

# THE WEEKLY ADVOCATE AND TIMES.

NEW VOL. XXXVII.—NO. 35.

RAHWAY, N. J., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1878.

ESTABLISHED 1822.

## THE ADVOCATE & TIMES.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

BY UZAL M. OSBORN.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Published at reasonable rates, and with regard to the interests of the advertiser as well as to the general reader.

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Of every description, promptly done by competent workmen whose whole time is devoted to that branch.

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Also a large stock of Sewing Machine Needles, Buttons, and all the latest improvements in Sewing Machine.

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(Near Church Street.)

WINTER SPRING AND SUMMER BLOOMING PLANTS constantly on hand.

LOW PRICES.

Orders sent to P. O. Box 127, will be promptly attended to.

L. S. MARSH, D. D. S.

Surgeon Dentist.

MELBROOK HOUSE.

Office Hours. 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.

127 North Main Street, Rahway, N. J.

A. EDWARD WOODRUFF.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Equitable Building, No. 120 Broadway.

NEW YORK.

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### MISCELLANY.

#### The Lucky Shot.

Very wet day, said the cherty host of the 'Traveller's Rest,' as he assisted me to take off my heavy riding-coat.

'Very wet, indeed,' I replied. 'I've had my share of it during my thirty miles' ride to-day.'

Mine host conducted me to a room with a cheery fire, burning in the grate, and having been served with a good hot brandy, I began to feel more comfortable. I drew my chair up to the fire, and placed my feet in a pair of easy slippers, and filled my pipe preparatory to a quiet smoke, when I was disturbed by the entrance of my host.

'You join the company in the next room, sir? We have a social club held here twice a week, and perhaps they may amuse you during the evening.'

'With pleasure,' I replied. So taking my glass and pipe, I followed my host into a large room, which was almost filled with a numerous company. At the moment of my entrance they were listening with evident satisfaction to a story told by one of their number. My host briefly introduced me, and I took a chair close to the story teller, and prepared to enjoy my smoke.

'Now, Mr. White, you must begin your story again, in honor of the gentleman.' So Mr. White re-commenced.

'You must know, gentlemen,' he began, 'that the scene of my tale lies in Australia, just about the time of the gold fever there.'

'The tones of the speaker's voice seemed familiar to me, and I gave him a searching look. What did I see? The lobe of his left ear was missing. I half started from my seat, upsetting the glass of brandy by my elbow, and starting the company generally.

'I beg pardon, gentlemen: a sudden spasm—that is all!' I stammered out.

'It is the same man,' I soliloquized. I was supplied with a fresh glass of brandy, and Mr. White resumed: 'Well, I was only a young fellow at the time, and had got better and the gold fever, like many other boys, besides. Every paper contained dazzling accounts of the riches to be found in that far-off land, so at last I made up my mind to go, and try my luck in the new world.'

'I was of no use; I was determined; and soon after left home for London, where I entered my name on the books as a stowage passenger on the clipper-built vessel, the "Sandy."

'Mary was his sweetheart, I interposed my left hand neighbor.

'I well remember the day we sailed. The scene at the docks was very affecting. Husbands were parting from wives, brothers from sisters, fathers from their young fellows from their sweethearts, and I was not sorry when the tug towed us out to sea. We were a motley company. There were representatives of all classes—laborers, mechanics, broken-down lawyers, and students, clerks, and a good sprinkling, too, of the hangers-on about town, and even a couple of Methodist ministers. All were going to try their fortunes in the New Eldorado. We had very good weather during our voyage, and I suffered but little from sea-sickness. I made many acquaintances, but there was one man I took an aversion to. He was called Wapping Bill. He was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a grizzled head of hair, and a close-cropped beard; a pair of small, ferret-like eyes that seemed to vanish beneath his shaggy eyebrows when any one addressed him, and an expression that showed him to be the reverse of a quiet and respectable man.

