

ADVOCATE & TIMES.

Published Weekly by
W. L. MERSHON & CO.
87, 88 & 89 CLINTON ST.

RAHWAY N. J., DECEMBER 24, 1881.

Subscription, \$1.00 per Year,
Single Copies, 10c & Cents.

HAS CRIME IN PERSONS HOLDING
OFFICES OF TRUST, BECOME
EPIDEMIC?

The present "It never rains but it pours" finds a complete illustration in the successive discoveries of crimes committed in the discharge of official trusts during the past few years in our State. A peculiar painful significance attaches to the illustration because most of the criminals had previously enjoyed the full confidence of all who knew them. In almost every instance their habits, manner and education gave them a excellent social position. They had married, had begotten children, and, notably, as Bacon said, "had given hostages to fortune," for their good, confidence.

Within the past half dozen years the list of these criminals is frightful. Burlington county furnished a State Treasurer whose defalcations sent him to State prison. Mercer county supplied almost an entire family whose embezzlements of public funds relegated them to the Treasury's confinement. Then Monmouth county found a defaulting Collector. His tally took five thousands and could reach no higher than the county jail. Somerset county added another defaulting Collector. In this case certain influences softened the hearts of one-half of the court. The other half, in order that the offender should be punished at all, had to yield to their accusations, and the punishment was only a fine of probably less than a fifth of the sum stolen. A Warren county grand jury found so many of its public officers inimical in charge of the entire sum. The cases of Middlesex, Union, Essex, and Bergen counties are also represented by the "lost society" in the capital, and the Auditor's office has so many, either directly connected or under indictment, that one can't keep the run of them.

These instances in all conscience are enough to make good the illustration. In all these cases slow but sure and in almost every case severe punishments have been imposed. The Court of Pardon has not mitigated the severity, and if rigorous investigations and heavy sentences could prevent recurrence of similar crime the culprits administrators of the law in our courts of justice in these cases doubtless have stopped them.

Yet in Essex County, the city of Newark, founded by Puritans, the wealthiest, most populous and aristocratic in moral tone of any city of the State, notwithstanding all these startling examples of wrong and of severe punishment, lies within the past three months developed instances of similar crimes which fairly dwarf any that preceded them. The Castle of a bank supposed to own some three millions of assets, himself receiving the entire amount for his services, has been discovered to have received only a fraction of what he deserved. His son, a member of the Legislature, has done what his extravagant style of living failed to accomplish, and it is not improbable that the investigations now pending will implicate him higher in office position than the fugitive clerk.

We hope that these repeated illustrations of the demoralization produced by Wall street gambling will do something towards forming a public sentiment which shall sternly demand its suppression. Gambling in stocks is no better in principle, and is far more disastrous in its effects than is ordinary gambling, which the law forbids and for which it provides penalties. Passing under the shoulder of its meshes he would hesitate to stake a dollar on a game of cards; and, in the event it offered him a thousand dollars, he would not even consider it. His temptation to exact contributions of public money to use the funds in helping his own private enterprise, usually with the results reached in the cases of Baldwin and Palmer. It is the duty of society to protect itself by prohibiting this fatal system of reputable gambling; it is the chief cause of the shameful debasement of our country, and it is not improbable that what he has done for his own purposes over two millions of the bank's funds. He leaves him if a thief and a perjurer and sets to bent prison. Yet with this avowal, although half to the amount of our hundred thousand dollars is required, it is furnished and he reposes in the bosom of his family. A brother who was paying teller was suspected as being implicated. An ex-clerk was supposed to have taken an additional fifty thousand dollars. Both were arrested, promptly bailed and can be seen every day in the most public places, the city apparently as indifferent to the situation as if it did not exist.

During the week a variety of this entertainment was given. A quiet, legal, and orderly party of young people gathered at the "Admiral's" Christmas-tree, wading in and out of the room, the old as well as the young, a "Merry Christmas!"

It is to have the sombre currents of our ordinary lives occasionally diverted into a smoother channel and that they should flow for a time, in brighter streams, and our regret is, not that day.

And when's her secret? I'll tell you, And it's this: That she fears me, and should be placed, where other wives are, under the law of law.

CHINCHIM.

At this number of the Advocate we will reach our subscribers for the eve of Christmas, it is a fit occasion, and one we gladly take to add to the homes our paper carries the "Admiral's" Christmas-tree, wading in and out of the room, the old as well as the young, a "Merry Christmas!"

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THE CHRISTMAS (DECEMBER) ST.
NICHOLAS.

This year's Christmas "St. Nicholas" is the finest number of that magazine ever issued; and therefore, probably, is also the finest number of a children's magazine ever printed. It is nearly one page full of fine illustrations and a delightful Christmas present for a boy or girl.

The number contains the opening chapters of two new serial stories—"Donald and Dorothy," by Mary Hayes Dodge, the editor of the magazine—and "The Heater Schoolboy," by Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." In it appears, also, the beginning of a series of "Stories from the Northern Myths," illustrated with a striking picture by Robert Blum; and it includes the second installment of "Recollections of a Drummer-boy," in which are narrated some actual exciting experiences of the author during his service in the Northern army during the civil war—and especially how his regiment got a "shilling."

