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More than seven hundred lives of Columbus have been written in various languages.

Dumas, the French writer, having been accused of accepting a bribe, put forward a unique plea. He declares, with much show of virtuous indignation, that it was a large bribe.

Among the coachmen of Berlin are seven retired army officers, three ex-pastors, and sixteen nobles. London even beats this, for her cabbies include a marquis, a baron and an ex-Member of Parliament.

The Supreme Court of Michigan has decided that a married woman cannot collect the money she earns unless she can prove that she is her husband's agent. The earnings of a wife belong to her husband to do what he pleases with.

The country mail in Norway is now delivered by postmen on bicycles. The wheel is daily proving itself something more than a fanciful toy, observes the Providence Army Journal, and has evidently come to help men along on life's journey.

The number of public schools in France is 69,359, and of private schools 14,500, with 137,000 classes in all. At the date of the last census eighty-nine per cent. of the men and eighty-three per cent. of the women could sign their own names.

Rev. Dr. Matthews says that in the Presbyterian churches in Holland it is the rule for a man, when he begins to be sleepy in church, to rise and stand till he gets wide-awake again. It is not an unusual sight to see a dozen or more men standing at the same time.

It is pointed out that Tom Thumb, the midget, used to eat more than Chang, the Chinse giant. Any one who takes the trouble to observe men when they eat, declares the New York World, will notice that, as a rule, small men or men of ordinary phisique stow away more food than the big fellows.

Canon Farrar has said that if all the books in the world were in a blaze, the books he would snatch out of the flames would be the Bible, the Imitation of Christ (by Thomas A. Kempis), Homer, Æschylus, Thucydides, Tacitus, Virgil, Marcus Aurelius, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth.

Within historical times the southern hemisphere has never been the seat of empire. The Incas and the Javanese were the only nations which flourished there. Of the 1,350,000,000 human beings which now inhabit the earth, not more than 60,000,000 have their home to the south of the equator. The northern hemisphere is the seat of knowledge and power. It is the commercial hemisphere.

Dr. Bonovia is authority for the statement that the lilies which form the coat-of-arms of France, were originally the emblem of royalty in Assyria. The doctor also maintains that the fleur-de-lis is not really flowers, but animals' horns, which the Assyrians used to fix on trees in order to ward off the evil spirits, and similar to those horns which Neapolitans carry in order to ward off the evil eye.

Instead of saying as rich as the Rothschilds, the New York Mail and Express avers that, they now say in Europe as rich as Vanderbilt or Gould. In England the common run of people may know who is President of the United States. It is by no means certain, but there is no one in England who has not heard of Vanderbilt or Gould. On the continent, Edison is a name perhaps equally well known.

Western Australia with its enormous territory does not supply enough cattle and sheep for local consumption. This land is remarkable for its immense area of arid sand upon which the only green thing that flourishes is the inevitable gum-tree. Of grass there is almost none, and even the kangaroos are half starved. The nonarrival of a cargo of live stock by steamer from South Australia is sometimes a serious matter in the more western colony.

It is a fact not generally known, thinks the New York Telegram, that in Europe there are several monarchs who have not been formally crowned. The German Emperor, the kings of Italy, Wurtemburg, Belgium and Saxony have not at present undergone the ceremony of coronation. The baby king of Spain, the girl queen of Holland and the boy king of Servia, being under regents, have some excuse for not being crowned. The Austrian emperor has been crowned twice, and may be crowned a third time as king of Bohemia at Prague.

A decision just rendered at Washington proves that to New Jersey belongs the record of sending the youngest soldier to the Civil War. William R. Curtis, a native of Lambertville, takes precedence, according to the judgment just made. He was born in Lambertville on May 25, 1847, and enlisted in Company B, Thirty-eight New Jersey Volunteers, on Sept. 1, 1864. The company was raised in Lambertville. Young Curtis received an honorable discharge on May 29, 1865, and at once reenlisted in Company K, Seventeenth U. S. for three years. His final discharge was given for expiration of service at Fort Sedgwick, Wyoming, on Sept. 10, 1869.

The Prisoner.

A man's skull is his lifelong jail,
Behind its prison bars,
From its eye windows, does the soul
Peep at the earth and stars;
But unlike jails of wood or stone
Its prisoner ever dwells alone.

Though through its front doors perfumed gales
Are blown from glens of gladness,
And through its back doors music strains
Roll in waves of madness,
And though he hear and heed each tone,
The prisoner still must dwell alone.

Though past the windows of the jail
Sweep scenes of solemn splendor,
And through the doors float hymns of joy
Or dirges deep and tender,
The prisoner hears the mirth and moan,
But in his jail he dwells alone.

No lover ever knows the soul
He loves in all its sweetness;
The fullest love, however strong,
Is marred by incompleteness;
No heart is ever fully known,
The prisoner ever dwells alone.

—[S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

PATRIOTIC DOROTHEA.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

A long, dark hall. The portraits of two old persons that frowned down from the walls as though resenting the modern innovations below; a soft, thick carpet under foot, so old that its colors had all faded to a dull, uniform red; a low window with tiny, diamond-shaped panes, letting in more gloom than light; a small, iron-bound chest in a dark corner, heavy, smothering hangings—those were the belongings of this long, dark hall.

A door opened softly, and a modern innovation entered in the shape of a girl about sixteen years old. A soft light seemed to dispel the gloom. It could not have been her dress—that was dark gray. Her brown hair curled waywardly around a sweet, roguish-looking face. Her straight eyebrows were drawn down into a dark frown. She seemed rather ashamed at what she was going to do.

She moved toward a door, hesitated a moment, and, bending her head, looked in at the keyhole. She sees a library with books, and more books piled up to the ceiling. At a table sits an old man, energetically pointing out some spot on a map before him to another man who is bending over it.

"You have two courses before you," said Master Hathaway. "You may go to Concord, capture our stores—we are bright men, but a little setback like that takes the wit out of our heads—then, while we are in dire confusion, you can fall upon us and win the day. Or you can act like gentlemen and fight us face to face like men. Take your choice."

"I will see what General Gage says," returned the visitor. "By night, of course."

"You ass!" returned Master Hathaway contemptuously, "I should like to see you get out of Boson without a row by daylight!" and he began rolling up the maps.

Mistress Dorothea promptly fled to her own room and locked herself in.

"What shall I do?" she asked of the pretty maiden she saw in the mirror. "Are you going to stand up and scream, 'My Uncle Gaspar is a British spy?' Well, my dear, that is all the sense I gave you credit for. What would Priscilla say? Why need I say anything about Uncle Gaspar. Why can't I go and tell John Farden to tell Joseph Warren? Ah! I've got it now," and she preceeded to act upon it.

First, she opened the door. Then she drew down the curtains. Then she groaned. Then she flung herself on her bed with more groans. Then she tossed from side to side and groaned again.

"Dorothea," said a quiet voice at the door, "is thee in pain?"

A groan.

Master Hathaway came in and laid his cool hand upon his niece's forehead.

"Poor child," he said, tenderly; "thee has one of thy headaches. I will go away and let thee sleep," and he went away, closing the door softly after him.

No sooner had his soft steps died away than Dorothea sprang off the bed, slipped off her shoes and shot the bolt in the door. She listened and then pulled up her curtains and looked out. It was toward dusk and in a quarter-of-an-hour she could leave the house in safety to see John Farden.

Dorothea's bosom friend was a red-hot rebel who had inspired Dorothea with a love for everything that was not British. As Master Hathaway never expressed an opinion upon the war, his niece supposed he was neutral, or too much engrossed in his beloved library to trouble himself concerning it. But Hannah, her old nurse and Master Hathaway's housekeeper, had confided to our heroine that the gentleman up stairs was a Briton. Dorothea and indignantly denied it and gone to see.

When it was sufficiently dark, Mistress Hathaway opened her window and looked out. A large cherry tree grew close by it, and often had she climbed up and down with Priscilla. She could descend with her eyes shut, she knew, yet a feeling of some sort deterred her. She felt that she was betraying her uncle, and the thought was odious. But she strengthened her mind with the remembrance of other Hathaways, dead and gone, who had sacrificed their homes and everything they held dear to their king, who afterward hung them for treason.

This seemed to give her great courage, for she sat upon the window-sill with her feet outside, seized hold of a branch with both hands, gave a little spring, and immediately she was standing in a crotch of the tree. Getting down was an easy matter, and she was on the ground in a twinkling and off at a run for Priscilla Farden's. She would see John Farden in the garden and tell him that she had heard that the British were coming to seize the stores.

As she slowly skirted the house, she saw, to her great delight, a light in Priscilla's room. She flung a pebble against the window and waited. A shadow crossed the white curtain, and a short interval passed, during which Dorothea danced with impatience. Then the front door opened silently and a girl rushed out.

"I knew it was you, you dear old thing!" she cried, as she kissed our heroine. "What does possess you to come here at this time of the night?"

"I want to see Lieutenant Farden," said Dorothea quietly.

"He has gone out to dinner," replied Priscilla with kindly impetuosity. "Come in and see me, there's a dear. He will be back in an hour or two."

But Dorothea had been making her plans; she must disguise herself and see Joseph Warren.

"Has John worn his uniform?" she said quietly.

Priscilla looked at her with surprise.

"No, it's up stairs. Dorothea, you aren't going to dressing? What for? Oh, do tell me! Where are you going?"

"I can't tell you," said Dorothea calmly. "It is a secret. Yes, I will dress up in John's uniform."

Priscilla was too much astonished to speak, so she led the way up stairs without a word. Silently she laid the uniform out upon the bed. Silently she tied her friend's hair as a queue and showered powder upon it. And then her admiration broke out as Dorothea stood before the glass outlining a shadowy mustache upon her pretty lip with burnt cork.

"Dorothea Hathaway," exclaimed Priscilla, "you are perfectly superb. Won't you tell me where you are going?"

"No," said the young soldier, with a stiff bow. "Good-night, Mistress Farden."

When Dorothea arrived at Joseph Warren's house, she was horrified at beholding it brilliantly lighted. She remembered Priscilla's remark that her brother had gone out to dine. Oh, what an idiot she had been not to know that he had come here, for Warren was his best friend! Why didn't she write him? Why didn't she with ordinary sense leave a letter for him with Priscilla?

All that was too late now, and she desperately went up the steps and knocked. The door was thrown open and a servant appeared.

"Tell Mr. Warren that I would like to speak with him," said Dorothea majestically, and the servant vanished very much impressed, only to return with the dread announcement:

"Mr. Warren says will you please step into the dining room?"

Poor Dorothea! What pen can describe her sensations as being suddenly conduced into a large room, with twenty gentlemen all looking at her. She knew almost every one by sight, and many of them intimately.

"Well?" said Warren inquiringly.

"I would like to see you alone," she replied grandly.

"Speak out. We are all friends here," said John Farden.

So the girl spoke. "The British are going to Concord to capture our stores. I don't know when, but they are going."

A torrent of questions poured out upon her, in the midst of which she made her escape. The result of her work was soon evident. The Americans began moving their stores, and the battle of Lexington was fought on April 19th, 1775.

If John Farden had recognized Dorothea in her disguise, he kept his own counsel. After the war was over and he had a wife of his own he said to her one day:

"Dorothea, do you remember that soldier who came to us one night at Joseph Warren's?"

And sweet Mistress Farden looked up and then down, turned red and then white, and murmured:

"O John! Who told you?"—[Mail and Express.

Birds' Beaks and Eyes.

The only bird's beak that is useful in any way is that of the roseate spoonbill, which is employed as a handle for fans composed of the spoonbill's own feathers. Beaks are ordinarily bony and insensible to feeling, but those of the snipe and woodcock are exquisitely sensitive nervous probes, which, when inserted into the ground three inches or more, perceive the presence of a worm.

The eye of any bird possesses an optical peculiarity which is very extraordinary. It has the form of an acorn and is kept in shape by a bony cup or ring surrounding it.

Inside the back part of the organ is an apparatus for the instantaneous adaptation of focus to any distance. For lack of such a contrivance, the eye of a human being requires an appreciable time to change its focus from the distance to the near point, or vice versa. But with a bird it is different. For example, a humming bird will see a flower a rod away and dart to it like lightning. Yet, on reaching the bush which bears the flower, it is able to grasp the twig with its feet with certainty, as it could not do except for the peculiar arrangement described.—[Boston Transcript.

THE BERLIN POOR.

Facts About the Cellar Life of This City of Tenements.

A Visit to Meyer's Hof and Its Scenes of Birth and Death.

Berlin, writes Frank G. Carpenter, is a city of flats, and the people here are crowded almost as much as the Chinese are in San Francisco. There are tens of thousands who live in cellars, and of the 2,000,000 people living within the city limits, only about 30,000 have more than seven rooms. Of this vast population there are less than 3000 who have a whole house to themselves, and there are more than half a million who have *only one room in* their tenements which can be heated. The people swarm, and they become more crowded every year. You see no little houses here. The cottage system is practically unknown, and the rich and the poor are crowded together in the same building. The difference lies in the location and the character of the room.

The buildings are usually of five or six stories. In the basement you will find cobblers, butchers and grocerymen, while back around the courts every imaginable trade goes on and families live in narrow quarters and work at something or other to make a livelihood. On the first floor, if the street is a business one, there will be first-class stores, restaurants or beer halls, and above these you may find a German colonel or a general, or a rich business man. On the same floor in the back rooms will be the cheaper quarters, and as you near the top of the house the character of the tenants falls and their numbers increase. There is a difference in rate according to different parts of the city, but there are cheap tenements everywhere and you find the poor in every block. I visited the other day a single house which contained 400 families and in which lived more than 1500 people. It was a building of about a hundred feet front, running back, perhaps for 200 feet and built around five great courts.