'In due time we arrived at Melbourne. It was then a mere collection of wooden houses and hastily thrown up shanties, and was peopled by representatives from nearly all civilized nations on the face of earth. Twenty of us formed a party, bought some tools, and proceeded to dig for gold. We worked for some time, but without success. One morning Sandy gave a shout of joy, and, hastily ascending the shaft, I saw in the cradle several nuggets of pure gold. I was half mad with delight, and for the rest of the day I worked with the energy of two men. Before nightfall we had more than twenty ounces of small nuggets and dust. We stowed it in small canvas bags, and hid it for safety in the floor of the mine. We went on this way for months, then our claim was given out.

'Just about this time a conveyance was going to Melbourne to take some gold to the bank there. We therefore agreed to send some of our gold to be deposited in the bank, and got notes in exchange. When we got

the place of starting, I was surprised to see, among the mounted troopers forming the escort, my shock-headed fellow voyager. I mentioned my distrust of him to my chum, and in consequence we only sent half of the intended quantity. The fellow evidently knew I distrusted him, for when I went up with my parcel, he gave a malicious look that bodied me no good.

The escort numbered about ten, or fifteen well-armed troopers, with a four horse wagon, and they left early in the morning for their destination. We gave them three ringing cheers at the boundaries of the camp, and wished them a safe return. I had a singular foreboding that I had seen the last of my gold but I mentioned my fears to none but my chum.

'The day following I went to Mat Dair's drinking hut—a place frequented by the lucky finders and loafers to hear the day's news. The saloon was full of diggers. Some were discussing the day's finds; others were playing poker, the stakes being nuggets of dust; the majority were standing at the bar drinking and smoking. I called for a drink, filled a short cutty, and took a seat among the card players.

'Well, Tom, how's your luck?' said a broad-shouldered Yorkshireman, who had come over with me.

'Very poor at present,' I replied. 'Have a hand then, man; winning dust at poker is better than digging.'

'I joined the game and played for a while. At last one of the players threw up his hand and said, "I've cleaned out," so, thinking it might be my turn soon, I stopped. I finished my glass, and prepared to leave the room. Just as I got to the door a burly digger came rushing in, almost upsetting me, and uttering the most frightful oaths. The entire saloon was in an uproar in an instant. Revolvers and knives were drawn, and a dozen voices shouted out, "What's the matter?"

'"Matter enough!" cried the invading digger, with another volley of expletives. "The escort's been atacked, and the gold is gone!"

'Words fail to describe the scene that ensued. Men swore, tore their hair, danced and raved like madmen. When the tumult was somewhat subsided, I managed to make out that the wagon had been attacked in the dead of night, by a party of armed rangers. A fight had taken place, and a trooper had been killed. The gold had been taken. The attack had evidently been pre-arranged for half of the troopers had been found drugged, and were consequently unable to fight. Three of them were reported missing. Wapping Bill, amongst the number. I went off to our tent and told Sandy. "You're right about the villain, but we'll be even with him yet."

'We went back to the saloon, where we found nearly all the diggers assembled, listening to an account of the affair from one of the troopers. It appeared that shortly after leaving the camp the axetree of the wagon broke, necessitating a stoppage. Night came on, and the troopers, tired and hungry, and finding them still delayed by the broken wagon. Rain fell, and some of the troopers took a little spirit to keep out the cold. About midnight, the troopers who were acting as sentries were alarmed by the noise of half a dozen mounted bushrangers. They endeavored to wake up the others, but they were overpowered and fastened to the trees. The contents of the wagon were divided among the bushrangers, and they soon rode off, followed by Wapping Bill and the three troopers. In the morning the bound troopers managed to awake the others by their cries, and then it was found by their count that the gold was missing. They had been drugged, hence their inability to offer any resistance.

'We held a hasty council, and decided to send to a station four miles away for fresh troopers. By means of a fleet messenger, a search party was organized, and the next day a camp two hours later, preceded by the black trackers to point out the trail. Luckily, I managed to be enrolled among the party, much to the satisfaction of Wapping Bill, and I intended to give a good account of him if we met. We humpered twenty resolute, well-armed fellows, carrying revolvers and knives, whilst the twelve troopers with us had rifles in addition.

