The National Democrat.

RAHWAY, N. J., JUNE 3, 1880.

PHUNNY-GRAPHS.

THE BACKSLIDER.

"And did you hear the sermon Mose,
At meeting here to-day?"
"Yes, sah, I here the sermint, sah."
"What did the preacher say?"
"He say, sez he, his text was dis,
'A Lection 'll be tuck up';
So 'mejitly I retch my hat
An' out de do' I scup." —*Ex.*

ODE TO A CLAM.

O! pensive clam,
By sedgy reefs and in cool depths you lie
Unplagued by doubt and vague philosophy
The winter goes
And summer[illegible]
Its burning girdle over land and sea,
And yet you never seem to want—ah me!
To change your clothes
O ! [illegible]
—*[illegible]*

[illegible]

When lovely woman hears strange news,
[illegible]
To give expression to her views,
As this plain English—"Goodness gra-
cious"— —*Chicago Journal.*

Marathon Independent: A kid-napping case—a cradle.

Gossips are the spies of life.—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

The butcher uses the meat trick system of weights.—Marathon Independent.

Politicians should never swear by Jupiter. He was the first to bolt.—Boston Transcript.

Joaquin Miller is said to be writing a war poem. Mr Miller was very recently married.—New York Commercial.

The New York Commercial Advertiser impiously refers to the Agricultural Department as the "national pumpkinery."

A Boston artist painted an orange peel on the sidewalk so naturally that six fat men slipped down on it.—Boston Post.

Some people put stockings on their hens to keep them from scratching, but a better plan is to "shoo" them.—Philadelphia News.

Boston Commercial Bulletin: The barber who handles the cadets' faces at West Point believes in cutting the army down.

The great herd of mankind are like oxen; they know how to eat, and drink and chaw the kud, and that is about all they do know.—Josh Billings.

The picturesque flies, with their brilliantly colored wings, are flitering hither and thither, more especially thither.—Danbury News.

The woman caught in a shower with her new bonnet and no umbrella, can never be persuaded that the rain was needed.—Burlington Hawkeye.

An authority in such matters says love levels all ranks—except rank butter.—Ex. And we suppose limburger cheese might be added.—Yonkers Gazette.

Detroit Free Press: The Japanese doctors cure with herbs and roots altogether, and their charges are so low that it is cheaper to be sick than well in that country.

"Dad, if it's so injurious to smoke, why don't chimneys get sick and die?" The old gentleman merely replied that he wished he had a trunk strap handy.—Andrews' Bazar.

An exchange says: "A Texas editor was knocked down and robbed of two dollars." The exchange should give more particulars. Who did the money belong to?—Peck's Milwaukee Sun.

Boston Transcript: Twin babies were born to a colored woman in Kentucky this week; one of them is black and the other white. If this hadn't been in black and white we shouldn't have believed it.

New York Mail: Perhaps it is called the "upper crust" because you have to pass it to get to the real meat and strength of society.

"Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clinch your arms on the other side," said a recently published book for young men. Very good advice, but what if she screams?—Truth.

This is the time of year when the industrious young man resolves to get up very early every morning and take a walk, or read history, or do something awfully commendable, and then oversleeps himself and is too late to business twenty-seven days in the month.—New York Mail.

Cincinnati Saturday Night: The editor of a newspaper that has adopted phonetic spelling, in a measure, received a postal card from an old subscriber in the country which reads as follows: "Ther tak your paper for [illegible] years, but if you [illegible] spell any better than you hev been doin for the las 10 munths, you may jes stopit."

A fashion item says broad soled shoes are to be the correct thing for ladies' [illegible] this season. It would interest a certain class of young men more to know what kind of shoe is going to be the correct thing for the paternal foot.—Fathers of young ladies have been wearing "[illegible]" numerous paragraphs [illegible].—Norristown Herald.

"This is not a free country," said one tramp to another, in Tramp Hall, the other night.—"Done," said the [illegible] companion of mine was arrested for merely opening a bank, and I myself come near being arrested and sent to Sing Sing for horse-dealing. These police here is sure a poor man in a paying business."—Yonkers Gazette.

A wise young lady, who had the care of her mother's little three-year-old niece [illegible] growing weary of her charge, once punished the child, exclaiming, "Oh, Edith, why don't you go off and play, dear, why do you hang around me so?" The awful little creature thought a moment, and then replied: "'Cause you's so lovely, Aunt Zoe."—Andrews' Bazar.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

(Compiled from the New York Observer.)

June 6, 1880.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

MATT. 27 : 31—50.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Who his own self bare our sins, in his own body, on the tree."—1. Peter 2 : 24.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Jesus was crucified for us.

This lesson brings us to the last fearful scene in the tragedy of the death of Jesus. From the garden of Gethsemane, where we have seen him wrestling in agonizing prayer in view of the cross and achieving the grandest victory over his human weakness in the words, "Thy will be done," he is seized by an armed band led by the traitor Judas, and carried before the high priest Caiaphas in his palace at Jerusalem. Then came his mock trial before the Sanhedrim or grand Council of the Jews; his denial by Peter, and his condemnation. Then, as the Jews had no longer the power of inflicting the penalty of death, his enemies led him to Pilate, the Roman Governor, who sent him to Herod. Being sent back again, Pilate, who seems to have been unwilling to take the responsibility of his blood upon himself, endeavors to induce the Jews to abandon their purpose, but in vain. The weak and vacillating Governor is no match for the persistent and malignant foes who demanded the blood of Jesus, and he abandons to them his prisoner, against whom no crime had as yet been proved. Then followed the cruel and shameful indignities of the judgment hall, the mocking and scourging, and the climax of the awful history is reached in the brief but significant words with which the lesson opens:

"AND THEY CRUCIFIED HIM."

The cross was a simple, rude structure, formed of an upright piece of timber, with a cross-piece, giving to the whole somewhat the shape of the letter T. There were three kinds of crosses—the "crux commissa" (T), the "crux commissa" (†), and the "crux decussata" (X), commonly called "St. Andrew's cross." That on which our Lord was suspended is thought to have been the second, or the Latin cross. It was a very simple structure, but death upon it was attended with horrible agony, and though no vital part was touched, yet, as the weight of the body was thrown upon the iron spikes which were driven through the hands and feet, the strain was fearful. The heat of the sun beating upon the person, the inflammation of the wounds in the hands and feet, the pressure of the body which sometimes hung two or three days, the slowly increasing numbness and painful convulsions, the circulation impeded by the painful tension, the agonizing thirst, the swelling veins and arteries, the fearful oppression of the respiratory organs, and the keener anguish of the sensitive spirit, made this form of death dreadful beyond description. Alas! the brief recital gives us no adequate idea of the horrors of such a death—the death which Jesus suffered as our atoning sacrifice and the innocent victim for our sins.

The soldiers who acted as the executioners claimed the garments of the crucified and divided them by lot. Ages before, this had been predicted (Ps. 22), and now it was fulfilled.

Two thieves were suspended, one on each side of the dying Jesus, probably common brigands of the numbers who infested the neighborhood, and in this another prophecy was fulfilled (Isaiah 53 : 12). The cross was the usual penalty for brigandage.

The dying hours of Jesus were embittered by the jeers and insults of the people who flocked to the scene with that morbid desire for horrors which seems to be an instinct of our nature, and taunts and sarcasms were freely bestowed on the dying man. Even the Jewish officials could not deny themselves the poor gratification of joining in these insults.

Then came the unnatural darkness, as if Nature must express her horror at the infernal deed; the earthquake, and the dying cry—the cry of a breaking heart, not wrung from the suffering Jesus by his physical tortures, fearful as they were, but the cry of innocence in its bereavement of the support of the divine presence and under the awful sense of the dreadful nature of that sin which he had volunteered to bear, the cry of an agony of soul worse than any torture of body, and under which Jesus exclaimed, "It is finished," and "gave up the ghost."

Thus ended this dreadful scene—the death scene of the Son of God, of Him "who loved us and gave himself for us."

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Though permitted by the "determinate counsel of God," the crucifixion was the most awful crime ever perpetrated by man.

By "wicked hands" our Lord was slain. But no less wicked are the hands of those in our day who reject his gospel, and by their unbelief and impenitence "crucify the Lord afresh and put him to an open shame."

How much better are gospel sinners of the nineteenth century than they who cried in the streets of Jerusalem, "Away with him! Crucify him!"

2. The cross, once a badge of ignominy, is now a symbol of glory.

It has guided civilization to its highest triumphs; it has inspired art to its noblest efforts; it has ennobled philanthropy to its purest achievements; and it has exalted character to its sublimest heights.

3. No spot on earth can teach such grand truths as the Cross of Christ.

The dreadful evil of sin, the spotless holiness and venerable justice of God, the infinite condescension and love of Jesus, the inestimable value of the soul of man and the immense cost of its redemption,—these are the mighty truths which are taught us by the Cross.

4. In the sufferings of Christ there are corresponding [illegible] for those who believe in him.

He was bound on the cross that we might be freed from our sins; he [illegible] the [illegible] that we might [illegible] he was [illegible] that [illegible] might be acquitted [illegible] forsaken of God, that we might [illegible] the "[illegible]" might be [illegible] and forever [illegible] he took our curse upon him that he might fill us with his blessing; he [illegible] himself [illegible] the deepest ignominies and was forsaken by God that we might be raised to the honors of the divine acceptance; out of his shame our glory comes; out of his death we have life, and he hung on the cross that we may sit on starry thrones.

5. Christians should draw their noblest inspiration from the Cross.

The ancient Crusader bore the cross upon his shield; let us engrave it on our hearts.

6. Christ died for us; is it too much to ask that we should live for him?

To Gratify his Wife.

An Interesting Story—A Hopeless Case Cured, A Good Reason for Happiness.

STATEMENT OF MR. WASHINGTON MONROE, OF CATSKILL, GREEN COUNTY, NEW YORK.

"For many years I had suffered from a complaint which the physicians called Gravel. I had employed some of the most noted doctors without obtaining any permanent relief, and for a long time my case was regarded as hopeless. All who knew the circumstances said I must die. Finally, my wife induced me to try a bottle of Dr. Kennedy's 'Favorite Remedy' which she had somewhere heard of or seen advertised. Without the slightest faith in it, but solely to gratify her, I bought a bottle of a druggist in our village. I used that and two or three bottles more, and—to make a long story short—I am now as healthy a man as there is in the country.

Since then I have recommended 'Favorite Remedy' to others whom I know to have suffered from Kidney and Liver complaints; and, I assure the public, that the 'Favorite Remedy' has done its work with a similar completeness in every single instance, and I trust some other sick and discouraged mortal may hear of it and try the 'Favorite Remedy' as I did." jn3 1m

HALL'S BALSAM

Cures Colds, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night-sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. It is only necessary to have the right remedy, and HALL'S BALSAM is that remedy. DON'T DESPAIR OF RELIEF, for this benign specific will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE,

the Most Powerful Healing Agent ever Discovered.

[illegible]

Ask for Henry's, and Take No Other. BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

TOWNSLEY'S TOOTHACHE ANODYNE

CURES IN ONE MINUTE.

Edey's Carbolic Troches,

A SURE PREVENTIVE OF Contagious Diseases, Colds, Hoarseness, Diphtheria, and Whooping Cough. Pleasant to the Taste.

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[illegible]

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MOLES. [illegible]

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$1500 TO $6000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. [illegible]

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	Assets	3,779,809.33
	Net Surplus	973,070.19
PHŒNIX, Brooklyn,	Capital	$1,000,000.00
	Assets	2,735,054.18
	Net Surplus	781,332.36
LANCASHIRE, England,	Paid up Capital	$1,000,000.00
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Bodies laid out and iced at all hours.

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[illegible]

Hop Bitters [illegible]

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SOLOMON T. DUNN,
LEONARD DUNN,

Dated April 12, 1880.

UNION COUNTY SURROGATE'S OFFICE. [illegible]

UNION ORPHAN'S COURT.

TERM OF JANUARY 1880. [illegible]

UNION COUNTY SURROGATE'S OFFICE, March 16th, 1880. [illegible]

UNION COUNTY SURROGATE'S OFFICE.—May 8th, 1880. [illegible]

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE. [illegible]

THEODORE A. WOOD, Administrator.

March 29, 1880.

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SURE CURE FOR DIARRHŒA.

[illegible]

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VOL. XL.—NO. 39. RAHWAY, N. J., JUNE 10, 1880. WHOLE NUMBER 1989.

The National Democrat.

L. S. HYER, Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

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TO TAKE EFFECT MAY 21ST, 1879.

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C. A. OLIVER, Postmaster.

THREE ANGELS.

They say this life is barren, drear and cold—
Ever the same sad song was sung of old—
Ever the same, long weary tale is told,
And to our lips are held the cup of strife,
And yet—a little love can sweeten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed—
Youth has but dreams, and age an aching void,
Whose Dead Sea fruit long ago has cloyed,
Whose night with wild, tempestuous storms is rife—
And yet a little hope can brighten life.

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair
Amidst the broken treasures scattered there,
Where all is wrecked, where all once promised fair,
And stab ourselves with sorrow's two-edged knife—
And yet a little patience strengthens life.

It is then true, this tale of bitter grief,
Of mortal anguish finding no relief?
Lo! midst the Winter shines the laurel's leaf.
Three angels share the lot of human strife,
Three angels glorify the path of life.

Love, Hope and Patience cheer us on our way,
Love, Hope and Patience form our spirit's stay,
Love, Hope and Patience watch us day by day,
And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal,
Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

—*Temple Bar.*

SUCH A BORE.

"How many women?" asked Mitchell Harris, addressing his warm friend and admirer.

"Only three; mother, sister, and cousin."

"Oh, Harry, you really must let me off! I will go all over the world with you if you insist; I will ride, shoot, fish, do anything; but you must not ask me to go home with you."

"You promised, and I hold you to the engagement."

"But you said the house was vacant, and we could go in a shooting dress from Sunday morning to Saturday night if we liked, and now you threaten me with a regiment of ladies; young ones, too, who will expect a fellow to brush his hair, don his dress suit, and practice all his airs and graces before he ventures into their presence."

"Well," said Harry, with a face full of fun. "It is time you began. You are—excuse me—a perfect bear. Why don't you dress like other men?"

"What ails my dress?"

"It does well enough for out here in the country, I admit, but never to go to town. You shut yourself up in this box and never come out."

"Society is such a bore!"

"You don't seem to object to mine."

"My dear fellow!" and in his earnestness Mitchell Harris sat up on the sofa on which he had been reclining. "I beg you won't—but really, Harry, I do not mean men. But give me lots of friends ready to load bachelor's lives, and I am ready for their society. But woman—as you say, I am a bear, not fit for their society, and I don't mind confessing it; I would rather face a roaring lion in the forest than a petticoat in the parlor."

"Nevertheless, you are going with me. I won't come here again, to live months together on your hospitality if you never give me a chance to return it. So if you will let my mother's unexpected return interfere with our summer plans, this must be my last visit to Springdale."

"You don't mean that?"

"I do."

"My dear fellow, I could face all the women in England, drawn up in battle array, to prevent such a threat! I am at your service, and will lay in any amount of broadcloth and kid gloves you may think proper for the occasion."

"Bravo! We will start home to-morrow."

"Yes, if we must go—but it's a shocking bore!" And Mitchell fell back again upon the sofa, as if the very idea made him weary.

An orphan, a bachelor, rich and indolent, Mitchell Harris had for six years led an utterly careless life. His estates afforded good hunting and fishing; and his house well managed by faithful servants, was always open to old friends, who thronged there during the whole of the year. A well-filled stable, richly stocked room for guns and fishing tackle, made Springdale a most desirable resort; and the hearty welcome of the host, the perfectly "at home" liberty he extended to his guests, and the comforts old Sophy provided for visitors, did not detract from its merits.

Harry Pierce and Mitchell were schoolfellows and college friends. Having studied law, Mitchell was now waiting for clients, and in the intervals of office duty, Springdale often resounded to his hearty laugh, and firm, manly tread. With all his wealth and open hospitality Harris was no "fast man." The house might resound with gleeful talk, laughter, and music, but it witnessed no drunken revels, no gambling, no quarrelling. Cards, if produced, were unaccompanied by betting; and the billiard balls knocked together with no large sums of money depending on the pockets they fell into.

