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**MILLINERY GOODS.**  
Ladies' Furnishing Goods a Specialty.  
Dressmaker's Spring Fashions have been  
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**A. B. Chase Organ**  
All recent improvements.  
Beautiful Cases.  
Tone Quality Unexcelled.  
A No. 1 instrument in all respects.  
Workmanship is very best throughout.  
Manufactured with proof. Music re-  
sponds like a to exclude dust.  
Having no holes, more good qualities  
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**ORGAN**  
Too well known to need recommenda-  
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**Speaks for itself.**

I buy direct cash, in lots, direct from  
the manufacturers, and at the low-  
est 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 Monthly Payments.  
**Edw. Stockwell,**  
**HAMMONTON, N. J.**  
T. A. BURNS, Agent.

**Mrs. King's Trip**  
FROM BRECKENRIDGE, COLORADO, TO  
HAMMONTON, NEW JERSEY.

LETTER NO. 1.  
To the Editor of the South Jersey Republican:  
I have been requested to write some-  
thing of my homeward trip from Color-  
ado for the REPUBLICAN, as we took a  
new route for most of the way; there-  
fore I have concluded to notice briefly  
in your columns what seemed to be  
most noteworthy on the journey. With  
the small chance for observation given  
on a trip by rail, but little can be learned  
but what catches the eye at a glance,  
and beside, intelligent people every-  
where, east and west, know so much of  
our country that one is at a loss what  
to say that will be of interest.

We left Breckenridge on the morning  
of October 19th. The sad preliminary  
to our journey was the good-bye to  
children, and unclasping from our necks  
the arms of little ones, who "did not  
want us to go away." Dear innocents,  
just beginning to learn how often in  
life such partings come! First was  
the stage ride to the railroad station,  
seventeen miles, "over the range," which  
means over the main range of the Rocky  
Mountains, on to the eastern slope of  
the continent. Since we left, the rail-  
road has been completed, and the cars  
are now running to Boreas, a station on  
the very summit of the range, or on the  
top of Breckenridge Pass, 12,200 feet  
above the sea level, eight miles from  
Breckenridge. By this time the track  
is nearly laid over the gorges and around  
the peaks which intervene between this  
station and the town, which would  
seem to the observer to defy the most  
skillful engineering to find a way over  
and among them for a railroad, did he  
not see the road already laid out and  
graded. Soon the iron horse will be  
thundering on its serpentine way down  
into the valley of the Blue, 2,600 feet  
below the pass, from which it will  
speedily continue on toward the Pacific  
Coast, through and over the mighty bar-  
riers Nature has placed in its way, over  
a new line of communication between  
the eastern and western oceans.

The ride to Como was agreeable—no  
mud or snowdrifts to encounter, the  
only unpleasantness being the breakneck  
speed of the horses down the mountain,  
and meeting several freighting teams  
just where it was next to impossible to  
pass. The stage had the inside track,  
and to permit us to pass, the teamsters  
were compelled to drive where their  
wheels rested on the very verge of the  
awful precipice, where the least giving  
way would have been unavailing de-  
struction to men and teams. No ac-  
cident, however, befell. The scenery,  
all the way was such as to make an  
indelible impression upon the memory,  
for in wildness and sublimity it is rarely  
surpassed. The dark forests through  
which our road lay, for a portion of  
the way, with the tall pines making  
solemn music as they were played upon  
by the passing breezes, like harps with  
myriad strings; the streams winding  
through the deep dells joining the cho-  
rus; the mountains hemming us in on  
every hand, and lifting their bare peaks  
to the skies, crowned with rock, red,  
green and grey, and the dark gorges  
that lay just on our right threatening  
destruction from a heedless move of our  
driver,—all these combined their influ-  
ences to make the trip deeply interesting  
and at times exciting.

I must not omit to mention an object  
of interest that claimed particular atten-  
tion, which was the mine—the Warrior's  
Mark, with its extension, the Snow-  
drift. It is near the summit, and one  
of the richest mines in the State. It is  
sometimes called a quarry, as the ore is  
literally quarried out from the surface.  
The mine is in sand rock, and was dis-  
covered by a mere youth, inexperienced  
in prospecting, who, in his ignorance,  
began digging in this rock, to the dis-  
gust of old miners, who called him a fool  
for his pains, believing sand rock to be  
barren of mineral. The discovery,  
therefore, marked an epoch in the his-  
tory of mining. The discovery was

made in August, 1880. The youth sold  
his claim for \$1000, which was paid in  
three weeks from the proceeds of the  
mine. A company was then formed,  
and stock issued to the amount of three  
million dollars, and the mine is now  
successfully worked, yielding ore that  
runs as high as \$10,000 to the ton, from  
this down to the lower grades.  
**MARIA M. KING.**  
HAMMONTON, Dec. 20, 1881.

### Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 28, 1881.  
The annual report of the Second As-  
sistant Postmaster-General was made  
public Friday. The cost of mail  
transportation for the year ending June  
30, 1881, is summed up as follows: For  
1,104 railroad routes, aggregating 91,  
569 miles, \$11,613,368; for 126 steam-  
boat routes, aggregating 21,136 miles,  
\$763,167; for 10,372 other routes known  
as "Star routes," aggregating 231,299  
miles, \$6,957,355; total cost, \$19,333,-  
890.

Compared with the last annual state-  
ment, the railroad service shows an in-  
crease of seventy-six routes, of 6,249  
miles, and of \$1,114,392 in annual cost.  
The steamboat service shows a decrease  
of five routes, of 2,182 miles, and of  
\$134,054 in annual cost. The Star ser-  
vice shows an increase of 409 routes, a  
decrease of 3,949 miles and of \$384,144  
in annual cost. The cost of the Star  
service of 1881 was \$6,957,355, a de-  
crease of 4.97 per cent in the cost com-  
pared with the amount expended during  
the year 1880. The application for the  
year ending June 30, 1882, is \$7,900,-  
000, being \$942,645 or 13.55 per cent in  
excess of the cost of the service for 1881.  
It is thought that the estimate for Star  
service can be safely placed at \$7,250,-  
000, a decrease of \$650,000 from the ap-  
propriation of 1882, and \$292,645 more  
than the rate of expenditure June 30,  
1881. In this estimate provision is  
made for new service that may be peti-  
tioned for and established after due in-  
vestigation looking to the requirements  
of the sections interested, and the postal  
facilities now furnished. General  
Elmer says that had no orders been  
made reducing the Star service, there  
would have been needed, at the rate of  
past increases, about \$9,000,000 for  
1882.

The Treasury contingent fund inves-  
tigation has brought to light the facts  
in regard to the payment of \$7,200 for  
a new-fangled boiler, a scheme in connec-  
tion with the heating of public buildings.  
The Senate investigation shows that  
the \$7,200 was paid to a man in Chic-  
ago named McMullin, who held that his  
alleged improvement would be a great  
saving in coal to the government. The  
improvement was perfectly worthless.  
The Senate committee, however, brings  
out a further fact, that the money was  
paid to McMullin upon the recommen-  
dation of J. B. Hawley, who was then  
First Assistant Secretary of the Treas-  
ury and a candidate for the Illinois  
gubernatorial nomination. It has also  
been shown in the Senate investigation  
that McMullin was to do all he could  
to secure that nomination for Hawley.

Dakota is likely to be admitted as a  
State this winter. Its growth during  
the past year is one of the marvels  
of the day. The postal revenues are a  
good indication of the growth and busi-  
ness of a State. The postal revenues of  
Dakota this year will reach \$153,000,  
while those of Florida are only \$120,-  
000; Nevada, \$89,000, and Delaware,  
\$88,000.

Representative Springer has called  
upon the State and Post Office Depart-  
ments for copies of all correspondence  
with foreign governments on the sub-  
ject of the postal telegraph system, ap-  
parently with the view of introducing a  
bill to establish the system in this coun-  
try.