There was no yard connected with it except these dirty courts paved with cobblestones, and in these hollow-eyed children swarmed and old men and women sat against the walls trying to catch the sun. The building consisted of six stories and it was entered by a passageway in the middle. At the door of this as I came in I saw two young women standing with babies in their arms, and the children playing in the rear were of all ages and sizes. As I looked at them and the people about them it struck me that the building was typical of the world. Every variety of life was going on among them. On one side I saw two women laughing. In another part a young girl and an old man were trying to teach a baby to walk, and as I stood there an undertaker came through with a little coffin, containing a baby, under his arm, and with its weeping mother following behind as its sole mourner. This building is known as "Meyer's Hof," and it is one of the largest tenement houses in Berlin.

Here are 1500 people sleeping every night on an area of less than one-half acre of ground. Some of the rooms contain more than one family, and not a few of the poorest of the renters take roomers. I visited some of the tenements. They seemed to be clean, but they were small and there were a couple of beds in nearly every room. There were about 100 families living around each court and these courts were not as large as the average city back yard. At the entrance to each court there were billboards like those you find in large office buildings in America, upon which were registered the names of the tenants and the numbers of their rooms.

Upon the ground floor there were little stores and I dropped into a barber shop at the corner of one of the courts and chatted with the barber. His room was about five feet wide by six feet deep, and he had a sign on the outside of it stating that his prices for shaving were 5 pfennings or a little more than a cent, and he cut hair for about double this rate. He told me that he had often a hundred customers a day and that he had double this number on Saturdays. He sold matches and cigars and made wigs as well as barbered, and he said that his rent for this room was $2.50 a month and that he slept here at night.

The Exquisite Pleasure of Falling.

"When my time comes to cross over the river, I hope to be killed by a fall," said Dr. H. C. Smith. "It is a beautiful death, and the victim passes from time to eternity as sweetly and painlessly as an infant falling asleep. The old Roman method of execution by hurling from the Tarpeian rock was much preferable, from a humanitarian point of view, to electrocution, be the latter never so sudden. I have had several falls in my life that, according to all accepted traditions, should have proved fatal. I once had a series of falls down the steep side of a mountain, bounding twenty to forty feet at a time, and, strange to say, I did not lose consciousness. I realized perfectly well what was happening to me. I knew that I was getting horribly bruised and that bones were snapping in various parts of my anatomy, but I experienced no pain whatever. I rather enjoyed the bouncing, and regarded the probability of getting killed as a comparatively trifling matter. When I finally came to a full stop, I lay in a dreamy state for a few moments, then drifted into unconsciousness, upon what appeared to me a sea of gold.

"When a man has a limb broken by a fall he does not know it until he attempts to rise. He may suspect that all is not well with him, but, to save him, he cannot locate the trouble. The most delightful sensation I ever experienced was while falling from the basket of a balloon into Lake Erie. I had gone up at Cleveland with Prof. Hirsch. We were carried out over the lake, and, when about 150 feet from the surface, the crazy old trap exploded. To avoid being tangled up in the wreck I jumped. It seemed to me that I was an hour falling. My whole intellectual activity was increased to a wonderful degree. Great thoughts surged through my mind, but I felt no anxiety whatever. I wished that I might fall forever. The rush of the wind was intoxicating. I struck slightly sideways and the concussion rendered me insensible. I seemed to have fallen into a mighty pyrotechnic display. Blue, red and orange flames shot up and fell in a shower of jewels—then came oblivion. Oh, it was a glorious experience, but withal a trifle risky."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Finest Sight in the World.

This Fair of ours, in its general aspect and judged from the artistic point of view, is not only much more successful than two years ago we believed it could be; it is much more successful than any that has ever been created in this or another land. It is not only comparable to the beautiful Paris Exhibition of 1889, and not only equal to it; it is greatly superior. And its excellence is not an imitation or even an adaptation of any precedent, but has been achieved upon entirely new and original lines. It is perfectly certain that every one who goes to Chicago next summer will be astonished, no matter how much he may have heard and believed in advance; and it is just as certain that he will be charmed, no matter how good or how captious his taste may be. Only those who know how hard it is to produce a high degree of beauty on a vast scale and in complicated ways will fully appreciate what they see at Chicago. They, and only they, will fully understand that they are beholding one of the most beautiful of sights and, considering its genesis, distinctly the most wonderful sight in the world—a sight the character of which, I am unafraid to say, has not been paralleled since the Rome of the Emperors stood intact with marble palace, statue, terrace, bridge, and temple, under an Italian sky no bluer than our own.

Taken as a whole, considered as a great complex yet single work of art, viewed as a vast panorama of stately architectural and natural features, I believe that no place of its extent in the modern world has been so impressive, so magnificent, so imperial in its beauty. It seems an astounding fact that it can really exist. It seems a miracle that it can have come to life within the space of two years. It is impossible to think that a spectacle of equal beauty will again be created in our lifetime.—[The Forum.

The King and the Seidlitz Powder.

On the first consignment of seidlitz powders to the capital of Dehli, India, the monarch was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing box. A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his Majesty how it should be used. Into a goblet he put the twelve blue papers, and, having added water, the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance expressed no sign of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination lay the luxury, and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed by his Majesty.

With a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered with the kingdoms, the monarch rose, stared, exploded, and, in his full agonies, screamed, "Hold me down!" then rushing from the throne, fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long-continued effervescence of the compound, spirting like ten thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death, a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.—[New York News.

Decadence of the Cowboy.

"The cowboy is becoming extinct like the buffalo, the prairie wolf, the painted redskin and the highway robber of the plains," said Henry Culway at the Great Northern yesterday. "Civilization is as hard on the cowboys as it is on the other animals enumerated. The cowboy, however, has been largely a myth. He has been existing in the imagination of the Eastern writers just as several very fine Indians were turned out by Cooper. There are many herders, but from them the cowboy who is pictured by the common imagination was evolved. Texas produced the herder and the cowboy. Texas produces all there is left of him yet. I have seen the cowboy element as it actually exists—never totally depraved, but always wild and often dangerous. The dangerous cowboy is rapidly disappearing.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Forthcoming Romance.

"Deary, will you elope with me?"

"Yes, George, just as soon as pa and mamma have made all the arrangements."—[Chicago News-Record.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

HINTS TO THE WOMEN WHO SEW.

It is well in sewing to change one's seat occasionally as a more than partial rest. Also there will be little trouble in threading a needle if that end of the thread is used which was last cut from the spool. This is a hint not generally understood.

A PRETTY INCIDENT.

A pretty incident occurred at a wedding recently. Immediately above the bridal bower was arranged a white satin ribbon tied in a true lover's knot and bearing long streamers. As the bridal party entered the room, the little maids of honor, daintily clad in white crepe and carrying baskets of flowers, immediately preceded the bride and groom. Upon reaching the bower the little misses stopped aside, and as the couple stood beneath, drew out the streamers, dissolving the knot.—[New York Telegram.

MISS MORTON'S SKATING COSTUME.

A very pretty skating costume, designed for one of Vice-President Morton's young daughters, who is an enthusiast in outdoor sports, consists of a frock of soft bluish-gray long-napped wool, with a seamless back and a loose front, caught up and fastened on one side. Ostrich-feather ruches trim the front, and there are short jacket pieces of black velvet. The skirt is short, with a velvet band at the bottom. Over the dress is worn a black velvet cape, with velvet puffs at the armholes.—[New York World.

THE USE OF PERFUMES.

To the many people to whom any strong odor is distressing, the present reign of scent bags in the garments of women who frequent public places and public conveyance is intolerable. It is only the faintest suggestion of a refined perfume that should ever be allowed to hang even for a moment about the belongings of a well-bred girl; and even such a casual use of the merest whiff of the dainty and impalpable essence should be rare; to wear any redolence upon her person in sachets is unpardonable.—[Home Journal.

WHEN LADIES WORE MASKS.

In the seventeenth century a great variety of masks were worn. Ladies who had "coraline" lips preferred them short, as was natural; for others, who wished to hide the lower part of the face, the mask was completed by a chin piece of linen, which afterwards passed under the chin and over the ears. In 1632, says M. Engerand, a new mask called the mimi, from the Italian mimics, was all the rage and threatened to usurp the place of the black one; it was even the cause of violent quarrels between the ladies who held to the latter and those who preferred the latest novelty. Some years later it became the fashion to trim the upper part of the mask with a ruche of lace, to lengthen it with a beard of the same material, and even to cover it more or less with lace to the borders of the eyeholes. Young ladies of this period, however, frequently contented themselves with covering the face simply with a piece of black crepe for coquetry's sake and to appear the fairer.—[Buffalo Commercial.

LACE DECORATION.

On such dresses as admit of it lace is much worn, a new development of lace decoration having taken the form of what is termed the "Empire pinafore skirt." It is essentially for evening wear. A fall of lace hangs either from a low-cut bodice or from the lower side of the yoke of a high-cut bodice. Sometimes the lace drapes the wearer from yoke to skirtedge; again, the lace falls over half the length of the skirt and is open up the back to give freedom to the train. Slits are likewise made in the lace for the arms. If one has a dress of a favorite color that has lost its pristine freshness, it can be very much altered and improved by the adaptable "Empire pinafore." On a freshened evening toilet of red Ottoman silk, narrow red ribbon was run through the meshes of the black lace, making a pretty finish. It was tied at the back just as a child's pinafore is, the ends and loops extremely long. Two very handsome black-lace shawls were converted into an Empire pinafore (draped over white silk) by a fashionable modiste. The dress was lately worn by a slender, graceful blonde matron, whose hair and bodice garnitures were crimson roses and foliage.—[New York Post.

WOMEN IN DENISTRY.

Dr. Annie Felton Reynolds addressed a large audience at Boston, Mass., the subject being "Women in Denistry," and Dr. Felton's paper was a brief history of what women have done in this profession. The first woman to practice, she said, was Dr. Hobbs, who was graduated in 1869 and is now conducting a large business in Kansas. There are today 350 women dentists. Of that number 150 are in the United States and 4 are in Massachusetts. Philadelphia colleges have always led in this branch for women, and it was in that city that the first dental association for women was formed, with Dr. Mary Stillman as its president.

Dr. Reynolds pointed out some of the reasons why women are particularly fitted for this business, and said that no woman had ever entered the field who had not made a success of it.

Miss Galloupe, a member of the senior class at the Boston Dental College, followed with an account of the methods of instruction at that institution, which she said differed from other co-educational schools in many particulars.

"The woman who studies dentistry," said she, "must learn to adapt herself to circumstances; must become absorbed in her work; must study human nature and possess unbounded tact. With this must be a genuine enthusiasm for the work, calm temper, mechanical ability, good health and a careful attention to details."—[Boston Transcript.

A PLUCKY WOMAN.

"The pluckiest man I ever saw was a woman," said Tom O'Farrel, of Fargo, as he brought his rich Irish brogue and big black pipe over to the crowd of story-tellers that had pre-empted a corner in the Lindell rotunda. "With the first big rush to what was Dakota came a pale-faced young Boston school marm who looked as though she had one dainty foot in the grave and the other hovering on the verge. She took up a claim, and the boys saw she got the finest piece o' land in the county. Then we set to work and built her a house. Every mother's son of us proposed to her before we got the roof on. She was just the sweetest little blossom that ever set fire to the masculine pulse, and she had a way of speaking to every man that led him to believe that he was all the world and part of Coney Island to her.

"After we got the house built she got up a little supper for us—seven great rough bears, all of us clean gone. Well, sir, after she'd fed us, and made much of us, and thanked us in her sweet way for her cozy little home, she told us that she was already engaged to a poor law student back in New England, who was working his way through college. We all felt pretty blue, but we swore we'd look out for her until her dude won his spurs, and we did. We broke land for her, planted and harvested her crops, and she repaid us by gathering us about her evenings and reading to us and singing old home songs that seemed to us holier anthems than ever rolled through the marble aisles of a grand cathedral.

"For two years she lived there alone, superintending her farm and improving it, and when one day the stage brought a pale-faced young attorney to Big Bow, he found a plump, rosy-cheeked Dakota girl and a homestead worth $3000 waiting to receive him. He is now the leading lawyer and one of the wealthiest men in the State, and he owes it all to his wife. Every man for 200 miles around is in love with that woman, and would crawl on his hands and knees through a briar patch to serve her.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FASHION NOTES.

Seal or Persian lamb remain in favor.

Many changeable fabrics are in the market.

Two kinds of fur are combined, as formerly.

Columbus and everything pertaining to him is in metal.

Wool velvets are special examples of gayety in color mixtures.

Beads come in effectively and add their sparkle in varied lights.

Chatelaine bars of iridescent gold in triple oak leaves are introduced.

Rich fancy cloth is the leading material, with lining of squirrel lock fur.

Nothing has been found to replace the lovely refinement of silk mull or chiffon.

Curiosities About Cattle.

The first cattle that were brought into the American colonies were landed at the James River plantation, in Virginia, in the year 1607. They came from the West Indies, and were the descendants of the cattle taken to those islands by Columbus on his second voyage, in the year 1493. In 1610 several cows were landed, and again, in 1611, about 100 head more were brought to the plantation. This, therefore, was the genesis of the cattle business in America.

In order to encourage the industry to the fullest possible extent an order was passed forbidding the slaughter of any animal of the bovine kind under penalty of death. Under this restriction the number of cattle increased to 30,000 in Virginia alone before the end of the year 1619.

