicine.

Malarial Districts
their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in freeing the system from that poison. This popular remedy rarely fails to effectually cure.

Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness
and all disorders arising from a Torpid Liver and Bad Digestion.

A Proclamation!

Dr. J. Guy Lewis, Fulton, Ark., says: "A year ago I had biliousness; Tutt's Pills gave me highly recom-mended that I used them. Never did medicine have a happier effect. After a practice of a quarter of a century, I proclaim them the best."

ANTI-BILIOUS
medicine ever used. I always prescribe them in my practice."

Sold Everywhere.

Office, 44 Murray St. New York.

DR. TUTT'S SARSAPARILLA

renovates the body, makes healthy flesh, strengthens the weak, repairs the wastes of the system with pure blood and hard muscle, tones the nervous system and invigorates the blood. Sold by all druggists.

Tutt's Manual of Useful Receipts sent Free.



A. J. SMITH,
NOTARY PUBLIC
AND
Conveyancer.

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

Hammonton, N. J.

HARNESS.
A full assortment of hand and machine made,—for work or driving.

Trunks, Valises, Whips, Riding, Saddles, Nets, etc.

L. W. COGLEY,
Hammonton, N. J.

Mrs. Florence Hooper Baker
Of New York City,
PIANIST and COMPOSER

Of the famous "Racquet Waltz," will give instruction in music. Teacher of Harmony and Thorough Bass. Terms reasonable.

Residence with Mrs. Fish, Hammonton

The richest humorous book of the age is **SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA**

By Josiah Allen's Wife. Miss HOLLY spent all last season amid the whirl of fashion at Saratoga, and takes off its follies, flirtations, low neck dressing, pug-dogs, etc., in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style. The book is profusely illustrated by Oreen, the renowned artist of "Puck." Will sell immensely. Price \$2.50. Bright Agents Wanted. Address HUBBARD BROTHERS, publishers, Philadelphia.

ADVERTISERS
can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing

Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce St., New York.

Send 10cts for 100-Page Pamphlet.

If the Tory minister could have locked up the Home Rule cause with William O'Brien, the coercive policy in Ireland might have been a success. But as it is it is very like it might have been if the man who wrote the Declaration of Independence had been locked up and the document itself given forth to the world.

Chief Bushyhead, of the Cherokee Indians, declares that every family of that tribe has property worth at least \$5000. Which warrants the remark that Lo, the poor Indian, isn't as poor as some of his pale-faced brethren.

President Cleveland is busily engaged on his annual message.

The oldest voter of the day in Bergen county was Jacob Debaun, of Paskack, Washington township, who carried his ninety-four years on his back and walked a mile to the Second District polls and cast a straight Republican ballot.

In his annual report, Gen. Sheridan recommends the increase of the army by 5000 men.

The Czar refuses to assist King John, of Abyssinia against Italy and England.

The Shah of Persia will visit Europe in April.

De Lesseps has asked permission to raise a lottery loan for Panama Canal.

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

THE REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.

My wife was so afflicted with Rheumatism in her shoulder and arm that she could do nothing for herself, and could not sleep in bed, but had to be bolstered up in a rocking chair. Physicians prescribed many patent medicines were used, but the pain still continued. I sent for the Russian Rheumatism Cure, under a cloud of doubt. It was used according to directions for one week, and my wife was cured. It was one of those agreeable surprises that you meet once in a lifetime. It now cures four months since the cure was effected, and she can wash, iron, hoe in the garden, and do all kinds of work as well as ever, and has no symptoms of the old disease. We have no hesitancy in recommending this cure to all similarly afflicted, as SAFE AND SURE. Truly yours, H. J. FISHELL.

Thousands of others have been cured. PRICE \$2.50.

For complete information, Descriptive Pamphlet, with testimonials, free. For sale by all druggists. If one or the other is not convenient to furnish it to you, do not be persuaded to take anything else, but apply direct to the General Agents, PFAELZER BROS. & CO. 819 & 821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

THE INDEPENDENT

The Largest, the Ablest, the Best Religious and Literary Weekly in the World.

"One of the ablest weeklies in existence."—Fall Mall Gazette, London, England.