A country postmaster wrote to the  
Postmaster-General a day or two ago  
saying, "a man's wife dropped a letter  
in this office addressed to another man;  
the husband suspects something wrong,  
shall I deliver the letter to him?"  
The postmaster was instructed that the  
husband could not get the letter in that  
way.

That republicans can be grateful is  
shown by the issuance to-day over Sec-  
retary Kirkwood's signature, of twenty-  
seven pieces of bounty-land scrip to the  
heirs of John Paul Jones, a captain in  
the American navy, in appreciative  
acknowledgment of brave and meritor-  
ious services in connection with the  
capture of certain British vessels of war.

To keep alive the political gossip of  
the day, Judge Jere Black is announced  
as an aspirant for presidential honors  
on a platform composed of anti-monop-  
oly, God-in-the-Constitution, and pure  
Democracy.

Mr. R. S. Blaine, a brother of ex-  
Senator Blaine, is to be appointed news-  
paper clerk under the Clerk of the House  
of Representatives.

Application having been made by the  
cadet midshipmen at the Naval Acad-  
emy for leave of absence during the  
Christmas holidays, the Secretary of  
the Navy decided that such of the stu-  
dents as desired to visit Washington  
on Christmas day, should be granted  
leave of absence from Sunday morning  
till Monday evening and no more.

**JOHN.**  
"Do you think you will be able to  
pull through?" anxiously inquired the  
needle of the thread. "Eye guess so,"  
was the curt response.

In the good Old Testament days it  
was considered a miracle for an ass to  
speak, and now nothing short of a mir-  
acle will keep one quiet.

The girl who was locked in her lover's  
arms for three long hours, explains that  
it wasn't her fault. She claims he for-  
got the combination.

**In Memoriam** The life and public services  
of the Nation's Hero. By  
**GARFIELD** Major Bunday. Complete  
to date. Written at Master  
by invitation under the direction of Mr. Garfield.  
Contains 3/4 steel portrait of Garfield, faithful  
portraits of mother, wife and children; also numerous  
fine engravings; 63 confidential letters covering and  
explaining his whole career; ten original testimonial  
letters from Whilliam College, classmates; extracts  
from important speeches and writings; endorsement  
by Col. Rockwell and the President in every book.  
Agents positively making \$10 daily. It is the most  
attractive, authentic and best. Price, \$1.25. Agents  
wanted everywhere. Send \$1 for terms and  
outline, including copy of book. Address, **A. S.  
BARNES & CO., 111 E. 117th Street,  
St. N. Y.**

**1882.**  
**HARPER'S**  
**YOUNG PEOPLE.**

Illustrated Weekly. Sixteen Pages.  
Suited to Boys of from six  
to sixteen years of age.  
Vol. III commenced Nov. 1, 1881.  
Now is the time to subscribe.

The Young People has been from the first successful  
beyond anticipation.—N. Y. Evening Post.  
It has a distinct purpose in which it steadily adheres,  
—that namely, of supplanting the vicious papers for  
the young with a paper more attractive, as well as  
more wholesome.—Boston Journal.  
For neatness, elegance of engraving, and contents  
generally, it is unsurpassed by any publication of the  
kind yet brought to our notice.—Pittsburg Gazette.  
Its weekly visits are eagerly looked for, not only by  
the children, but also by parents who are anxious to  
provide their little ones with the best reading matter.  
—Buffalo, N. Y.  
A weekly paper for children which parents need not  
fear to let their children read at the family table.—  
Hartford Daily Times.  
Just the paper to take the eye and secure the atten-  
tion of the boys and girls.—Springfield Union.

**TERMS.**  
**HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,** per  
year, postage paid, \$1.50  
Single numbers, four cents each.  
The Bound Volume for 1881 is ready—price \$3 post-  
age prepaid. Copy for Young People for 1881, 35 cts.  
Remittances should be made by Post-office money  
order or draft, to avoid chance of loss.  
Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement with-  
out the express order of Harper & Bros.  
Address **HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

**HOWARD A. SNOW,**  
Washington, D. C.  
SOLICITOR OF  
**AMERICAN and FOREIGN**  
**PATENTS,**  
Successor to GILMORE, SMITH &  
CO., and CHIPMAN, HOSMER & CO.

Patents procured upon the same plan which was  
originated and successfully practiced by the above-  
named firm. Pamphlet of sixty pages sent upon re-  
ceipt of stamp.  
**Best** business now before public. You can make  
money faster at work far as than at any other  
thing else. Capital not needed. We will  
start you. \$12 a day and upwards made  
at home by the "Illustrations." Also, wo-  
men, boys and girls wanted everywhere to  
work for us. Now is the time. You need not leave  
time only, or give your whole time to the business.  
You can live at home and do the work. No other busi-  
ness will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail  
to make a fortune by engaging at once. Goodly capital  
and terms free. Money sent for "us," 125 West  
N. Y. Address **Tate & Co., Augusta, Maine.**

**JONES**  
**PHOTOGRAPH**  
**Gallery**

Is open in Hammononton for a  
short time.

Outfit sent free to those who will send us  
in the most pleasant and profitable manner  
known. Everything new. Orders for  
\$10 a day and upwards. We will send you  
staying away from home over a hundred  
whenever. Many new styles, prices  
cut. Many are making fortunes in the  
business. No one will be willing to work  
in a week at an ordinary employment, when the  
opportunity will find a short road to fortune.  
**W. D. PACKER & Co., Portland, Me.**

**GO TO**  
**PACKER'S**  
**Old Stand,**  
**The Hammononton Bakery.**

Where the usual variety of whole bread,  
rolls, cakes, pies, and pastries, so well  
attested to, in quantity and quality,  
by a critical and discriminating  
New England public. Also for  
this special occasion may be  
found a full, complete and  
varied assortment of choice  
confections. Compre-  
hending mixtures, caramels,  
chocolate creams,  
bon bons, lozenges, etc. Also a great  
variety of penny goods for the little  
folks.  
Also apples, oranges,  
figs golden and common,  
dates, raisins, nuts, lem-  
ons, coconuts, etc. etc.  
Thanking the public for the liberal  
share of patronage so generously be-  
stowed, we hope, by strict attention to  
business and fair dealing, to merit a  
future continuance of the same.  
**W. D. PACKER**

**The CENTURY Magazine,**  
Scribner's Monthly  
For the Coming Year.

With the November number, the following  
under the title of "The Century Magazine"  
will be, in fact, a new magazine, "The  
Century." The page is now devoted to  
admitting pictures of a larger size, and  
reading matter about

Fourteen Additional Pages.  
The following is a summary of the leading features  
of the year:

- A new novel by Mrs. Barnett  
(Author of "That Son of Leviathan," etc.) entitled  
"Through One Administration," a story of Wash-  
ington.
- Studies of the Louisiana Creoles  
By Geo. W. Cable, author of "The Grandissime,"  
a series of brilliant papers on the life and  
romance of Creole life in Louisiana.
- A Novel by W. D. Howells  
Author of "A Chance Acquaintance," etc., dealing  
with characteristic features of American life.
- Ancient and Modern Sculpture  
A "History of Ancient Sculpture," by Mrs. Key  
and a series of brilliant papers on the sculpture  
of the past and present. There will also be papers on "Living English  
Sculptors" and on the "Younger Sculptors of  
America," fully illustrated.
- The Opera in New York  
By Richard Grant White. A popular and valuable  
series, to be illustrated with wonderful comple-  
teness and beauty.
- Architecture and Decoration in America  
Will be treated in a way to furnish both the  
holder and housewife, with many practical  
as well as beautiful illustrations from recent  
American sources.
- Representative Men and Women of the  
Nineteenth Century.  
Biographical sketches, accompanied by portraits of  
George Eliot, Robert Browning, Henry Thoreau,  
W. D. Howells, John Ruskin, George Eliot, Matthew  
Arnold, Christina Rossetti, Thomas Carlyle,  
and of the younger American writers, Wm. Dean  
Howells, Henry James, Jr., and others.
- Scenes of Thackeray's "Harrington"  
George Eliot's Novels.  
Reproducing the illustrations of the scenes of  
Dickens's novels.
- The Reform of the Civil Service.  
Arranged by Mrs. James, a series of able  
papers on the present political condition.
- Poetry and Prose in America  
The last 50 numbers of "The Century" contain  
Kumler, Lowell, and others, by E. C. Robinson.
- Stories, Sketches, and Essays  
Will be selected from Charles Reade, Wm. D.  
Howells, "Mark Twain," Elizabeth Easton,  
Henry James, Jr., John Muir, Miss Gordon  
Cumming, "H. H." George W. Cable, Joel Chandler  
Harris, E. C. Rowwood, F. D. Millet, Noah Brooks,  
Frank R. Stockton, Constance F. Woolson, H. E.  
Benson, Albert Sidney, F. D. Howells, William  
John Burroughs, Parkes Godwin, Thomas Nelson  
Haley, Eliza, Ernest Ingersoll, E. J. Conklin, E. J.  
Whitcomb, and many others.
- One or two papers on "The Adventures of the  
Clay" and an original life of Rev. J. W. Alden, the  
author of "The South Sea Islands," are among other features  
to be published.
- The Editorial Departments  
Thoughts will be uniformly complete and "The  
World's Work" will be substantially enlarged.  
The plan of "The Century Magazine" will remain  
the same. The price will be 50 cents a number. The  
subscription price for the year will be \$5.00 in  
advance. The "Century Magazine" will be sent  
free to those who will send us \$1.00 in advance.  
The "Century Magazine" will be sent free to  
those who will send us \$1.00 in advance.

The Outlook For Wool.

Perhaps there may be those who think our wool is now in a somewhat optimistic, but the present condition of the market in wool and woolen goods, at home and abroad, justifies the ground we have heretofore taken, that there was nothing to indicate a decline, but rather an advance in desirable wools before the new crop would come in.

The recent sales of colonial wool in London, opened with a good attendance of buyers, both English and foreign, and the competition was sufficient to force prices up considerably. The result was an advance of from five to ten per cent, over the closing sales of September last, which concluded the regular series of that period.

What is the condition in the United States? The United States Economist said in a late issue: "Although it is out of our province to give advice, we in this instance did so for the public good, not that we have one interest at heart more than another. But to be candid, the wool and woolen interests disclose an extraordinary state of things. What are the facts? Simply this:

I. The woolen mills of America are running with headlong speed to supply the demand and they cannot catch up to their orders. One party has been found who found fault with the goods not being up to sample, and was told to return them and close up his account. The agent paid freight on the goods, and sold them again at an advance. Cloth jobs and clothes cannot afford to reject goods now, while the raw material is going up the world over.

II. The mills, in their efforts to break prices, have kept out of the market, and are lightly stocked. III. The farmers have sold three-fourths of the clip, and the remainder is held at prices which keep the manufacturer and dealer ten and sixteen cents apart on the secured pound.

IV. The stock of domestic and foreign on our seaboard markets was never smaller at this season. V. The wool markets of the world, are far above realistic values in America, and wools cannot now be imported, unless at a further advance.

Humorous Clips.

A pedagogue said the telephone is a hell of an affair. He is very sorry of getting tired, somebody says of a lazy man. To succeed a young man must work unless he goes to an estate.

The sir who breathe contains five grains of water to every cubic foot of its bulk. Bluffing and betting have no effect whatever on an election. One man won over from the other side is worth more than all the bets that can be made.

The world is a grab bag into which satan has thrust his arm way up to the shoulder. Some men are born fools, some achieve idiocy, and some have it thrust upon them by the newspaper paragraphs.

There is a woman in Des Moines who has a hen which she declares to be twenty-eight years old. More than fifty hotel-keepers have sought to buy the hen.

Put it neatly said the little pet of the household on her birthday: "It is a lovely doll, dear grandpa and grand-ma, but I've been hoping it would be twins."

"Sit down," said a nervous old gentleman to his son, who was making too much noise. "I won't do it, it's the impudent answer." "Well, then, stand up. I will be obeyed!"

If you a postnet will write, Provide a pen and sheet of paper. And then invoke the measure. And then—just let the creature caper.

A zoological paradox: It is notorious that giraffes die young, and yet they are long for their time. Necke-ti! Courting is a natural blessing. It teaches young people to speak mildly, especially if the old folks are in the next room, with the door open.

The safest way now to send a postal card is to enclose it in an envelope and put a three-cent stamp on the outside. "No Star ever rose and set without influence somewhere," says a philosopher. The same remark is applicable to a hen.

"Ed" writes to know whether it is safest to carry money in the pants or vest pocket. Money is securest when it's in your Ed. A fire in a Paris tenement was put out by a couple of policemen. An enthusiast exclaimed, "How admirable our police!" They arrest even a fire.

Algerian Wheat. Wheat culture in northern Africa is attracting considerable attention. In Algeria, civilization has nearly superseded barbarism, and the wheat grown there are of the finest description.

In ancient times northern Africa was a highly productive country, and the excellence of its products explains why the Romans attached such importance to retaining possession of it. One who has traveled in Algeria, and investigated its resources for grain raising, says that the wheats there can be divided into two classes, hard and soft wheats. The former are most translucent, contain but little water, and weigh up to sixty-four pounds per bushel.

The varieties cultivated most are those known as Polish, Tanager and Ismail. These wheats are rich in gluten, make flour of excellent quality, and of a very agreeable flavor. The semolina obtained from them for the manufacture of macaroni rival the best Italian.

The Arabs cultivate more hard than soft wheats. In general the hard wheats, like the soft, are still not very productive, but on the farms or lands well cultivated, and where irrigation is possible, as much as twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre is obtained. The cultivation of wheat has been greatly extended under whose has increased the average under whose has increased 2,771,475 acres, viz.: 2,398,250 acres of hard wheat and 303,225 acres of soft wheat. If the average yield of the fields cultivated by the Arabs was as great as that of the fields cultivated by Europeans, it is said that the total crop might be raised to 224,000,000 bushels.

The Song of the Season.

Tell me not in mournful numbers, Building thee with charms and traights; If I feel that man who has no love, He will tell you so.

Art is long and Time is a runner, And one heart, tho' three and three, Tell us that the first base-runner Was our mother's nimble slipper.

Lives of great men all remind us, We can make our hearts gay; And, departing, leave behind us, A coat that was our father's.

Coal bills that, perhaps, another, Sitting o'er the sofa's ease, A fortune and bankrupt brother—Seeing, shall present us.

Let us be up and doing, Let us be up and doing, Let us be up and doing, Let us be up and doing.

When General Jackson was a candidate for the Presidency in 1828, not only did the party opposed to him abuse him for his public acts, which, if unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject for reproband, but they defamed the character of his wife.

On one occasion a newspaper published in Nashville was placed upon the General's table. He glanced over it, and his eyes fell upon an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed.

Mrs. Jackson watched him, and though she heard not a word she saw mischief in his eyes. The General went out after a few moments, when she took up the paper and understood everything. She ran out to the south gate of the yard of the Hermitage, by which the General would have to pass.

A quantity of bees, destined for Ontario, have been received in London by Cyprus. They were let out near London for a fly, and afterwards released for the remainder of their journey. They are conveyed in small boxes, partly covered with perforated metal, and are provided with honey and water.

In 1759 John Wesley preached near Bedford. Toward the close of his discourse some persons bewailed the top of their vehicles. One man, full of malice, had filled his pockets with rotten eggs to throw at the preacher. A young man, perceiving what he intended, went up behind, clasped his hands on the man's pockets, and mashed the eggs all at once.

The King's Guest. The king rode fast, the king rode far: "Now, by my crown," quoth he, "If I, in all the land shall find: A maiden of contented mind—Be she of high or low degree: By Pagan rites or Christian creed—My consort she shall be."