The first cattle brought into the New England colonies arrived at Plymouth in 1624, and were imported from England by Governor Winslow. Three heifers and a bull made up the cargo: "in color," the old record says, "they were black, black and white; and brindle." In 1626 12 cows were sent to Cape Ann, and in 1629 30 more. In 1630 about 100 more were imported "for the exclusive use of the colony of Massachusetts Bay." During the same year 103 were sent from Holland to New York, so that by the year 1630 there were a good many head of "horned cattle," in the different colonies.

The reader naturally thinks of these animals as superb specimens of the bovine race, but they are not. History, that is, the curious and interesting part of history, tells us that the average weight of fat cattle in the Liverpool market as late as 1710 was only 370 lbs. What an evolution in 182 years.—[American Dairyman.

The savings banks in Massachusetts have on deposit $353,502,930.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

POETIC TEA MAKING.

The following poetic directions for tea making are painted on many of the teapots used in the Celestial empire: "On a slow fire set a tripod; fill it with clear rainwater. Boil it as long as it would be needed to turn fish white and lobster red; throw this upon the delicate leaves of choice tea; let it remain as long as the vapor rises in a cloud. At your ease drink the pure liquor, which will chase away the five causes of trouble."

CURRANTS AND SEEDLESS RAISINS.

To prepare currants or seedless sultana raisins, rub them between the hands, with about a cup of flour sprinkled over two pounds of the fruit. Then put in a coarse sieve—one, however, fine enough to prevent the fruit going through. Sift through it, all the little stems and the flour in this way. Then put the fruit in a large dishpan of warm water. Wash it repeatedly with the hands. Then take it out, handful by handful, inspect it carefully to see that is clean and lay it on the sieve to drain. When all the water that can be has been drained off from it, spend the fruit on brown paper, laid over large tins, and set it in the heating closet under the oven to become dry. It will take two or three days. If you have a tin roof, on which the sun strikes during the day, the fruit can be dried there and a much larger quantity can be prepared at a time than in the heating closet.—[New York Tribune.

A CUP OF GOOD COFFEE.

Of course no well regulated housewife buys the supply of family coffee in the state which is known as "ground." Good coffee may sometimes be necessary in the exigencies of chance and change, but it is a solecism, and is to be tolerated only when it cannot be helped.

For a really good cup of coffee buy the berries whole and see that they are properly browned. It is better to buy them in the roasted state, because the green berries if kept long in stock lose their strength. When the coffee is to be made grind just enough for one pot of coffee. Usually a small tablespoonful is a fair allowance for each coffee cup of the beverage. Put the ground coffee in a bowl and set it upon the back of the stove, where it will get very hot without burning.

Pour the necessary amount of hot water in the coffee pot and set it on the stove until it actually bubbles. While the water is actually dancing with the heat and the steam is pouring out of the coffee, stir in the coffee, which by this time has become very hot on the back of the stove. Cover closely and let simmer ten minutes.

The whole process is really very simple and requires no more time than making it in any other way. The virtue lies in knowing how.

The old-fashioned way of boiling coffee twenty minutes makes coffee which has been finely ground black and unpleasant alike to sight and taste. There are patent coffee pots which have special ways of preparing the coffee by filtering. Many of these are very good, and all of them are labor-saving. But there is none whose results will be found to be any better than that of the process just described for making a model cup of coffee.—[New York World.

RECIPES.

Pot Pie—Cut veal, beef or chicken into pieces, and put into boiling water enough to cover, with two slices of bacon; cover closely, and boil an hour, and season to taste; make a batter of two well-beaten eggs, two cups of milk, teaspoonful of baking powder and flower, drop in separate spoonfuls while boiling, and cook five minutes; serve immediately.

Macaroons—Take half a pound of almonds, blanched and skinned, with three or four bitter ones among them. Pound them fine in a mortar, with the whites of three eggs. Add 12 ounces of sugar and stir for a quarter of an hour. Put in little round or oblong heaps on a sheet of white paper, dusted over with flour. Sprinkle sugar over the macaroons and bake in a slow oven.

Sweet Potato Tarts—Five eggs, one teacupful of sugar, one teacupful of butter, a little nutmeg or cinnamon. One pound of potatoes, boiled and mashed, with a pinch of salt, and milk to make it moist. Beat the butter and sugar first, and then add the potato a little at a time. Beat up the eggs and stir them in. Then add the flavor. Line the pie pans with a crust; fill and bake the same as pumpkin pie. This quantity will make three or four tarts.

Sound Sleepers.

A minister, who was generally able to keep his congregation wide awake, on one occasion—it was a sultry summer day—observed numbers of them asleep. He resolved to nip the evil practice in the bud. So, taking a good survey of the scene before and around him, exclaimed:

"I saw an advertisement last week for five hundred sleepers for a railroad. I think I could supply at least fifty, and recommend them as good and sound!" It is, perhaps, needless to say that the supply instantly vanished.

It is claimed that the average American sugar beets are richer in actual saccharine matter than those of Russia, Germany or France.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

There are now 469 electric railways in existence, with a trackage of 5446 miles.

The process of engraving on glass by electricity is exhibited at the American Institute Fair.

It is estimated that about 150,000 incandescent lamps are burned in New York every night.

Dr. Elliott Coues, the ornithologist, says the feather of a bird is merely the scale of a lizard or serpent modified.

A hippometer, to record the number of a horse's paces and the distance he has travelled, has been invented by an officer in the French army.

Gold is so very tenacious that a piece of it drawn into wire one-tenth of an inch in diameter will sustain a weight of 500 pounds without breaking.

It has been discovered that the Congo River is 1452 feet deep at its mouth. The mouth of the Mississippi has a depth of thirty-three feet and the Thames of forty feet.

In New York City the fastest elevators are in the Union Trust Company's building, on Broadway, near Wall street. They shoot up or down, carrying 3000 pounds at a speed of 600 feet a minute.

In view of the fact that electric omnibuses operated by storage batteries have been introduced in London, the Electrical Review advocates a similar motive power being employed on the Fifth avenue stage line in this city.

Fog and rain have given a boom to London electric lighting companies recently. Forty miles of wire for incandescent electric lights have been run in Smithfield markets, and the current was turned on for the first time last week. The Lord Mayor was present, and the inaugural ceremony was quite imposing.

A Baltimore man has applied for a patent on a sleigh to be run by electricity. The power will be stored under the seat and be transmitted to a small wheel in front by means of an endless chain. The face of the wheel is provided with cutters, which will pull the sleigh along. The inventor claims a speed of from twelve to fifteen miles an hour.

Between the Lines.

I was one of the outposts in front of Sheridan on the Obsequan one afternoon when it began to rain. There was a sort of a lull just then in army matters in the valley, and it was tacitly understood between opposing pickets that there should be no firing. My post was under a dead tree, with a screen of bushes in front. Having no poncho to keep me dry, and knowing that the relief would not come around for over an hour yet, I advanced at "left oblique" about forty paces to a large tree, which promised shelter.

I had stood with my back to the trunk for ten or fifteen minutes when I thought I heard a noise on the other side. Pigs were often met with in the woods on our front, and as I turned and carefully poked my head out from behind the trunk, I fully expected to see one. What I did see, however, was the face of a man who had poked his head out to see around on my side. The trunk was about three feet through, and our faces were pretty close together. I knew at first glance that he was a "Johnny," and he also knew that I was a "Yank." We look at each other for a minute, and then he calmly inquired:

"That you, Yank?"

"Yes. That you, Johnny?"

"Thought you was hogs."

"So did I."

"What we gwin to do about it?"

"Nothing."

"That suits me. Come around yere on my dry spot."

I moved around, and we sat down, and while we talked I watched one way and he the other. At the end of three-quarters of an hour we got up to go, and he said:

"Reckon I'll know you next time forty rods off, and I'll aim high."

"So 'll I."

"Come over to my house some day."

"Thanks, and you drop in on me when you can."

We turned back to back and walked away, each fully trusting the other, and it was our first and last visit. A week later, after the batter which routed Early, I saw the poor fellow lying among the dead on the dusty Perryville pike.—[New York Sun.

Ancient Name of the Tomato.

The name love apple, as applied to the common tomato, is an old English name, or a translation, of Girard's pomum amoris, used in his history of plants, published near three centuries ago. But long before the publishing of this work the Spaniards, Italians and Portuguese were cultivating this fruit extensively, having obtained it from South America. The Portuguese gave it the name of tomato, which of late years has been adopted almost everywhere.—[New York Sun.

An Important Element.

Fogg—Charlie, you were born to be a writer.

Charlie (blushing with conscious pride)—Ah, you have seen some of the things I have turned off?

Fogg—No; I wasn't referring to what you had written. I was thinking what a splendid ear you had for carrying a pen. Immense, Charlie; simply immense!—[Boston Transcript.

—THE CRANBURY PRESS.—

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FRIDAY, JAN. 6, 1893.

The authorities of our land have been anticipating a visitation of cholera and movements to keep it away if possible are being planned, but the epidemic of typhus fever now prevailing in New York city was unlooked for and has stealthily spread until the victims since December 1st number nearly 100. Every effort is being made to prevent the general spread of the disease as the situation is regarded as serious.

THE INCONVENIENCE OF AMERICAN COMPETITION.

While patriotic Americans were urging the necessity for a new navy, England was sending all sorts of people over here from a United States Minister to the ordinary red-headed bagman in check trousers to urge that we hold a superior position as an unarmed power.

Whatever their tools and agents knew, the British trader knew that as soon as we commenced building war ships the world would see a superior type, and that our ability to produce steel would be increased It was to prevent this last result that the New York Times urged us to buy our vessels ready made from England, and Representative McAdoo, then of New Jersey, fought appropriations for more ships, nominally because more ships would be distasteful to gentlemen in the British Parliament.

Secretary Tracy's Report on the Progress of the Navy contains one pregnant sentence in regard to our armor plate that is typical of the inconvenience of American competition, and shows why the servants of England in this country are employed by an interest greater than that of British "traders" to prevent our manufacturing anything for ourselves. The sentence reads:

"The English compound plate was thrown out of consideration at once and forever, and so complete was the demonstration of its inferiority that the Annapolis trials of 1890 may be said to have stripped off, in five shots, half the protection of the armored fleet of Great Britain and of most of the fleets of the world."

The loss of prestige and great expense to England, brought about by those five shots and subsequent five shots showing the superiority of American steel plates made by the Harvey process, would have justified much larger expenditures of money and special attention of British agents. It was the fear of like results in our merchant marine that led to the expenditures necessary for the defeat of the bill introduced by Representative Farquhar of Buffalo, giving a bounty to all American built vessels sailing in foreign commerce —Economist

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2, 1892.

Representative Springer, of Illinois, is usually what might be called a mild-mannered sort of a man, but his ire can be aroused; in fact it has been aroused and he is now as angry a fellow as any one would care to see. He has been "skunked" in the game of politics, and he believes that a "cold deck" was used against him Springer is ambitious—those who do not admire him say far beyond his abilities. Be that as it may, everybody in Congress knows that Springer is ambitious. It will not be forgotten that he was a candidate before the Democratic caucus of the present House for Speaker, and that at an opportune moment he threw the few votes he controlled to Crisp, and the result was Crisp's nomination and election. Another result that Crisp was so grateful that he made Springer chairman of what is always when in competent hands the most prominent as well as important committee of the House—Ways and Means—notwithstanding earnest protests against such action from Democrats who had years ago sized up Springer's brain power.

As chairman of the Ways and Means committee Mr. Springer has not only made a failure, but he has made himself the laughing stock of a majority of his own party in Congress by his "pop-gun" tariff bills, which were reported from his committee and passed by the House at the last session. But that was not plain to him, for he recently announced himself as favoring the Cleveland tariff program—whatever that may be—and was instrumental in securing pledges from Democratic members of the next House to vote for the re-election of Speaker Crisp, which he fondly hoped would give him a "lead pipe cinch" on the chairmanship of the Ways and Means committee of the next House, a position which promises to give its holder much notoriety, if no actual fame, during the life of the Fifty-third Congress.

When Speaker Crisp returned from that much talked of conference with the President elect, with the Cleveland trade-mark stamped all over him, things began to get so slippery under Mr. Springer's feet that he wondered why some inventive genius had never put political ice-creepers on the market, and even while he was wildly waving his arms in an attempt to keep his balance both feet went out from under him, and he saw it written among the stars that his scalp had been demanded by Mr. Cleveland and promised by Mr. Crisp, and then he fully realized that the tariff bill to be prepared—perhaps "approved" is the proper word; it certainly will be if it turns out to be true, as now reported that Mr Cleveland will have that measure prepared under his own personal supervision—by the Ways and Means committee of the next House will not bear the name of Springer.

Misfortunes never come singly. While Springer was meditating on the suddenness of his fall and the vanity of ambition he was informed that the man he hates above all others—Hon. W. R. Morrison—had been endorsed by the entire Illinois delegation, himself excepted, for a seat in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet. Now you know why Springer is the maddest man in Congress. He still wears a buttonhole boquet, but the expansive smile which was erstwhile the most prominent feature of his face has vanished, perhaps forever, and he has the look of a man who is working his nerves up to the point of doing something desperate.

Senator Allison returned to Washington to-day. Needless to say that he was warmly welcomed by his Senatorial colleagues and his friends, both in and out of public life. He called on the President at once and they had an hour's talk about the deliberations of the International monetary conference, to which Senator Allison was a delegate. The Senator agreed with Secretary Foster in believing that the conference has accomplished some good although failing of any practical results. He declines to express an opinion as to whether any sort of agreement will be reached by the commission when it reconvenes next May.