'We proceeded first to the scene of encounter. We found the wagon drawn off the track and overturned. The black tracker soon took up the trail, and we went into the bush in Indian file. Our progress was necessarily slow, but we were quite certain of coming up with the rangers at last. We followed the blacks for a couple of hours, then one of them set up a warning cry, and we rushed forward. In the center of a man lay on the ground. Scattered around were bits of canvas, and grains of gold glittering in the grass. Examining the body, we recognized it to be a person we had seen going to the bank for a few days previous to the starting of the escort. A small blue hole in his forehead told what had happened. Evidently a dispute had arisen among the rangers, and this poor fellow had been shot for his obstinacy. We again took up the trail and proceeded. The bush now became less dense,

and we made greater progress. About a mile farther on one of the blacks, who was some hundred yards ahead, suddenly dropped flat on the grass, and gave us a warning signal. Advancing cautiously to his side, we peered through the bushes. Down in a hollow were six bush rangers, seated around a small fire. Their horses were tethered near them, and various packages were scattered about. Our plans were soon laid. We made a detour, and completely surrounded them. I crept quietly through the underwood, intending to reach a tree, which grew about twenty yards from the fire of the bush rangers. Suddenly my hand was laid on my shoulder. I hastily turned, and saw a tall ranger close by my side. He grasped me by the collar, and presented a revolver to my forehead.

'One sound, and I'll blow your brains out,' he hissed.

'Resistance was useless, so I submitted. He disarmed me, flung me on the ground, and fastened my hands behind me with a cord he pulled from his pocket. He then went a few yards away to warn the rangers, I suppose. I heard a ringing cheer, shots, oaths, and all the usual noise of a hand to hand encounter. Giving a short and sudden wrench, I got loose, and rushed forward. I was standing at the bar drinking and smoking. I called for a drink, filled a short cutty, and took a seat among the card players.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1878.  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
BY GEORGE W. ATHERTON.  
No. 100 N. 2d St. N. J.

## Third Congressional District Republican Convention.

The Republican voters of the Third Congressional District, and all citizens who may desire to be heard in the coming election, are invited to meet in their respective wards and precincts on Thursday, September 10th, at 10 o'clock, to elect delegates to the District Convention, to be held at Philadelphia, Pa., on the 12th inst.

On Tuesday Sept. 10th, 1878, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of nominating delegates to the District Convention, and of transacting such other business as may be deemed proper by the Convention.

Each ward and township is entitled to one delegate for every 100 Republican voters cast for President at the last election, and one additional delegate for each fraction of the same not less than 50 provided, however, that no ward or township shall be entitled to less than one delegate.

Under this basis the following counties are entitled to the following representation:

By order of the last Convention.  
GEORGE W. ATHERTON,  
President.

## REPUBLICAN PRIMARY MEETINGS

The Republican voters of the City of Rahway are requested to meet in their several wards at the places designated.

First Ward—Old City Hall.  
Second Ward—F. Pomeroy's.  
Third Ward—Chamberlain's.  
Fourth Ward—Post Office Building.

The number of delegates to which each ward is entitled is as follows: 1st Ward, 1; 2nd Ward, 2; 3rd Ward, 2; 4th Ward, 2.

By Order Executive Committee.

## The Political Field.

Since the adjournment of the Democratic Convention in this district, a full and complete canvass has been made in the ranks of the party, to a certain extent. The friends of Ross are quiet but not so quiet as they were before. They are men who "will not down" at any man's bidding, much less at the nod or beck of such a man as Ross.

Not only is this the case in Union county, but the feeling is strong in all parts of the district, and the dissatisfaction is so general that the party leaders are determined to reduce the party to the mass and the manner in which the nomination was procured.

Therefore a strong feeling of anxiety is abroad to know just whom the Republicans will nominate for this most important position. Among the names most prominently before the people and those most likely to be chosen are: Hon. Amos Clark, Jr., Prof. Atkinson, Hon. J. Henry Stone, Hon. William J. Magie, and Hon. Wm. A. Newell.

All these names, no one seems to receive such favorable mention as that of Senator Magie. For some cause or other, evidence points to him as the choice of a large number of the people of the district without distinction of party. There are times in political matters when the people seem to indicate whom they will have, and all the scheming of politicians, the oiling up of the machine, the wire pulling of the leaders count for naught, in such times. Such was the case when Mr. Magie was nominated and elected Senator.