But when he cleaned the maid to meet, So well content was she, She would not look, but, fear and blind, went on her way. "Alack, if I had, 'I'm caught in my own web," quoth he; "This maiden of contented mind Is so contented that she—"

A Left-Handed Lung Tester. We don't want a Three Springs girl for a lung tester. At a singing school up there the other night a young man was bragging about the strength of his lungs; and invited a girl in the company to hit him in the breast.

She said she was left-handed, had been washing that day, was tired, and didn't feel very active, but at his urgent request let go at him. When his friends went to pick him up he said he thought he would die easier lying down. He had lost all recollection of having any lungs, but the young woman consoled him by admitting that she didn't hit him as hard as she might have done, because she rather liked him.

Old Hickory's Wife. When General Jackson was a candidate for the Presidency in 1828, not only did the party opposed to him abuse him for his public acts, which, if unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject for reproband, but they defamed the character of his wife.

On one occasion a newspaper published in Nashville was placed upon the General's table. He glanced over it, and his eyes fell upon an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed.

Mrs. Jackson watched him, and though she heard not a word she saw mischief in his eyes. The General went out after a few moments, when she took up the paper and understood everything. She ran out to the south gate of the yard of the Hermitage, by which the General would have to pass.

A quantity of bees, destined for Ontario, have been received in London by Cyprus. They were let out near London for a fly, and afterwards released for the remainder of their journey. They are conveyed in small boxes, partly covered with perforated metal, and are provided with honey and water.

A Christmas Eve.

Had you but seen me in a cold errand, God bless thee!" murmured the woman, devoutly, as she closed the door upon the lily-clad figure. "He has dealt kindly with me in leaving her to sweeten my bitter cup."

But Mina little heeded the pleading words and the softer glow that had felt lighter to-night than usual. Why, she knew not. It was Christmas eve, but that would be but a cheerless repetition of all other winter eves. She was only a child, and when she came to a brilliantly lighted window, wherein lay exposed a thousand pretty and costly toys, she stopped and stood gazing long and wistfully upon the display.

"John, bring my carriage to the door immediately!" John bowed and left. His master had never before spoken in such short, sharp, decisive tones. John was dumfounded. "And now we will go to your home," the gentleman said to Mina, assisting her to the door and into the carriage. In another moment they were rattling over the cobblestones toward the poor-quarter.

A half-hour later they were ascending the steps of the tumble-down rookery in Falem Court. Dozens of rowdy heads peeped from shutterless windows, curious to know who the fine gentleman was, and more than one simple-minded soul guessed it was the constable come to set the widow out in the street.

The widow admitted them, and with a glance at Mina's escort, uttered a cry of mingled joy and pain, and fell fainting in the gentleman's arms. The reader must already have divined the cause of the strange proceeding chronicled above. Hugh Saunders, the wealthy bank president, had found his long-lost wife and child. He had returned to Seaport village, during which he had suffered shipwreck and capture by island savages, and only to find that his wife, after giving him up for dead, had died, and none of the neighbors knew whether she had gone. Those who believe in a controlling Providence may easily discern the guiding hand of God in this affair, bringing the woman where she should be reunited with her husband, after she had determined upon leaving her native village.

Hugh Saunders came to Boston and soon built up a lucrative business in ship-stores. Becoming a heavy stockholder in a bank, he was finally made its President. It was the richest institution in Boston, and the soundest. But how near it came to bankruptcy on that cold December night that found Mina asleep in its parlor offices, few people outside of the bank officers ever knew. Nor did others ever know why Mina was sometimes called by her father "The brave little detective."

The Little Detective. A Christmas Story. BY A. ARNOLD KELLY. The winter of 1883 was the severest ever experienced in New England. Setting in as early as late October, the last vestiges of ice and snow did not leave the earth until the opening of May, when frequent warm rains ensued, causing heavy freshets and much damage to life and property along the many beautiful streams for which New England is famous.

During all this long and gloomy period the cold was intensely bitter, and heavy snowfalls, accompanied by tempestuous winds, were of almost daily occurrence, until the earth was an unbroken expanse of immaculate whiteness, save where farm-houses or bits of woodland broke the monotony of the wintry scene.

The suffering among the poor of the cities and towns was terrible, notwithstanding the heroic efforts put forth by the more charitable organizations for their relief, and the rate of mortality was daily augmented by deaths from cold and privation among the unfortunates; and not only did death and suffering ensue, but crime became rampant, and held such a carnival as one city at least, that of Boston, had never before experienced, and such indeed as has not had its parallel in any subsequent period of its history.

It is in the city I have named that my story has its foundation. It opens in a miserable by-street in the poorer quarter of that city, where there stood at the time an old, dilapidated tenement house, occupied by five families of the miserable, poor, gaunt, starved creatures, who, by daily begging and foraging excursions, contrived to keep alive the feeble spark of life in their wretched bodies.

The structure contained four rooms and an attic, each apartment sheltering a whole family. In it also lived a poor widow and her little girl, a pretty creature, in spite of her pinched features and sad eyes. "The widow supported herself and child by the needle. She had lived all her previous days in a New England sea-coast village, having married a fisherman, who lost his life at sea, as he and his ship had never since been heard from."

Widow Saunders, for such was her name, came to the great city to escape the speaking of the restless sea, which continually spoke to her of her loss. She said she was left-handed, had been washing that day, was tired, and didn't feel very active, but at his urgent request let go at him. When his friends went to pick him up he said he thought he would die easier lying down. He had lost all recollection of having any lungs, but the young woman consoled him by admitting that she didn't hit him as hard as she might have done, because she rather liked him.

At the Christmas Eve. Had you but seen me in a cold errand, God bless thee!" murmured the woman, devoutly, as she closed the door upon the lily-clad figure. "He has dealt kindly with me in leaving her to sweeten my bitter cup."

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At the Whist Table.

At the whist-table one often hears exaggerated forms of expression, peculiarly from the lips of experienced players in sarcastic remonstrance or advice; witness the old aphorism about the number of little children now running about shoobies and bags, because their fathers neglected to lead from five of a suit, and the only two excuses for not returning trumps—when you haven't got one, and sudden death—and the like.

"What can one do against three such adversaries?" was the vicious exclamation, when the trick was lost, of an old devotee of the game, whose partner was certainly not all that Caven-dish could have desired. "Why did you not lead spades?" I once said, somewhat captiously, to a whist-player whose hand I had been overlooking, and who had played cautiously, when, as it seemed to me, after the event—the period at which it is so easy to give excellent advice—by leading different he might possibly have scored more tricks. "That's what I should have done!"

"Ah," he replied, looking back over his shoulder at me through his spectacles, calmly, "you have the world before you, and none but yourself to consider. You have no wife and family dependent on you for bread, and I have. Had such been your case, too, you would certainly have led spades."

I should mention—to prevent misconception—that the stakes were sixpenny points. The same gentleman, when the conversation at the table touched on my beating, expressed his conviction that the man who could lead from a single card was capable of striking a woman.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Home-steads. The first requirement is that the person has served for ninety days in the army, navy, or marine corps of the United States during the rebellion, has remained loyal to the government, and has been honorably discharged. The next privilege such soldier or sailor has is: "Such homestead settler shall be allowed, six months after the date of his discharge, to file his declaratory statement, within which to make his entry, and commence his settlement and improvement." The time the settler has served in the army, navy, or marine corps shall be deducted from the time heretofore required to perfect title: or if discharged on account of wounds received or disability incurred in the line of duty, then the term of enlistment shall be deducted from the time heretofore required to perfect title, without reference to the length of time he may have served: "But no patent shall issue to any homestead settler who has not resided upon, improved and cultivated his homestead for a period of at least one year after he shall have commenced his improvements." No matter what persons say, who solicit the privilege of locating homesteads in the name of soldiers and sailors, at considerable expense, when there is no prospect of settling on the land selected, soldiers and sailors will observe the important requirement of at least one year's actual bona fide residence and cultivation of the homestead.