New Year's day has usually been the most brilliant of the year in Washington, but this year is an exception. The first day of the year falling on Sunday to day is observed as the holiday, but the gorgeous reception at the White House, with all of the diplomatic corps in the full court costume of their native countries, all of the army, navy and marine officers in full dress uniform and the officials of the executive, judicial and legislative departments of the government, is sadly missed. Instead of being the scene of this bright pageant the White House is in quarantine, because of the case of scarlet fever with which the President's granddaughter is confined to her bed. There are no official receptions being held, and the number of private receptions is very much smaller than usual, as many of our most prominent people omitted them as an evidence of their sympathy for the President and his family.

Women's Christian Temperance Union.

PURITY IN LITERATURE AND ART.

BY ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

Secretary of New York Society for Prevention of Vice.

At the Centennial in 1876 there was displayed a master work of art in the art gallery, which represented Rizpah defending the dead bodies of Saul's seven sons. As I remember this picture, Rizpah stood before the seven gallows upon which were suspended these seven sons of Saul, with disheveled locks floating in the wind, her right hand raised with a bludgeon in its grasp. With a look of grand fortitude and determination she is pictured beating back the birds of prey by day and the beasts of prey by night, in order to prevent the mutilation of these dead bodies. This picture to my mind is typical of the noble women of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with this exception, they stand not in defence of the dead but for the living.

Man's greed has made it necessary for our mothers, our wives and our sisters to come from the sanctity of home, to beat back the worse than beasts of prey by night and birds of prey by day from destroying the youth and beauty of this land. In other words, this band of noble women stands for principles that are high as heaven and as well established as the everlasting hills. The encroachments of the great crime breeders, intemperance, gambling and evil reading, vices which are operated for personal gain by a few unscrupulous men and women, as compared with the multitude of victims of their greed, have rendered it necessary that there should be a home defence. As I understand the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, it is a work of prevention as well as a work of healing. It is a work of sympathy as well as a work of uplifting. It is a grand and magnificent administration of love in the Master's name—a helping hand reached out to the tempted, to the stricken, to the unfortunate.

To prevent the seed sowing of evil is to prevent a harvest of corruption. While you are careful as to what shall go through the mouth to burn up nerve and tissue, do not forget that through the eye and the ear there is constantly carried into memory's store house—the chamber of imagery in the heart of our boys and girls—that which is to remain to exert a lasting and often pernicious influence upon their future lives. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

After nearly twenty-one years' personal effort and contact, I might say hand-to-hand conflict with the evils that assail the youth of this nation, I am firmly convinced that there is nothing so much to be dreaded in the home, in society, in church or in state, as the enervating, degrading influences that are thrown upon the imagination of our youth through the devil's printing press. Evil thoughts are an introduction to every debasing practice, whether it be intemperance, gambling or the grosser crimes that follow in their wake, and associated with, indeed, are part and lot of the two first named.

The W. C. T. U. can do what no one else can do in this department of work. It can educate the mothers and impress upon them the necessity of watchfulness over the minds and hearts of their children. Parents need to keep a surveillance over the influences that dominate the minds of their children. Evil thoughts are the precursors of evil deeds. From the seed-sowing of vice is gathered the harvest of crime. Combine intemperance with evil reading, and it is an influence more to be dreaded than the microbes of smallpox, scarlet fever or Asiatic cholera.

Let each member of the W. C. T. U. feel that the individual, personal responsibility of saving the twenty millions of children in this country rests upon her. Feeling this responsibility, let all gird on the whole armor of faith and prayer, and if they cannot do all that they would like, let them be faithful in little things, each day doing with their might whatsoever their hands find to do, as unto God and not unto men.—New York City.

A heavy storm raged along the New Jersey coast Sunday night. Early in the day a heavy fall of rain began and at night the wind blew a gale. The sea was heavy and did great damage along the beach at Long Branch. About sixty feet of the bluff was torn away. The water main and gas pipes have been washed out.

A little boy at a village school had written the word "psa'm" in his copy-book and accidentally blotted out the initial "p" with his sleeve. His little sister at his side burst into tears over the disaster, but the spelling reformer defiantly exclaimed: What if I did leave him out? He didn't spell nothing and what was the good of him?"—Presbyterian Journal.

INSPIRATION'S SOURCE.

"O, Mr. Johones," gushed the soulful young woman, "I am only a dabbler in literature myself, but I think I can comprehend something of the spirit that animates its devotees. Do you not sometimes feel an irresistible prompting, an overmastering, unconquerable impulse to write, write, write, that will not be stilled until you have poured out your thoughts on paper?"

"Often, Miss Gahush," replied the struggling young writer, "often. When you're reduced to your last hunk of bologna sausage, and you know you've either got to grind out a poem, an essay, a snake story, a medicine ad. or starve, you feel that irrepressible prompting, Miss Gahush, till you can't rest."

Some Little Points.

The social standing of an individual is judged instantaneously by his grammar, his manners and his personal cleanliness. The Irish woman who said she knew a certain family "belonged to the aristocracy because they talked so precise" was not far out of the way. Though an individual wore the Koh-i-noor on his forehead and was an angel in his morals, he could not go into good society if he ate with his knife, picked his teeth with a fork and said "them pertaters."

The place to form the best manners and the best habits of speaking is at home. The child whose parents have refined manners and talk the English language correctly has an incalculable advantage over the one not thus launched on the world.

Parents ought to be ashamed of themselves who allow themselves to lapse from the best they know in both language and manners. The home is exactly the field for the display of the gentlest, most courteous manners, the sweetest voice and the best language you know. So shall you send civilized young people out from your home—young people who will feel at ease among well bred persons the world over. The bitterest mortification that can come to a well-educated young person is the consciousness of the rude manners and illiterate talk of his parents. There is no need of it in this country. Even if one's early education was neglected he can grow into good manners and good grammar by using always the best he knows and setting his mind in that direction, observing how those talk and act who have had a superior bringing up. Better still will come to him.—Exchange.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by N. F. Clayton.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious Look, if your stomach be disordered you have a Dyspeptic Look and if your Kidneys be affected you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at N. F. Clayton's Drug-store, 50c per bottle.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it Free. Call on the advertised Druggist and get a Trial Bottle Free. Send your name and address to H. E Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills Free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, Free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing. N. F. Clayton's Drugstore.

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Terms reasonable. J. H. CONOVER.

FOR SALE.

A 10 HORSE UPRIGHT BOILER, with all the fixtures. The boiler has been in use but a short time and is in good condition. Will be sold cheap. Can be seen in use at THIS OFFICE.

On Rule to Limit Creditors.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—JOHN P. WYCKOFF, Administrator of James H. Bodine, deceased, by order of the Surrogate of the County of Monmouth, hereby gives notice to the creditors of the said deceased to bring in their debts, demands and claims against the estate of said decedent, under oath or affirmation, within six months from the tenth day of November, 1892, or they will be forever barred of any action therefor against the said Administrator.

JOHN P. WYCKOFF, Administrator,
Manasquan, N. J.

Notice To Creditors.

ADELIA C. MEGILL, Administratrix of Joseph Megill, deceased, by direction of the Surrogate of the County of Middlesex, hereby gives notice to the creditors of the said Joseph Megill to bring in their debts demands and claims against the estate of the said decedent, under oath or affirmation, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred of any action therefor against the said Administratrix.

ADELIA C. MEGILL,
Date 14. Administratrix.

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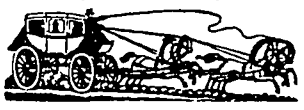

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Sirloin	18
Rib Roast	12
Round Steak	12
Chuck Steak	10
Chuck	10
Plates	8
Briskets	6
Flanks	5
Fat	4
Fore-quarters	5 and 6
Pork—Ham Steak	16
Loin "	14
Shoulder "	12
Sausage, Loose 2 lbs.	25
" Cased	14
Leaf Lard	12
Bologna, A	12
" B	10
Lamb	10 to 18
Mutton	10 to 16
Cash Prices for Prime Calves	7
" " " Pork, heavy	8
" " " Cow Hides	3
" " " Bull Hides	2½

Sausage cut at short notice—seasoning furnished—at 1½ cts. per lb.

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DO YOU WANT TO ADOPT A BABY?

Maybe you think this is a new business, sending out babies on application; it has been done before, however, but never have those furnished been so near the original sample as this one. Everyone will exclaim, "Well! that's the sweetest baby I ever saw!" This little black-and-white engraving can give you but a faint idea of the exquisite original,

"I'M A DAISY."

which we propose to send to you, transportation paid. The little darling rests against a pillow, and is in the act of drawing off its pink sock, the mate of which has been pulled off and flung aside with a triumphant coo. The flesh tints are perfect, and the eyes follow you, no matter where you stand. The exquisite reproductions of this greatest painting of Ida Waugh (the most celebrated of modern painters of baby life) are to be given to those who subscribe to Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893. The reproductions cannot be told from the original, which cost $400, and are the same size (17x22 inches). The baby is life size, and absolutely lifelike. We have also in preparation, to present to our subscribers during 1893, other great pictures by such artists as Percy Moran, Maud Humphrey, Louis Deschamps, and others of world-wide renown. Take only two examples of what we did during the past year, "A Yard of Pansies," and "A White House Orchid" by the wife of President Harrison, and you will see what our promises mean. Those who subscribe for Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893 will possess a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides a Magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, that will keep every one posted on all the topics of the day, and all the fads and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family; and while Demorest's is not a fashion Magazine, its fashion pages are perfect, and we give you, *free of cost*, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only $2, and you will really get over $25 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the Magazine, send 10 cents for a specimen copy

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Table Linens,
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Laces,
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TRENTON, N. J.

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Fall and Winter Display of Trimmed and Untrimmed

Hats and Bonnets,

Velvets, Ribbons, Laces,

Fancy Feathers and Tips.

Special offerings in Kid Gloves, &c., &c.

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WE ARE SELLING

A New Upright Piano, 7 1-3 octaves, with Tone Muffler, case 4 feet 10 inches high, $200 cash.

A fine Organ with 4 sets of reeds, 10 stops including couplers, case 6 feet high, at $65.

Five different Makes of Pianos.

Three different Makes of Organs.

All first-class and fully warranted.

Cash or easy payments.

Small Instruments, Strings, Sheet Music, &c.

Call and see our goods, or write for Catalogue.

Geo. E. Snedeker & Co.,

NO. 5 N. WARREN STREET,

Masonic Temple, Trenton.

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YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

WANTED.

To fill positions as

BOOKKEEPERS, CASHIERS,
TYPEWRITERS, SALESMEN,
STENOGRAPHERS, CLERKS,
TELEGRAPHERS, MANAGERS,

and general Office Assistants at good wages. The one condition being that they shall have Rider's

Trenton : Business : College

Training, for which there is time if you begin September 5th.

Send for Practical Educator, containing 16 pages of instructive reading matter, and Hand Book, to

A. J. RIDER, Principal, Trenton, N. J.

DR. EDMUND'S

COUGH CURA.

Read what is said about it.

GENTLEMEN:—Some time ago I had a severe cough, and tried several remedies to no effect. I was advised to try Dr. Edmund's Cough Cura and am pleased to say a few doses entirely cured me. I now keep it in the house at all times. MRS. ELIJAH PERRINE, Cranbury Neck, N. J.

THE CENTRAL DRUG CO.:—I have used many different kinds of Cough Syrup but must admit Dr. Edmund's beats all. To prevent coughing at night, I believe it has no equal. JAS. P. PETTY, Cranbury, N. J.

GENTLEMEN:—Before using your Dr. Edmund's Cough Cura I was completely broken up. Many told me I should be in bed. Two bottles put me on my feet. It's just boss. ISAAC CUBBERLY, Cranbury Neck, N. J.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

THE CENTRAL DRUG CO.,

CRANBURY, N. J.

Music for the Holidays.

Do you expect to buy for a Christmas present either a PIANO or ORGAN? If so we wish to call your attention to the unusually large stock with which we have supplied our warerooms for the Holiday trade We have them in Rosewood, Oak, French Burl and Circassian Walnut, Mahogany and Ebonized Cases, and of such well-known and standard makes as the

Hazelton Brothers, **Haines Brothers,**	Which we have sold in Trenton for the past 20 years.
Hallet & Cumston,	An old and first-class Boston Piano.
Newby & Evans,	The best and most reliable Piano ever offered for this price.

And other makes, which we sell as low as $185, fully warranted; Story & Clark, Chicago Cottage, Edna Piano-Organ Co., Wilcox & White and Estey Organs.

Be sure and call on us! We can furnish you just as reliable instruments and at LOWER PRICES than you will pay in New York or Philadelphia. Compare prices and see if this is not so.

In our line we have other nice presents, such as Accordions, Autoharps, Banjos, Flutes, Guitars, Mandolins, Metronomes, Musical Boxes, Music Rolls, Piano Stools and Scarfs, Violins and Violin Cases, Music Stands, &c., &c.

G. A. BARLOW & SON,

136 and 138 South Broad St., Trenton, N. J.

ASTHMA CURED BY DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE

Instead of flying to the door gasping for breath, seeming as if each one would be your last, you have only to take a few doses Asthmalene when the spasm is broken, the breathing becomes easy and you feel as if an angel of mercy had unloosed the iron grasp of the fingers of death. The happiest moment of your life will be when you have used a few bottles of Dr Taft's ASTHMALENE and it has cured you of Asthma. *We mail to any Asthma sufferer a trial bottle* **FREE** and prove that it does Cure Asthma.

Sold by druggists. Dr. Taft Bros. M. Co., Rochester, N.Y

"At the Lowest Possible Price."

You can buy Clothing of us on these terms and save money; at the same time you will get the best, because we keep no half-way qualities or doubtful values. We start at the cheapest trustworthy makes and from that we go step by step to the highest grades. All articles in stock are worth every cent we ask, because all are marked at the lowest possible price. This we sustain and strengthen day by day with honest, reliable goods, at prices lower than are asked by others.