According to their plans, the friends left Springdale the following morning, to drive some ten miles to Mr. Pierce's country seat. One groom Mitchell gave as he packed an evening suit, or rather pitched it into his trunk; but he bore his fate with bold resignation, which made Harry's eyes and lips quiver with merriment.

The ride in the early morn was delicious, and the young men enjoyed it.

"There's the house," said Harry, pointing to a large house visible among the trees; and there are the girls on the lawn."

"Can't we drive round?" said Mitchell, nervously.

"Round? No! we must past the house to reach the stables; they see us."

The waving of two handkerchiefs as they approached gave rise to the last exclamation, and, tossing the reins to Mitchell, Harry jumped out. A tiny, pretty blonde claimed her brother's first kiss; but the tall, graceful girl who blushingly welcomed Cousin Harry, had a grasp from the hand, a look from the dark eyes, and a few whispered words that told of more love than even the warm embrace Harry gave to his little sister.

"Who is your friend?" asked Miss Pierce, after the first greetings were over.

"Mitchell, come here!"

"Can't—must hold the horses."

"Nonsense! The horses will stand."

"I am afraid to trust them. I'll drive round and join you afterwards." And he touched his horses with his whip and left the trio.

"Who is he, Harry?"

"Mitchell Harris."

"You don't mean it! I thought nothing could take him from his hermitage."

"It's hard enough to coax abroad, but here he is. He's as bashful as a schoolboy, but a fine, manly fellow under it all."

They sauntered towards the house, and waited in the hall for the tardy guest, but he did not appear. Half an hour passed in cheerful chat, and then, blaming himself for his want of courtesy, Harry started to the stable. Here he found Mitchell asleep on a pile of hay. Laughing heartily he awoke him.

"Tired?"

"No, not very; but I am rather bored, sitting out here waiting for you."

"Why didn't you join us? Emra, that's my cousin, says you are the handsomest man she has seen in a long while. Look sharp; I won't have you doing the irresistible in that quarter. You may flirt with Jessie all you like."

"I flirt? Gracious, Harry, you might as well expect a famous donkey in a fable to grace a drawing-room, as to expect me, a clumsy country fellow, to flirt! I—I—Harry, after dinner, if we can dine alone, I had better go back—"

"Scared by the sight of the enemy the wretch meditates retreating without an encounter," said a merry voice at the door, and, turning, Harry saw his sister.

With a large flat hat over her sunny curls, and her full white dress, she looked as pretty and saucy a picture as can well be imagined.

Mitchell was on his feet in an instant, and his most graceful bow, though his face flushed, was not a thing to blush for, by any means.

Holding out a tiny white hand, which was quite lost in the one extended to meet it, Jessie said—

"You are very welcome to our home. I need no introduction, for Michell Harris is one of the themes of my brother's conversation. Don't run away till after you have partaken of the luncheon to which I was sent to summon you."

"After such a welcome, I defy any mortal power to make me run away," said Mitchell, offering his arm to the little beauty. "But this dress, Harry—"

But Harry was gone.

"Never mind the dress. We lunch early, for in the country we get so savagely hungry, we are not particular about dress. I appear, as you see, in a wrapper." And she gave her embroidered skirt a slight shake, which showed a tiny slipper.

"Is that a wrapper? Ignoramus that I am, I don't know it from a ball dress."

Fortified by his interview with Jessie, Mitchell went through the other introductions with the courtesy of a man whose politeness does not proceed from set forms, but is the result of a kind heart and a respectful deference to the other sex. After luncheon, the young men started for a stroll around the place, and returned to find other additions to the family. One glance revealed some six or eight ladies and a corresponding number of gentlemen from the city, and Mitchell beat a hasty retreat to his own room. Harry's announcement that they were to stay a week was so alarming that it required all his eloquence to persuade Mitchell to remain in the house. During the week the family saw little of their guests. Picnics and rides were formed, but Mitchell had letters to write, or a headache, or there was some excuse ready; but after the parties left he went out not to appear again before dinner; the ladies decided he was a handsome bear, and the gentlemen voted him odd; only Harry was a confidant of the weary sighs that proclaimed picnics and parlor evenings "such a bore!"

One morning, supposing the folks all away, Mitchell sauntered into the parlor. He had advanced too far to retreat, when he discovered Mrs. Pierce was lying on the sofa, and Jessie seated near her, occupied by a piece of knitting.

"Come in," said the elder lady, as she saw him. "I have a sick headache; but enough to drive me to bed, only an excuse for laziness. Jessie stays here to play nurse."

"I am sorry you are ill," said Mitchell, his face expressing real sympathy. "Can I be of any use?"

"You can read to us," said Jessie, with a smile as if she expected him to vanish.

To her surprise, he assented immediately, and selecting a volume of Tennyson from a pile on the table, he read the "Lotus Eaters." The ladies listened in delighted surprise. To a musical voice he added the charm of perfect familiarity with his subject, and carried them with him to the dreamy delights of the poem. A good reader is not so common a person that he is easily parted with.

After the gay guests were gone many a morning found Mitchell reading to the ladies with easy grace as they worked. In the long, lonely days when Springdale had no guests but its host, books were companions, friends which the young man valued and cultivated. Master of several languages, his stock of literature was large and varied, and he was truly, what so many aspire to be, a well-read man.

Long walks and drives varied the morning's readings, and as Harry and Emra always would have something of interest to say to each other, Mitchell found Jessie depended upon him for escort. She was a tiny, bewitching girl, whose slight figure and lovely face contrasted well with his strong manliness, and he treated her with mixture of reverence and protection which no woman can resist. He felt for her the courteous respect which her sex claimed from his chivalry, yet he watched her as if she was a frail child intrusted to his care.

"A whole month since I came here," said Mitchell, as the family assembled in the parlor, one evening. "To-morrow I must go home."

There was a chorus of voices entreating a longer stay; only one voice for which he listened, was silent.

"I must go," said he, sighing. "I expect company, and the host must not be absent when his guests arrive. I must thank you for a most delightful four week, and"—here he laughed—"also for humanizing me a little. I am afraid the first part of my stay must have shocked you very much."

"We have got bravely over it," said Jessie, with a short, nervous laugh.

Somehow, in the twilight, Harry and Emra vanished into a corner, Mrs. Pierce nodded, and in one of the windows a tall, broad-shouldered figure bent over a little graceful one, as if some very earnest subject engrossed them both. What it was may be imagined from Harry's good night parting, as he left his friend's room.

"Why, Mitchell, my consent was yours before you asked it; but how you can ever endure all the wedding fuss and consequent parties, I cannot tell; and Mitchell I should think a wife, a woman always in the house, whould be 'such a bore!'"

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Poor Miss Flint! Some one has prescribed whisky as a lotion for some little ailment to which she had confessed, and she had felt, as she said, that it was "just the thing" but as for buying it, that was out of the question.

Gulliver was such a place for questions. And what a dreadful thing it would be if she, Miss Tabitha Flint, were to be suspected of whisky drinking at her time of life.

"As for saying it was to bathe her elbow with, you know, my dear, the people would never believe that," said Miss Flint. "It's the regular excuse of people who have taken to the bottle. And I couldn't get Absalom to buy it because he has sworn to touch not, taste not, handle not; and he wouldn't by lemon flavoring for the *blanc mange* because he said the basis was probably alcohol. And yet should like to try it for these rheumatic pains in my elbow."

"I'll tell you what to do, my dear," responded the friend to whom Miss Flint confided her trouble. Come down to the city and spend the day with me next Monday, and I'll give you a flat bottle full that you can put in your bag, and no one will ever be the wiser. Now, I've arranged it, haven't I?"

"Oh, yes. How kind of you to think of it," said Miss Flint. "But you don't know what a place Gulliver is. Indeed you don't.

"Oh, I do," replied the friend—"Well, good-bye. I'll expect you Monday," and she went, away hurrying out to catch the train.

And the end of this invitation was that Miss Flint paid the visit and received from her friend a nice little bottle full of whisky; which she was to heat and apply to her shoulder with flannel every night. Thus furnished, and holding her large black bag very carefully in both hands, Miss Flint proceeded to take a tram car which would convey her, as nearly as possible to the station.

The car was rather full of passengers, and amongst them, next to Miss Flint, sat an individual who was fast asleep. Not so fast, however, but that Miss Flint's entrance aroused him.—As she seated herself beside him he looked up, straightened himself, gasped, and fixing his large eyes full upon the pale blue orbs of Miss Flint, remarked—

"I say, old lady, gimme something to drink."

Now, it is rather embarrassing for a lady who fondly believes that her nut-brown invisible quite conceals the ravages of time, to be addressed as "old lady" before strangers, but at any other time the request for "a drink" would only have proved to Miss Flint the stranger's evil habits. Now conscious of the bottle in her bag, she suddenly blushed scarlet and clutched her bag still tighter.

The man continued—

"Something to drink—hear me.—Gimme something to drink; I know you've got it about you."

"Please to go away, sir," said Miss Flint; "I don't know you—I don't want you to talk to him."

"Don't know me?" squealed the tipsy man, with the fiendish merriment that characterises intoxication.

"Don't know me! You're my grandmother. You have got a bottle in your bag. Take it out and give me a drink."

The utterance of this awful truth caused Miss Flint to faint. She started to her feet.

"Let me go out," she cried, pulling frantically at the wrong strap, and rushing towards the door. The car did not stop. Its driver had received no signal, and Miss Flint stood trembling on the platform, the tipsy man, stumbling to his feet, reeled after her. Miss Flint jerked the strap again—the right one this time, and before the car had quite stopped, tried to step off. The result was that the next moment Miss Flint and the tipsy man tumbled into the road together, each clutching at a handle of the black bag in which the bottle was concealed.—There, with her bonnet on one side, her mantilla hanging down her back by a pin, and half the lower flounce torn off her dress, Miss Flint still tugged at the handle of the bag, caring for nothing save to conceal from the public that she was carrying about with her a well-filled whisky bottle.

"Give me my bag, if you please, sir," she kept repeating at intervals. "Give me my bag. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Meanwhile a crowd collected.

"What's the matter, ma'am?" asked a matron with a basket.

"He won't—give me—my bag," gasped Miss Flint, between the jerks.

"It's my grandmother," declared the tipsy man, "and I want my bottle out of her bag."

"Give it to him and stop the row," advised a butcher's boy.

"Hould on to it, ma'am. He's had quite enough. You're in the," advised another female bystander.

"I ain't—his—grand—mother," panted Miss Flint. "Oh! [illegible]" for at this moment the bag parted in twain. The tipsy man fell on one side, Miss Flint on the other, and the bottle crashing down on the pavement between them, shivered to pieces, drenching Miss Flint with whisky.

The next moment a big hand caught Miss Flint's arm, and she found herself dragged along the street by a policeman, followed by a mob of idlers and vagrants.

Torn and tattered, mud besmeared, with her bonnet beaten in and her hair down her back, poor Miss Flint was dragged into the station house, in company with her drunken assailant, and there charged with being drunk and disorderly. How it was that she didn't die, poor Miss Flint never knew, but the fact is that she lived through it and contrived to tell her tale to a magistrate not too stupid to believe it, although he did inquire—

"And how, ma'am, did this fellow know you had whisky in your bottle?"

"He didn't know it," sobbed Miss Flint. "It was just a dreadful coincident; but, oh, believe me, your honor, I had no more intention of drinking it than you would have. I'm no more given to it than you are. I had it given me to bathe my shoulder with, hot with a flannel. Oh, no more than you would I taste it, sir."

The magistrate gallantly declared the arrest of this excellent and worthy lady shameful mistake, reprimanded the policeman, committed the tipsy man, and sent Miss Flint to the station in a cab with a policeman in plain clothes, by way of escort and protector.

Things migh have been worse, for Miss Flint was not locked up for the night, "which has often occurred to persons quite as innocent. But never will the lines will the memory of that awful time vanish from Miss Flint's mind, and she is still engaged in taking tea with her friends for the purpose of explaining how it was that she came to have a bottle of whisky in her bag.

PATSY AND HIS BRIDE.

There never was a liklier boy than Patsy Ryan; and the three years we were comrades, in all that time never was there a word of disagreement between us. From the first day we met we were friends. He came by chance to my lodging house, and, as luck would have it, there was a vacancy in my shop. He applied for the berth, was engaged, and never was there a smarter or more willing hand than Patsy. From the foreman to the errand boy he was a favorite. From the first he was always talking about the fine little girl he left behind him in Ireland, and how much he missed her. When the rest of us took a holiday, or went out of an evening for amusement, Patsy always excused himself and would say—

"Boys, you mustn't blame me for not going with you, for I must save for my little girl that I hope some time to bring among you. And every penny I save brings the time nearer."

None of us blamed him, although we liked his company very much, as he had the most fun of any lad among us.

Patsy worked early and late until two years had come and gone; and at last the fulfillment of his desires was about to be accomplished. He had sent for his sweet-heart, and was expecting her immediately. He had found him a little cottage in the outskirts of the city, and had furnished it fit for any lady. When we spoke to him of going so far he said that the poor young thing had been used to flowers and the bit of green grass, and he could not put her in two or three rooms in a house.

"Indade," he said, "I wish I could make a paradise for her, I love her so well. I cannot do that, but I'll do my best." And surely the poor lad did.

It was a hot midsummer day, and Patsy had been doing extra work, so as to gain a week's holiday. He had finished all his arrangements even to buying the wedding ring and the fine dress and bonnet and mantle for the bride.

"Boy," said Patsy, "I will just have the wedding and take her to her home, for the poor young thing will be among strangers, and will feel so strange like."

Mrs. Collins, our landlady, had got everything in readiness for the wedding, and I was to be best man, of course. It is an old saying and a true one, that "man proposes, but God disposes; and so it was in this case. As I was telling you, Patsy was very busy running hither and thither. The weather was warm, and the heat overcame him. He fell down on the pavement; was picked up and carried into an apothecary's. They couldn't do much for him, so he was brought home, and the doctors came; but all was of no use; for before sunrise next morning poor Patsy breathed his last. But his last thought was for the poor young girl left alone.

"Be kind to her for my sake," said he, "and tell her I'll be waiting for her in heaven."

Oh, but it was a sad house that day! By noon Barty Collins brought home poor Patsy's sweetheart. She was surprised at not finding her lover waiting for her, but Mrs. Collins tried to make her comfortable, getting her refreshments and bustling about, dreading to break the sad tidings to her. At last she could put it off no longer. She kept questioning her so. Said Nora—"It's quare what keeps Patsy from me. I hope nothing is wrong with him. But strive as I will, there's a load on my heart."

"My poor child," said Mrs. Collins, "prepare yourself to hear bad news. It's a heavy blow, but he that sends it will comfort you."

She told her of all Patsy's goodness and preparations for her, and put the ring in her hand he had bought for her, and of his sudden sickness and death. A paleness like death came over her sweet, gentle face, and sinking back in her chair, she fainted away entirely.

Mrs. Collins, the kind woman, cried herself sick over poor Nora, thinking she would never come to. But after a time she revived, and begged to be taken to Patsy. We brought her to where he laid, a smile on his handsome face, and the brown curls falling on that brow of snow. But, alas, the spirit was not there. She threw herself on his coffin, pressed her lips to the cold clay, and cried out—

"Oh, Patsy, take me with you! I have no home without you! My heart is breaking for you, darling. Take me with you, Patsy, my heart's love. Take me with you."

Suddenly a bright smile lit up her face, and, stretching out her hands as if to embrace some one, she sank forward. We raised her, but the spirit of Nora File had flown to meet her Patsy.

We buried them in the same grave, and piled flowers on their coffin. In this world they loved truly and well, and in death they are re-united.

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, aint he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front them.

"Hush."

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moments' silence "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Sometime, maybe."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence the boy exclaimed, "Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at em!"

"Madam," said the man putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "What's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by the newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the baldheaded man, "if you don't hush I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll slap you again, if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be baldheaded?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get baldheaded I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all baldheaded men got money."

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose and exclaimed: "Madam, hereafter, when you travel leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto, I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the she bears to kill children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train I'll ride on the cow catcher rather than remain here."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy, and the woman leaned back and blew a tired sigh from her lips.—[Little Rock Gazette.