Respecting the five-year homestead, the homestead law says: By making an entry, an inceptive right is vested in the settler, and his final title depends on his residence upon, and cultivation of the land embraced in his claim. This residence and cultivation must continue five years, unless he was a soldier or sailor in the late war or if he were to pay for his land, or at private entry, he may after six months' settlement and cultivation, make the necessary proof. This early payment is called commencing homestead entry. Such homestead settler (an ex-soldier or sailor) shall be allowed six months after locating his homestead, and filing his declaratory statement, within which to make his entry and commence his settlement and improvement. Another point is covered by rulings of the department, as follows: After a soldier has resided on his homestead long enough to make his military service five years, further residence is unnecessary to secure patent.

At the approaching coronation of the Czar and Czarina the Ivory throne of Constantine, the last Emperor of Constantinople, is to be used. The Czarina is to occupy a throne adorned with eight hundred and seventy-six diamonds and rubies, and one thousand two hundred and twenty-three sapphires, turquoises and pearls of the first water.

Mary's Vale is a beautiful valley through which the clear, swift and deep Sever River flows. It contains a mining camp, and is the home of General Agramonte, one of the most noted characters of Utah. The soldiers call him "Big Windy," in allusion to his remarkable conversational powers. Just previous to my arrival an attempt had been made to assassinate him. Three shots were fired at him from the bushes of the Sever River, none of which took effect. He returned the fire with a Sharp's rifle, and on the following day a wounded saint was found, being carefully cared for in a neighboring village. The General married Miss Clara Stonehouse Young (widow of Joseph A. Young, Brigham's most talented son), and being a gentle and a bold speaker of opinions, is not one of the loved ones of Zion. He claims direct descent from a famous Castilian king; he served on the staff of a Union General during the war; has adventured some time in Mexico and was for years active and prominent in the cause of the Cuban rebellion. I had heard much of him in my travels, and when I saw him enter a room where I sat, and place a carbine and double-barreled shotgun in a corner, remove a belt holding a navy revolver and a bowie knife, and slip a silver-mounted Dorringer in his pocket, I knew that I was in the presence of General Agramonte. Accompanying him were two beautiful boys, ten or twelve years of age, grandsons of the Prophet. I never passed a more agreeable evening. As a wit, story teller, mimic and eloquent narrator of exciting events, I have rarely seen his equal. He speaks English, Spanish, French and German with equal fluency, and "sets a table in a roar" as naturally as though laughing were the chief business of all mankind. I could not bring myself to believe that he was of Spanish descent. After he had retired for the night, a short conversation occurred on this point. One gentleman thought he was an Englishman, another thought he was a Dane. The third said: "Gentlemen, I remember reading an incident in one of Maryatt's novels. A finely uniformed officer was pacing the quarter deck with great dignity, when a sailor, who had fallen from the masthead, struck the deck immediately behind him. Where the sailors did you come from?" inquired the officer with considerable interest. "From the North of Ireland," was the prompt reply. "That is my opinion of Agramonte. I believe he came from the North of Ireland. He is certainly one of the shrewdest, witliest men in Utah."—San Francisco Post.

Head Hunting in Borneo. The practice of head hunting still exists in Borneo, though it is evidently dying out in the regions over which the Dutch have any control. It is a curious custom. No youth is allowed to don the tokens of manhood or pay any attention to any Malay lady or girl, has been able to bring in two or three of his enemies' heads. Births, marriages and deaths, and many other events in the lives of these half-savage people cannot be properly celebrated without the presence of a few fresh heads; and in almost every house one or more of these trophies are stowed away wrapped up in banana leaves. It appears likely that the custom is simply a survival from cannibalism. Indeed, among the few remaining cannibals Dyaks in Koolet it is still the custom to reserve the head for the chief, the remainder of the victim's body being divided among the common people.

The 64-65 Puzzle. The following curious puzzle bears the celebrated "13-15-14," and is well worth investigation. Take a strip of paper or card-board, thirteen inches long and five inches wide, thus giving us a surface of sixty-five inches. Now, cut this strip diagonally, as true as you can, giving two pieces in the shape of a triangle. Now measure each side five inches from the larger end of each strip and cut in two pieces. Take the strips and put them into the shape of an exact square, and it will appear to be just eight inches each way, or sixty-four square inches—less one square inch of superficial measurement, with no diminution of surface. The question is, what becomes of that inch?

Some one says talk is cheap. It is so, when it comes in the extra session of the Legislature, and must be paid for by the State.—New Orleans Picayune.



**Agricultural.**

**Cost of Fences.**

On this subject the census reports, now in process of compilation, contain very important facts. In the schedule for statistics there was incorporated an inquiry as to the cost of building and repairing fences during the year 1879. Thus far the table has been completed for seven States only, showing the following outlay for fences in those States respectively during the census year:

Kansas.....	2,267,259
California.....	2,171,411
Arkansas.....	1,579,141
Louisiana.....	1,482,721
Alabama.....	975,000
South Carolina.....	917,000
Connecticut.....	643,775
Total.....	10,028,748

Here is nearly \$11,000,000 in one year expended on fences, for the protection of crops from damage by the incursions of domestic animals, in seven States. It is estimated that the wear and waste is equal to ten per cent., which would show the original investment in these seven States to be considerably above \$10,000,000, all of which must be included in the cost of raising the crops.

Some of the States named are among the newer ones, where lands are being rapidly settled up; but the cost of maintaining fences in older States is large. It is estimated that the annual State and county taxes on farms in the State of New York amount to thirty-three cents per acre, while the annual tax occasioned by fences amounts to \$1.12 per acre. From the above figures, it will be seen, that the *Prairie Farmer* has often shown, that the fence question is a very important one to farming interests, and in its bearing upon the cost of farm production, not without interest to the commercial world. Estimates made from the best data obtainable have indicated that the cost of fences in the United States exceeds the entire value of the live stock of the country, including horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. Out of this statement, based upon information given concerning its probability, has grown the discussion relating to abolishing fences altogether, and adopting the methods of France and Belgium in herding stock; and the herd laws on the statute books of some of our Western States are the result. But in this country, the time is far distant when the French and Belgian plan will be generally adopted. The circumstances, that govern the question there are widely different from those that would decide it in very many sections of the United States.

The completion of the census report will furnish statistics which cannot fail to be of great value in shedding light upon this important subject. As between "fencing in" and "fencing out" to keep stock from doing damage to the crops, the rule will continue to be, to fence it out, especially when the price of barbed or thorn wire reduces the cost so much below rail, board, or hedge fences.

**Dairy Stock.**

The selection of dairy stock is a subject which is being constantly discussed, and the conclusions as to breed certainly are as different as they are ever. With the exception of the Jersey, which in some sections can be made exceedingly profitable—of which there is no doubt in any mind—the admirers of all the other breeds claim for them exceptional dairy qualities, and those who have never indulged in breeding blooded stock are as enthusiastically in favor of the milky. But there are general characteristics of a good milk cow recognized, of whatever breed the cow may be. She must, in the first place, have a good digestive apparatus, for she can make milk only as she digests her food. If she has this she will have a large stomach and large lungs and plenty of heart room, which indicate a strong constitution and vigorous organs. But this is not all, nor is it the most important. Many a cow consumes and digests a great deal of food, but it is turned into fat instead of being converted into milk. In such cases it will almost invariably be noticed that the cow has a small udder. If, the udder, on the other hand, is large, it is fair to conclude that nature has provided it for the purpose of holding milk, and that she will fill it. One dairyman says that if the udder extends beyond the thigh and well up behind, well forward, moderately broad and deep, with good size teats, well apart, skin soft and thin, it may confidently be inferred that we have a dairy cow of the first order. If to these be added strict attention to pedigree—the milking quality of the ancestry—the founda-

tion for an excellent dairy herd will be laid. If a cow is a poor milker it is more than folly to keep her for that purpose, but it is still more so to raise calves from her with the intention of using them for dairy purposes.

The Guenon theory of the evolution should be applied in the selection of a sire, a thing well understood by a great many. It has been practically settled that the milk mirror on the sire means just as much as it does on the dam, and, therefore, is an unerring indication, when it is fully developed, that the sire comes from a milking family.