STORM COATS, BUSINESS SUITS,
OVERCOATS, WORKING SUITS,
DRESS SUITS, BOYS' SUITS,

Shapely, genteel, perfect fitting, for men, youths, boys and children.

UNDERWEAR "FOR ALL," GLOVES,
LEATHER COATS, JERSEY COATS,
KNIT JACKETS, HOSIERY,

And Men's Furnishings of every kind.

Yours for all that is best and cheapest in men's wearing apparel,

RICHARD A. DONNELLY,

Clothier {Shirt-maker} Furnisher,

Opera House Stores and Adjoining, Trenton, N. J.

THE LADIES

May not stop to think, but they should know that we are offering them

SOMETHING NEW EVERY WEEK OF THE YEAR

Every New Fad and Fashion's Fancy

Is offered them as it presents itself, and no JEWELRY Establishment in the United States is quicker to adopt it than

Trenton's Most Fashionable Jewelers,

COOK & JAQUES.

Always active and alert to the wishes of the people, they have the most complete stock of Silver, Pearl, Cut Glass and Mounted Novelties for Personal Gifts, as the latest and daintiest styles of Tourists' Spoons, After Dinner Coffee Spoons, Chocolate and Bouillon Spoons, Lenten Spoons, Apostle Spoons, Food Pushers, Pearl Pen Holders and Pencils, Souvenir Spoons, and a lot of things you should see. Their store is a museum of attractions.

STATE STREET, TRENTON, N. J.

New Clothing in Every Department

FOR * FALL * AND * WINTER.

Children's SCHOOL SUITS, strong, serviceable and cheap.

Our READY-MADE CLOTHING, for assortment, quality and price, is second to none.

Custom department complete with beautiful goods for FALL OVERCOATS and SUITS.

Come early and select.

Sinclair, Vannest & Co.,

Merchant Tailors and Clothiers,

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OPEN TILL 8 P. M., SATURDAY 10 P. M.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Christmas :: Presents.

Peck & Snyder's Celebrated Ice Skates,
Mechanical and Musical Novelties,
Malleable Iron Toys in Great Variety,
Boys' Tool Chests, Express Wagons,
Carts, Sleds, Baby Coaches, &c., &c.

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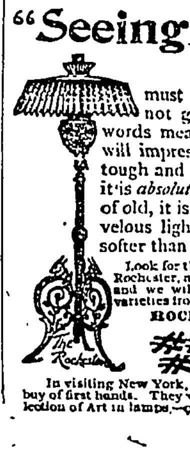
13 East State Street, Trenton, N. J.

"Seeing is Believing."



And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. *Simple, Beautiful, Good*—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is *absolutely safe* and *unbreakable*. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

Look for this stamp—THE ROCHESTER. If the lamp dealer hasn't the genuine Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for our new illustrated catalogue, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over 2,000 varieties from the *Largest Lamp Store in the World.*

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In visiting New York, ladies often like to go down among the large wholesale houses and buy of first hands. They will find at our salesrooms (the largest in the world) a rare collection of Art in lamps,—over 2,000 varieties.

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Unlimited Variety of Shoes

—AT—

WM. H. COOPER, JR.'S,

25 CHURCH STREET, NEW BRUNSWICK.

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S and CHILDREN'S SHOES in all the LATEST and NICEST STYLES.

Special Bargains in Ladies' Kid Button Shoes at $2.00. SLIPPERS for RECEPTIONS, WEDDINGS and DRESS,

FARMER'S working BOOTS and SHOES, and Calf, Patent Leather and Dress Shoes of every description.

Give him a call and you will save money.

WINTER IS HERE

And every Man, Youth and Boy must have

CLOTHING!

We have prepared ourselves with what, from past experience, has taught us will suit the trade in

Overcoats, : Ulsters,

Men's, Youths' and Boys' Suits,

Prices of which will compare with any Clothier.

PANTS RANGING FROM $1.00 TO $5.00.

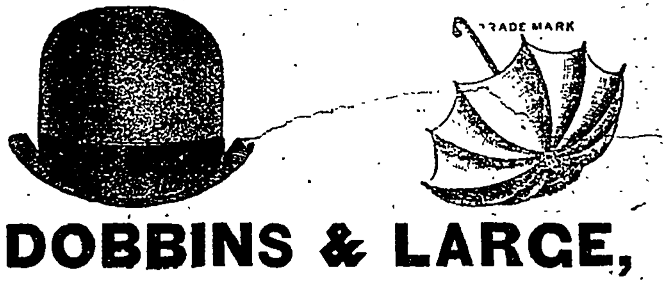
Hats and Caps for Old and Young.

SHOES { Child's, Heavy or Light. Ladies', Lace or Button. Common Sense or Opera. Men's, of which we have several Specialties in Heavy or Light Weights. The WALKER is a Leader.

RUBBER FOOTWEAR.

A Large Assortment for all to select from.

JOHN S. BERGEN.



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HATTERS,

25 East State Street, Trenton, N. J.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES,

Best $1.50 and $2.00 Derby.

Also, Umbrellas and Valises.

Xmas, 1892.

ELEGANT AND SERVICEABLE

GIFT.

New Year, 1893.

Handsome and Comfortable

SLIPPERS,

in Velvet, Plush, Alligator and Goat Skin, also Kid and Patent Leather for evening wear.

Llama Lined Shoes and Slippers.

The Alfred Dolge's Celebrated Felt Goods.

—FOR—

Young and Old,

—IN ALL—

Styles and Qualities,

—AT—

C. HOAGLAND'S,

57 Church Street, New Brunswick, N. J.

LEVI DYE, 43. E. STATE

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

"The Mourning Goods Store."

I make a specialty of BLACK GOODS and show the largest stock, greatest variety and best qualities in silk and wool and all-wool Dress Materials and Veilings to be found in the city.

Black and Colored Dress and Trimming Silks and Velvets, Colored Dress Goods, a complete assortment. Gray Dress Goods and Black and White Goods. Table Linens, Napkins, Towels, Tidies and Towelings, Blankets, Comforts, Counterpanes and Table Covers, Lace Curtains, Scrims, Figured Chinas and Cretonnes, Embroidered, Plain, Fancy and Mixed Flannels, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Umbrellas, Handkerchiefs, Ribbons and toilet articles.

In every department the goods are carefully selected, and in assortment, style, quality and price cannot be surpassed.

A cordial welcome, polite attention and upright dealing will be given to all.

WHERE TO BUY MONUMENTS,

Headstones, Markers, and Fencing.

Put up in the BEST STYLE, of the FINEST quality of GRANITE or MARBLE, and wrought by SKILLED WORKMEN.

All work done at the LOWEST possible prices for First Class Jobs. For estimates on any kind of yard work, or Blue stone for all purposes, MANTLES, TABLE TOPS &c. Address.

F. LUPTON, Matawan and Keyport

P. O Address, Matawan, N. J.

—THE CRANBURY PRESS.—

FRIDAY, JAN. 6, 1893.

Local News.

Charles Stults' baby was still alive at last reports, although very low

Best roller flour, $2 40; Burr flour, $2.25 at Petty's Mill, Cranbury, N. J

Mr. Aaron Bennett has sold his farm to Wm. C. Voorhees for $85 per acre.

Miss Kate Perrine spent New Years with Miss Emily Gerhart at Newark.

Mr. Harry Blair, of Philadelphia, was a New Years' guest at Rev. Dr. Symmes'.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester;" a lamp with the light of the morning. Call on Rochester Lamp Co., 42 Park Place. N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Forman have been visiting their mother, Mrs. Abijah Applegate.

Ticket 33-R will draw the New Year's prize at C. C. Blauvelt's. Perhaps one of our readers is the lucky person.

You will have a good chance to buy clothing cheap for the next thirty days by calling at Emrich's, Hightstown.

Rev. and Mrs. Geo. B. Van Dyke, Miss Bessie Swain and Mr. James Swain were New Year's guests at Rev. Dr. Van Dyke's.

January 14th is the date of Col. L F. Copeland's lecture The third of the Y. M. C. A. course. Reserved seat chart at J. S. Bergen's store.

Miss Annie Miller, of Cranbury, was one of the guests at the silver wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. J. S Cannon, of Trenton, on Monday.

Mr. Mather will run the stage to Hightstown on next Tuesday evening for the accommodation of those who wish to attend the Mozart Symphony Concert.

The tickets for the Mozart Symphony Concert to be given at Hightstown on Tuesday evening have sold rapidly but there are still more that may be secured.

George Farr has gone to South Amboy, where he will carry on the livery business. His family will not move there for the present but will no doubt do so in the spring.

We hear that the farm belonging to the estate of Miss Carrie Hutchinson was sold for $25 75 per acre. The purchaser has secured a prize as the farm is good and the buildings very fine.

Miss Katharine Lodor, a schoolmate of Miss Julia Silvers, spent part of the holidays at J. S Silvers', the two young ladies returning to Walnut Lane School, Philadelphia, on Wednesday.

No. 251 was the lucky ticket that won the silver dessert set at H. H. Loomis' Boston shoe store at Hightstown on New Year's Eve. It was held by Mrs H. Van Cleaf, of Peddie Institute.

On Tuesday Eddie Jemison fell into the pond and would have drowned but Michael Stahl went to his rescue and for a short time both were in the water. They finally got out in safety.

One of our young men started out in a sleigh this afternoon and his hat blowing off he looked around after it when he fell out of the sleigh. The horse ran down the street and stopped by Bowne's Hotel. It was then taken to the owner.

The "beautiful" snow which fell so steadily for several hours, though light, makes sufficient covering on the frozen ground for the running of a sleigh and the streets are merry with the jingle of bells and the fast flying cutters.

The man or boy who has gone without a suit or overcoat thus far, is now in a position to supply his needs at very much reduced prices at Vliet, Dahmer & Co's., New Brunswick. Bear in mind that the worst of the winter is still before us.

The Week of Prayer has been generally observed in this community, many persons attending two services a day. While this is not possible for all it is the privilege of those who could go to show by their intercourse with others that they have received largely of the Holy Spirit.

J. E. Bennett, executor of the estate of Matthias Perrine, deceased, will sell at public sale at his late residence, Cranbury Station, on Wednesday, Jan. 18th, the farm stock, which is very choice, implements of all kinds and a lot of household furniture. Sale at 10 o'clock.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian Church will meet at the residence of G. W. Burroughs on Saturday afternoon immediately after the service in the Second Church. A large attendance is requested. The meeting will be important but brief.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE PARTY.

A number of Hightstown young people, with their friends, gave a surprise party to Miss Annie B. Job, on New Year's Eve, and every one concerned spent a most delightful evening. The hours were whiled away with a variety of amusements, and the old year was watched out and the new one in, in a most satisfactory manner. An enjoyable collation was an attractive feature of the evening's pleasure

Among the guests were prominent young people of Hightstown, and several from nearby cities. Miss Julia Silvers, of Cranbury, and Miss Katharine Lodor, of Philadelphia, were among the number.

THOMAS WYNN ARRESTED.

On Thursday morning Mr George Mount and Mr. Charles Conover, farmers, residing at Cranbury Neck, arrived in this borough with a warrant for the arrest of Thomas Wynn, on a charge of having stolen harness, etc, from their property. The warrant was placed in the hands of Marshal Minnick, who in a very short space of time captured his man at the house of a Mr. Mason. He turned the prisoner over to the gentlemen, who took him away on the 12.05 train. Wynn confessed having committed one of the robberies, but denied any knowledge of the other.—Amboy Citizen.

Thomas Wynn, worked for Peter Perrine, of Cranbury Neck, and has been stealing whatever his fancy dictated and then at odd times bringing them around for use or sale. His last offense was stealing a set of harness from George Mount, of Cranbury Neck, which he took to Hightstown and offered for sale at such a low price that he was suspected of stealing, and inquiries made confirming the suspicions he was arrested and taken to Trenton last week on a charge of larceny. Wynn also stole the harness of Mr. [illegible] Thomas, of Cranbury Station, [illegible] Thomas has recovered from [illegible] whom it was sold.

The Mozart Symphony Club will give a concert in Hightstown on Tuesday evening, January 10th, and if our people desire to attend they should leave their names with us at once or the best seats will be taken. A few have already done so and the offer of the committee to send a diagram of the hall that our people can have choice seats should be taken advantage of immediately. These concerts are superior to anything that is given in this vicinity and cannot fail to please lovers of good music.

Ball at Hightstown.

A grand Ball was held in Dawes' Hall, Hightstown, last Friday evening, the most largely attended of any ever given by the Hightstown Dancing School. Norton's Orchestra furnished excellent music and everything was carried out in good style. Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Grover led the grand march and a large number of young society people in and about Hightstown participated. Those who were there remember it as one of the most enjoyable social events of the season.

As our readers know the terms for the CRANBURY PRESS is payment in advance but we have been very lenient with our subscribers who have not complied with the terms, seldom sending bills and refraining from putting reminders in our columns as so many do, but we have been here long enough to prove the fears of some in regard to our continuance to have been groundless, and to those who are owing we will send a bill for the amount which we hope will meet with prompt payment. Money is as much of a necessity for carrying on the printing business as any other and our friends should bear this in mind. Among your other good resolutions resolve to pay the printer.

The exhibits of the public school work by the scholars of the various schools in the county at New Brunswick last week proved to be a subject of much interest, and during the five days about 5,000 people were in attendance Those who are competent to judge of such matters state that the attractions in the way of exhibits was the best they had seen on any previous occasion. It is highly complimentary to be a prize winner in such a contest, comprising as it did all the public schools throughout the county. It is also a source of pride and gratification to the teachers to have their scholars reflect credit upon their efforts as instructor—it is alike encouraging to teacher and pupil. In the distribution of honors the schools of Cranbury give a very good showing.