A girl down in North Carolina bought a set of jet jewelry, for which she was to pay a hundred kisses, one a day till the tally was complete. After the first thirty days the girl backed out, probably because the thing got to be too monotonous, and the man—of course there was a man as well as a woman in the case—brought suit against her for breach of contract. It might seem to some that that such an action would be barred as contrary to public policy. The case appears, nevertheless, to be going on. It would be interesting to know what was agreed upon by the parties to this queer sale as the average pecuniary value of a kiss, which could be learned by an easy calculation from the price originally stipulated for the set. The jury may be expected to throw light upon that vexed and mysterious philosophy of the estimate of civil damage which is so incomprehensible to the common mind.

Young man—don't be too energetic. A quiet current often carries the heaviest part of a stream.

The National Democrat.

RAHWAY, N. J., JUNE 19, 1880.

The Republicans can inscribe upon their banners "DeGolyer-Credit-Mobilier-Electoral-Commission Garfield for President!"

The Republican nominations seem to have fallen very "flat" upon the party in this section. We hear of no cheers, booming of cannons or other demonstrations of delight.

The *Statesman* says on the streets "The former Republican convention gave us a 'emphasized' fraud from Ohio, and now they have given us a worse one!" He was for Blaine, you know.

Many of the delegates to Chicago, as well as leading clubs and Republican politicians were compelled to flee to their homes on Saturday, their excitement being unequal to the unexpected prostration of the deliberations.

Any Republican who has presidential aspirations should at once emigrate to Ohio, and be in time four years hence. In New Jersey, Essex county is frequently alluded to as "the State of Essex" on account of its greed for honors, and the Republicans should now start a "Boom" for "the United States of Ohio."

The spasm of Baltimore thus writes of the Republican crowd at Chicago:

"Rum has been flowing like water. The crowds around the bars are sometimes in files of three deep and the bar tenders in a rather overworked expression to have seen a more noisy or a rougher assemblage than that which throngs at the public places of Chicago [illegible]."

As an evidence of the general opinion of the platform adopted by the Chicago convention, we quote the following from the New York *Times*, which is looked upon as the leading Republican organ of the country:

"It is a great pity that the National Convention of the Republican party should have put out a declaration of principles and opinions and purposes which will one way or another, as is shown here, so weakly framed and so [illegible] with matters of no pertinence or importance."

A Pretty Pair.—James A. Garfield, the Republican candidate for President is notable because of his connection with the Credit Mobilier frauds and the DeGolyer pavement bribes. Chester A. Arthur, their candidate for Vice President, is well known as the late Collector of Customs in New York, who was turned out of office upon complaint of Secretary Sherman, for unfitness. Appropriate candidates, very, for representatives of the Republican party of the present day.

A dispatch from Chicago said "Empty champagne baskets and bottles encumbered the passages of the hotels." And yet it was the convention of the great party of "moral ideas." Another dispatch announced an estimate that "between $7,000 and $10,000 a day is spent for gum." And still it is the great "temperance" party. Still another dispatch recorded the fact that "Bacchanalian songs have come from hundreds of throats in unison, merely as a display of happiness between drinks." And yet some of the sanctimonious members of that party cry that all the whiskey, drunkenness, rowdies, etc., belong to the Democratic party!

The long pending decision in the case known as the "Barr Moore case," under the new limitation law, was rendered in the Supreme Court at Trenton, on Thursday last. It will be remembered that the old law limited the time of indictment, after the offense, to two years. The Legislature of 1879 passed a law extending the limit to five years. It was quite a universal opinion among lawyers that where the offenses were committed before the new act, it would be inoperative, as it would be retroactive and therefore, unconstitutional. The Court, however, has decided otherwise, and the indictment against Moore, as well as other cases in Union and Somerset counties, depending upon the decision, are, therefore, legal and valid.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

GARFIELD AND ARTHUR.

The National Republican Convention which assembled at Chicago on Tuesday of last week, and did not adjourn until Tuesday night of this week, was one of the most stubborn political contests on record. Most of our readers are doubtless familiar ere this with the general workings of the convention. All of last week was spent in the preliminary manipulations, the Grant supporters endeavoring to gain advantages. The last thing was the construction of a platform which was completed Saturday evening, and the naming of candidates, when the convention adjourned until Monday to give the candidates' workers a chance to improve on the Sabbath.

Balloting was commenced soon after assembling on Monday. The first ballot was as follows: Grant, 304; Blaine, 284; Sherman, 93; Edmunds, 34; Windom, 10; Washburne, 30; Garfield, 1.

The balloting was continued, with occasional adjournments, and with but very little variation until Tuesday afternoon, when, upon the 34th ballot, a break was made, and the Grant opposition... [illegible]

[illegible]

ASSEMBLYMAN DUNN'S REPLY TO "BONDHOLDER."

A writer in the New York *Times* some days ago, denounced the citizens of Elizabeth and Rahway as swindlers, etc., called forth the following reply from Assemblyman John T. Dunn, in the same paper of last Friday. Some of his allusions to Elizabeth will apply as well to Rahway:

The attack of "Bondholder" in the *Times* of the 13th against the people of the Cities of Rahway and Elizabeth is not only unfair, but false in every particular, and is clearly meant, not to conserve the interests of the bondholders, as the writer pretends, because their interests and the interests of the cities whose creditors they are are clearly identical. If the one suffers the other must feel the same pulse. The effect of the attack is meant to injure both interests by making absolute falsehood appear to be absolute fact, with a view to prejudice an amicable settlement, which is now being negotiated between ourselves and our creditors. The truth is that there are as few dishonest men in both Rahway and Elizabeth, in proportion to population, as there are in any other community in this or any other State notwithstanding "Bondholder's" sweeping charge of general dishonesty against us. There is not to-day a repudiationist in Elizabeth. If there is, his voice and his influence cannot reach beyond the distance he can throw the breath with which he utters repudiation. We are, contrary to "Bondholder's" statement, willing to pay every dollar we can stagger under, and we would have been in a better position than we are now long since, and so would the holders of our securities, were it not for just such unfair attacks as "Bondholder" has made, and the fatal and unfortunate credence given to them. These attacks have helped to drive a large amount of timid, movable capital without our limits, and have also served to keep from us a great deal of that active business capital which is so necessary to our prosperity and [illegible]

[illegible]

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BOARD OF CHOSEN FREEHOLDERS OF UNION COUNTY, N. J.

[OFFICIAL.]

ELIZABETH, N. J., June 3, 1880.

Pursuant to adjournment, the Board of Chosen Freeholders of the County of Union met at the Court House in the City of Elizabeth, on Thursday, June 3d, 1880, at 2 o'clock p. m., stated meeting.

Present—Director Martine and Freeholders Briant, Ball, Crowell, Doty, Forsyth, Hubbard, Issemann, Jewell, Miller, Nolte, O'Sullivan, Randolph, Roll, Smith, Thompson—16.

Absent—Freeholder Wilcox.

The minutes of the preceding meeting were read, and on motion approved.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A communication from Mr. C. M. Osborn, asking that "The Semi Weekly Advertiser of Rahway, be placed on the list of official papers of the county, was on motion of Freeholder Doty received and referred to the Committee on Publication.

A communication from L. B. Boorhower & Co., together with a bill for damages to their business, caused by the stoppage in navigation on account of the breaking of the Bridge street draw bridge, was read.

Freeholder Randolph moved that the communication and bill be referred to the County Attorney.

Carried.

COMMITTEE REPORTS.

The committee on bridge, Madison avenue, Rahway, reported as follows:

The committee appointed to examine into the necessity and probable cost of building a bridge on Madison avenue, Rahway, met at the designated place on May 19th, 1880, and after viewing the locality decided that it was necessary to build a bridge.

The committee then adjourned to meet May 25th, at which time the committee met and decided to build a bridge 35 feet in width, at a cost not to exceed six hundred dollars.

W. M. Crowell, Wm. Jewell, John Ball, Wm J. Thompson, Joseph Nolte, C. H. L. Martine, Committee.

Freeholder Randolph moved the report be received, placed on file, and the committee continued with power.

Which was carried by a unanimous vote.

[illegible]

DECORATION ADDRESS.

The following extract from an address delivered by an officer of the late war on Decoration Day, breathes the right spirit for such occasions:

"We have met here this day to show our respect to the dead heroes of the late war. The 30th day of May has been set apart for the decoration of the graves of those that fought, bled and died for religious and civil liberty. Oh! what a small consideration in comparison to the services of the brave and heroic dead. Thousands and tens of thousands gave their lives for the nation's life. The flag of Washington, the Stars and Stripes, which every true and loyal citizen loves, was trailed in the dust. It was fired upon by those who should have protected and defended it. When the first gun was fired on Sumter every patriotic heart was enlisted in the cause of the Union. There was a call for troops. 'To arms!' 'To arms!' Thousands of brave and patriotic men, irrespective of party or politics, shouldered their muskets and filled up the ranks. Wives urged to action their husbands, sisters their brothers, and sweethearts their lovers. Oh! my fellow citizens, I can see in my imagination now that grand old army marching to victory—the youth, with the last kiss of an affectionate and loving mother upon his cheek; the middle-aged, with firmness in their step, with the prayers of mothers and sisters urging them on, as they went forth to battle for the right, with the old flag unfurled to the breeze, and the motto, 'Give us death, or a united country.' How many of this grand army sleep the long sleep of death hundreds of miles from the loved ones. The little boy with his kiss, the little babe upon its mother's..." [illegible]

[illegible]

DECORATION POEM.

The following poem was written by Maj. Thos. T. Eckerson, U. S. A., (a well known Democrat, formerly of this city,) and read at the Brownsville National Cemetery, Texas, on Decoration Day. The Major, while a resident here, contributed a number of poetical pieces to the columns of this paper, and at the request of some of his relatives, (to whom a copy was sent) we print this poem:

[illegible]

The Essex County Democratic Club made the dedication of their new hall at Newark, on Thursday, the occasion of the gathering of prominent members of the party, who were invited to participate in the exercises. Several eloquent speeches were made, Messrs. John P. Stockton, Leon Abbett, and others being the speakers. The Newark *Register* says the speech of the evening was that delivered by ex-United States Senator Stockton. It was in every respect an eloquent and particularly able effort, and was what was better, exceedingly appropriate for the occasion. He commenced by reminding those present of the duty of the Democratic party in the coming campaign. Recently some very important events had transpired in this State. One of these was the recent Democratic State Convention, which met at Trenton and elected delegates to attend the Cincinnati Convention, where a candidate will be nominated who will be the next President of the United States. [illegible]

FROM THE HUB.

There is perhaps no tonic offered to the people that possesses as much real intrinsic value as the Hop Bitters. Just at this season of the year, when the stomach needs an appetizer, or the blood needs purifying, the cheapest and best remedy is Hop Bitters. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Don't wait until you are prostrated by a disease that may take months for you to recover in.—*Boston Globe.*

CARPET NOTICE.

Birkett & Paterson have made arrangements with the old reliable Carpet House of Sheppard Knapp, of New York, to sell their-goods by samples. These samples are all the latest styles and marked in plain figures, and the prices are guaranteed the same as sold by them in New York, which prices are the lowest and can't be beat; therefore by ordering your carpets through Birkett & Paterson you save your time, your fare, and expressage, as they deliver the carpet to your door free of express charges. This is a great boon to the people of Rahway, as you can depend upon getting a carpet to turn out as represented. Carpet from stock or from samples to suit everybody from 30 cts. to $2.00 a yard. ap23-3m.

Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia! E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, a sure cure for this disease. [illegible]

NEW SPRING STYLES

Straw Hats & Frames

Silk and Lace Ties in great variety.

BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS IN BRAID PINS.

Give us a call.

M. Meyer & Co.,

MAIN STREET, RAHWAY, N. J.

MARRIAGES.

[illegible]

DEATHS.

[illegible]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

$3,500. Any one having this amount to invest at 4 per cent. [illegible]

Proclamation by the Mayor.

[illegible]

FOR SALE.—Book and Stationery Business in Rahway, N. J. [illegible]

A CARD.— [illegible]

PLATT'S AGUE PAD

The most simple, perfect and economical cure for Malarial Diseases ever offered.

POSITIVELY

ABSOLUTELY

RADICALLY

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADVERTISERS

By addressing GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York, can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers.

$777

E. B. TREAT

MALT

UNFERMENTED

MALT BITTERS

TRADE MARK

MALT AND HOPS

BITTERS

14 STOP ORGANS

BOOK AGENTS!

AGENTS WANTED

GRANT IN THE TROPICS

ALLEN'S BRAIN FOOD

ACKERMAN, BICKER & MANVEL,

(Formerly with STARR & MARCUS,)

DIAMONDS,

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SOLID SILVER,

6 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

CHEAPEST BOOK-STORE in the World

LEGGAT BROS.

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.

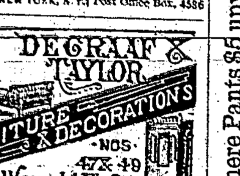
The Culverwell Medical Co.

41 ANN ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR

FURNITURE & DECORATIONS

NOS 47 & 49 WEST 14th ST. NEW YORK.



THE CENTENNIAL PARLOR BED

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO PURCHASERS.

CROWELL'S

CHEAP CASH GROCERY,

(Formerly A. LOVE'S.)

115 Main Street,

RAHWAY, N.J.

Groceries and Provisions

AT THE

Lowest Prices.

CROWELL.

WANTED.—A competent girl for general housework.

Literary Revolution and Universal Knowledge.

An Encyclopædia in 20 vols., over 16,000 pages; 10 per cent more matter than any Encyclopædia ever before published in this country, and sold, handsomely and well bound, in cloth for $10, in half-morocco for $15, and printed on fine heavy paper, wide margins, bound in half Russia, gilt top, for $20—an enterprise so extraordinary that its success, beyond all precedent in book publishing, may be fairly claimed to inaugurate a Literary Revolution.

THE LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE is a reprint entire of the last (1879) Edinburgh edition of "Chambers's Encyclopædia," with about 40 per cent of new matter added, upon topics of special interest to American readers, thus making it equal in character to any similar work, better than any other suited to the wants of the great majority of those who consult works of reference, and altogether the latest Encyclopædia in the field.

Leading principles of the AMERICAN BOOK EXCHANGE.

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AMERICAN BOOK EXCHANGE,

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Are now Offering a Choice Selection of the

NEWEST AND LATEST DESIGNS

—IN—

CLOTHING

For Gentlemen's Wear, Cut and Made in the Very Best Manner.

Our Assortment is Greater and Our Stock Larger and More Complete than Ever Before.

NOVELTIES NEVER BEFORE SHOWN,

Including a Large Line of

Scotch Cheviots and Cassimeres of Our Own Importation and Special Styles not found Elsewhere.

Also a Full Line of YOUTHS', BOYS' and CHILDREN'S SUITS. All Goods Marked in Plain Figures. One Price! No Deviation!

IRON FRONT,

850 and 852 Broad St., Newark.

COLYER & CO.

Having Leased the Store adjoining theirs, lately occupied by DANIEL HALSEY and connected the two, making the largest and most complete

CLOTHING HOUSE

In the State, and have filled it with all the

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL STYLES

—OF—

SPRING CLOTHING!

FOR MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN,

Manufactured by them expressly for the trade of Newark and vicinity. Cut by NEW PATTERNS!

Unequaled for Fit, Style and Finish!

DANIEL HALSEY, having made arrangements with us, will be pleased to welcome his friends at his old place, with improved facilities to supply their wants. The

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

Embraces all the New and Desirable Patterns in FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC GOODS, under the charge of Mr. MULHOLLAND, an acknowledged leader in the profession.

COLYER & CO.,

815 and 817 BROAD STREET,

NEWARK, N. J. apl-3m.

The Puzzle Solved at Last!

All Wool Cassimere Pants $5 upwards.

All Wool Pants to Order $5 upwards.