"The most influential religious organ in the States."—The Spectator, London, England.

"Clearly stands in the fore-front as a weekly religious magazine."—Sunday-school Times, Philadelphia.

Prominent features of The Independent during the coming year will be:

Religious and Theological Articles

Social and Political Articles

Monthly Literary Articles

Poems and Stories

A Short Serial Story by E. P. ROZ.

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One month..... 30 One year..... 3.00
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Every intelligent family needs a good newspaper. It is a necessity for parents and children.

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Will both be sent one year each, to any person not a subscriber to The Independent, for \$3.75. The regular price of both is \$4.50. Make remittance to The Independent, P. O. Box 2737, New York.

No papers are sent to subscribers after the time paid for has expired.

The Independent's Clubbing List will be sent free to any one asking for it. Any one wishing to subscribe for one or more papers or magazines in connection with the Independent, can save money by ordering from our Club List. Address

The Independent,
251 Broadway, New York City.

Camden and Atlantic Railroad.

Saturday, June 26, 1886.

STATIONS.	Down		Up		Acco.	Exp.	Exp.	Su. Ex.				
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.								
Philadelphia	8 00	9 40	2 00	3 15	4 00	4 40	5 00	7 00	7 30	8 00	8 30	9 00
Camden	8 10	9 50	2 10	3 25	4 10	4 50	5 10	7 10	7 40	8 10	8 40	9 10
Haddonfield	8 20	10 00	2 20	3 35	4 20	5 00	5 20	7 20	7 50	8 20	8 50	9 20
Berlin	8 30	10 10	2 30	3 45	4 30	5 10	5 30	7 30	8 00	8 30	9 00	9 30
Atco	8 40	10 20	2 40	3 55	4 40	5 20	5 40	7 40	8 10	8 40	9 10	9 40
Waterford	8 50	10 30	2 50	4 05	4 50	5 30	5 50	7 50	8 20	8 50	9 20	9 50
Winslow	9 00	10 40	3 00	4 15	5 00	5 40	6 00	8 00	8 30	9 00	9 30	10 00
Hammonton	9 10	10 50	3 10	4 25	5 10	5 50	6 10	8 10	8 40	9 10	9 40	10 10
DeCosta	9 20	11 00	3 20	4 35	5 20	6 00	6 20	8 20	8 50	9 20	9 50	10 20
Elwood	9 30	11 10	3 30	4 45	5 30	6 10	6 30	8 30	9 00	9 30	10 00	10 30
Egg Harbor City	9 40	11 20	3 40	4 55	5 40	6 20	6 40	8 40	9 10	9 40	10 10	10 40
Absecon	9 50	11 30	3 50	5 05	5 50	6 30	6 50	8 50	9 20	9 50	10 20	10 50
Atlantic City	10 00	11 40	4 00	5 15	6 00	6 40	7 00	9 00	9 30	10 00	10 30	11 00

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	Down		Up		Acco.	Exp.	Exp.	Su. Ex.				
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.								
Philadelphia	9 05	9 50	12 05	6 20	7 30	11 20	9 50	6 05	7 05	8 05	9 05	10 05
Camden	9 15	10 00	12 15	6 30	7 40	11 30	10 00	6 15	7 15	8 15	9 15	10 15
Haddonfield	9 25	10 10	12 25	6 40	7 50	11 40	10 10	6 25	7 25	8 25	9 25	10 25
Berlin	9 35	10 20	12 35	6 50	8 00	11 50	10 20	6 35	7 35	8 35	9 35	10 35
Atco	9 45	10 30	12 45	7 00	8 10	12 00	10 30	6 45	7 45	8 45	9 45	10 45
Waterford	9 55	10 40	12 55	7 10	8 20	12 10	10 40	6 55	7 55	8 55	9 55	10 55
Winslow	10 05	10 50	1 05	7 20	8 30	12 20	10 50	7 05	8 05	9 05	10 05	11 05
Hammonton	10 15	11 00	1 15	7 30	8 40	12 30	11 00	7 15	8 15	9 15	10 15	11 15
DeCosta	10 25	11 10	1 25	7 40	8 50	12 40	11 10	7 25	8 25	9 25	10 25	11 25
Elwood	10 35	11 20	1 35	7 50	9 00	12 50	11 20	7 35	8 35	9 35	10 35	11 35
Egg Harbor City	10 45	11 30	1 45	8 00	9 10	1 00	11 30	7 45	8 45	9 45	10 45	11 45
Absecon	10 55	11 40	1 55	8 10	9 20	1 10	11 40	7 55	8 55	9 55	10 55	11 55
Atlantic City	11 05	11 50	2 05	8 20	9 30	1 20	11 50	8 05	9 05	10 05	11 05	12 05