THE EARLY FAMILY REUNION.

Jacob Early, Sr., saw gathered about him Friday at the homestead on Morrison street, Hightstown, all the members of his family. There were seventeen grandchildren, nineteen greatgrandchildren and his sons and daughters, who came from distant cities. Of the married sons and daughters present were Mr. and Mrs. William A. Potts, Mr. and Mrs. William W. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Early, Mrs. Maria n Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Eldridge, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Early, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Burke, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Early, Mr. Aaron Early, Mrs. Maria Trumby, Mrs. Warren Gumble, Mrs. Aclot Early, sisters; J. Howard Kirkbridge, Mrs. Pheiffer and family, nephews and niece; T. B. Appleget and family and Job. S. Rogers and family

PRESS OPINIONS

Of the ability of Mrs Hoffman, who is to speak in Cranbury on the 31st of January.

Mrs. Hoffman is an exceptionally fine speaker and was frequently applauded.—Eau Claire (Wis) Daily Free Press.

The mass meeting at Tremont Temple, last evening, was very fully attended. Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman was the chief speaker of the evening, and at once gained the close attention of her hearers. She is eloquent at times and incisive in argument, and often breaks out into humorous expressions.—Boston (Mass.) Traveler.

Mrs Clara C. Hoffman, perhaps has no superior among her sex in this country as a lecturer. No person who would like to hear one of the ablest female speakers in the United States should fail to attend the lecture here next Sunday night.—Jackson (Mo.) Weekly.

SHOOTING AT PIGEONS.

The Hightstown Gun Club enjoyed a shoot at live pigeons Tuesday afternoon in the presence of a large crowd. The majority of the birds were poor flyers and most of the shooting was not up to the average. One of the most interesting features was the shooting of the "outsiders," who were countless in numbers and utterly regardless as to where they shot. Several loads were poured into the crowd at the traps, and a number of bystanders were stung with shot. Mr. Mount was hit in the eye and was forced to retire from the match after his fourth shot. The following is the score:

E. E. Anderson,	0011111001—6
A. C. Doyle,	1110110100—6
O. E. Perrine,	0110011100—5
T. C. Mount,	1000———=1
W. N Steward,	1001001000—3
Gil. Giberson,	1011101111—8
T. H. Norton,	1011011111—8
Ross McDowell,	0010111110—6
W. S. Burtis,	1101111010—7
English Pullen,	0011011100—5

To decide the tie Mr. Giberson and Mr Norton each shot at one bird, Mr. Norton scoring and Mr. Giberson missing.—Hightstown Gazette.

CLAY PIGEON MATCH.

On Thursday, January 4th, a number of gentlemen were invited to spend the day at Mr. Edward Harden's and engage in a social contest of shooting at clay pigeons. As there was a severe snow storm at the time the shooting may be considered as very creditable to each one of the marksmen

The following score was made at 21 yards' rise:

	Hit.	Miss.
Jasper Hutchinson,	48	2
J. C. Holmes, M. D.,	46	4
James Robbins,	45	5
James Hutchinson,	43	7
Levi C. Updike,	42	8
Edward Harden,	41	9
John Harden,	40	10

The winner was obliged to carve "the bird" at dinner, where about twenty guests sat down to a feast fit for the gods After the digestive organs had been satiated each one was called upon to make a speech or tell a story. Some of the orations there made would do just credit to the shades of Cicero and Demosthenes, and the stories were only equaled by the tales of the "Arabian Nights."

The evening was spent in a very social way, with excellent "Perfectoes," and the friendships there made and good-fellowship created will not soon be forgotten.

Certain it is, all of those present will long remember the generous hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Harden H.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Just one year ago to-night,
  Two little stockings I hung
In the corner under the shelf,
  Waiting for Santa Claus to come.
As I stood and looked upon them there
  I breathed a low and silent prayer,
Wondering if God would my darlings spare,
  That we might another Christmas share.
One long year has passed away
  And my eyes are dim with tears,
And I must look on the empty stockings,
  All these weary, lonely years.
O! the empty shoes and stockings
  Forever laid aside.
O! the tangled, broken shoe strings
  That will never more be tied.
But O! the empty cradle now
  The tears that pillow wet
Little Allie and Annie have gone:
  This Christmas, I never shall forget.
But there is no child to-night
  In many a home I know,
Where a little sock was hanging
  Only a year ago.
We look down on the unworn stockings
  Amid our falling tears,
We know our darlings are keeping Christmas
  In Christ's eternal years.

MAMMA.

Public School Work of the State of New Jersey for the Chicago Fair.

Before forwarding specimens to Trenton an exhibit of the school work of Middlesex county was held during the holidays in the Livingston avenue High School, New Brunswick, in order that the people of the county might have an opportunity of seeing the work done in the public schools. About 4,000 specimens were exhibited, each school sending certain kinds of work. The best work was marked with a blue ribbon, next best with a red ribbon, and well recommended with a yellow ribbon. It may be of interest to the people of this vicinity to know that all the ribbons did not go to other parts of the county, but that the pupils in and near Cranbury merited and received a very liberal share, notwithstanding they have not the advantages of a graded school.

Following is a list of those who received marks of honor for the best work:

NORTH CRANBURY SCHOOL

MISS ANNIE MILLER, Teacher.

Arithmetic—Harry C. Groves

History—Emily Applegate, Harry Goodwin, Addison Dey.

Physiology—Edith Petty, Anna Ervin, Rutherford Snow, Lewis Van Dusen, Willie Bergen

School Law—Enid Walker.

Drawing—Rosa Snow, Nellie Eldridge, Rutherford Snow, Irving Dey, Anna Ervin.

SOUTH CRANBURY.

MISS ELLA DAVIS, Teacher.

Harvey Stults, Bessie Burroughs, Mary Silvers, Jennie Everett, Gertie Davison, Etta J Silvers.

SCOTTS CORNER.

MISS WINNIE C. SILVERS, Teacher.

W. C. Applegate.

CRANBURY NECK,

MISS KATE PERRINE, Teacher,

Melvina Hanson,

PLEASANT HILL.

MISS LAURA SCUDDER, Teacher.

George Perrine, Ella Stults.

This vicinity was represented on the examining committee by Miss A. M. Miller on Drawing, Miss Ella Davis on Map Drawing and History, Miss Mame Gulick on Miscellaneous work

Jerome B. Grigg, counsel for Lena Brown, under indictment for the murder of her five year-old son and two infant sons of William H. Harvey, of Bordentown, has made application to the court to have her mental condition examined into by Dr. Ward, of the Insane Asylum at Trenton, before she shall be put on trial.

Jeremiah Stott, aged 20 years, son of Thomas Stott, of Groveville, Mercer county, while adjusting a belt at Morris Brothers' cotton mills, at the above place, on Monday afternoon, was caught in the machinery and had his left leg so badly fractured that it was necessary to amputate it just below the knee.

Frank A. Magowan and Senator-elect William H. Skirm have purchased the Hamilton Rubber Works, on North Clinton avenue, Trenton, and will organize a new corporation with a large capital this week, to be known as the Eastern Rubber Manufacturing Company. The machinery has been repaired, and work will soon be resumed that will give employment to nearly 300 hands.

A Mrs Humphries was killed on Monday evening by being struck by a railroad train. The accident occurred near Monmouth Junction. Mrs. Humphries, with her husband, moved from Perth Amboy a short time ago, and purchased a place about a mile from the Junction. The unfortunate woman was on her way home from the store at the Junction and was walking on the track when she was killed.

A disastrous fire occurred at Lawrenceville on Friday night about 11 o'clock in the house belonging to James G. Phillips' estate, occupied by E. G. Whitney, the steward of the school. The family was aroused, with difficulty, by Thomas Stout, who was passing by, breaking the door and going up stairs and awakening them. Most of the furniture was gotten out but the family lost most of their clothing It is supposed the fire originated from a defective flue. The ringing of the church bell aroused the neighbors who assisted Mr. Whitney in saving his furniture

WESLEY WARNER CONVICTED.

Guilty of Murder in the First Degree—Move for a New Trial.

At the trial of Wesley Warner for the murder of Lizzie Peak the defence called a number of witnesses to prove that Warner did not commit deliberate or premeditated murder, and that he killed Lizzie Peak while in a fit of drunken frenzy. These witnesses swore that they had seen Warner on a spree for several days previous to the murder.

Notwithstanding this the jury after being out all night, on Thursday morning announced that they had agreed upon a verdict. At ten o'clock the jury entered the court room where the prisoner was shortly brought.

The foreman became quite pale when he announced the verdict of murder in the first degree. At the request of the defendant's counsel the jury was then polled, and with the exception of one, each answered "Guilty, in the first degree"

Warner sat unmoved, but his face grew a shade paler as he heard the jurors announce their decision. Judge Garrison, in discharging the jury, said he would discharge any of them for the term upon their request, in consideration of their long service on the case. Defendant's counsel then moved for a new trial and an arrest of judgment. Judge Garrison said such a motion should be made in writing and submitted to the Court before Saturday, when a day would be fixed for the hearing.

None of Warner's relatives were present when the jury came in. The defendant was very much surprised at the verdict. He now thinks he will get a new trial.

Philip Shangle died very suddenly at his home at Roselle on Friday last. His funeral took place on Tuesday. He was a brother of Sering Shangle, of Hightstown.

Ex Senator George T. Cranmer, of Ocean county, was on Tuesday sworn in as Clerk of the United States District Court, to succeed Linsly Rowe, who recently resigned Mr. Cranmer's bond is for $15,000. The oath was administered by Deputy Clerk Frank R. Brandt before Judge Edward T. Green Upon Mr. Cranmer's application Mr Brandt was reappointed and sworn in by the former as Deputy Clerk.

Heavy Rains Cause Damage.

The flood in the Raritan river caused the complete washing away of the temporary bridge across the Raritan at New Brunswick on Monday morning. The workmen on the temporary bridge, who had been expecting a break, fled just before the crash came. The loss will be $25,000 to the contractors. All communication between all the towns on the east side of the river and New Brunswick has been cut off

The water in the river continued to rise and there was at one time great danger that the $100,000 stone arch bridge which is nearly completed would also be swept away.

Judge Conover, in the Monmouth county court, on Friday, in the case of Messrs. Dean and Westbrook v the County Board of Freeholders, awarded the plaintiffs $3,377 The suit was brought to recover $11,000 for extra work. The plaintiffs, about two years ago, received the contract for a bridge over the Shrewsbury river at Oceanic, to cost $27,000 Subsequently $7,100 was added to the contract, because of changes in the original plan. After the work was begun a suit was commenced to settle the right of making a landing This litigation lasted for over three months, and, on the completion of the bridge, they presented a bill for $11,000 The Freeholders offered to compromise the case, but the bridge builders refused and instituted proceedings.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

Be thorough in whatever you undertake There is no earthly use making resolutions if they are only to be kept in a half-hearted way. Compromising with one's conscience always ends in disaster. Remember this. Just as soon as you begin to waver you are lost. Be wise. Try only one thing at a time, but let nothing deter you from your resolve, if it is a good one, once you start upon it It doesn't need any resolution to be bad That comes of itself But if the weeds are scattered one by one, each tiny sprout thoroughly uprooted instead of broken off at the top, there will soon be a wondrous improvement, and by and by the briers will fail to grow again and the soil yield only the beautiful flowers of good resolutions well kept.

SHOT HER SWEETHEART.

MORRISTOWN, N J, Jan. 4—At Whitehall, a quiet hamlet on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge mountains, in Morris county, Nora Bott, a young woman of twenty six, shot her lover, Edward Smith, through the brain and then killed herself with a second bullet For more than a year they had been keeping company, though it is stated that they were not engaged to be married Smith had not quite reached his majority. He was employed in the maintenance of way department of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad and boarded with his brother Abram.

So far no motive for the double tragedy has been discovered. Nora Bott was apparently of sound mind and happy disposition. Nothing but good feeling seemed to exist between her and Smith, and their relatives assert that there had been nothing wrong in their relations.

There is a surmise that Nora might have become jealous, as Smith was seen walking with a Miss Small It was also stated that Miss Bott was in love with young Smith to a greater extent than he was with her.

DIED BY DYNAMITE.

Long Island City Torn Up by a Terrific Explosion.

The Scene, a Tunnel Shaft in a Populous Block.

A terrible explosion of dynamite occurred in Long Island City, N. Y., at eight o'clock a few mornings ago, by which five persons lost their lives and some twenty or thirty persons were severely injured. The accident occurred in the works of the Long Island and New York Tunnel Company, at Jackson and Vernon avenues.

The workingmen employed by this corporation have been engaged there for a considerable time driving headings under the surface and have used great quantities of the powerful explosives in prosecuting their work.

There have been several minor explosions of dynamite at the place. Buildings have been shaken and window glass shattered, but no one until this occasion became a victim to the accidents.

The pushing of the headings has been prosecuted with vigor recently and great quantities of dynamite have been kept near the works in order to economize time in the blasting.

Residents of the neighborhood have protested against the apparent carelessness of the company, and have appealed to the authorities, but with no effect. There were nearly a hundred men who had been employed in the tunnel about an hour when an alarm came of a premature explosion.

There was a panic at once, but before anyone had time to save himself the earth shook with the explosion of dynamite and the surface of the ground in the vicinity of the tunnel rose in the air, scattering the fragments of the unfortunate persons near and the debris of the tunnel in every direction.