**The Moorish Rule in Spain.**

On the north of Africa settled the lurid form of the Arabian crescent, one horn reaching to the Bosphorus and one pointing to the Pyrenees. Scarcely had the Arabs become firmly settled in Spain, when they commenced a brilliant career. Cordova, under their administration, at its highest point of prosperity, boasted of more than two hundred thousand houses, and more than a million of inhabitants.

After sunset, a man might walk through it in a straight line for ten miles, by the light of its public lamps. Seven hundred years after this time there was not so much as one public lamp in London. Its streets were solidly paved. In Paris, centuries subsequently, whoever stepped over his threshold on a rainy day, stepped up to his ankles in mud.

The Spanish Mohammedans took with them all the luxuries and prodigalities of Asia. Their residences stood forth against the blue sky, or were embosomed in woods. They had polished marble balconies over hanging orange gardens; courts with cascades of water; shady retreats provocative of slumber in the heat of the day; retiring rooms, vaulted with stained glass, speckled with gold, over which streams of water were made to gush.

The floors and walls were of exquisite mosaic. Here, a fountain of quicksilver shot up in a glistening spray, the glittering particles falling with a tranquil sound like fairy bells; there, apartments into which cool air was drawn from flower gardens, in summer, by means of ventilating towers, and in the winter, through earthen pipes, or caleducts, imbedded in the walls, the hypocaust in the vaults below breathing forth volumes of warm and perfuming air through the hidden passages.

The walls were not covered with wainscot, but adorned with arabesques and paintings of agricultural scenes and views of paradise. From the ceilings, corniced with fretted gold, great chandeliers hung, one of which, it is said, contained 1,084 lamps. Clusters of frail marble columns surprised the beholder with the vast weights they bore. In the boudoirs of the sultanas they were sometimes of verd antique, and encrusted with lapis lazuli.

The furniture was of sandal and citron woods, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ivory, silver, or relieved with gold and precious malachite. In order of confusion were arranged vases of rock crystal, Chinese porcelains and tablets of exquisite mosaic. The winter apartments were hung with rich tapestry; the floors were covered with embroidered Persian carpets. Pillows and couches of elegant forms were perfumed with frankincense. There were whispering galleries for the amusement of the women; labyrinthine and marble play-courts for the children; for the master himself, grand libraries. The Caliph Alhambra's was so large that the catalogue alone filled forty volumes. He had also apartments for the transcribing, binding, and ornamenting of books.

Over the Pyrenees, literary, philosophical and military adventures were perpetually passing, and thus the luxury, the taste, and above all the chivalrous gallantry and elegant courtesies of Moorish society found their way from Granada and Cordova to Provence and Langueoed. The refined society of Cordova prided itself on its politeness.

Sir Charles Gaven Duffy, who is now sixty-five years of age, is shortly to be married to Miss Hall, a girl of twenty-one. The intended bride is well up behind, well forward, moderately broad and deep, with good size teats, well apart, skin soft and thin, it may confidently be inferred that we have a dairy cow of the first order. If to these be added strict attention to pedigree—the milking quality of the ancestry—the founda-

**Good Cats, Like Boys, Die Young.**

I knew a cat, many years ago, a black Tom, rather heavy and dull in his ways for the most part, but with few qualities very strongly marked.

He knew good music from bad perfectly well, would sit on the top of a piano with great content, and purr, so long as a capable performer was playing, and if the execution were very good indeed would testify his delight by arching his tail, waiting across the keys, and sitting down in the performer's lap. On the other hand, bad playing always drove him away, and I remember there was one member of the family whose performance always sent him away in disgust.

So much for the artistic side of his temperament. Now for the affections: His mother was always very fond of her kittens, and used to sit over them very closely during the first early weeks of their lives, too closely her son thought, after he grew old enough to consider about things. So I have more than once seen him go up to her as she nestled over the young ones in the basket, and apparently whisper something; whereupon she would get out, stretch herself, and go into the garden for a little fresh air, while he kittens kept their warm "hill" till the mother came back when he resigned his charge to her again. I regret to say that he died, still a comparatively young cat, of distemper.

**Bricks.**

A man must be going slowly when he lets old age overtake him.

In mercantile circles a hanging is alluded to as a forced suspension.

Most men are anxious for long life, but the lawyer enjoys a brief existence.

The man who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth must have lived in stirring times.

The deepest insult that can be given in Deadwood is to say: "You ain't worth linching."

The watchmaker can't afford to do a cash business, because he makes all his profits on time.

No matter how obstinate a man may be, he generally hauls in his horns after entering a tavern.

Naturalist: "Can a wolf become a friend of a man?" He can, and would of a man if he saw a cooked chicken.

Coincidence Extrordinary: The reports of French military movements in Tunis are from the pen of M. le Col. Canard.

A little boy remarked: "I like grandpa, because he is such a gentlemanly man; he always tells me to help myself to sugar."

Inquirer: "No; we don't love dogs at all. The reason we keep three big ones is that we don't like our neighbors."

"Know thyself" may be an excellent sort of proverb, but it's forcing a pretty tough acquaintance on some folks.

Will the "coming man" shut the door after him? He will in this office, or the going man will go out of the window.

**Walking-sticks.**

To break off a branch for defensive purposes, as Crusoe did on finding himself on an unknown island, would be one of the first acts of primitive man. A rude support of this kind would soon be followed by the pilgrim's staff, familiar to us in pictures of the early patriarchs; and from these early stages down to the gold-headed cane of our modern dandy, what a variety of walking-sticks have been produced, according to the fancy and fashion of the time.

When, in 1701, footmen attending gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords, these cumbersome weapons were usually replaced by a porter's staff, "with a large silver handle," as it was then described. Thirty years later, gentlemen of fashion began to discard their swords, and to carry large oak sticks with great heads and ugly faces carved thereon.

Before very long, a competition arose between long and short walking-sticks, some gentlemen liking them as long as leaping-poles, as a satirist of the day tells us; while others preferred a yard of varnished cane, "scraper bound at one end with wax thread, and tipped at the other with a neat turned ivory head as big as an ell-penny."

**Interesting Clippings.**

A printer, Marylebone way, has put in his window as an attraction one of Wade's "Arab" treatises, one of the best of the kind, and it usually takes them about twenty able-bodied loafers, with their hands in their pockets, to see him do it; and they're not the sort to pay the printer either.

The market value of books on typography appears to be constantly increasing. A copy of Dibdin's Typographical Antiquities, or the History of Printing in England, Scotland and Ireland, illustrated with mezzotint portraits, in four volumes quarto in the original boards, uncut, published in 1810, realized at the Bulmer sale, held at Puttick & Simpson's on August 4th, the large sum of £15. It was bought by a bookseller. Only a few years ago a copy of the same work, in not quite so fine a condition, was, to our knowledge, disposed of for a guinea, and the price was considered, at the time, a fair one.

From published statistics it appears that up to the end of 1850, no less than one hundred and eighty periodicals and one hundred and sixty eight other publications were prohibited, i. e., suppressed, in Germany, consequent upon the operation of the socialist laws. Reckoning for each periodical only three composers, and leaving other publications out of calculation, this would be over three hundred and fifty composers thrown out of work. We are not surprised at the wholesale expatriation of thousands of industrial Germans, who would be only too glad to stay at home, nor at the spread of socialist tendencies in Germany, quietly added the Marquis. There ended the strife.

The spectators stood dumb when the hammer fell. The stroke of its fall sounded on the farthest shores of Italy. The tap of that hammer was heard in the libraries of Rome, Milan and Venice. Boccaccio stirred in his sleep of hundreds of years, and M. Van Praet groped in vain among the Royal archives in Paris, to detect a copy of the famed Valdarfer Boccaccio.