1 dollar will buy Men's and Boys' Strong Pants.	2 dollars will buy Boys' Dress Pants.	3 dollars will buy Child's Suit.	4 dollars will buy Boys' Suit.
5 dollars will buy Men's Dress Pants.	6 dollars will buy Boys' Dress Suit.	7 dollars will buy Youths' Suit.	8 dollars will buy a good Spring Overcoat.
9 dollars will buy [illegible]	10 Dollars will buy [illegible]	11 dollars will buy [illegible]	12 dollars will buy [illegible]
13 dollars will buy Diag. Worsted Frock Coat & Vest.	14 dollars will buy Diag. Worsted Prince Albert Coat and Vest.	15 dollars will buy All Wool Suit to Order.	At the Clothing House of Miller THE Tailor.

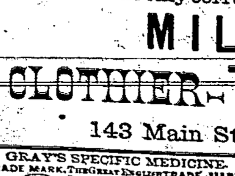
The above is the only correct solution thus far given, by

MILLER

CLOTHIER—THE—TAILOR,

143 Main Street, Rahway.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.



FARM FOR SALE, NEAR RAHWAY.

WANTED.

T. C. LYMAN & CO.,

The National Democrat.

RAHWAY, N. J., JUNE 19, 1880.

The next holiday will be the 4th of July. Will it be celebrated?

Mrs. Roderigue and family have moved into their new residence at Woodbridge.

Mr. Geo. W. Savage, Jr. counsellor at law, has opened an office in Exchange Building.

See the Mayor's proclamation declaring the dog ordinance and the swimming ordinance now in force.

Peter Thier will celebrate his birthday by giving a pic-nic in Kunkel's Grove, on Monday, June 28th.

The Woodbridge *Hour* says Mr. Frank G. Pendleton has made his appearance on their streets with a fifty-inch bicycle.

"Tiger" soap and a new stove blacking, at Crowell's grocery, are articles that should be tried by housekeepers.

It was remarked on Tuesday that half of Rahway went to Elizabeth during the day, and the other half at night.

Mr. Leonard F. Loree, as intimated last week, successfully passed his examination and is now fully qualified as attorney-at-law.

A boy named Mossman was arraigned before Judge Tunison on Monday for striking a little girl with his fist. The Judge let him off with reprimand.

A writer gives this aphorism: "If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whiskey; if you want to kill a living man, put whiskey in him!"

"Elizabeth—captured by the British in 1780, and by the bondholders in 1880"—was the inscription upon a banner in front of a residence there on Tuesday.

The Columbia Drum Corps being now well organized and equipped, is there not enough young men musically inclined, to form a company of fifers to join with the drummers?

As an evidence of the great demand for tickets to the editorial excursion, which starts on the 29th, we have received an application from a party in Savannah, Georgia, this week.

Will. Crane, for some time engaged as "local" on the *Semi*, has accepted a position on the *Shore Press* at Asbury Park. He will find plenty of material there during the summer, especially.

Richard Walters, a colored man, while cutting kindlings on Friday morning, split his thumb open. Dr. Daly bandaged up the injured member, and Richard now favors the hand by carrying it in a sling.

The Æolian Glee Club is the name of an organization of little folks in Upper Rahway, under the direction of Jesse Cooper, Esq. He has them trained to sing very finely already and proposes to keep it up.

Columbia Drum Corps have had small gongs placed upon their drums, which makes a pleasing variety as the sticks are occasionally transferred from the sheep skin to the metal for a measure or so.

Over fifteen hundred tickets were sold at the depot in this city, for Elizabeth, on Tuesday. All the excursion tickets on hand at the ticket office were sold before half-past seven in the evening, and parties were compelled to purchase single tickets.

Rev. Mr. Halleron commenced a series of of four sermons last Sunday evening, illustrated with pictures almost the size of life, and naturally colored. The subject was "Daniel." They will be continued the next three Sunday evenings, upon other subjects.

The "Earnest Workers," of the Sunday School of Mt. Paran church, (colored) will hold a grand entertainment in the church next Thursday evening, including a festival, feast in the wilderness, tableaux, musical and literary exercises, etc. Admission 15 cents.

Governor McClellan has commissioned the following members to constitute the Board of Pharmacy for three years: Charles Holzhauer, of Newark; R. W. Vanderwoort, of Newark; N. R. Laird, of Jersey City; Crowell Marsh, of Princeton, and G. A. Mangold, of Trenton.

Barry Post G. A. R., of this city went to Elizabeth on Tuesday evening, accompanied by Columbia Drum Corps, but the Post of that city not participating in the parade, on account of some dissatisfaction with the position assigned in the line, the members of Barry Post were also saved the fatigue of a tramp.

Instead of the usual rehearsal, the Wesleyan Choralists were invited to visit the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Fisher last Saturday evening, the occasion being the presence of Mrs. N. S. Fisher, formerly of this city, now a resident of Detroit, one of the first members of the society. They turned out in full numbers and had a fine time.

The company of horsemen, under Capt. J. W. Savage, Jr., raised for the purpose of participating in the celebration of "Battle Day," in Elizabeth, on Tuesday, turned out twenty-five strong, making a very fine appearance as they passed through the city on Tuesday morning, with their cocked hats, white feathers, and gilded trimmings.

The Board of Assessors are now in session each day at the City Hall, between the hours of 2 and 5 o'clock p. m., to hear appeals and make revisions. Owners of real estate who may think that they are not equitably assessed should call and have the matter adjusted, to avoid the trouble that frequently arises after the time for correction has passed.

M. J. Butler resumes this year the management of the Mansion House, Long Branch, under the advantage of having won by his management of it a few seasons ago the good opinion of his patrons. He publishes a very complimentary letter from ex-Governor Bedle, who, with his family, will again become the guests of the house.

A servant girl recently arrived, in the employ of a family in this city was told to go to the drug store one evening last week to get a prescription which had been ordered by the family physician. She was gone a long time and returned with the information that there was nothing for the family. Upon a question as to where she had inquired, she quickly responded, "To the Post Office to be sure!"

It appears that our allusions to the fact that public opinion was against some of the expressions made by the speakers on Decoration occasion, and also against so much unnecessary expense, have "stirred up the animals"—a little—the Dominie's organ and the Councilman's organ each going for us in their issues of last week. We have all heard the old story about the "shoe pinching." *Verbum sat sapienti!*

BOARD OF EDUCATION.—The Board of Education held a regular meeting on Monday evening. It was decided to make no change in the offices of Clerk and Superintendent until the close of the school year, at least. The following committees were appointed:

Teachers—Miller, Cook.

High School—Freeman, Brewster.

Books and Supplies—Brewster, Miller.

Finance and Auditing—Cook, Freeman.

An adjourned meeting of the Water Board was held last evening, but no business of importance was transacted except the adoption of a resolution to reduce the rate for street sprinklers from $4 to $8 per year, from the 1st of July.

The *Advocate* of last week says we uttered a falsehood when we asserted that it was inferred from the speeches of the Decoration orators that the sole object of the war was to *free the slaves*. If we had been alone in that impression, we might have concluded we were mistaken, but when we were accosted upon the streets, the first thing after, by soldiers and others who were similarly impressed, we are not yet convinced that we were in error. It is a very easy thing to cry "*false!*"

"The Tourist's Guide and Summer Resort Directory" is the name of a valuable little book recently published by the American Agency Company, 40 East Twelfth street, New York, of which company, W. E. Wells, Esq., of this city, is President. The book contains all desired information to the tourist, invalid and pleasure seeker in regard to location, description, distances, fares, time-tables and prices of accommodation at the various Summer resorts, etc. It costs only 25 cents, and every person contemplating a Summer tour should send for one, which will save much time and money.

Wm. Tappen, well know in this section, having been a resident of Woodbridge for many years, died suddenly at his residence at Bound Brook, on Saturday evening, aged 77 years and 6 months. His son, E. T. Tappen, Esq., of this city, called to see him on Saturday and found him about as well as usual, except he complained of some trouble with his head. He retired about ten o'clock, and complained of a severe pain in his arm. His wife was bathing it when he fell back and almost immediately expired; the cause is supposed to apoplexy. The funeral took place yesterday.

The residents of Haydock street have been somewhat excited during a week or so past. Samuel Tice had a large number of young chickens, which annoyed a Mrs. Mulville, a neighbor, and she threatened to poison them. One day last week Tice found forty or fifty of his chickens dead, and, of course, he at once accused Mrs. Mulville as the author of the *foul proceeding*. She did not resort in the kindest, or most refined manner, and Tice made a complaint against her of indecent exposure. She was brought before Judge Tunison on Friday night, but all things not being ready to proceed with the case, he adjourned it until Saturday night, allowing her to go without bail. When Saturday evening came, however, she had "taken out," and could not be found, and is still supposed to be rusticating somewhere in the country, as the poisoning act, if she is guilty, and the exposure, together, she fears, might be more than she could stand.

The following are some Westfield items "cribbed" and condensed from the Plainfield *Bulletin*:

Mr. John Ludlow, of Oakland, recently died, aged 81 years. He was a descendant of the original settlers in Westfield, by that name.

Charles G. Welch, painter, also died there recently, aged 68 years, leaving a large family of children.

Mr. Benjamin Woodruff drove to Newark some days ago to get a load of goods, and when he reached there he found his horse had run a twenty-penny nail in his foot, badly, but not permanently injuring the beast.

A grand Sunday School parade will take place to-day—all the schools except the Episcopal uniting.

Dr. Oslo has purchased an eligible corner lot at Asbury Park and will erect a drug store thereon.

About the only observer of Decoration Day in Westfield was Mr. John Ingram, formerly of this city, who kept his store closed all day.

The fifty-fourth anniversary of the Willow Grove Sunday School was celebrated last Sunday. The exercises took place in a beautiful grove near the school house and the attendance was large. The Rev. Mr. Smith, of the Methodist church, of Westfield, opened the services with prayer and made an excellent address. The Rev. Mr. Gill, of the Presbyterian church of Westfield, also addressed the children and pronounced the benediction. Quite a number of persons were present who attended the first meeting of this school as scholars or teachers, fifty-four years ago, among them Deacon Henry Baker, who was superintendent from 1829 to 1857, a period of 28 years. Mr. Frazee Cole the first superintendent is still living at a very advanced age. A number of appropriate hymns were sung by the school in a very creditable manner, among them an old hymn to the ancient air of Mear, the same that was sung at the organization of the school, June 6th, 1826. The Secretary's report shows a membership of 60 and a handsome balance in the treasury. The young people propose holding a strawberry festival next Friday evening.

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted at a regular meeting of Barry Post No. 27, G. A. R., on Friday evening last:

WHEREAS, In compliance with General order No. 4, Dept N. J., dated April 16th, 1880, Monday, May 31st, was duly observed by the G. A. R. as Decoration Day, at which time this Post, with tearful eyes, sad hearts and willing hands paid the customary honors to our departed comrades who fell in defence of our flag and country, and we being largely dependent upon the patriotism and liberality of a generous public for the material aid and assistance which enabled us to properly [illegible] duties, that devolved upon us, deem it proper that suitable resolutions of thanks be tendered to those who aided and assisted us upon that solemn occasion; therefore, be it

Resolved, That, the thanks of this Post be, and are hereby tendered to all who so willingly assumed and ably rendered by them at the Opera House and Decoration services; and it is our earnest wish and hope that an all-wise Providence may continue them in their several spheres of usefulness within our midst.

To the Wesleyan Choralists and quartet, who, under the direction of Mr. L. S. Hyer, rendered the excellent and appropriate music at the Memorial and Decoration services.

To those who so liberally donated flowers, and especially to the ladies who so kindly volunteered to arrange the same into crosses, wreaths and bouquets with which to decorate the graves of our dead comrades.

To Jacob R. Shotwell, Esq., for the use of his store in which to receive and arrange the flowers donated.

To those who kindly sent their conveyances which were required to carry the speakers, disabled comrades, quartet, school children, &c.

To Companies F and B 3d Reg't N. J. N. G. for their kindness and soldierly feeling displayed in volunteering to act as our escort during the parade to and from the cemetery, and for the use of their armory for the purpose of drilling.

To the Columbia Drum Corps; Essex Co. Lodge, I. O. O. F.; Union Council No. 31, Jr. O. U. A. M.; Independence Hook & Ladder Association, and Cadets of Temperance, for the parts taken by them, which helped to make Decoration Day, 1880, one long to be remembered.

To Wm. S. Chamberlin for his liberality in allowing us the use of a room for the committee meetings.

To the committee on decoration for the satisfactory results of the several duties which devolved upon and was well performed by them through the various sub-committees.

And to the public generally, who contributed in any manner to the successful observation of the day we hereby tender our heartfelt gratitude.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread at large upon the minutes and published in the papers of the city.

THE BATTLE OF ELIZABETH.

The celebration of the centennial anniversary of the battle of Elizabeth, on Tuesday, proved to be a grand affair. Not only the residents of Elizabeth participated, but the whole county and the towns and cities surrounding added to the vast concourse of people assembled both day and evening. We will not undertake to give anything like an account of the proceedings, as time and space forbid. The multitudes began to assemble early in the morning, and in this city numbers were noticed wending their way to the depot for departure. Members of E. Co. and of the house company could be seen flitting hither and thither making preparations for the start, and making the city appear as if we were participants in the celebration. Soon all were off for Elizabeth, and our streets seemed to present quite a deserted appearance.

[illegible]

The Albany Jackson Corps, Company B, Third Regiment, and the Veteran Zouaves (the latter with their battery of Gatling guns) and the brass cannon captured at Stony Point, by [illegible] within the breastwork at Union Square. The Washington Continental Guard of Trenton, N. J., and the Third Regiment, N. G. N. J., on Broad street. [illegible]

[illegible]

The parade in the evening was very fine. Owing to some misunderstanding as to position in line the 3d Regiment declined to participate, but the procession was still very imposing, including the Rahway horsemen and other visiting military, besides Gen. Drake's Veteran Zouaves, American Mechanics, Firemen, numerous wagons representing the trades, etc.

Taking it altogether Elizabeth had a very big "boom" on Tuesday.

[illegible]

We hear of some accidents occurring. One person, it is said, fell from the roof of a house and was killed, another fell from a tree and was seriously injured, and a member of the Keyport company had a part of an ear blown off by the discharge of a gun.

It was a day long to be remembered in Elizabeth.

For the DEMOCRAT.

THE MEANING OF THE WORD TEMPERANCE.—The Greek term, by its etymology, is self-command, or governing of one's self. The earlier writers among the Greeks, those of the school of Socrates, say it means continence, or a proper modification of our passions and appetites, especially food and drink. Afterwards Aristotle, who exerted a greater influence over the opinions of the world than any other uninspired writer, ancient or modern, says it means the healthful regulation of our desires and appetites themselves, preventing their excess. A thief who abstains from intoxication merely that he may the more steadily execute his crimes, is [illegible] ... "Would it not be well for some of our so called 'temperance' societies" to study the correct meaning of the word "temperance," and incorporate its real meaning in their character and conduct the same as well, and not till then will they accomplish much good, as *truth* must be the foundation of all our arguments in combating the habit of vicious indulgence which is now spreading so rapidly among all classes.

MAGNA EST VERITAS.

GOLD IN NEW JERSEY.

Recent discoveries of gold and other precious metals in the mountains about Plainfield has created a "gold boom" in New Jersey, and we expect to soon see an influx of gold seekers from all over the country. The knowing ones, however, seem to have worked the matter very quietly, and secured by lease nearly all the land that gives evidence of the rich minerals. The Plainfield *Bulletin* says in a recent issue that the half has not been told as to the discoveries of gold and silver made in this State within the past month, that a party of capitalists and miners who made a tour of the mines, discovered at Gold Hill, near Princeton, in some mines which they have just secured, one containing fine specimens of "horn silver." And that those who are acquainted at all with the science of mining, although they at first ridiculed the alleged "discoveries, are now, for the most part convinced that the thing is genuine. One of them, an old Californian, and an expert in mining said, after looking over the ores from the mines, "You have a Leadville right at your doors." Considerable excitement has been aroused in New York city by the discoveries, and great interest in them is manifested by capitalists.

Correspondence of the NATIONAL DEMOCRAT.

ALTON, June 9th, 1880.

MR. EDITOR: The recent extremely warm weather, together with business calling me in various sections of our State, is my excuse for not keeping your readers posted in regard to local news, and it was not my intention to trouble you this week, but I see by last week's DEMOCRAT that your Mount Pleasant correspondent has been displaying considerable "W—ism" [illegible] ... "Uncle Elias," who every one knows as an honest, upright man, I can only say, a guilty conscience needs no accuser. Further comment is unnecessary, as I see, Mr. Editor, that in a few lines, you stript the "bird" of his plumage, and he stands now before the public in all his naked deformity. It is to be hoped the exposure your correspondent "W" has received, will make him a wiser and better man.