Such seems to be the case now, and we predict that if Mr. Magie can be persuaded to accept this nomination he can be and will be elected by the people.

## The Republican Party the Mr. Gorham, Secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee, recently said:

The Greenbackers will not make much headway in view of the following facts: First, The Republican party originated the greenback currency.

Second, The Democrats denounced the legal tender act as unconstitutional at the time of its passage.

Third, The Democratic Supreme Court Judges decided the act unconstitutional, the Republican Judge holding directly opposite views. As the Democrats were the majority in the Senate, they were unable to pass the bill, and the act was not law.

Fourth, Mr. Fort, a Republican member of Congress introduced the joint resolution to prohibit the further retirement of greenbacks, which was adopted by both Houses; and redemption now only means that the holder of a greenback can have the specie if he prefers it after next January. The greenback so redeemed cannot be retired or canceled or destroyed, but, under the law, must continue to be a part of the currency of the country. This puts an end to contraction. So far from being hostile to the Republican party, the greenback people throughout the country will naturally support the party which has currency on either side, and which, by law, continues to exist.

Fifth, The Republican Senate voted to make the greenback convertible for currency; the House refused to concur. In the last hour of the session the House went through the form of passing a similar measure when they knew it was too late for it to pass the Senate. They took great care not to pass the Senate proposition, which would have ended the matter and totally destroyed the premium on gold.

## Facts for the People.

The rebellion was Democratic. It was the Democratic States that furnished the rebel army. Democrats filled every office in the Confederate government, from the Presidency down to the clerkships and the messengerships. There was a Republican with a slender stripe of rank and file. Democrats filled every office in the Confederate government, from the Presidency down to the clerkships and the messengerships.

A Democratic member of that same Democratic Administration scattered the navy over the world, so that it could not be used on the rebel seaboard. A Democratic Secretary of the Treasury plundered his trust to supply the rebellion with money. A Democratic President, entrusted to do something to save the nation, refused, declaring and arguing that the Government could not constitutionally defend itself, and that it was unlawful to coerce rebels; and he sat quietly down and allowed the nation's arsenals to be plundered, and the nation's ships, navy-yards, and fortresses to be seized, and the rebel armies to be organized, without lifting a finger to prevent it.

Under the leadership of the Democratic President, adopted and defended his Democratic doctrine that the Government had no right to apply force to suppress a rebellion, and from the word "go" politically oppressed every legislative, financial, military, and naval measure taken to suppress the rebellion.

A Western editor says: "Let Democratic journals and organs howl for the debt and for the war, but let them not brag of their own success. Every dollar of debt is a Democratic gift. Every cent of the war is a Democratic gift. Every cent of the war is a Democratic gift. Every cent of the war is a Democratic gift."

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## Marriage in haste.

What is called a "romantic elopement," but which in reality is nothing more than a hasty marriage, is a common occurrence in this city. A young man, from a family of fortune and rank, and a young lady, a Miss Lizzie Ogden, a daughter of the Postmaster, William could probably have married Lizzie in the old-fashioned way, but there would have been no "romance" in it. The young man, from a family of fortune and rank, and a young lady, a Miss Lizzie Ogden, a daughter of the Postmaster, William could probably have married Lizzie in the old-fashioned way, but there would have been no "romance" in it.

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## State Items.

Charles Fisher, aged 8, of Newark, who disappeared on Monday, was found drowned on Tuesday evening in the Pacific river near the Market street bridge.

A large specimen of red oak was captured by Mr. T. H. Wood in West Creek, Ocean county, a few days ago. The insect is over 14 inches in length, and has a head of an inch thick. He has a tail, a prisoner, and intends sending it to the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C. This insect is rare in New Jersey, but common in Texas. It is a dangerous pest.

At Ocean Grove, on Tuesday, an Italian with a dancing bear escaped the vigilance of the gate-keepers, and by taking a judicious turn through the streets, succeeded in reaching the city. A bear dance in a city was a novelty, and a large number of people gathered to see it. The bear was a large one, and the dancer was a man of some skill. The performance was well received, and the bear was a great success.