**Ben Leland's Request.**

Haverly's maddest minstrels were playing in London, and were softly singing, one night, to a crowded house, the chorus of "Old Kentucky Home." When the last notes melted away, a strange figure advanced a few steps from his seat in the gallery, and in a low voice, and the audience were startled at hearing a voice say, earnestly and distinctly: "Sing the dear old song again; sing it for me. I'm listening hard and I'm listening long, and every word is a friend to me, home to me, everything. Say, will you sing it just once more for me, right now and here?" It was the figure and voice of Ben Leland, an old minstrel, who left this country several years ago, and after playing a broken down old man, to London. Here he supported himself by playing the banjo, but eeked out generally a miserable existence. The maddest songs he sang, and the figure sank back into his seat. When the audience dispersed it remained motionless, and when an attendant came to arouse it he found Ben Leland dead.

The first Hungarian newspapers appeared about the year 1750. Their early growth has been very slow. In 1830 there were only ten; in 1848 and 1849 the number rose to eighty; but sank again in 1850 during the beneficent reign of Windischgratz, to nine. In 1867, when Hungarian political autonomy was an accomplished fact, their number advanced once more to eighty. In ten years there appeared 288 newspapers, of which 128 were issued in Buda-Pest, 139 in the provinces, in 71 towns, and one at Bucharest. This proves, if proof be needed, that free political institutions are favorable to the growth of the press.

A copy of the oldest newspaper of which anything is known, has been found in the library of the university of Heidelberg. John Cardus, of Strasbourg, is thought to have printed this copy, which is in the form of a quarto volume and bears the date 1600. Much of the contents is extremely interesting, and consists principally of letters written by correspondents. These letters when coming from Rome were twenty-one days on the route, from Venice, fourteen to seventeen days, and from Vienna about eight days. When there was not sufficient matter to fill out the sheet, blanks were left. One of the incidents mentioned was the manufacture of a telescope by Galileo.

The printers of Vienna intend celebrating the fourth centenary of the introduction of the art of printing in their city, on Midsummer day, 1822. According to Michel Denis, the author of the Geschichte der Buchdruckerkunst in Wien (History of Printing in Vienna), 1482 was the year, and recent investigations have shown his statement to be correct. It is proposed to hold a grand festival, worthy of the Austrian Capital, but also worthy of the printing trade. It has also been resolved to publish on this occasion, a "History of the Art of Printing in Vienna from its Introduction up to the present time." As there exists no absolute history of the progress of printing in Vienna of the period from 1482 till 1600, and as also Denis in his work treats more of the bibliographical and the printing trade, it is intended to compile a history of the principle of careful investigation, so that it may remain the basis for a long time for all similar works; but it is also to be an

**The Tap of a Hammer.**

The annals of bibliography afford many examples of the delirious extent to which book-fancying can go. In May, 1812, the library of the Duke of Roxburgh was sold. The collection contained a copy of Boccaccio, published at Venice in 1471. Among the distinguished company which attended the sale, were the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer and the Duke of Marlborough, then Marquis of Blandford. The bid stood at five hundred guineas. "A thousand guineas," said Earl Spencer. "And ten," added the Marquis. You might have heard a pin drop. All eyes were bent on the bidders. Now they talked apart, now ate a biscuit, but without the least thought of yielding one to another. The contest proceeded until the Marquis said: "Two thousand pounds." These Earl Spencer bethought him of waste of powder, when Lord Althorpe came to his side, as if to bring his father's fresh lance to renew the fight. Father and son whispered together, and Earl Spencer exclaimed: "Two thousand, two hundred and fifty pounds!" An electric shock went through the assembly. "And ten," quietly added the Marquis. There ended the strife.

**The Voice of Science.**

It looks (says an exchange) like a blot of predetermination, if the flesh-word may be allowed, when Providence discards the ordinary materialists. The goal of the gentile, laid out, formed before the birth of man, was from the beginning designed for his use.

The same remark might be made of the abundant deposits of iron found all over the earth.

Another striking illustration of the preparation and fitting up of the earth as the dwelling place of man, is given in the following extract from a paper by Robert Chambers on "Ice and Water": "On the whole subject of the Superficial Formation, I am disposed to make one concluding remark. I desire to refer to the broad fact, that in the regions of the earth where soil can least be dispensed with, there should have been a peculiar agency at work, which would be the hard surface. The warm parts of the world have large growth from little soil; but if the parts north and south of the fortieth parallels had been left to only such influences as the air and water, they might have been so meagerly furnished with the useful matrix for vegetation, that little population could there have existed. As it is, we have clays, sands, and gravels, and materials of all three, spread in deep beds, very generally over the temperate regions, so as to insure ample material for the agriculturist to work upon. In the present state of the subject of final causes, I suppose it would be held as rash to say that all this was a matter of design; but I feel at least inclined to say that, if it was not from a premeditated plan of the Almighty Creator of the world, it looks marvellously like one, just as the existence of coal and other minerals does, and I do not see that we can be far and fatally wrong if we feel thankful for it accordingly."

We may add in this connection that it was stated by M. Vicien, at the meeting of the British Association in Birmingham in 1863, that no trace of the existence of the elements can be discovered in geological formations that can be imagined to be more than six thousand years old. They come in with man. But many of our scientists can see no design in nature. The coal, and the iron, and the materials left by the ice-sheet of the North, and our cereals, are all the result of chance.

**A Strong-minded Lady.**

The *St. James Gazette* prints the following reminiscence of indirect female suffrage three centuries ago: Jane Dorothy Pakington, a famous Buckinghamshire worthy, who owned the manor of Aylesbury in Queen Elizabeth's reign, ruled her voters with a rod of iron. To all intents and purposes she was the member for her own borough, the burgesses she sent to Westminster being merely the spokesmen of her pleasure. This appears from a manifesto she issued after the coming of an "election" for Aylesbury was concerned in 1572. "To all Christian people to whom this present writing shall come," she writes, "I, Dorothy Pakington, lord and owner of the town of Aylesbury, send greeting. Know ye we, the said Dame Dorothy Pakington, have chosen named and appointed my trusty and well beloved Thomas Lichfield and George Boreton, Esquires, to be my Burgesses of the said town of Aylesbury; and whatever the said Thomas and George, Burgesses, shall do in the service of the Queen's Highness that present Parliament to be holden at Westminster the 3d day of May next ensuing the date hereof, I, the same Dorothy Pakington, do ratify and approve to be my own act and might be there. In witness whereof this presents I have set my seal this 4th day of May, in the 14th year of our Sovereign Lady Elizabeth.

**A Lake Two Thousand Feet Deep.**

Several of our citizens returned last week from the Great Sunken Lake, situated in the Cascade mountains, about seventy-five miles northeast of Jacksonville. This lake rivals the famous valley of Sinbad the Sailor. It is thought to average two thousand feet down to water all around. The depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is smooth and unruined, as it is so far below the surface of the mountains that all currents do not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve or fifteen miles, and its width ten or twelve. There is a mountain in the center having trees upon it. It lies still, silent and mysterious in the bosom of the everlasting hills, like a huge well scooped out by the hand of the giant genii of the mountains in the unknown ages gone by, and around it the primeval forests watch and ward are keeping. The visiting party fired a rifle into the water several times at an angle of forty-five degrees, and were able to note several seconds of time from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water. Such seems incredible, but it is vouched for by some reliable citizens. The lake is certainly a most remarkable curiosity.—*Jacksonville (Or.) Record.*

**The Army and Navy.**

Recent Orders and Transfers in Both Branches of the Service.

WASHINGTON.—The death of Captain Tyler, of the Second Cavalry, has drawn from Lieutenant Colonel Alexander, commanding the regiment, an official order in recognition of Captain Tyler's meritorious services.

Captain Sheridan, of the navy, will sail for Europe next week on a three months' leave.

General Sherman, with General Poe and Colonel Morrow, left yesterday to attend the Cotton Exposition.

General Parke, of the Engineer Corps, has been appointed one of the managers of the National Safe Deposit Company.