DOO OGANDR.

LOCAL POTPOURRI.

Walking matches all over the country have been the real style; but the "true agony" has been shown in those innumerable matches nightly walked by anxious fathers carrying crying babies. The remedy—Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Large lot of figured grenadines just received at J. Shann & Sons'.

Physicians freely prescribe the new Food Medicine, "Malt Bitters," because more nourishing, strengthening and purifying than all other forms of malt or medicine, while free from the objections urged against malt liquors.

HIGGINS' GERMAN LAUNDRY SOAP is perfectly pure, being made of carefully selected stock, and therefore the cheapest. Ask your grocer for it, and see that you get only the genuine article. A trial will convince you of its merits. apl 1y.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. Will send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay.

Ladies' linen dusters all prices, at J. Shann & Sons'.

Pianos tuned and repaired at short notice by J. G. Moore, at the Rahway Music Store. tf.

Services at the church of the Holy Comforter, on Seminary street, every Sunday at 10.30 a. m., and 4 p. m., Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.

Thousands of soldiers and heirs are entitled to Pensions, with payment from date of discharge or death, if applied for before Jan'y 1, 1880. Wound, accidental injury or disease entitles to a Pension. Bounty and back pay collected. Increase of Pension secured. This firm established in 1866. Address, enclosing stamp, EDSON BROS, U. S. Claim Attorneys, 711 G Street, Washington, D. C.

From January 1 to April 1 there were 1,261 deaths in Hudson county, 187 of which were from consumption.

Store enlarged; stock increased; all the new styles of hats in black and fancy colors. Straw hats in great variety; neckwear, very fine quality; rich patterns in Lord Stanley, De Joinville, Grecian, Roman and other styles, scarf pins, rings and cuff buttons, new goods, silk handkerchiefs in new colors, fine dress shirts, linen and paper collars and cuffs, all styles and sizes; large stock fancy hosiery, suspenders, umbrellas, &c., at Lamberti's, 128½ Main street. tf.

The Commissioners of Asbury Park and the Ocean Grove Association will grant no licenses to adults to run boats on Wesley Lake for hire. Only the minor children of persons residing in Asbury Park or Ocean Grove enjoy that privilege.

Children's Parasols in great variety, at J. Shann & Sons'.

It is about time now to look up what is wanted in Crockery or Glassware at home. Fine New Stock just received at lower prices than ever, at Jesse Cooper's. tf.

Ocean Grove's authorities propose to regulate bathing dresses this year in the interest of common decency.

HABITUAL COSTIVENESS

is the bane of nearly every American woman. From it usually arises those disorders that so surely undermine their health and strength. Every woman owes it to herself and to her family to use that celebrated medicine, Kidney-Wort. It is the sure remedy for constipation, and for all disorders of the kidneys and liver. Try it now.

Rev. Edward Wilson has been elected the first Bishop of the new Reformed Episcopal Synod of Canada.

Kid Gloves warranted—in colors and black—at J. Shann & Sons'.

HIGH PRICED BUTTER.

Mr. A. W. Cheever, Editor *New England Farmer*, owns a fine dairy, and gets a high price for fine butter. In an editorial, Nov. 20, he said: "The 'Perfected' butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co, we have used for several years, and have found nothing equalling it, although we have tested about everything of the kind made in this or the old country. It should entirely supercede carrots, and all preparations of Annatto." Sold by Druggists.

The drought was welcomed by New Jersey sportsmen. The eggs of woodcock have been permitted to hatch, and the young escaped the floods. The birds will be very plentiful. As the birds lay their eggs in marshes, thousands of them are annually destroyed by being submerged in water.

Kidney-Wort effectively acts at the same time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

New Stock of Lawns and Summer Dress Goods, just received, at J. Shann & Sons'.

AN AGE OF IMPROVEMENT.

We live in an age of improvements as is evident to all when we consider the wonderful discoveries which are coming to light day by day. One of the latest and most wonderful is the discovery of Kendall's Spavin Cure, which will cure a spavin, splint, curb, callous or ring-bone, and remove the enlargement without even blistering or causing a sore, and it has recently been tested for deep-seated pains, rheumatism, enlargements and many similar difficulties on man as well as beast, and it has been found to work so well that it is now believed to be the very best liniment for external use on man, that has ever been discovered. It can be used full strength at all seasons of the year with perfect safety. Read the advertisement for Kendall's Spavin Cure.

50 doz. Lace Top Gloves, extra long, just received at J. Shann & Sons'.

GREAT SIGHT—NEW YORK.

Such a sight never before witnessed in the city of New York. Store crowded all the time. Ladies waiting for hours to get waited on at the great sale of goods damaged by water. Time nearly up; goods going fast. Such bargains never before heard of at 771 Broadway, New York. Ladies' and Misses' Underwear, Corsets, Hosiery, Ribbons, Laces, Handkerchiefs, Notions, Embroidery, Flowers, Feathers, Boys' Clothing, Shoes and twenty other different departments, all of which must positively be closed out. Call at once at the GREAT FAIR STORE, 771 Broadway, corner Ninth street, opposite A. T. Stewart's, New York.

New Styles Children's and Ladies' Hose just opened at J. Shann & Sons'.

The Board of Education, of Paterson, at a recent meeting discussed a resolution that any young lady who should marry while in the employ of the Board as a teacher should be immediately dismissed. As eight members of the Board were of the opinion that young lady school teachers have no right to marry, while but seven were willing to accord them the privilege, the resolution became a law. It was noticed that those who voted against the resolution were nearly all single men.

We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth, and Head-ache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health, and sweet breath. Price 50 cts. Sold by W. R. Watson, and D. F. Coles, druggists.

A STRANGE PEOPLE.

Do you know that there are strange people in our community, we say strange because they seem to prefer to suffer and pass their days miserably, made so by Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Constipation, and General Debility, when SHILOH'S VITALIZER is guaranteed to cure them. Sold by W. R. Watson, and D. F. Coles, druggists.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND STRONG.

In the past few months there has been more than 500,000 bottle of Shiloh's Cure Sold. Out of the vast number of people who have used it, more than 2,000 cases of Consumption have been cured. All Coughs, Croup, Asthma, and Bronchitis, yield at once, hence it is that everybody speaks in its praise. To those who have not used it, let us say, if you have a Cough, or your child the Croup, and you value life don't fail to try it. For Lame Back, side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by W. R. Watson and D. F. Coles, druggists.

Men's Underwear, way down, at J. Shann & Sons'.

Col. Ecos Fouratt, a well known soldier of the late war, has been appointed a policeman in New Brunswick.

THE HEROISM OF HISTORY.

FAST AND LOOSE IN DIXIE.—An unprejudiced narrative of personal experience as a prisoner of war at Libby, Macon, Savannah and Charleston, with an account of a desperate leap from a moving train of cars, a weary tramp of forty-five days through swamps and mountains, places and people visited, etc. By J. Madison Drake, Captain 9th N. J. Vol. Vols. and Brev. Brig. Genl. N. G. N. J. The Authors' Pub. Co., 27 Bond St., New York, publishers. Price $1.50.

Probably no war ever developed higher qualities of daring, fortitude and endurance than our war fifteen years ago between the States. It is out of such records that mankind selects its models of heroism. Those models, however striking, can not be seen nor preserved in marble. They must be individualized. They must stand alone. The vision of youth to whom they are most valuable must not distinguish a multitude. The moral heroism of St. Paul separates itself from that of his eleven associates and rises singly above the gloom of the Mamertine prison, and Napoleon's brave army of the Alps fades away into a mere misty background leaving only the solitary prisoner of St. Helena visible.

Hence the infinite charm and fascination which pervades such books as General Drake has given us. It is the glowing romance of the life of history. Time runs the records of vast armies, numbers engaged, wounded and killed—swiftly and surely into dry statistics. Time mellows, defines and hallows individual heroism.

The fifteen years which have elapsed since the scenes which General Drake's book recounts were enacted, have chiseled away any possible angles of bitterness, prejudice or egotism which an earlier publication might possibly have retained. It is now simply a calm, matured and unvarnished tale of one of the most daring and extraordinary experiences anywhere recorded among all the eventful and exciting episodes of military transactions.

The absolute truthfulness and accuracy of the entire narrative is vouched for—if indeed it need any verification—by Captains Harry H. Todd, 8th N. J. Vols., J. E. Lewis, 11th Conn. Vols., and Albert Grant, 19th Wisconsin Vols., who escaped with and accompanied Gen'l Drake; also by Captain Seth B. Ryder, 5th New York Cavalry, and Captain James Belger, 1st Rhode Island Artillery, who were on the train from which General Drake and his companions jumped. Every page of this "truth stranger than fiction" glows with thrilling interest.

The reader unavoidably joins General Drake and goes with him over his long, barefooted tramp of nearly a thousand miles, watches him (then a young Lieutenant) slowly and cautiously take the caps one by one from the seven muskets which stood guard over the prisoners and then at a given signal, sees him and three companions spring from the moving train; sees them fed by negroes in the swamps; hears the cry of hounds upon their track and instinctively looks around as the four men spring away and leap into the nearest stream so that their trail cannot be followed; sees them pause with a Confederate General on the highway; their meeting with a band of deserters; crossing the Blue Ridge; on the summit of Grandfather Mountain in North Carolina, (6,000 feet high) hungry, ragged and barefooted in a blinding snow storm; crossing the Chucky River at night in a torrent of rain; entering the lines at Knoxville, and at last, weak, worn out and footsore he totters and struggles up the stoop of his own home with hardly strength enough to pull the door bell or call the name of his wife and boy.

Most of these scenes are beautifully illustrated for the volume contains numerous full page cuts, and is handsomely printed and bound.

We are glad to know that orders are already pouring in by the thousand for the book, which will be ready in June. It will be sold by subscription and the publishers want a few more Canvassing Agents to take orders immediately.

For the DEMOCRAT.

DECORATION DAY—HOW IT WAS DISGRACED?

The heavy rains on Sunday, while doing an innumerable amount of good to vegetation, rendered the streets of our city a little muddy but what little mud there was, was quite acceptable, to the insufferable dust of a few days before. The observance of the day in this place proved to be more of a "racket" than my previous year; in fact, the whole thing was a regular "Fourth of July." It was a jolly day, public and private places were gaily trimmed with flags and bunting, and the different organizations that made up the procession, seemed to enjoy the thing, the day winding up with a grand ball at Gibby's Rink. Now, Mr. Editor, we believe this is all wrong; in fact, many soldiers, republicans assert that the whole "get up" was entirely out of place. This day was not designated and set apart as a day of jollification and political spouting, but as a day of solemn mourning and grief, with the full intention that the surviving comrades, relatives and friends should quietly form in procession and visit the sleeping soldiers and offer a prayer for their souls, gently strew flowers upon their graves, and depart as quietly as they came. A sweet dirge or a solemn dead march would not mar the solemnity in the least, but "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie," etc., are entirely out of place on an occasion of this kind. If the observance of the memorial was carried out as it was intended to be, there would be no destroying of hedges, trampling of graves, and breaking of headstones in the cemetery; no extra drinking and carousing in the streets; no balls or parties; no political speeches. We believe the day should be most solemnly respected; every Grand Army Veteran should wear crape on his left arm; every flag should be half-mast or draped in mourning; prayer should be offered in the churches; music, if introduced into any of the ceremonies should be of the most sacred kind, making the day a day of grief and sorrow in every respect, thereby, showing that the veterans and the citizens still aim to keep green the memory of the silent and sleeping soldier, in an honorable manner, whether the politicians like it or not.

PROPRIETY.

DRY GOODS!

NEW STORE,

J. SHANN & SONS,

141 MAIN STREET,

(LaBau Building)

RAHWAY, N.J.

TIMMON'S

ICE CREAM PARLORS,

154 MAIN STREET,

ARE

NOW OPEN

for the accommodation of the public, and parties can be served with fine ice cream of all flavors.

CARPETS!

LACE CURTAINS

SHEPPARD KNAPP,

189 & 191 Sixth Ave., cor. 13th St., N. Y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Everybody Make Money!

WATCHES, NOVELTIES, JEWELRY, ODDITIES, NOTIONS, &c.

Wanted, Soldiers

Employ an Attorney at Headquarters.

PENSIONS

PATCH.

WANTED.

PENSIONS

PENSIONS.

FARMERS $50 To 100

CONSUMPTION

CHAS. A. OSMUN,

A GOLD WATCH FREE

CHOLERA OSMUN'S DIARRHŒA REMEDY,

OPIUM

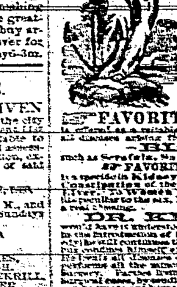
PIANOS

ORGANS

3 MONTHS for 10 cts.

$55.66 AGENTS' PROFIT PER WEEK.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY.



HAHNE & CO.

Those who desire to see a great establishment should visit Hahne & Co's Bazaar, 649 Broad street, Newark. [illegible]

PUBLIC NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Board of City Assessors for the city of Rahway [illegible]

UNTIL MONDAY, JUNE 28TH, 1880.

Dated Rahway, N. J., May 30th, 1880.

F. L. SHELDON,

Spring and Summer

CLOTHING

TO ORDER,

STYLE,

Good Workmanship,

LOW PRICES,

COR. IRVING AND CHERRY STREETS,

Up Stairs. RAHWAY, N.J.

CLOTHING.

ALL THE LATEST

Spring Styles

NOW READY AT

Marshall & Ball's.

SPRING SUITS from $8 to $20.

Boys' and Children's Clothing a Specialty.

BOYS' SUITS from $4.50 to $10.

CHILDREN' SUITS from $2 to $9.

MARSHALL & BALL,

The Largest Clothiers in the State,

807, 809, 811 Broad Street, Newark.

REGARDLESS OF THE ENORMOUS

Advance in Woolens, Trimmings, Etc., we still maintain our

FORMER POPULAR LOW PRICES.

We have Manufactured This Season and are Now Ready to Display

Gentlemen's Spring Overcoats and Ulsters,

LATEST STYLES—EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS.

$8, $10, $12, $15 and Upward.

Gentlemens' Business and Dress Suits,

GOOD SERVICEABLE GOODS—EXCELLENT PATTERNS.

10, 12, 15, 18, $25 and Upward.

Gentlemen's Pantaloons.

HANDSOME ENGLISH STRIPES AND CHECKS.

3, 4, 5, $6 and Upward.

IMMENSE AND VARIED ASSORTMENT IN

—Youths', Boys' and Children's Clothing,—

ALL OF OUR OWN DESIGNS, AT ASTONISHINGLY LOW FIGURES.

Having Re-leased our Broadway Building for another term of years, we shall be pleased to meet our kind patrons at our old stands.

Max Stadler & Co.

Cor. PRINCE STREET. | Cor. FORTIETH STREET.

NEW YORK.

THE NEW FIRM OF

LANGSDORF & CO.,

NEW YORK,

Are Selling Fashionable

Spring and Summer Clothing

—FOR—

Men, Boys' and Children's Wear,

AT LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY.

BUY OF THIS ENTERPRISING FIRM AND SAVE 25 PER CENT.

LANGSDORF & CO.,

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

643 BROADWAY, CORNER BLEECKER ST.,

New York.

FEEBLE WIVES, MOTHERS,

and every weakly, sickly person can surely strengthen and build up the broken-down system by taking

RICHARD'S TETOTAL TONIC.

No remedy has ever made more wonderful cures of DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS and every WEAKNESS AND DEBILITY.

It is the best regulator of the Liver and Kidneys, and the safest and best stomach, brain and nerve tonic in the world.

It makes the weakest nerves strong, and the most despairing mind bright and cheerful; it gives new life, vigor and energy to the overworked body and brain, and all who take it eat and sleep better and become healthier and stronger.

Free from alcoholic dangers, Physicians pronounce it the safest remedy ever sold, and it must be tried to know the perfect health and strength its use insures.