The Tom River Courier says: George E. Applegate, of this town, is the owner of a horse with a remarkable peculiarity. It is called "the snake." The horse is a large one, and the snake is a large one. The horse is a large one, and the snake is a large one. The horse is a large one, and the snake is a large one. The horse is a large one, and the snake is a large one.

The subject of the feeding of infants was discussed at the annual meeting of the State Medical Society of New Jersey, and the Medical Journal says the results as follows: "The mother's milk is generally considered to be the best for the infant. But even when it is deficient, it may be supplemented by artificial food. The artificial food should be of a nature that is easily digested, and should be given in small quantities at frequent intervals."

Capt. Robert Newell, of the schooner of that name, belonging to Egg Harbor, but lately trading in North Carolina waters, arrived in Philadelphia on the 1st inst., with the dead bodies of all the members of his family. He tells the following pathetic story: "On June 10th his wife and children, James and John, four years of age, were drowned overboard in the Chesapeake and were washed ashore at Hampton. The next week a block struck his son Joseph's hand, which struck his brother Frank, eleven years of age. Frank died on the 18th. Then the mother and Joseph were stricken down by typhoid fever and died on the 20th and the other on the 21st. I went to Hampton and got the bodies of the two babies and, with the dead bodies of the others, brought them to Philadelphia, and then took them home to be buried."

The inquest in the case of the murdered Jersey City police officer, Richard H. Smith, was resumed Thursday. Jeremiah McGurdy, a milk dealer, testified that he had seen a tall man visit Smith's house several times. Mr. Smith's wife testified that she thought it doubtful whether Mr. Smith possessed sufficient strength to have wielded the window sash weight. Mr. Charles H. Manly, who lived in the second story of Smith's house, testified that on the morning before the murder he went into the cellar between 7 and 8 o'clock. When he reached the foot of the stairs he heard a shuffling noise, and was astonished to see a man standing in the center under Smith's foot room. This man was dressed in a dark suit, and was looking down by his side, and his face was pale. He was looking toward the cellar. He wore a suit of mixed goods, a short coat, and a cap. His hair was closely cut. She screamed for Mr. Smith, but some minutes elapsed before he got to the cellar and descended to the cellar. He found nobody there.

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## An Interesting Question.

The New York city front between the Canal and Jersey City is controlled by the Sugar House and Morris Canal Companies under grant or lease by the State. The New Jersey law Company has decided to have a communication between the two places; a bridge was proposed at Washington street, but the Sugar House Company opposed, and there were legal obstacles. Attention was then turned to the project of bridging at Warren street instead of Washington, and for this time it seemed promising. The project was then turned to the project of bridging at Warren street instead of Washington, and for this time it seemed promising.

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## Advertisements.

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## HUMOROUS.

### Why McKee Wasn't In.

"Is Mr. McKee in?"  
The gentleman who asked the question was a mild mannered individual, and much resembled a clergyman in appearance. Mr. Tusch, of whom the question was asked, replied in the negative.

"Will he be in soon?" asked the meek one.

"I think not," answered M. Tusch.

"I have not seen him for some time, and I am afraid I would hardly know him."

"He's no doubt changed a great deal since you saw him," returned the money-lender Tusch.

"Do you know where I would likely find him?" asked the gentleman.

"He didn't say where he was going."

"Isn't there any place that he frequents?"

"He is no doubt in one of two places, but they are a good way from here, and he probably would not like to be disturbed."

"Can I sit down and wait?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, certainly! John, give the gentleman a chair."

The gentleman waited for two hours, and became uneasy; finally he asked:

"Is there any possibility of his being in to day?"

"No, I think not."

"How long since he was in?"

"Six months."

"How is that?"

"He's dead."

"Why didn't you say so?"

"He didn't ask me."

### A Letter of Recommendation.

A young man in Kingston, N. Y., being out of employment, recently requested of a former employer a letter of recommendation to aid him in securing a situation. The letter was written and handed to the applicant, who was totally unable to read it, as was every person to whom it was shown.