Of the contents relating especially to the holiday season, the most striking are: Some interesting glimpses of life and manners in the United States—"A Hundred Years Ago," with several pictures by Robert Blum; and Alfred Brennan, the author of "The Poor Comte's Christmas"—and "The Poor Comte's Christmas," by Frank R. Stockton;—and "The Little Girl with the Very Happy Christmas Day," entered after an Angel in the Universalist publication of "The Magic Key," an episode of which the first part was related in the November number, and which it is by E. S. Brooks, author of the successful "Land of Nod" stories of last Christmas.

The pictures, stories, poems, and lively pieces in this beautiful number will, of course, interest the boys and girls; and at least thirteen hundred members of the American Association will enjoy reading Mr. Ballou's ninth report concerning that vigorous society, and its delightful, self-spared studies of Nature; and the "Jackin-the-Pulpit," "Letterbox," and "Huddlebox" pages will have devoted readers—but that one thing in this number which is most likely to rive the attention of the young folks is "Deacon Green's Offer" of one hundred thousand one dollar bills to the one hundred boys and girls who best shall do a certain pleasant piece of work for him.

A STRAIGHT ANSWER WANTED.—One of the east bound trains coming into Detroit the other day was heavily loaded, and a passenger who got on at Toledo walked through two cars and finally landed at a seat occupied by a small man and a grab bag and inquired:

"Is this seat occupied?"

"Of course this seat is occupied," was the reply.

"Am both halves of this seat occupied?" was the next query.

"Of course both halves are occupied." "Well, my friend," said the new arrival, as he let go of the switch, "I want to bother you with one more query. Had you rather I would toss the grabbag out of the window and sit down with you, or chuck you out and ride into Detroit with the grabbag?"

The grabbag man did not mind that and wouldn't ride anywhere else except on the word box.

DISGRACEFUL HABITS.—Nearly all the disgraceful habits which people take up come at first from mere accident or want of thought. They might easily be dropped, but they are perpetuated in until they become a second nature. Stop and think before you allow yourself to form them.

These are disgraceful habits of body. Like coughing, sniffling, twisting the mouth, biting the nails, continually picking at something, twirling the key, jangling a chain, chomping with a sharp, severe, and clattering, a chair or whatever you lay your hands on. Don't do any of these things. Learn to talk quietly—like a gentleman. I was going to say; but I am afraid even girls fall into such tricks sometimes.

There are much worse things than these, to be sure, but we are speaking only of these little things that are only annoying when they are persisted in.

There are habits of speech, also, such as beginning every sentence with "you see," or "you know," "now-a," "and-a," "see here," "let me tell you," affected utterance, sharp, nasal tones; avoid them all. Stop and think what you are going to say, and then let every word drop from your lips just as perfect as a new silver coin. Have a care about your way of sitting and standing and walking. Before you know it you will find that your habits will have hardened into a coat of mail, that you cannot get off without a terrible effort.

Virginia elects her Governor for four years, pays him \$5,000 a year, and gives him the use of an elegantly furnished room on the grounds adjoining Capitol square, and the services of a number of his incumbents of the office, Governors Holliday and Kemper, were widowers. On the 1st of January, next, when Governor Holliday died, the executive mansion for the first time in eight years will have a mistress.

WHAT ALLS YOU?
It is a disordered liver giving you a yellow skin or ruddy bowels, which have to be purged, and the bowels will never resume to perform their functions? If so, your system will soon be clogged with poison. Take a few doses of Kidney-Water, and you will have a new nature with no taint in every organ, and each organ will be ready for duty. Druggists sell both, the dry and liquid—Edwards' Tonic.

Jeff Davis hopes that "all who find their gallant and honorable deeds" unrewarded in his book, will not hold him accountable for his conduct. "I am not great and we serve our cause," implies that all such information as will serve the purpose of the future historians." Gen. Grant and some others will please take notice.

KIDNEY DISEASE GUARDED.

Controversy, 1861.—Suffering from kidney disease, from which I could get no relief either from medicine or the personal physicians of our country, I turned to the country which cured me completely. A child of mine recovering from scrofula fever had no appetite, and did not seem to be able to eat, till I took him from Bitter with the happiest results.

J. Kyle Monroe.

A Boston physician advised me to make a leather belt, and when I did he can teach any young lady how to put her belt on? This can do with a pin which goes down into the breast to fasten it there, and the leather belt, and the leather would prick his fingers until they looked like an old-fashioned nutting grater, and then it would be on hind legs.

(Cleveland Penny Press.)
BE THE CONQUERING HERO ETC.

Among the most wonderful articles of the period is the Jacob's Oil. The Hon. George C. Bratt, pronounced it the most thorough conqueror of pain that he has ever known.

KIDNEY WORT
DOES
WONDERFUL
CURES!

ON THE LIVER, BOWELS
AND KIDNEYS AT THE NAME LINE.

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