VAN BUSKIRK & CO., 19 Vesey St., N. Y. Druggist sell it. Pint bottles $1.00.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

[illegible]

BOOKS.

[illegible]

PATENTS.

[illegible]

The National Democrat.

RAHWAY, N. J., JUNE 17, 1880.

PENNY-GRAPHS.

Handsome waiters make gay girls.

An expensive relation — A card uncle.

Some fiction is written just for the novelty of it.

The lawn barber has begun his summer work.

Wild oats are the only crop that grows by gaslight.

The man who sees a March goose thirty-one days.

Some names should be labeled "Handle with care."

A man's appetite is his best grip upon the staff of life.

Cast bottom chairs are made for Ally bodied men.

A mule is no great musician, but he well understands the art of keeping.

The man who succeeded with laughter probably didn't know it was loaded.

When Ingalls become unsteady, even the impudent is likely to laugh.

Dancing parties are having large attendance during the course of the present season.

Raising a smile is like raising a bad — great care should be used in the undertaking.

It is to hit the nail on the head now that the prize has been reduced to $3.75 per keg.

An agriculturalist says to believe in common sense fertilizers. Common sense, indeed!

A Chicago preacher says that the Lord never prospers a minister who wears a mustache.

This is a year when there seems to be an overwhelming desire to get rid of the first chance.

A Western Coroner recently had, in one day, three cases of died-one-knows-what-of.

New Coffee says the heat affected his head, and the tune before he said something about his spine.

The evil that men do lives after them. Cows likewise do not give circumstances until they are dead.

An Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

"The papers talk about civil engineers," said old Mrs. Briggs. "I wonder why there ain't no civil conductors."

Clergyman: Of course, croquet is a gambling game. Don't you know you can't play it without "getting up stakes."

Tobacconists say it is injurious to smoke a cigar more than half its length. It is very injurious to the cigar trade.

Farmers do not hear the corn-stalk. Neither do men who wear tight boots. But there are some things which speak louder than words.

Somebody has discovered that cats can't live at a greater elevation than 13,000 feet, therefore back sheds should be built 13,500 feet high.

One of the most difficult tasks a school-teacher has to wrestle with is to make a new pupil believe that b-a-c-o-n-b-o-n-e is the proper way to spell "bacon."

What is a girl without a bang? — a most miserable heart-broken creature, unseen creature, upon whom the sympathy of the world should be most willingly showered.

When a young man says he is going on the public garden to see the tulips, look at him squarely in the eye and ask suddenly, "Which two?" It takes 'em every time.

"Sister keep your eye-ball on me, man," said a colored delegate, rushing down into his trousers and producing the basis of a barber-shop. "I b'longs to de cavalry, I das."

"When I was your age," said old Mr. Tom, "I rose with the lark." "I bust you cigs out of sight, then," said Tom, wearily and triumphantly, "I've been up all night with him."

The dude who grumbles so loudly when his wife asks him to put up the clothes-line is generally the first one to rush upon the stage and be half an hour tying a female uniform in the cabinet.

Not up to snuff — Sister Susan — "What did cook say when you told her that the children didn't like the soup, Biddy?" Biddy — "Sure, shin, and what did it be but her arm that dropped in, and she thought the childer wd b'lave it (was) paper."

Miss Emily Faithfull will come to this country next autumn and lecture on the subject, "Modern Extravagance, or the Game and Gore." Everybody knows that the game is lovely woman, and that nothing short of a law making it a penal offense to wear anything except blue jeans and calico will remedy the evil.

A five-year-old daughter of one of our citizens observed to him, in the presence of company, at breakfast: "You mustn't go off without kissing me, papa." "I never forget to do it, do I?" he asked, surprised. "You may not forget it, but sometimes you go off and, you know," she artlessly replied. The company consulted their coffee.

When a reporter tried to interview P. T. Barnum on the subject of politics, he asked "What do you think of the canvass?" "A grand success, Walter, jewel, and the grand show in August will take in the people." He was thinking of his own, but when he said "water proof" the reporter put him down as a believer in Grant's success.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

(Compiled from the New York Observer.)

June 20, 1880.

Golden Text — "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." — Matt. 28, 20.

Central Truth. — The risen Saviour is with his Church.

Our last lesson was occupied with the sad history of the crucifixion. After the death of Jesus, his body was laid by loving hands in Joseph's new tomb on Friday, April 6, near the sunset. The resurrection took place early on the morning of the third day, which was Sunday (8th), so that his body really continued in the grave only about thirty-six hours. Still, it was literally true that he rose from the dead on the third day.

Although no detailed account is given us of everything which transpired during the forty days which elapsed between the death of Jesus and his resurrection, yet there is good reason to believe that he showed himself often to his disciples during that interval. "Had we a full narrative of the mysterious interval between Calvary and the ascension, it would doubtless illustrate more vividly than existing records permit the fulness and variety of demonstration which show accounts for the firm and triumphant proclamation by the Apostles and the early Church." (Geikie.)

After the crucifixion, the pious women who were so devoted to our Lord came to the sepulchre where his body had been hastily laid, prepared to arrange it decently for its final rest. These pious offices were, as they sadly supposed, all that they could now do for their beloved Lord.

Such tender ministrations were becoming to that sex of whom it has been beautifully said

"Not she, with traitorous kiss, her Saviour stung;
Not she denied him with unholy tongue.
She, when Apostles shrunk, could danger brave;
Last at the cross and earliest at the grave."

But when they arrived at the sepulchre they found it empty. The body of Jesus had disappeared, and, while they were in great perplexity, an angel appeared to them and declared that Christ had risen from the dead, and bade them go and communicate the joyful news to his disciples. We may well believe that the women departed quickly from the sepulchre, with fear and great joy, and did run to bring his disciples word.

On their way, Jesus himself met them and saluted them. Overwhelmed with joy, they prostrated themselves and paid him the honors of their worship.

He sent them then to his disciples, bidding them to direct them to Galilee, where they, too, should see him, and where he did appear on three different occasions.

In the meantime, the soldiers who guarded the tomb had gone to make their report to the chief priests. These officials foresaw at once the danger should the fact of the resurrection of Jesus be publicly announced, and they bribed the soldiers to assert the absurd story that, while they slept, his body was abstracted by his friends, as if this clumsy falsehood would gain general credence, as indeed it did to some extent, and was a current rumor at the time when this history written.

The disciples, eleven in number, — for the traitor Judas had gone "to his own place" — went to Galilee and met their risen Lord. It is said that, though all worshipped him with reverential awe, "some doubted." It was not strange that some of them were slow to receive so magnificent a fact as the resurrection at the first announcement and manifestation of it, and should have desired, as Thomas did, some more palpable evidence of the fact.

So that the charge of anything like blind credulity cannot be alleged against them, and the fact that they all eventually received the doctrine is proof that it was true. It has been well said, "They doubted, that we might never doubt."

Then Jesus gave to them, and it is very likely that others were with them, his last great commission to proclaim his gospel and set up his kingdom in the world. His language is authoritative and comprehensive. He claims universal power, and promises that his presence shall be with all his faithful disciples to the very end of the present dispensation. He bade them go and disciple the nations, he declared the rite of Christian baptism to be the initiatory rite to the Church, and that to those thus gathered instruction should be given in all principles, truths, and precepts of the Christian religion.

And so these feeble, friendless men went forth to their great work; and the story of the gospel, its progress and its power, the world knows by heart.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The resurrection puts the seal of divinity on the mission and work of Christ.

The great Apostle well said (1 Cor. 15:14), "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

There is no gospel if Christ is not a living Redeemer. What can a dead Christ do for a dying world? "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." His dying for our sins had been useless had he not risen for our justification. But God who gave him to die for our sins raised him from the dead, that in him we might be raised from the death of sin to the life of holiness; and "because he liveth, we shall live also."

2. The resurrection of Christ robs the grave of its victory for all believers.

(Heb. 2:14) — "Forasmuch, then, as the children were partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same, that, through death, he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

3. We are not idolaters when we worship a risen Christ.

The disciples worshipped Christ after his resurrection, and he received their homage as his due. Before his death he received no such honors. But then he asserted the prerogatives of divinity, and claimed universal power. His resurrection was the crowning proof of his divinity. It cannot be explained on any ground short of the fact that he is God.

4. The ministry which a risen Christ has instituted is a teaching ministry.

It has no sacerdotal character or office. Christ is our great High-Priest, who, having offered up himself a sacrifice on the cross and completed his great work of expiation, has sent forth his ministers to disciple the nations and teach men to do his commandments.

5. The gospel of the risen Christ is to triumph over the world.

Christian disciples are to "go into all the world, and to preach the gospel to every creature."

As Jesus rose from the dead, so the light of the latter day glory is rising now, and the whole earth is to be flooded with its radiance!

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DEMOCRAT

To Gratify his Wife.

An Interesting Story — A Hopeless Case Cured. A Good Reason for Happiness.

Statement of Mr. Washington Moore, of Catskill, Green County, New York.

"For many years I had suffered from a complaint which the physicians called Gravel. I had employed some of the most noted doctors without obtaining any permanent relief, and for a long time my case was regarded as hopeless. All who knew the circumstances said I must die. Finally, my wife induced me to try a bottle of Dr. Kennedy's 'Favorite Remedy,' which she had somewhere heard of or seen advertised. Without the slightest faith in it, but solely to gratify her, I bought a bottle of a druggist in our village. I used that and two or three bottles more, and — to make a long story short — I am now as healthy a man as there is in the country.

Since then I have recommended 'Favorite Remedy' to others whom I knew to have suffered from Kidney and Liver complaints; and I assure the public that the 'Favorite Remedy' has done its work with a similar completeness in every single instance, and I trust some other such despairing mortal may hear of it and try the 'Favorite Remedy' as I did.

HALL'S BALSAM

Cures Colds, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night-sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. It is only necessary to have the right remedy, and HALL'S BALSAM is that remedy. DON'T DESPAIR OF RELIEF, for this benign specific will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE,

the Most Powerful Healing Agent ever Discovered.

Henry's Carbolic Salve cures sores.
Henry's Carbolic Salve allays burns.
Henry's Carbolic Salve cures eruptions.
Henry's Carbolic Salve heals pimples.
Henry's Carbolic Salve heals bruises.

Ask for Henry's, and Take No Other.
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

TOWNSLEY'S TOOTHACHE ANODYNE

CURES IN ONE MINUTE.

Edey's Carbolic Troches,

A SURE PREVENTIVE OF Contagious Diseases, Colds, Hoarseness, Diphtheria, and Whooping Cough. Pleasant to the Taste.

Green's Oxygenated Bitters

Relieve Dyspepsia and Biliousness.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

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DOMESTIC,

THE MOST POPULAR SEWING MACHINE IN THE MARKET.

[illegible] The COMBINATION FLY-WHEEL [illegible] THE "DOMESTIC" surpasses all other Sewing Machines.

L. DOHM, Agent,

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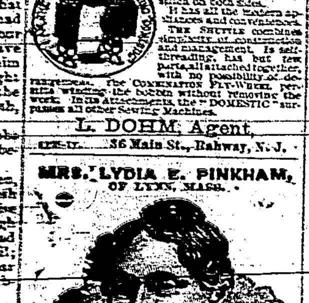

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For all Female Complaints.

[illegible]

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$300 A MONTH guaranteed. [illegible]

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Have now ready over $1,000,000.00 worth of elegant Spring and Summer CLOTHING for Men, Youths, Boys and Children, which they are selling at nearly one-half their present value. It will pay you well the time and fare it costs you to visit their extensive establishments,

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WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. Formerly Dr. Craig's Kidney Cure. A vegetable preparation and the only sure remedy in the world for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and ALL Kidney, Liver, and Urinary Diseases.

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WARNER'S SAFE PILLS

H. H. Warner & Co., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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THE ONLY MEDICINE That Acts at the Same Time on THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, and the KIDNEYS.

These great organs are the natural cleansers of the system. If they work well, health will be perfect; if they become clogged, dreadful diseases are sure to follow with TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Constipation and Piles, or Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Diabetes, Sediment in the Urine, Milky or Ropy Urine; or Rheumatic Pains and Aches, are developed because the blood is poisoned with the humors that should have been expelled naturally.

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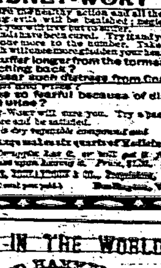
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

BEST IN THE WORLD!



ARM AND HAMMER BRAND. CHURCH & CO'S SODA

SALERATUS

Which is the same thing.

[illegible]

SHOW THIS TO YOUR GROCER.

MOLES, WARTS, [illegible]

If you want a STYLISH CUT and PERFECT FITTING

SPRING SUIT

IT WILL PAY YOU to see the ELEGANT STYLES that

WATSON & CO.

have now ready at

10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 20, 22 and $25.

Every garment we offer is cut in the "CORRECT SHAPE" and finished with all the latest "CUSTOM EXTRAS," which gives our clothing a superior style that cannot fail to please you.

See these elegant suits before you buy.

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Fine Gold Jewelry,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Masonic, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias Emblems, Pins and Charms, SHOOTING, ROWING and CLUB BADGES A SPECIALTY.

Diamond and Hair Work to Order.

THE LARGEST BADGE AND EMBLEM HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES.

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HAS REMOVED TO

109 Main St.,

Where he is prepared to carry on his old line of business, consisting of

Plumbing, Steam & Gas Fitting,

Repairing of Pumps,

STOVE CASTINGS, STOVE BRICKS.

FURNACES REPAIRED.

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CLOKE.

HIGHEST MEDAL AT VIENNA AND PHILA.

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Each style being the best of its class in the market.

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Cathartic Pills

Combine the choicest cathartic principles in medicine, in proportions accurately adjusted to secure activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. They are the result of years of careful study and practical experiment, and are the most effectual remedy yet discovered for diseases caused by derangement of the stomach, liver, and bowels, which require prompt and effectual treatment. AYER'S PILLS are specially applicable to this class of diseases. [illegible]

AYER'S PILLS are an effectual cure for Constipation or Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach and Breath, Dizziness, Headache, Loss of Memory, Numbness, Biliousness, Jaundice, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, Colic, Gripes, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Gout, Piles, Disorders of the Liver, and all other diseases resulting from a disordered state of the digestive apparatus.

As a Dinner Pill they have no equal.

While gentle in their action, these PILLS are the most thorough and searching cathartic that can be employed, and never give pain unless the bowels are inflamed, and then their influence is healing. They stimulate the appetite and digestive organs; they operate to purify and enrich the blood, and impart renewed health and vigor to the whole system.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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I am now manufacturing an entire new stock of MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING, which will be sold at manufacturer's prices FOR CASH. Closing Out Old Goods at Half Price, to make room for new.

All Wool Prince Albert Frock Coats, made good, at .... $10.00 to $15.00
Black Cassimere Pants .... $3.50 to $6.00
Vests .... $1.50 to $3.00

BOYS' SUITS AT ALL PRICES.

Also a good assortment of PIECE GOODS, LINING, &c., for Men's and Boy's wear. All Goods purchased here will be cut at half price if desired, & good assortment of

TRUNKS, BAGS, SATCHELS, &c., constantly on hand.

JAS. T. MELICK

Rahway, March 1st 1878.

Milton Lake Ice!

Milton Lake Ice!

Milton Lake Ice!

Milton Lake Ice!

[Established 1849.]

Ice Retail and Wholesale delivered to any part of the city.

Also, an Ice Depot will be erected in the rear of W. I. Brown's Feed Store, where any quantity can be obtained at any time.

Thankful for past patronage, I remain Yours Respectfully,

A. WHITE, Proprietor.

Rahway, N. J., May 19, 1876.

CHOICE FAMILY SUPPLIES AT JEWELL'S,

184 Main Street.

Constantly on hand a full supply of

FRESH MEATS, FISH, OYSTERS, CLAMS, VEGETABLES, FRUITS, CANNED GOODS, DRIED FRUIT, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC, THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

Goods delivered to all parts of the city free of charge.

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CHARLES AVERY,

CHERRY ST., 4 DOORS FROM MAIN 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 as low in prices as any other establishment.

CUSTOMER WORK A SPECIALTY, and promptly attended to. Orders solicited.