The flames from the explosion set fire to the large four-story brick building adjoining the tunnel and shattered every pane of glass in houses for blocks about.

The dead were: Mary Graden, aged nineteen, Long Island City; Edward Hopkins, Peter Rocco, Mrs. Peter Rocco, Henry O'Brien, aged thirty-three, clerk, Long Island City.

When the explosion occurred all the workmen were in the tunnel except Rocco, who was placed in charge of the dynamite at the head of the tunnel. He was blown to pieces. None of the men in the tunnel were injured. The cupola of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church on Vernon avenue and Fifth street was smashed into pieces by the concussion.

Work on the tunnel has been progressing about two months. The city, it is said, has been warned time and again of the danger attending the work, but no action was taken for the protection of the residents of the neighborhood against a disaster of this character.

The fire which at first set the brick building ablaze, soon extended to the adjoining ones, whose walls had been warped and cracked by the force of the explosion, and they are now in imminent danger of falling. The tenants are supposed to have escaped with safety.

In the building which was nearest the tunnel was the postoffice. When the shock occurred tons of debris fell in this part of the structure and completely buried the mails. They were at once removed to No. 80 Borden avenue, where a temporary office was established.

Hundreds of people, attracted to the place by the explosion, aided the firemen in rescuing the wounded. Wagons of all kinds were used in conveying the maimed people to their homes and to St. John's Hospital. All of the doctors in the city hastened to the scene.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

Hamburg fears another cholera epidemic.

The poor are suffering terribly in London.

The plague is devastating Russian Poland.

A genuine revolution is now feared in Mexico.

Patent flour in Minneapolis is $1 cheaper than a year ago.

The year's flour output promises to be the greatest ever known.

There is a decline in flax culture both in America and Europe.

The curse of hard times is everywhere prevalent in Germany.

The German hop crop for 1893 has been estimated at 45,000,000 pounds.

The Eastern railroads are short of cars—the aggregate estimated at 10,000.

The Ohio River, at Bellaire, was frozen over this winter for the first time since 1883.

There is still great suffering in portions of Mexico, where the three years' drought continues.

On account of famine and cholera peasants in some sections of Russia are "dying like flies."

The cranberry crop for 1892 is estimated at 700,000 barrels, 50,000 barrels less than last year's output.

The decrease in the packing of hogs at Chicago is over forty-seven per cent. since the opening of the season.

Paris is ripe for a revolution in consequence of the Panama scandal revelations. It is now said that 104 Deputies accepted bribes.

It will cost $16.26 to buy a complete set of the Columbian postage stamps, and $1.44 more for a full line of samples of the stamped envelopes.

The trade statistics for 1892 show unexampled activity and prosperity in almost every branch of industry throughout the United States.

The popular vote for President, as compiled by the New York Post, exhibits the following aggregate: Cleveland, 5,557,990; Harrison, 5,176,611; Weaver, 1,025,060; Bidwell, 258,847. Cleveland's plurality, 381,-379.

TWO GOLD-SEEKERS KILLED

A Corporation Trying to Monopolize the Whole Country.

The report of a fatal shooting affray in the new San Juan (Col.) gold fields was confirmed. Two were killed and a number wounded.

The Gable Mining Company is trying to monopolize the whole country and is accused of having taken up claims in fictitious names. There is likely to be serious trouble between the company and the incoming prospectors. The company is hiring all the men it can get at $15 a day. Board is $5 a day; flour costs $25 per 100 pounds, and everything else is in proportion.

The rush to the district continues, and according to late information there are 2700 men there now.

THE NEWS EPITOMIZED.

Eastern and Middle States.

Adoniram Fairchild, one of the oldest and most skilful divers in the country, was killed while at work under the North River, New York City, by the explosion of a forcite cartridge. He went down to fill eight holes in the reef of rock that obstructs the north slip at the foot of Fulton street. He met his death while tamping down the first cartridge.

Dr. Charles A. Briggs, after having been on trial before the Presbytery of New York for nineteen days on the charge of heresy, has been acquitted on each of the six charges brought against him.

The overdue Cunarder Umbria was sighted off Fire Island, Port of New York, after being six days overdue. Hundreds of friends of passengers on board the vessel were relieved by the landing of all the people. There were nearly 400 persons on board. She was delayed at sea by the breaking of a shaft. She refused all offers of assistance, but made the necessary repairs and then proceeded slowly under sail and steam.

Mayor Gilroy, the new Surrogate, County Clerk, Register and the Board of Aldermen took office in New York City.

Archibald Bartlett was killed and Miss Maggie Kelly fatally injured at a railroad crossing in Bedford, Mass. The young couple were on their way to be married when struck by the locomotive.

The house of William Phillips, of Strong Brook, N. Y., caught fire and two of his children were burned to death in the building and a third died shortly afterwards from his burns.

Professor Eben Norton Horsford, the noted chemist of Harvard, died suddenly, at his home in Cambridge, Mass., of heart disease. A widow and five children survive him. He was born seventy-four years ago in Moscow, Livingston County, N. Y.

The New York Legislature met at Albany and the Assembly organized by the election of William Sulzer, of New York, as Speaker; in the Senate a lively debate took place over the bill to postpone the Constitutional Convention election. Governor Flower's message was received.

South and West.

A. J. Hudspeth was hanged at Harrison, Ark., for the murder of George Watkins in 1887.

The boiler of the saw mill of Duke & Blurus exploded, killing three colored men, James Wilbanks, Guffin Phillips and Joe Smith.

After being forced under threats of death to surrender between $4000 and $5000 to two masked men who entered his office in the Courthouse, County Treasurer John O. Johnson of Viroqua, Wis., was gagged and bound and locked in his vault. He was found there almost dead.

The bodies of Adam Siler, aged eighty, and his wife, aged seventy-two, were discovered lying on the floor of their house in Chatham County, North Carolina, by their ten-year-old grandson. Siler had been shot three times and Mrs. Siler twice.

A snowplow was wrecked on the line of the Great Northern in Washington State. Four lives were lost. The plow was standing on the track and was struck by an avalanche which came down the mountain.

The Legislature of Montana, California, Minnesota, Ohio and North Dakota met and organized.

Washington.

About 1400 postoffices have been designated as additional domestic money order offices.

The President has proclaimed a definite arrangement of commercial reciprocity with Salvador. The arrangement is to take effect immediately.

Leading bankers in all parts of the country are sending protests to Washington against the purchase of silver under the Sherman law.

The Treasury Department's latest estimate of the aggregate amount of United States currency, fractional and otherwise, destroyed, and not likely to be presented for redemption, places the amount at about $20,000,000.

Commodore William M. Folger has retired from the Navy Department as Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. He is succeeded by Captain Smith.

The President has appointed Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, assistant in charge of the division of fish culture, United States Fish Commission, as the representative of the Commission on the Government Board of Management and Control of the World's Columbian Exposition, Vice Captain J. M. Collins, resigned.

Orders were issued at the Treasury Department directing the shipment from Philadelphia to Chicago of 86,000 souvenir coins, all minted up to date. These 86,000 coins were the last having 1892 on them, all others having the year 1893 on them.

A delegation of three Seneca Indians from the Indian Territory, in charge of J. J. Spencer, an interpreter, called on Secretary Noble. Their visit to Washington was to protest in the name of their tribe against the passage of a bill annexing the Seneca reservation to the Territory of Oklahoma.

Foreign.

Cholera continues to spread in the north of France. In the town of Gravelines, near Calais, six deaths and one new case were reported.

At a meeting of delegates to the Indian National Congress at Allahabad indication was given of the growing desire for a National Indian Legislature.

Hidden in a barn in the rear of the express office in Sarnia, Canada, $7000 were found, concealed by a thief who had robbed the office the week before.

M. Eiffel has secured the contract to build a gigantic bridge across the Neva, in Russia. His bid was $15,000,000.

Senor Muruaga has been nominated as Spanish Minister to Washington. Senor Muruaga was Minister to Washington three years ago and was very popular.

The military were called out to suppress uprisings among the unemployed in the Netherlands; three rioters were killed and many wounded. Anarchist riots were reported in Spain and in various parts of Germany.

The Government of Mexico has secured evidence implicating 200 prominent Mexicans in the present revolutionary movement.

The Cunard Company issued from London an official statement that the Gallia proceeded on her voyage because her coal was low and the Umbria was not thought to be in serious danger.

Brigands are committing many outrages in Russian Poland.

The commission of the Duke of Almodovar del Valle as Spanish Minister at Washington was signed by Queen Regent Christina.

DASHED INTO A CAR.

Carelessness in Chicago Leads to a Terrible Accident.

Four persons were killed and eight injured a few mornings ago by the collision of a street car and locomotive at Forty-seventh street and Stewart avenue, Chicago, Ill. The street car was crowded and was passing the Fort Wayne Railway tracks when a Fort Wayne train crashed into it so suddenly that the occupants had no time to escape. The dead are: George Blake, Archibald McAndrews, unknown man found under the tender of the engine. Unknown woman died in a patrol wagon on the way to Mercy Hospital, supposed to be Mrs. Carson, as a card bearing that name was found in her pocket.

The accident happened when the street car traffic was at its heaviest and the cars were crowded to the doorways with people standing and sitting. The car was going east on Forty-seventh street to State street, where it was to be hitched to a grip car, which was to bring it to the business centre of the city. As it approached the tracks of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago, at Forty-seventh street and Stewart avenue, an engine came backing down the tracks at a rate of about fifteen miles an hour, the railroad people say. For some reason the occupants of the cab did not see the car approaching, and, on account of the heavy coating of frost on the windows of the car, the passengers did not see the engine bearing down upon them. In an instant the engine struck the car and passed on.

The car was dragged for 150 yards, and at every foot of the distance fresh injury was added to those inflicted. The horses became detached from the car and ran away uninjured.

The wildest confusion reigned for the first few minutes. Those who had come to the work of rescue could hear the pitiful cries of the wounded and see the body of one dead man. George Blake was the first one taken from the wreckage. He was carried to a saloon, but died almost as soon as he reached there. The other wounded were then picked up and carried into houses near the crossing.

Five police patrol wagons soon arrived. The most severely injured person, the woman supposed to be Mrs. Carson, was at once put into one of the wagons and started for Mercy Hospital. Before the wagon had gone far Conductor O'Connor and Driver Stanley, who were on the street car, and Engineer Rosscup and Fireman Mosger of the train were arrested. That the accident was due to the grossest carelessness cannot be doubted. By their own statements the two crossing men, Allbright and Schwartz, were not attending to their duty, and neither of them knew of the danger until after the crash.

The Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture during 1892 sold fifty-one abandoned farms, representing a total of 4522 acres, for $74,153, an average of $16.40 per acre.

NATIONAL FINANCES.

Exhibit Made by the Public Debt Statement.

A Small Increase Shown, and a Decrease of Gold Holdings.

The monthly public debt statement just issued from the United States Treasury Department shows an increase in the aggregate of the debt during the last month of $518,284. There was a decrease of $1,286,330 in the net cash balance or surplus, and a decrease of $718,146 in the non-interest bearing debt. The interest-bearing debt was increased a trifle—$100 during the month. The total debt on January 1, less $29,092,588 net cash balance and the $100,000,000 gold reserve, was $835,-433,165, or $1,975,053 less than on January 1, 1892. Of the total debt $585,033,030 is bonded indebtedness made up in round numbers of $560,000,000, of four per cent., and $25,000,-000 of two per cent. bonds. The net cash or surplus in the Treasury on January 1, exclusive of the $100,000,000 gold reserve, was $29,093,583, against $31,574,128 on January 1, 1892, and $57,571,813 on January 1, 1891. Of the surplus, National bank depositaries hold only $11,000,000, against $20,000,-000 a year ago. Treasury gold assets on the first of the month amounted to $238,000,000, against which there was $117,000,000 in gold certificates in circulation, leaving a gold balance of $121,000,000, a decrease of $3,500,-000 during December and of $10,000,000 since January 1, 1892.

Government receipts during December aggregated $33,313,911, against about $35,-000,000 in December, 1891. Customs receipts were $16,303,334, or nearly $2,500,000 more than in December a year ago; and internal revenue receipts were $14,343,636, or $2,250,000 more than in December, 1891.

Receipts from all sources from July 1 to December 31, the first half of the current fiscal year, aggregated $195,853,350, fully $31,000,000 more than for the corresponding months of 1891. Customs receipts alone aggregated $101,570,237, or about $15,000,000 more than for the same months in 1891, and internal receipts for the last six months amounted to $84,018,037, or $7,500,-000 more than during the first half of the *preceding fiscal year*.

Government expenditures during the last six months aggregated in round numbers $195,000,000, or about $19,000,000 more than during the corresponding months of 1891. The noticeable increase in any item of expenditure was in pension payments, which during the last six months amounted to $80,423,933, or fully $19,000,000 more than from July 1 to December 31, 1891, or at the rate of $160,000,000 per year.

FOR GOOD ROADS.

Summary of Work Done so Far by the National League.

The National League for Good Roads, although less than three months old, is bestirring itself in the new movement with much energy. A summary of it is as follows: Local leagues have been formed in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, District of Columbia, and Arizona; and a State league in Vermont and a county league at Rochester, New York. Arrangements have been made for holding State conventions in January in Maryland, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Virginia and Minnesota. The Governors of twenty-five States have been persuaded to act as State Vice-Presidents or have appointed substitutes. Five thousand railroad agents have been supplied with documents and instructed by their employers to aid in forming local leagues. Country banks and manufacturers of road and farm implements have also been enlisted in the work. The Chamber of Commerce of New York and other commercial bodies have taken a marked interest in it. Colleges and county clubs are forming local leagues. Preparations are being made to supply country postmasters and school-teachers with blanks and documents when the National League is able to pay for the necessary printing and postage.

