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By UZAL M. OSBORN.

THIRDS—Two Dollars per year, in advance.

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Inserted at reasonable rates, and with regard

to the interests of the advertiser as well as

the general reader.

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Of every description, promptly done by com-

petent workmen whose whole time is devoted

to that branch.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WILLIAM M. LOREE,

DEALER IN

PIANOS &amp; ORGANS.

PIANOS AND ORGANS RUMBLE AND

PAINTED. ORGANS A SPECIALTY.

No. 101 Main Street.

WILLIAM SALING,

FLORIST,

HARRISON STREET, RAHWAY, N. J.

(Near Church Street.)

WINTER SPRING AND SUMMER

PLANTS constantly on hand at

LOW PRICES.

Orders sent to P. O. Box 107, will be prompt-

ly attended to.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Engraving Building, No. 120 Broadway, Fifth

Floor, Room 8.

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RAHWAY.

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AND STOCK INCREASED.

Paper Hangings, Window Shades and Table

Cloths in great variety at less than New

York Prices, at Factory of A. J. JENNINGS &amp; CO.,

London Avenue, Rahway.

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Church, Main Street, in the best

bricks of RAHWAY, N. J. Sunday School

and Church of the Holy Trinity, Rahway, N. J.

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DRUGGIST, Main Street, YARD,

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Station. Monkeys and monkeys of all

descriptions, sold and delivered. All orders

promptly attended to.

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FASHIONABLE HAT MAKER,

Agencies, 101 Main Street, Rahway, N. J.

MARSH &amp; RYAN

No. 11 MAIN STREET,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

FURNITURE AND MATRESSES,

which we offer as low as they can be pur-

chased elsewhere, and we are prepared to

examine our stock and prices.

Underwriting in all its branches. Jy 1-17

CLOSING OUT SALE OF

Nubias, Fascinators, Leggings,

and all

Woolen Goods under cost.

M. MEYER &amp; CO.,

91 Main Street,

Jy 1-17.

MRS. M. C. FORBHAM

FASHIONABLE HAT MAKER,

Elizabeth Avenue, Cor. Scott Avenue,

one block from Scott Avenue Station,

RAHWAY, N. J.

LESLIE LUPION,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

EXCHANGE BUILDING.

NEW FIRM.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!

CHEAP FOR CASH.

At the Oldest Established Stand in the place

122 MAIN STREET, RAHWAY, N. J.

Dry Goods, Carpets, Oil Cloths, &amp;c.

## POETRY.

## The Worn-out Font of Type.

I'm sitting by the desk, George,

Before me on the floor

There lies a worn-out font of type,

Full twenty thousand words,

And many months have passed, George,

Since they were bright and new,

And many are the tales they've told—

The tales, the strange, the true.

What tales of horror they have told,

Of tempest and of wreck;

Of murder in the midnight hour,

Of war full many a "speck!"

Of ships that, lost away at sea,

Went down before the blast:

Of stifled cries of agony

As life's last moments passed.

Of earthquakes and of suicides,

Of falling crops of cotton,

Of bank failures, broken banks,

And banking systems rotten;

Of robbers from the mountain ranges,

Of riots, duels fought,

Of robbers and their prey escaped,

Of traitors, their booty caught.

Of floods, and fire, and accident,

Those worn-out types have told,

Those tales that, long ago, were told,

Those tales that, long ago, were told,

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Those tales that, long ago, were told,

Will Castleton was Charlie's cousin

who had been his life-long companion,

Together they had left the

school-room for business positions,

Will entering the grain store of Har-

vey &amp; Russell at the same time

Charlie had taken the place in Mr.

Miffin's dry goods store. Shoulder

to shoulder the young men had

worked their way up, till this finan-

cial crisis brought all business men

into temporary difficulties of greater

or less magnitude.

Will had expressed the warmest

indignation at the proposal made to

his cousin, strongly advising him to

throw up his situation and "see how

Mr. Miffin would get along without

him!" and Charlie, before seeing

Mabel, was quite ready to follow his

advice.

He knew Will would think him

mean spirited to remain upon half

salary, and yet Mabel was right—

"Half a loaf was better than no

bread."

And while Charlie Castleton was

then weighing the pros and cons of

his decision, Mr. Miffin was listen-

ing to the counsel of his old friend

and chum, the senior partner of the

firm when it had been "Gardner &amp;

Miffin," and who, though he had

retired years before, was still the

friend and frequent adviser of his

former partner.

"It is a mistake, Miffin," he said,

"You had better send young Castle-

ton about his business, and engage

an entirely new book-keeper. You

will find half-pay will mean half-ser-

vice, mark my words."

"But I might search C— from

end to end and not find a clerk

competent to take Charlie's place."

"Then pay him full salary."

"I cannot do it unless I reduce

the number of salesmen, and I am

short handed now. There is but one

way for me to keep my head above

water. You see Clark's failure in-

volves me heavily, and—"

And the worried man of business

entered into long explanations of his

difficulties not necessary to repeat

here.

He touched Charlie Castleton deep-

ly, when entering the counting house

to announce his determination to

remain in his old position, to show

the face of his employer. He had

been sitting in a despondent atti-

tude, looking over the mails, the

lines of care strongly marked on his

face. As Charlie spoke the large

eyes grew brighter and he smiled

pleasantly as he looked at the

little man.

"Thank you, Charlie. It would

have caused me serious embarrass-

ment to lose you, and I am heartily

glad you will stay. I trust you will

not long be obliged to take a smaller

salary, but circumstances compel me

now to economize."

"You have been a kind employer

for me ten years," replied Charlie,

"and if I am really of any more value

than another would be in my place,

I will not desert you."

"The substance of what he said

was this: Business is so very dull

that he is obliged to curtail his ex-

penses, and he must discharge some

of his clerks. I have been with him

for ten years, and he was pleased to

say that I am very useful to him, and

he is very unwilling to part with me."

The last argument conquered.

Charlie knew only too well that it

would be almost useless to look for

a new situation, for the whole town

was echoing Mr. Miffin's cry of hard

times. The small nest egg in the

bank would soon melt away when it

became the sole support of four; and

so, kissing Mabel, he proceeded to

take his advice. But it caused his

pride a sore wrench.

He had entered the service of the

present employer at seventeen, and

slowly, steadily gaining favor by

diligence and faithfulness, he had

won his way to the desk of head

clerk. Not until he had secured this

position and the handsome salary

accompanying it had he asked

Mabel to be his wife, furnishing a

pretty cottage home out of his sav-