A friend advised him to take it to a printing office, where it could be deciphered, as compositors are noted for being able to make out the worst specimens of writing. It was given to compositors in various printing establishments, and in turn given up without being deciphered.

At last, as a forlorn hope, it was given to the prescription clerk in a drug store, who had the reputation of being able to read anything. The man of drugs took the paper, gazed at it long and thoughtfully, and finally seized an empty quart bottle and then hurried around the store, taking some fluids of various colors from sundry bottles, and finally shaking the compound most vigorously.

Then handing it to the possessor of the letter of recommendation, he remarked to that much astonished individual, "Two dollars, and a very good cough mixture it is."

Another boy's letter.—Little John is visiting his grandfather. This is an extract from a letter to his mother: "Potatoes is planted in an 'enjoy' 'em very much 'cause they makes gran'father swear an' every time he bites over he spills his false teeth, an' he always forgets where he spills 'em an' he hires us to roust 'em out. So ever see him? he goes here. He pays us in pigs, an' 'fore the sassin' over I think he hev enuf to start a swine shop. Tell Sam Jenkins, 'cause it'll make him hoppin' mad to know me hev'n such a binner."

A French paper humorously illustrates the high charges in Paris during the exhibition. At a restaurant, a gentleman who unmistakably does not belong to the lightfingered tribe, is openly—not furtively—showing the spoons and forks into his pocket. The waiter says, "Allow me to observe, monsieur, that you are putting the silver articles into your pocket." "Well I are they not comprised in the dinner bill?" I thought by the charge it included everything on the table!

A ludicrous instance of punning upon a name once took place in a judicial court of New York, which is thus told: Council had been questioning a certain witness named Gunn, and in closing, he said to him: "Mr. Gunn, you can now go off." The judge on the bench, seeing the pun, gravely replied: "Sir, you are discharged." Of course, an explosion in court immediately ensued.

An old tarkey was endeavoring to explain his unfortunate condition. "You see," remarked Sambo, "it was in this way as far as I can remember; First my fadder died, den my mudder married again; and den my mudder died, den my fadder married again; and somehow I doesn't seem to have no parents at all, nor nuffin."

The "Odd" Letter.—A cockney inquired at the post-office the other day for a letter for "Benny Huggins." He was told there was none. "Look 'ere!" he replied a little angrily: "you've hexamined a hodd letter for my name. It don't commence with a h, it begins with a h. Look in the 'ole that's got the ho."

"It's all well enough to talk about how the thermometer stands in the shade," remarked Sambo, "it was a dropped lobster colored face, who bopped in the other morning; 'What I want to know is how it stands in the sun. That's the way I have to take it."

Fine nainsook, embroidered, makes lovely little slaps for children. Says a fashion writer. Orange peel on a sidewalk, continues to be good enough for men.

## THE JOHNSON ROLLER.

THE BEST AND MOST COMPLETE ROLLER FOR THE MILL.

THE JOHNSON ROLLER.

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## ADVOCATE & TIMES

### Job Printing Office,

REMOVED UP STAIRS, 16 CHERRY ST.

PRINTING DONE AT

LOW RATES.

Give Us Your Orders.

Save Money.

GET A GOOD JOB!

WE HAVE

EVERY FACILITY

FOR

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

And to Responsible Parties will give

FIGURES NOT TO BE MATCHED!

BY ANY OTHER PRINTERS,

FOR AN EQUAL QUALITY OF WORK.

Envelopes,

At Manufacturers' Prices.

We will take orders for any quantity of

PRINTED OR NOT.

At the Shortest Notice.

Labels of all Kinds,

For Druggists, Grocers, Dry Goods Dealers

In all Styles and Colors.

TAGS,

WITH OR WITHOUT STRINGS,

Of any make or in any number,

PRINTED OR PLAIN.

Commercial Printing.

Cards, Circulars, Price Lists,

Letter-Heads, Note-Heads,

Receipts, Receipt Books,

Books of Fare, Envelopes,

Reports, Pamphlets,

Programmes, Posters,

Tickets, Labels, and

Show Cards.