5000 Agents wanted! Double quick! to sell

JOE HOWARD'S BEECHER

Infinitely the most valuable because coming so closely from the family circle and by a master hand engaged in a "Labor of Love." Richly Illustrated—steel portrait, &c. Will sell immensely. Millions want this standard Life of the greatest Preacher and Orator of the age. Quick! is the word. Territory in great demand. Send for circulars and 50 cts. for outfit, to HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, 723 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THE ATTENTION of the citizens Hammonton is called to the fact that

GERRY VALENTINE

Is the only RESIDENT FURNISHING Undertaker.

Having recently purchased a New and Modern Hearse

And all necessary paraphernalia, I am prepared to satisfy ALL who may call.

Mr. Wm. A. Hood

Will attend, personally, to all calls, whether day or night. A competent woman ready to assist, also, when desired.

Mr. Hood's residence, on Second St., opposite A. J. Smith's.

Orders may be left at Chas. Simons' Livery

Sale for Taxes of 1885.

Return of taxes laid on unimproved, and untenanted land, and on land tenanted by persons not the lawful proprietors, who are unable to pay taxes, and on other real estate, in the town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic for the year 1885.

List of delinquent taxes returned to the Town Council, Sept. 24th, 1887, with description of property by block and lot, as laid down on the assessment map of the Town of Hammonton, which map is to be found at Town Clerk's office, also on file in the clerk's office of Atlantic County, at May's Landing, N. J.

Names.	Block	No. lot	Acres	Tax.
Andrus, Geo.	10	214	5	1 00
Ballenger, Dudley	17	41	9	1 99
Barstow, J. M.	1	59	10	1 42
Barron, E. & L. A.	5	part 63	4	1 00
Brown, L. W.	19	13	10	2 26
Brown, L. W.	19	16	10	1 26
Brown, L. W.	19	17	2 1/2	3 27
Clement, Samuel	9	39	10	1 99
Cochran, Benj.	17	—	6	2 50
Evans, David Fat	17	25	9	1 00
Fidel, E. H. & Chas.	17	66	3	1 00
Gleason Estate	13	part 63	lot 10	40
Houck, William	5	part 63	lot 10	48
Humphill, Robt.	16	463	20	5 50
Hopkins, Chas. F.	4	19	2	1 00
McCormack, Edw.	4	19	3	43
Nell, Thomas	2	63 and 67	40	2 00
Rubincam & Sellers	10	33	100	3 97
Winsland, Cran. Co	10	33	16	1 69
Wheaton, James	16	2	5	2 99
Woolston, W. H.	—	—	5	2 99

Interest, cost and back taxes, if any, will be made known at time of sale.

Estate of New Jersey, S. S. Atlantic County.

Orville E. Hoyt on his oath saith that he was Collector of Taxes of the Town of Hammonton for the year 1885, that the taxes accompanying this list were assessed on the respective lands for the year 1885 are unpaid, that he has used every legal diligence for the collection of the same, and returns said delinquent taxes to the Council of said town, as by law he is required to do.

Witness my hand and seal of office, this 13th day of Sept. 1887.

JOHN ATKINSON,
Justice of the Peace.

Permanently to be retained for the collection of taxes in the Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic.

The Chairman of the Town Council will, on Tuesday, Dec. 6th, 1887,

at TWO O'CLOCK in the afternoon, at the TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE, sell the above described lands, tenements and hereditaments taxed to the above named persons, or so much thereof as will be sufficient to pay the tax, interest and costs thereon.

JAMES H. SEELY,
Chairman of Town Council.

Attest,
A. J. SMITH, Town Clerk.