By a prompt attention to business and the wants of my customers, I hope to merit a share of the public patronage. Please call and examine my Stock.

CHARLES AVERY.

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REAL ESTATE, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT,

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RAHWAY, N. J.,

Is prepared to offer for sale, to let, or exchange, in the City of Rahway and vicinity, Houses of all descriptions, Lots of various sizes, Farms of from ten to two hundred acres, at low prices and on reasonable terms. All wanting such will do well to call at my office.

$1500 TO $6000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

ARNHEIM, the TAILOR,

190 & 192 BOWERY,

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Imported Cassimere Pants, to Order $4.00
Imported Cassimere Suits, to Order $16.00
ARTISTIC CUTTING. Samples, Rule for Self-measurement and Fashion Plate sent on application.

No connection with any other Store on the Bowery.

Fire Insurance.

The undersigned is prepared to effect Insurance in the following First-class Companies:

HOME, New York	Capital	$3,000,000.00
	Assets	6,360,852.40
	Net Surplus	1,963,488.94
FIRE ASSOCIATION, Phila.	Capital	$500,000.00
	Assets	3,779,806.33
	Net Surplus	979,070.19
PHŒNIX, Brooklyn	Capital	$1,000,000.00
	Assets	2,735,654.16
	Net Surplus	731,332.36
LANCASHIRE, England	Paid up Capital	$1,000,000.00
	Gross Assets	4,857,309.80
ROYAL, Liverpool	Gross Assets	$10,104,969.40
	Net Surplus	5,962,332.80

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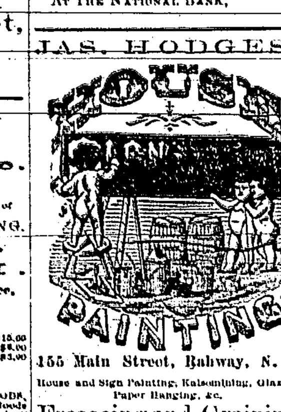
AT THE NATIONAL BANK, RAHWAY, N. J.

JAS. HODGES,



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House and Sign Painting, Kalsomining, Glazing Paper Hanging, &c.

Frescoing and Graining a Specialty.

RENOVATE YOUR FEATHER BEDS!

Read This:

Extract from a Lecture on the existing Cause of Disease, by Dr. Alfred L. Castleman, delivered at Milwaukee:

"And we wonder that medical men, while inveighing against the cause of disease, . . . the sickening influences of the marsh, effluvia of crowded rooms, and bad odors of unventilated sleeping apartments, have taken no little pains to impress upon us a knowledge of the deleterious causes emanating from the beds on which we sleep. I propose to examine this subject and begin with Feather Beds. [illegible]

If you want to avoid the dangers referred to in the above, get your beds renovated and cleansed by the steam process. All glutinous substance is removed from the quill, increasing the bulk of the bed from one-third to one-half. It also DESTROYS ALL MOTHS!

Only $2 per Bed,

Including Pillows and Bolster, if suitable to run with the bed.

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MARSH & RYNO,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS.

No. 172, MAIN STREET, RAHWAY, N. J.,

offer to the public a large and well selected stock of WALNUT, OAK AND MAHOGANY Parlor, Bed Room and Kitchen FURNITURE, PARLOR AND BEDROOM SUITS, BEDSTEADS, SOFAS, BUREAUS, TABLES, CHAIRS, HATSTANDS, EXTENSION TABLES, MIRRORS, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Spring, Hair, Husk and Straw MATTRESSES.

UNDERTAKING in all its branches. Hearses and Carriages furnished, and Funerals attended at short notice.

Bodies laid out and iced at all hours.

VALUABLE TRUTHS.

[illegible] Hop Bitters will Cure You. [illegible]

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

Take Notice that the undersigned, an Administrator of the estate of Mary L. French, deceased, will sell at Chamberlin's Hotel, Rahway, N. J., on THURSDAY THE TENTH DAY OF JUNE instant, at the hour of 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, a $100 Coupon Bond of the Hazelwood Cemetery Company. LEVI DARBY, Dated May 13th, 1880. Administrator.

ADMINISTRATORS' SETTLEMENT. — Notice is Hereby Given, That the account of the subscribers, Administrators of Leonard Dunn, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate, and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the county of Union, on Wednesday, the Sixteenth day of June next. SOLOMON T. DUNN, LEONARD DUNN. Dated April 12, 1880.

UNION COUNTY SURROGATE'S OFFICE, April 5th, 1880. — Kezia D. Clark, Administratrix of Gittie Clark, deceased. Surrogate's Order to Limit Creditors. [illegible] JAS. J. GERBER, Surrogate.

UNION ORPHANS' COURT.

TERM OF JANUARY 1880.

James A. Youngs administrator of William Shanley, deceased. Rule to show cause for sale of lands to pay debts. [illegible] JAS. J. GERBER, Surrogate. Dated, April 20, 1880.

UNION COUNTY SURROGATE'S OFFICE. — May 4th, 1880. — Charles M. Cooper and William C. Welch, Administrators of Magdalena Cooper, deceased. Surrogate's Order to Limit Creditors. [illegible] JAS. J. GERBER, Surrogate.

UNION COUNTY SURROGATE'S OFFICE. — [illegible], 1880. — Charles [illegible] and William C. Welch, Administrators of John G. Cooper, deceased. Surrogate's Order to Limit Creditors. [illegible] Address C. A. BENNETT, Att'y, Freehold, N. J.

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WINDOW SHADES, Traveling Bags, Walnut Fancy Goods, PICTURE FRAMES, &c.

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Books & Stationery, SCRAP BOOKS and PICTURES, FINE PLATED JEWELRY, Pen-knives and Scissors.

Balls, Tops, Croquet Sets. Toys of all Kinds.

AT COOPER'S Book and Variety Store.

SHAFER'S Medicinal Blackberry Brandy.

SURE CURE FOR DIARRHOEA And all Summer Complaints.

[illegible] L. CALVIN SHAFER, New No. 56 Cortlandt St., New York. For Sale by GEO. F. BROWN, Druggist, Main St., Rahway, N. J.

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NATIONAL DEMOCRAT.

Devoted to Local and General News, Politics, Literature, Humor, &c.

(Entered at the Post Office at Rahway, N. J., as second-class matter.)

VOL. XL.—NO. 40. RAHWAY, N. J., JUNE 17, 1880. WHOLE NUMBER 1990.

The National Democrat.

L. S. HYER, Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

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DEPUSSI BROTHERS, MUSICIANS, No. 4 MAIN STREET, RAHWAY, N. J. Is prepared to furnish any number of pieces of the best music for Balls, Sociables, Picnics, Parades, etc. At short notice and fair prices. NICHOLAS DEPUSSI. JOSEPH DEPUSSI.

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FOUND.

A remedy that WILL CURE RHEUMATISM — COLES' RHEUMATIC REMEDY.

Cures Rheumatism in all its forms, removing it entirely from the system. Relieves the aching and soreness, subduing swollen and inflamed muscles, joints and limbs, and lameness disappears as the cause is removed. It is pleasant to the taste and can be taken by the most delicate person; it is composed of highly concentrated extracts of roots and barks. Nature's remedies which are purifying and strengthening, removing the cause of the disease and leaving no bad effects. Hundreds can testify who have been cured by COLES' RHEUMATIC REMEDY. Price $2.00 per bottle. Prepared and sold by D. F. COLES, Druggist, 154 Main Street, Rahway, N. J., and sold by druggists everywhere.

Hotel Property to Let!

THE Old and Popular Hotel Property, formerly known as Crowell's Hotel, corner of Main street and Milton avenue, Rahway, to let from the 1st of April next. For further particulars apply to JOHN C. CODDINGTON, Exchange Building, Rahway, N. J.

GEO. W. HALL offers for sale at a Great Sacrifice, all his goods in store or house. Call on him and get some great bargains.

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Chamberlin's Hotel, Opposite the Depot, RAHWAY, N. J.

This House is conveniently located for the accommodation of the travelling public. Added to this Hotel for the accommodation of the public, is a LUNCH ROOM, where meals are served at All Hours. Transient Board and Lodging.

60 Cts. per Meal & 60 Cts. Lodging. Permanent Board and Lodging for Gentlemen From $5 to $8 per Week.

ROOMS FOR FAMILIES. Billiard Room and Stable connected with the Hotel. Proprietor.

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MEALS AT ALL HOURS. Dinners and Wedding Parties supplied on short notice. MRS. M. LAUTERER, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOTEL, COR. MAIN AND IRVING STREETS, RAHWAY, N. J. KEPT BY PETER THIER & CO. Who has "BULLY" LAGER BEER, and all other best brands of LIQUORS and SEGARS. Billiard and Reading Rooms attached, with Daily and Weekly Papers.

MELICK HOUSE, AS A PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE, Having some desirable FURNISHED ROOMS, Single or Double, with Water, Gas, and heated by Steam, TO LET, WITH OR WITHOUT BOARD. One block from depot. 146 MAIN STREET, RAHWAY. JAS. T. MELICK.

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RAHWAY POST OFFICE. TO TAKE EFFECT MAY 31st, 1879.

MAILS ARRIVE.

[illegible mail schedule table]

Mails are received from New Brunswick, Metuchen, Princeton, Trenton, Bristol, South and West Jersey, and Belvidere, Delaware Railroads, at 9:57 A. M., 3:45 P. M. Mails are received from Elizabeth, Newark, North Jersey, Delaware & Lackawanna, and New Jersey Central Railroads, at 3:16, 9:13 A. M., 4:31 P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

[illegible mail schedule table]

Mails are despatched for Elizabeth, Newark, Delaware & Lackawanna, and New Jersey Central Railroads and Northern New Jersey at 9:30 A. M., 3:30 and 7:15 P. M.

[illegible] Sunday Mails arrive at [illegible] Once open on Sundays from 9:30 to 10:30 A. M.

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REFERENCES. [illegible]

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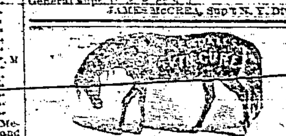
PENNSYLVANIA R. R. TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday, May 10th, 1880, trains will leave Rahway as follows:

[illegible timetable]

FRANK THOMSON, General Manager. L. P. FARMER, General Passenger Agent. J. P. JACKSON, Supt. N. Y. Div.



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WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER.

BY A DISPLACED THREE-YEAR-OLD.

Mozer bought a baby,
'Ittle bitsy ting;
Zink I mos could put him
'Frou my rubber ring.
An't he awful ugly?
An't he awful pink?
"Just come down from Heaven,"
Tat's a fib, I tink.

Doctor to' anozzer
Great big awful lie;
Nose an't out of joint zen,
Tat an't why I cry.
Mamma stays up bedroom —
Guess he mates her sick;
Frow him in ze gutter,
If I can, right quick.

Cuddle him and love him!
Call him "Blessed ting!"
Don't care if my kite an't
Got a bit of string!
Send me off with Biddy
Every single day;
"Be a good boy, Charlie;
Run away and play."

"Sink I ought to love him!"
No, I won't, so zere!
Nassy crying baby,
Not got any hair.
Got all my nice kisses,
"Got my place in bed;"
Mean to take my drum-stick,
And crack him on the head!

HOW DAN PLAYED THE FOOL.

One of the most singular men I ever met with was a private soldier in the Twelfth New York Infantry, which regiment was brigaded with a second and third Michigan and second Massachusetts during the first year or so of the war. Seen at one time you would say that Dan Harrison had blue eyes. Five minutes afterwards you would make oath that they were black, as indeed they were.

Dan also had wonderful control over his voice. He could mimic the voice of any in the brigade. He could bark like a dog, bray like a mule, whistle like a bird, and was the wonder of the camp. On one occasion our wagon master was asleep in his wagon, and his six mules roped near by. Dan crept behind a bale of hay and brayed loud and long. The wagon master awoke and jumped down and pounded the nearest mule, growling out as he re-entered the wagon —

"There, blast ye — I guess you'll feel humble for a while!"

In about two minutes Dan repeated the words. The voice was so exactly the same that a dozen of us, who were hiding near by, thought it was the wagon master again. The latter individual stuck his head out, looked around in surprise, and then said —

"Well, it took that echo a long time to get around this wagon!"

There were yet other reasons why Dan was considered greater than a menagerie. He could drop one shoulder three inches lower than the other. He could walk as if one leg was shorter than the other. He could work his ear like a horse. He could cramp his hands until they seemed to have been drawn all out of shape by rheumatism. He could make it appear that he had a squint in either eye, and he could raise his eye-brows clear up into his hair. He was a farmer's son, genial, brave, and good-hearted, and he was never tired of doing something to amuse us.

Soon after Heintzelman made his reconnoissance in front of Alexandria down towards Centerville, he sent for Dan Harrison, and the result of the interview was that Dan was engaged as a spy. His curious physical structure and his natural coolness and bravery fitted him for such dangerous work, and I may say here that for three years he was accounted the most successful and daring spy in the service. Just one more curious trait about him, and then I will relate an adventure of his which cost him a bad wound.

A dozen of us would sit in a circle around him, and somebody would ask —

"Dan, what is the name of the Colonel of the third Maine?"

He would close his eyes for perhaps three seconds, and then, eight times out of ten, would give the true name. How it came to him he could not explain; but he seemed to divine things intuitively. I have seen him stand in front of the guards just being dismissed, and all strangers to him, and call off the first names of four out of every five. At Fort Michigan, in the winter of 1862, he made a wager of $10 that he could give the Christian names of 20 out of 25 men in the line before him. A sergeant of my company went over into another regiment and brought over the men, and a crowd of more than 400 gathered to see the wager lost or won. Dan won it. Passing slowly along the line he called 22 of the 25 men by their right names. The three whom he missed were named Hezekiah, Philetus and Joshua, and Dan's excuse for missing them was that he was not fully up in Scripture.

One lonely, rainy night, in the beginning of '62, Dan Harrison set out to work his way into the Confederate intrenchments around Centerville, charged to see everything that might be turned to value in the Federal cause. Dan had no particular make-up except the dress of a Virginia farmer, and no story to tell except that he was (when he got there) within the Confederate lines to secure some sort of compensation for three horses seized by a party of Confederate raiders. Circumstances might alter his plans and his story; but if so, he would have something else at his tongue's end.

The spy left the Federal outposts and headed directly for Centerville. He met with no adventure that night, lay in the woods all the next day, or advanced under cover of them, and at dark again took the highway. He knew that danger lurked in every fence corner for one who skulked along, and he therefore put a bold face on the matter and walked briskly forward, passing quite a number of negroes and several white men without being disturbed. Just then many slaves were trying to reach the Federal lines, and this fact got Dan into trouble.

About 9 o'clock, as he stepped briskly along, a patrol consisting of three men sprang from the bushes and confronted him, supposing him at first to be a negro, when, finding he was a white man, the leader of the patrol began asking leading questions and insisting on prompt replies. For some reason, Dan thought best to change his plans. Dropping his left shoulder and humping up his back, he replied to their questions in a whining, drawling voice, in imitation of a half-wit.

"Laid for a nigger, and captured a fool!" growled the leader, as Dan began to ask silly questions and dance around.

"What do you live?" asked one of the others.

"In — ze — moon," drawled Dan, laughing as loud as he could.

"How did you get down here?"

"On — a — string — ha! ha! ha!" And he jumped around and chuckled as if he had got off a good joke.

"Well, I suppose we'd better give him a kick and let him go," remarked the leader.

"He's no nigger, don't know enough to be a soldier, and we'd better hurry along."

"I don't know about that," remarked the third man, who had as leaving been silent. "I don't know of any fool in this neighborhood, and we shouldn't let this chap go until we have a closer look at him. Here, you infernal idiot, do you know any one around here?"

"Missus Brown — Missus Brown," replied Dan, using the first name that came in his way.

"Well, it's only a step down there," said the man, "and if she knows him it's all right."

So there was a Miss Brown close at hand.

No one could have been more surprised than the spy, and he feared he had gotten himself into a bad scrape. There was no chance for him but to go along, and go he did, amusing the men for a quarter of a mile with strange antics and silly talk. Mrs. Brown was a widow, living in a comfortable though small farm-house, and Dan was marched straight to the door. She was a woman about 50 years of age, with a kind face and motherly ways.