PRINTED TO ORDER,

CANNOT BE EXCELLED

FOR QUALITY OF WORK.

Moderate Prices and Full Count!

BILL-HEADS,

OF ALL SIZES AND STYLES.

Full Count—Good Stock.

STATEMENTS.

VERY USEFUL AND ECONOMICAL.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

ADVOCATE & TIMES

JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

16 Cherry Street.

FARMERS AND MASONS

SUPPLIED W

LIME,

Of Superior Quality and Correct

Measure,

BY THE BUSHEL OR BARREL.

HAMPTON CUTTER'S

LIME KILNS,

RAHWAY PORT, N. J.

R. O. POTTER, AGENT.

MAIN STREET PROPERTY

For Sale.

The three-story brick building corner of

Main and Cherry Streets, is offered for

sale at an extremely low price. For a

business stand it is the best in the city and is

a substantial and well built building, calculated

for any business. For terms and other

particulars enquire of

GEO. W. HALL,

100 Main Street.

POUDRETTE

FOR SALE

77,000 bushels of Poudrette for sale in

quantities to suit the purchaser, at very

low rates.

THOMAS KELLY,

Milton Ave., Rahway, N. J.

may-20m

## CHARLES AVERY,

DEALER IN

Ladies', Gents', and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES, FURNITURE,

NO. 9 CHERRY STREET,

RAHWAY, N. J.

Offers to the public a large and well selected

stock of Ladies', Gents', and Children's

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, &c.

As good in quality and style, and at as

low prices as any other establishment

for the same class of work.

We make

A SPECIALTY OF CUSTOM WORK.

All orders for which will be carefully and

promptly attended to.

CHARLES AVERY,

37-17 Cherry Street, Rahway, N. J.

Before going out of Town to buy

your clothing, see what you

can do at Home first.

MILLER,

THE Clothier,

Is now offering all the

LATEST STYLES OF CLOTHING,

At Prices equally as low as any house

in the trade, for good reliable goods.

FOR CASH.

Good Business Suits, \$10, \$12, \$14.

Dress Suits, \$12, \$14, \$16, and \$18.

Elegant Prince Albert Coats and

Vests, \$12 50.

Boys' Suits from \$5 up.

Children's Suits, \$2 to \$6.

Mens' Strong Working Pants from

\$1 to \$1 75.

Fine Black Doeskin Pants, \$4 50.

Our Stock is complete. Our prices

will please you, and we cordially

invite your examination.

GEO. MILLER,

1-13 Main St.

CLOTHING AND MERCHANT TAILOR.

AGENT FOR THE

United States Dyeing & Scouring

ESTABLISHMENT.

All kinds of Garments Dyed and Scoured

with latest and best dyes without

injuring the fabric, and at low

prices.

MILTON LAKE ICE!

MILTON LAKE ICE!

MILTON LAKE ICE!

(ESTABLISHED 1840.)

ICEL!

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

Delivered to any part of the City.

ORDERS LEFT AT

REUCK'S ICE CREAM SALOON

Opposite Post Office, will receive immediate

attention. Also, an

ICE DEPOT

has been located in the rear of W. L. Brown's

Feed Store, and any quantity can be obtained

there at any time.

Thankful for past patronage, I remain,

CHAS. S. F. PROCTOR,

Rahway, N. J., May 18th, 1876.

HAIR AS CHEAP AS ANYWHERE.

WILL MAKE YOU AS NICE A HUSBAND

AS YOU WISH TO BE, as I am then enabled

to get the roots of the hair together and

make a first quality switch.

PUFFS,

CURLS,

FRIZZES, &c

Made from combs.

Switches Colored And Repaired

AND HAIR ADDED IF REQUIRED.

Call at the Hair Emporium,

No. 33 Cherry Street.

MARTIN H. VOLKMAN,

## I. LOHMILLER,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

PARLOR,

BEDROOM,

DINING ROOM

AND KITCHEN

FURNITURE,

MATTRESSES,

AND

FEATHERS.

REPAIRING

AND

UPHOLSTERING

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.