Captain Shafter from foundry duty at Boston to duty as member of the Ordnance Board in New York. First Lieutenant Gordon to duty at Frankfort Arsenal, Philadelphia. Leave for six months on surgeon's certificate is granted Colonel Hunt, Fourteenth Infantry, and Captain Nixon, Twenty-fourth Infantry. The leave granted Colonel Merritt, Fifth Cavalry, is extended two months. The leave granted Second Lieutenant O'Brien, Second Cavalry, is extended six months. The extension of leave granted Major Hughes is extended one month. The leave on surgeon's certificate granted Lieutenant Colonel Price, Sixth Cavalry, is extended eleven months.

The Comptroller General of Substancs in his annual report recommends the repealing of the laws requiring ten per cent. to be charged on the original cost on all substance stores sold.

The Inspector General of the Army reports that the amount of work done by troops not military in its nature, such as building and driving teams, is considerable and causes much dissatisfaction and many desertions. It is suggested that the troops in the Indian country be collected in larger garrisons. He recommends the modification of existing laws so that soldiers may be employed as servants by officers, the officer to pay the soldier for such service and the soldier's army pay to revert to the government.

Colonel Otis, Twentieth Infantry, Major Upham, Fifth Cavalry, and Major Roland, Eighteenth Infantry, have been detailed for duty at the School of Instruction at Leavenworth.

Second Lieutenant Clay, Twenty-fifth Infantry, and Second Lieutenant Ingham, ordered to report at the above named point for instruction. The following transfers have been ordered in the Sixth Cavalry: First Lieutenants West from Troop H to Troop I, Baird from Troop I to Troop B and Scott from Troop B to Troop H. In the Sixth Infantry: Second Lieutenant Byrne, Company C, and Second Lieutenant Tanner, Company E, exchange places.

Commander Howison has been ordered to command the *Minotera*. Passed-Assistant Surgeon Street, to special duty at Washington; Assistant Paymaster Carpenter, to duty in the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing; Lieutenant Commander Wilde, from the *Vandalia* and placed on waiting orders; Lieutenant Commander Mullan, from the *Adams* and placed on waiting orders; Master Bradley A. Fish, from the *Saratoga* to the *Minnesota*; Midshipman Hood, from the *New Hampshire* to the *Brooklyn*; Commodore Cooper and Beaumont and Captain Badger, ordered to examination for promotion; Lieutenant Commander Leary, to the *Vandalia* as executive officer, and Midshipman Rush to the *Passaic*; Commodore Lule placed on waiting orders. The following board will convene at the Navy Department on Tuesday for the examination of candidates for promotion; Rear Admirals Brown, Patterson and Howells. Also a board for the examination of pay officers, consisting of Pay Inspector Crosby and Paymaster Hoy. A retiring board will convene at Mare Island on November 23d, for the purpose of examining Lieutenant Commander Cheney.

**A Glimpse of Gothenburg.**

But we are safely ashore and in Gothenburg. Your first exclamation will doubtless be, "Surely, this is not a European town!" The face on the wharf, indeed, are not unlike those one sees in Chicago, and besides, you hear the English language spoken all about you. The custom's officer will lift his hat to you in the politest possible manner, and in any language you please, ask you what articles you have brought with you for which he should exact tribute for his royal master at Stockholm. He performs his duty

**The Holidays in Poetry and Prose.**

Christmas Day.

The precise date of the institution of the Christmas festival is involved in obscurity. The origin of Christmas as a religious feast, is ascribed to the decretal letters addressed to Pope Pelagius, who died A. D. 138. It was at first the most movable of Christian festivals, and was confounded with the Epiphany and celebrated by the eastern Churches in the months of April

**Uncle Dan and Old Hickory.**

General Jackson's Hand on the Head of Dan Rice.

Col. Dan Rice, the veteran show man, who has made his headquarters in this city for some months past, has been an occasional visitor to the *Journal*. The other day the colonel found his way to our cigar box, and in the soothing influence of a genuine Wheeling Havana stogie, related the following interesting reminiscence of "Old Hickory." We will let the colonel tell it in his own pure Saxon: "I can remember just which" "but it was one or the other, Gen. Jackson, then being president of the United States, accepted an invitation to visit the city of New York and visited that city accompanied by the members of his cabinet and several prominent Indian chiefs, who were at the time perfecting a treaty with the government. Among these chiefs I recollect seeing the celebrated Black Hawk and his prophet. The route of the distinguished party, through Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey and New York, was a continual question. On the way, the party stopped at Trenton, N. J., to witness the races, and saw the running of the great post stake. I was at that time a mere boy, riding race horses, and I had upon this occasion, been selected to ride the filly named Lizzie Jackson, the animal having been named after the niece of the general. Well, the filly, under my management, won the race, and carried off the honors of the day, although the race was strongly contested by Bill Patrick, Geo. Nenson and Garry Bell, jockeys who in subsequent years became famous as great riders and turfmen. Of course "Old Hickory" felt some interest in the success of the filly, on account of her name and its association, and he took occasion, when at the dinner given him after the race, that evening, to inquire for the little boy who rode her so successfully. I was accordingly brought into the presence of the "man of iron nerves" who whipped the Indians in the Everglades of Florida, and concluded his military career upon the glory fields of Chalmert. The old general placed his hand upon my head in an affectionate manner, and said: "What is your name, my son?" "Dan Rice," I replied. "Well, Dan," said the general, "you will either be a great man or a great fool."

**Why are seeds, when sown, like gate posts? They are planted in the earth to propagate (prop a) gate.**

"What does Winter bring?" is the title of a poem received yesterday. It brings cold feet and diphtheria.

Talking about wounds! A Rochester lad was hit in the back with a ball, and the ball came out of his mouth, and all in a second of time.

Some geologists have contradicted Moses—but as all geologists have contradicted each other, Moses stands as good as anybody.

Every man is fond of striking the nail on the head, but when it happens to be his finger-nail, his enthusiasm becomes wild and incoherent.

The newest idea is to send artificial flowers with the favorite perfume of the wearer. Just think of a rose in a Townsonton man's button-hole, perfumed with old whiskey.

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.

She: "Why is love always represented as a child?" He: "Because it never reaches the age of experience." She: "Still old men have been known—?" He: "Yes; but they were in their second childhood."

"Well, Mary, how do you like our new home in Vermont?" "Well, my dear, we all like it but father, and the air is too embracing for him, but under the canopy of heaven there isn't a more beautiful place."

At the table of George IV., when Prince Regent, the royal host said: "Why, Colman, you are older than I am?" "Oh, no, sir," replied Colman. "I could not take the liberty of coming into the world before your Royal Highness."

The following is one of the most brilliant paragraphs ever written by the lamented George D. Prentice:—"The flat of death is inexorable. There is no appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to death. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest; and the flowers that bloom, wither and fade in a day; have no frailty hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps."

Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throng the world to-day, will disappear as footprints on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death, until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones, whose loving smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life; and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although the dark passage may lead to paradise; we do not want to go down into damp graves, even with princes as bed-fellows.

In the beautiful drama of "Iron" the hope of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his life a sacrifice to fate, his Cyprianthe asks if they shall meet again, to which he responds:—"I have asked that dreadful question of the gods that look eternal, of the clear streams that flow forever, of stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirits have wandered in glory. All are dumb. But as I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something that makes through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again. Clemanthe."

The Arctic Discovery Steamer *Jeanette* wrecked, and three or four of her boats have reached the Siberian coast.

**Shall We Meet Again.**

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In Norway, it is said, the erection of telegraph poles and wires scares all wolves away from the neighborhood, and many miles of line have been put up for the double purpose of securing rapid communication and immunity from the wolves. Large districts have thus been cleared of the dangerous and troublesome brutes.

A simple and ingenious little machine has been patented in Leeds, by which tradesmen's labels, of any material. Can be folded, punched, eyeletted and delivered with much rapidity in one operation, at the rate of from three to four thousand per hour.

It was very ungalant in the old bachelor who was told that a certain lady had "one foot the grave." He asked if "there wasn't room for both feet."

Boston is to have a tree Hebrew school.

**The Scrap Book.**

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