"Widder Brown," began the leader of the party, as he put his hand on the spy, "we captured this fool down the road thar. He acts and talks like a fool, but we want to be sure he isn't tricking us. He says he knows you. If you know him, that's all we want."

"Missus Brown know Tommy," chuckled Dan as he boldly entered the house and sat down, and took the family cat on his lap.

The widow's vanity was a bit flattered in the first place that she had been called upon to identify a stranger, and in the next place she would lose prestige if she failed to do so.

"Mebbe I know him — mebbe I do," she replied, as she looked around for her spectacles. "Somehow or other I allers know all the fools goin', and most of em come around here for victels. Now, then, I'll look at him."

She put on her spectacles, took the candle in hand, and Dan was scrutinized for a long minute. He looked up into her face and grinned and snickered, tho' his heart was in his mouth.

"She don't know him," whispered one of the men.

The widow overheard it, and now she was on her mettle. Walking slowly across the room to put down the candle and her spectacles, she turned and said —

"Yes, he's a fool, and you are bigger fools for stopping him."

"Then you know him?" asked the leader.

"I raythur think so! His name is Tommy, and he lives somewhere around Fairfax. He's been here more'n a dozen times."

"Didn't propose matrimony, did he?" asked one the men.

"No!" she snapped, "but if he had he'd have stood a better chance than white men who hide in fence corners to capture niggers!"

So saying she slammed the door on them and went away. She sat down by the table and looked across at Dan, and presently mused —

"Yes he's a fool, and those men had no business hauling him around — no matter whether I knew him or not. I guess he's hungry and tired and I'll give him something to eat and send him to bed."

Dan "played the fool" to perfection, and when he had eaten, the woman had a real motherly interest in him. She guided him up stairs, and showed him the bed he was to occupy, and then went down with the light, saying —

"Fools can see in the dark as well as by daylight, and then you might set the house on fire."

The spy was out of the scrape in one sense, and yet he was troubled. He wanted to reach and pass the confederate outposts before daybreak. If he remained in the house, he would encounter people next day who might want him more fully identified. But how was he to leave?

The chamber was a half-story affair, with a window in either end. One of these would let the spy out. He crept across the floor and tried the sash of one. It was old and shaky, and yet he worked at it for a long ten minutes, and gave up in despair. The sashes were not nailed, but so warped that to get them up or down or out would make noise enough to arouse everybody about the house. The sash in the other window could be raised, but Dan's fingers had scarcely touched it when two or three dogs which seemed to be kenneled directly below, commenced a furious barking. Escape by that way was cut off.

After a moment's thought, Dan decided to wait until the house grew quiet and then descend the stairs and go out by the front door. He might have to wait for an hour or more, and he therefore threw himself on the bed. He had scarcely got settled when he heard a commotion down stairs and the heavy tread of a man. Creeping out of bed and putting his ear to the floor he soon made out that the woman's son had returned home after a considerable absence within the confederate lines.

Dan listened for a long time, catching words enough to keep the run of the conversation; and when he heard both moving across the floor he slipped into bed again. The stair door opened, a light appeared, and as mother and son ascended, she said —

"Of course he's a fool. Do you think I've got so old that I can't tell an idiot when I see him?"

"Well these are suspicious times," muttered the son in reply, and both advanced to the bed.

Dan seemed to be fast asleep. One hand all cramped up was on the quilt in plain sight, and to find his face screwed up until his expression ought to have melted a heart of stone.

"There! don't he look like a fool?" whispered the mother.

"He may be one, but it don't do any harm to let the patrol take him into our outposts," answered the son, and both descended the stairs.

Dan must get out of that. Not by way of the window, but down stairs, and out of the front door. The patrol could not be far off, and he had no time to spare. Hastily resuming his garments he softly descended the stairs. While waiting at the door he heard the son go out, and after two or three minutes he softly opened the door.

No one was in the room. Tiptoeing across it, he opened the front door and stepped out, but only to stand face to face with the son, a young man of about twenty-five and of good muscular development. For what seemed a long minute they looked into each other's faces. Then the confederate said —

"Throw up your hands, Mr. Yank — the game is played!"

"I just came in to bid you good-night," coolly answered Dan, and he gathered and made a rush.

The confederate did not follow, because he realized that Dan was running directly for the approaching patrol. He was under full headway when he met them, and swerved aside.

"Shoot that Yankee! — kill him! kill him!" shouted the confederate at the house, and the patrol opened fire in response.

Dan was not over thirty feet away, and the gloom of the night saved him from being riddled. One bullet struck him in the left arm, just above the elbow inflicting a painful wound but the others went wild and he soon distanced pursuit. Dan did not get into Centerville that time, but he was there a month later.

LOTTIE.

Lottie was a very nice little girl. I liked Lottie very much. She was good and smart and pretty. While I was a boy I made love to Lottie in the honest, old-fashioned way, and meant, as she knew I meant, to make her my wife when I was able to have one at all. That seemed unlikely enough, however, for father's house was but a poor one, and it was not likely that with no prospects before me I should be able to take a wife. And so I was quite sad at times, and looked enviously at other young fellows, who saw Lottie's charms as plainly as I did, and knew what a good wife she would make, with her talent for housework, and her absolute genius for everything. But though some of those young men were esteemed great catches by the damsels of the place, Lottie was constant to me, and promised me to wait and be true to me; and at last something happened that seemed to me at the moment to be an interposition on the part of Fate, in order that I might marry Lottie at last.

A mercantile uncle who had never taken any notice of me before, wrote to me for the first time in my life. I had been named after him, he said, and it was but fair he should do something for me. He had a place in his wholesale establishment for a young man of my age. Unless I preferred vegetating in that place I might come to him. I must not, however, expect to be idle because of my relationship to him; he should teach me what to do, and expect me to do it. Then he mentioned the salary I might expect for the first year, and the advance I might earn for the second. It was not a tender letter, but a very delightful one. After my parents had rejoiced over it I rushed away to show it to Lottie.

"You'll wait for me a year, won't you, Lottie?" I asked. "Then I shall have all we need."

She promised to wait any number of years, and after the tenderest of leave-takings, I left her, thinking there never was a sweeter girl, a prettier, or a better. In the course of a week I entered upon my duties in my uncle's office. My uncle was a good man, but a stern one. He paid well for duties that were well performed, but he insisted on obedience and industry. To dishonesty he was merciless, and I had heard him say that had he a son, he would punish him if he attempted to rob or cheat him as severely as he would a stranger.

I was anxious to please, and not an idler by nature. My uncle evidently approved of me. His partner, rather a more genial man, invited me to his house. There, in my first dress coat and white tie, with a rose-bud in my button-hole, I made my entrance into society, under the wing of my bachelor uncle. He never a ladies' man, soon betook himself of the society of some elderly gentlemen and fell into talking about "stocks" and railways, and other such topics; but my hostess had pity upon, and led me away to a corner where a group of young people were laughing and chatting together.

"Grace," she said, and an elegant young lady arose and stepped forward — "Grace, my dear, this is young Mr. Lascom — Mr. Lascom's nephew. Mr. Lascom, my daughter, Miss Hudson."

Then she left us. Miss Hudson introduced me to all the merry group and took pains to entertain me. She herself told me I should take her down to supper. I should never have dared to propose such a thing, and I had altogether a very delightful evening. I thought of Lottie often. I thought how pretty she was — prettier than any girl there, but so different. How was it that these girls made themselves look as they did? Why had their dresses such an elegant sweep? How did they manage that wonderful style of hair? How stylish they were! They walked, and bowed, and danced, and fanned themselves, and took refreshment, not in the least as our girls at home did. I could not help wishing that Lottie was like them — like Miss Hudson particularly. How proud I should be of her then! But I felt obliged to confess that if my dear little Lottie had walked in then in her best dress of white muslin, with a sprig in it that I thought so pretty, and with her sash ribbon on, I should have felt a little ashamed — not of her but of her style. The fact that I felt so, troubled me so very much that I scarcely slept at all that night; but when, in the grey dawn of the morning, I fell into a short nap, I dreamt not of Lottie, but of Miss Hudson.

I began to see Grace Hudson very often now, and the more I saw her the more I admired her. Now and then she wrote me little notes. How different they were from those loving little letters I received twice a week from Lottie! Such dainty paper, with a monogram in blue and gold. I did wish that my poor girl would use a capital I for the personal pronoun by which she indicated herself, and that she spelt better generally. I thought of giving her good advice on the subject a long time before I did it. It was for her own good to advise her to study a little and to examine the dictionary. But I must have done it blunderingly, for her answer showed that she was hurt.

Then my conscience smote me and I wrote her a letter more like those she had from me at first, but I was going to a party at Mrs. Hudson's that evening, and somehow I forgot to post my performance. It lay sealed and directed in my desk for four days before it was posted, and it was that very week that Lottie, coming to the city with an old aunt, who was rather an oddity and always chose to carry a large family umbrella, rain or shine, called at the office, "just to speak to me," bringing the old aunt with her as chaperone. It was an unlucky time. Miss Hudson had run in to coax her father to fill her purse for a shopping expedition. She saw the entrance of Lottie and her aunt.

"Oh, what a funny old soul," she had whispered to me, not thinking I knew either, "and how that girl's dress hangs."

And then Lottie had come up to me and cried out in her own hearty way — "Why, Ned, there you are. We were afraid we shouldn't catch you. We couldn't wait on account of having return tickets, you know."

And Miss Hudson had opened her eyes wildly, and I — oh, I was ashamed of my little Lottie, and she saw it.

She grew very quiet indeed, and would not have me go to the station with them, and in a few days a little letter came. The I's were all right, and she made good use of the dictionary, and this is what she had carefully spelt out —

"Edward, — When people are ashamed of each other, they would only be miserable, if they were forced to live together. You were ashamed of me when I called at your office, because my dress was not fashionable like that of the lady who stared at me so. And, Edward, I was ashamed of you for being ashamed and for showing it so plainly. I doubt which was the most ashamed. So good-bye. It would not be for our happiness to be any more to each other than we are now.

CHARLOTTE."

I was ashamed then; but, alas, if I must own it, I was greatly relieved at that moment. I was desperately in love with Grace Hudson, and I fancied she returned my feelings. Now, when my salary was raised, I should be able to ask Grace to marry me. Doubtless they would one day make me a junior partner in the firm. I fancied myself a wealthy merchant, with a splendid, stylish wife, and drove away the memories of Lottie's love and tenderness that would haunt me. The year crept on, at last came my holiday. My uncle had told me that at its close I should have an increase of salary — Hope arose within my bosom. I determined to propose to Grace before I left the city, and I honestly had no fear of her answer.

We closed up early that day, and as I was about to leave the office Mr. Hudson called me, and put into my hands a sum of money which he desired me to deposit in the bank. It was only twenty-five pounds.

"I think you'll have time to get there before closing hours," he said. "If not you can drop it in to-morrow morning. I don't like leaving money in the office, and Lascom has gone off with the key of the safe."

I made what haste I could, but the bank was closed before I reached it, and so I had the deposit as well as my month's salary in my pocket that evening. It was safest there, I thought. But I remember neither that nor anything else when I had managed to get Grace Hudson in the sitting-room, and we were alone in the window amongst the sweet flowers, and I sat beside her with her hand in mine. Then I made my offer, telling her in what words I could find how I loved her, and asked her to be my wife; and she looked at me, growing a little more rosy than before, and then quietly moved a little away from me.

"It is such a pity you ever took such a notion into your head, Mr. Lascom," she said. "Why, I'm two years older than you, and I couldn't marry a poor young man with (excuse me) a great deal to learn yet. I must have an accomplished man of the world — no other would satisfy me. Indeed, I am engaged to just such a person. He's on the Continent now; we're to be married on his return. He's very, very rich, and forty years old. You're only a boy, and I should spend your salary in kid gloves and perfumery every year."

An hour after I was in the street — I had tried to drown my mortification in wine, and was not quite sober, for the first time in my life. I remember sauntering about before a well-lighted house, and being spoken to by a stranger, who told me of the fortunes that young men made at the gaming table. Some vague idea that if I made a fortune Grace might jilt her lover and marry me, possessed me, I think. I remember entering the place, drinking more and playing at some game, — remember losing all my own money, and saying that I must go; but my new found friend urged me on. In an instant more I had gambled away the money intrusted to me. After that nothing is clear. The man who had robbed me and, however, a little mercy in his heart. I faintly recall the fact that I told him where I lived, and that I was to have returned home on the morrow, and he must have led me to the station and bought my ticket for me, for I found myself in a train awakening, stiff and wretched and with a horrible headache.

I got out of the train and walked along the road, the whole horror of my position rushing upon me. I had disgraced my family, forfeited my position, rendered myself liable to disgraceful punishment. To live under such circumstances was worse than to die. Coming to a mossy spot in the road I sat down under a great tree beside the river, tore a leaf from my empty pocket-book, wrote upon it a full confession, and pinned it to my coat. At that moment a little wagon, driven by a woman, turned into the road. I should be interrupted in a moment. So I jumped.

* * * * * *

It occurred to me one day that I had been asleep a very long time. I sat up in bed, and felt weak and giddy. Something was the matter with me. — I lay upon a bed I did not know, in a room I was not acquainted with, and softly rocking to and fro in a chair sat a young woman with pretty, golden brown braids about her head, and some sewing in her hand. "Lottie!" cried I, though how should Lottie be there? But she answered and rose, and it was Lottie; and now I remembered everything. It was a terrible awakening.

"Why didn't you let me die?" I said, savagely. "However, it does not matter. I will not live. I am determined that I will not."

Then Lottie put her hands upon mine, and said —

"Be calm, Edward. Tell my why you are tired of life."

"Did no one read what I wrote?" I asked. "That was all true."

"I read it Edward," she said, only I. I took the paper off your coat, and hid it before even the doctor came. — No one knows but I. It is all right."

"How can it be all right?" I said. "They know at the office now that I am a thief."

"Edward," said Lottie, "all that happened to you that night will be a secret between us for ever. I went to the city next day. I saw your uncle and Mr. Hudson, and told them you were badly injured, and had been too late for the bank, and that I had brought them the money you had in trust. They are very sorry for your illness, and have sent many messages. They will never know."

"But I had gambled away the money, Lottie," said I. "How could you return it?"

"Well, you see, I had a few pounds of my own that auntie gave once," said Lottie — "auntie is ever so good to me, and — and I took that. It was no inconvenience. You can pay me back when you are able. And I did it — yes, Edward, I did it altogether for your poor mother's sake."

"You are an angel, Lottie," I said.

"You must not talk nonsense to me any more, said Lottie severely.

How I loved her then! How beautiful she looked, how sweet and good. And I had been ashamed of this girl. "I wonder whether you will ever forgive me, Lottie," I said.

She tried to make me think she never would for a long time, but she did at last, and no man ever had a sweeter wife than I had in Lottie. As for style, it is wonderful how women catch it. I heard Lottie called the most stylish woman only last evening.

The diversity of uses to which glycerine is applicable is shown in the fact that, as a lubricant of machinery, it is found to be invaluable, and in many instances preferable to oil or grease, especially where such machinery is exposed to the action of the air or great alterations of temperature; it neither thickens, freezes, nor gets rancid, thus keeping the rubbing parts constantly lubricated. For such purposes, the pure article may be mixed with half its quantity of olive oil. It does not attack metals like many oils which have been treated with acids; it also dissolves easily all productions of the, such as the preparations of aniline, &c. In weaving, glycerine is not of inferior importance, for by its use the size will never tend to smell badly, and a hand-loom weaver may work at all times, either with an open window or with a large fire in his room; the yarn will always be in good condition, not becoming brittle, nor will cloth sized with a compound containing glycerine ever mildew or rot. For this kind of size the following mixture is found to be preferable: Ten lbs. farina, twenty-four glycerine, two lbs. sulphate of alumina, and six quarts water. Glycerine, too, is not only a good dissolvent for aniline colors, but it tends likewise to preserve for a long time the compositions of albumen, of casein, &c.

Mr. George Dines, who has made extensive experiments and observations on the formation of dew, finds that the depth of deposit in England in an evening rarely exceeds a hundredth part of an inch, and that the average annual depth of the dew deposited upon the surface of the earth does not exceed an inch and a half.