SPEEDILY LYNCHED.

The Alleged Murderers of an Alabama Tax Collector Hanged.

When the citizens of Greenville, Ala., arose the other morning they saw two dead bodies hanging from above the Court House steps. Late at night two strangers went to Jailer Bergainer's house and told him they had a prisoner. He went with them to the jail, where he was met by a mob of 100 armed and masked men, who had hidden behind a fence. They demanded the keys. The cells of John Hipp and Charles Kelly, the alleged murderers of Tax Collector C. J. Armstrong, of Butler County, were opened, and both men were taken out and hurried to the Court House yard with ropes about their necks. Without being allowed time to pray, they were hanged above the Court House steps. The mob then dispersed. The verdict of the jury is that the men were hanged by unknown persons.

THE MARKETS.

Late Wholesale Prices of Country Produce Quoted in New York.

BEANS AND PEAS.		
Beans—Marrow, 1892, choice	$2 32½	@$2 35
Medium, 1892, choice	1 85	@ —
Pea, 1892, choice	1 90	@ 1 95
Red kidney, 1892, choice	2 55	@ 2 70
Red kidney, poor to fair	—	@ —
Lima, Cal., per bush	2 05	@ 2 10
Green peas, 1892, per bbl	1 75	@ 1 77½
BUTTER.		
Creamery—St. & Penn, extra	27	@ 29
St. & Penn., firsts	23	@ 26
Western, firsts	28	@ 30
Western, seconds	25	@ 27
Western, thirds	20	@ 23
State dairy—half tubs, and pails, extras	26	@ 27
Half tubs and pails, 1sts	23	@ 25
Half tubs and pails, 2ds	20	@ 22
Welsh tubs, extras	25	@ 26
Welsh tubs, 1sts	23	@ 24½
Welsh tubs, 2ds	20	@ 21
Western—Im. creamery, 1sts	23	@ 25
W. Im. creamery, 2ds	19	@ 21
W. Im. creamery, 3ds	—	@ —
Western Factory, fresh, firsts	19	@ 21
W. Factory, seconds	16	@ 16½
W. Factory and dairy, 3ds	15	@ 15½
CHEESE.		
State factory—Full cream, white, fancy	11	@ 11¼
Full cream, colored, fancy	11	@ 11¼
Full cream, good to prime	10½	@ 10¾
Part skims, choice	7	@ 7½
Part skims, good to prime	5	@ 6½
Part skims, common	3	@ 4
Full skims	1	@ 2½
EGGS.		
State and Penn—Fresh	31	@ 33
Western—Fresh, fancy	31	@ —
Limed—State	25	@ —
FRUITS AND BERRIES—FRESH.		
Apples—Red sorts, bbl	3 00	@ 4 00
Baldwin, per bbl	1 50	@ 3 00
Greening, per bbl	2 00	@ 4 00
Grapes, up river, Del., 5 lb.	—	@ —
W. N. Y., Catawba, 5 lb.	10	@ 16
W. N. Y., Concord, 5 lb.	10	@ 14
Cranberries, Cape Cod, bbl.	8 00	@10 00
HOPS.		
State—1892, fair to choice	18	@ 23½
1891, prime	21	@ 22
1891, common to good	16	@ 20
Old odds	5	@ 9
LIVE POULTRY.		
Fowls—Jersey, State, Penn.	12	@ —
Western, per lb	11½	@ 12
Spring Chickens, local, lb	9	@ 9½
Western per lb	8½	@ 9
Roosters, old, per lb		@ 7
Turkeys, per lb	12	@ 13
Ducks—N. J., N. Y., Penn., per pair	70	@ 1 00
Western, per pair	70	@ 85
Geese, Western, per pair	1 37	@ 1 62
Pigeons, per pair	25	@ 30
DRESSED POULTRY—ICE PACKED.		
Turkeys—Young, per lb	11	@ 13½
Chickens—Phila., per lb	—	@ —
Western, scalded	9	@ 10
Fowls—St. and Penn., per lb	—	@ —
Western, scalded	9	@ 9½
Ducks—Western, per lb	8	@ 13
Eastern, per lb	—	@ —
Spring, L. I., per lb	—	@ —
Geese—Western, per lb	7	@ 10
Squabs—Dark, per doz	—	@ 1 50
Light, per doz	—	@ 3 50
VEGETABLES.		
Potatoes—State, per bbl	2 12	@ 2 37
Jersey, prime, per bbl	2 12	@ 2 37
Jersey, inferior, per bbl.	1 25	@ 1 75
L. I., in bulk, per bbl	2 50	@ 2 75
Cabbage, L. I., per 100	5 00	@ 8 00
Onions—Eastern, yellow, bbl.	2 25	@ 2 50
Eastern, red, per bbl	—	@ 2 25
State, per bbl	2 25	@ 2 50
Squash—Marrow, per barrel	2 00	@ 2 25
Sweet potatoes, Va., per bbl.	—	@ —
South Jersey, per bbl	3 00	@ 4 50
Celery, near by, doz. bunches	1 00	@ 1 50
GRAIN, ETC.		
Flour—City Mill Extra	4 15	@ 4 25
Patents	4 35	@ 4 50
Wheat—No. 2 Red	75½	@ 79
Rye—State	—	@ —
Barley—Two-rowed State	—	@ —
Corn—Ungraded Mixed	49½	@ 50
Oats—No. 2 White	41½	@ 42½
Mixed Western	36	@ 38
Hay—Good to Choice	65	@ 85
Straw—Long Rye	60	@ 65
Lard—City Steam	[illegible]	@10.32½c
LIVE STOCK.		
Beeves, City dressed	6	@ 9
Milch Cows, com. to good	20 00	@45 00
Calves, City dressed	8	@ 12
Sheep, per 100 lbs	4 00	@ 5 25
Lambs, per lb	5½	@ 6¾
Hogs—Live, per 100 lbs	6 50	@ 7 00
Dressed	7½	@ 10

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Gladstone is becoming quite deaf.

Speaker Crisp is in favor of an extra session of Congress.

Montagu Williams, the eminent London barrister, died a few days ago.

Zola, the French novelist, has made $400,000 by his pen in twenty years.

Jacob Henrici, the leader of the famous Economite Society of Pennsylvania, is dead.

Congressman Jerry Simpson says he is a candidate for the United States Senate from Kansas.

Thomas Settle, of North Carolina, only twenty-eight years of age, is the youngest member-elect of the new Congress.

Ex-Minister to England Phelps, on account of his connection with the Bering Sea arbitration, will temporarily give up his professorial duties at Yale.

Mrs. Gladstone, wife of the British Premier, is a voter in Canada, and owns property at Niagara Falls, Canada. She owns three acres of land worth about $5,000 an acre.

J. D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil millionaire, has just presented $1,000,000 in bonds to the University of Chicago, making $3,600,000 in all which he has given to that institution.

A clever man was Bismarck's late private secretary, Lothar Bucher, whose demise the ex-Chancellor much deplores. In a few hours Bucher drew up the Imperial German Constitution.

Emil Thomas, a German actor now playing at Amberg's Theatre in New York City, has no less than 2500 roles in his repertoire, which he has learned during a stage career of thirty-seven years.

Chauncey M. Depew is a believer in scrap books. He has eight or ten of them which contain clippings from newspapers and periodicals relating to himself. All his printed speeches are preserved in this way.

Senator Carlisle, of Kentucky, personally keeps a list of all applicants for office from his State in a book. Every time he receives a letter from a new applicant he writes his name and address in the book under the heading of the office to which he aspires.

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, owns up to being thirty-eight years old. He says he was a painter by trade, and worked at sign writing a long time. He served an apprenticeship also as a house painter, but was never strong enough to follow the occupation steadily.

John A. Morris, the Louisiana millionaire, has one of the finest country estates in America in Tangipahoa Parish, Louisiana. It embraces 600 acres of good land, in which are preserved hundreds of deer and bear, and numberless coveys of game birds, while the four lakes on the place are black with mallard duck.

George Gould at twenty-eight is the youngest American who has inherited an estate that gives employment to 100,000 men. The three successive Astors have each been over forty before they inherited their fathers' fortunes. William H. Vanderbilt was nearly fifty and his sons were forty-two and thirty-six when he died.

Louis Pasteur was on his seventieth birthday presented with the gold medal of the Academy of Sciences in the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, Paris. President Carnot, of France, walked arm-in-arm with the distinguished scientist, to his seat, followed by the ministers, diplomats, scientists and litterateurs. As the medal was handed to him M. Pasteur embraced the President and the audience cheered wildly.

STABBED BY A TRAITRESS.

Lawyer McCoy Suffers Death in an Amateur Performance.

A party of about fifty friends assembled the other night at the house of Sidney McCoy, a young lawyer of San Francisco, Cal. The feature of the evening's entertainment was the production of a short play written by McCoy and performed by amateurs.

The plot of the play was the betrayal of a band of Russian Nihilists by one of their number. The Nihilists discover the traitress and condemn her to death. They decide by lot who shall perform the execution, and the number fell to the character portrayed by McCoy. Miss Grace King played the part of the traitress, who is given the choice of being killed or stabbing herself, and chooses the latter alternative.

McCoy handed Miss King a stout dagger that had been in his family for many years. In the play the girl, instead of killing herself, stabs her assigned executioner, and as Miss King received the knife she reached forward to touch McCoy on the breast with it. At the same instant McCoy started toward the girl, when she stumbled, and, falling forward with the dagger in her hand, drove it through McCoy's heart.

McCoy staggered into the next room, asked for a doctor and then fell dead. Miss King knew there had been an accident of some kind, but did not know that McCoy was killed. She was taken home, and afterwards, on advice of friends, gave herself up to the police. She was taken to the City Prison at 3 o'clock in the morning, and when she entered the prison she fainted, and for a long time remained unconscious.

Next morning McCoy's two brothers secured her release by giving bonds for $10,-000 for her appearance. The girl was then taken home, but is still in a critical condition.

Miss King recently suffered from a sprained ankle and had been using crutches to walk with, but had laid them aside to practise the part in the play. As she made a motion to stab McCoy she rested her weight on the weak foot and it gave way and she fell forward.

A REMARKABLE YEAR.

A Comparatively Small Number of Failures in 1892.

Bradstreet's contains the following interesting resume of the statistics of commercial disasters collected by it during the year 1892: "The number of business failures in the United States during the calendar year, with the exception of South Dakota, where a State law renders it unlawful to report such information except under prohibitory conditions, is 10,270, a smaller total than has been reported since 1883, with the single exception of 1887, when the aggregate was 9740.

"This is not the only astonishing part of the exhibit, for the grand total of liabilities of failing traders in the United States in 1892 appears to be only $108,500,000, a total also smaller than in any year since 1882, without any exception. A similar comparison may be made as to assets, the total of which is $54,700,000.

"The total 'business population' of the United States in 1883 was 855,000 commercial and industrial concerns, individuals, firms and corporations of sufficient standing and permanence to be of record, and the number of failures in that year amounted to 10,299, the first time the aggregate had passed the 10,000 mark. Yet in 1892, nine years later, with a 'business population' of 1,035,000, a gain of twenty-one per cent., the number of business failures is only 10,270, or about the same as nine years ago, and the debts of failing trades are forty per cent. smaller now than then. This is the most striking feature of the year's exhibit with respect to commercial deaths."

CATTLE PLAGUE IN AFRICA

Millions of Cattle Perish From the Niger Nearly to the East Coast

The cattle plague reported by Captain Lugard as having swept away most of the cattle in the region of the Victoria Nyanza appears to have extended its ravages clear across Africa. Captain Monteil, who has just arrived in Algiers after crossing the Soudan from west to east between the Niger and Lake Tchad, says that millions of cattle have died and on long stretches of his route not a single animal survived.

Captain Lugard says that the Wahuma, north of Victoria Nyanza, have been exclusively pastoral, and lived solely on the milk and flesh of their cattle. Now that the plague has totally destroyed their stock, the people are dying in vast numbers, and the remnant are dependent on the agricultural settlers for a scanty subsistence. When Captain Lugard left Uganda the Wahuma were slowly learning to cultivate the fields, but vegetarian food was unnatural to them, and their gaunt and half-starved forms attested the hardships they were undergoing.

COLUMBIAN STAMPS

Placed on Sale at the General Post-offices.

The Columbian souvenir postage stamps have been placed on sale at the various post-offices. They range in value from one cent to $5, and each denomination is printed in a different color. The stamps are much larger than the ones in current use, and each variety bears an engraving illustrating some event in the life of Columbus.

It is expected that there will be a heavy rush of purchasers, not only from professional stamp dealers and collectors, but from people who will wish to preserve them as mementos of the quadrennial of the discovery of America. The little Queen of Holland will purchase a set of the stamps for her collection.

The idea of issuing Columbian postage stamps was first suggested by Assistant Postmaster Gaylor, of New York City. He selected many of the designs, and his suggestions were adopted by the Postmaster-General.

In letters to the Joint Committee on Immigration of the Senate and House at Washington leading New York physicians declare there is danger of an outbreak of cholera in the United States next summer. Many of them favor a National quarantine law and the suspension of immigration.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

Why Sparrows Are Disappearing from New York Streets.

Captured in Large Numbers and Sold for Reedbirds.

It has been noticed lately that the common sparrow has greatly decreased in numbers in its downtown haunts. Some people have argued that this diminution in the numbers of the foreign pest is due to the fact that an epidemic of cholera would break out in the city in the spring and point to the migration of birds which was lately noticed in Hamburg and in many towns of Persia, where that disease killed thousands of people last summer.

The decrease in the sparrows is not due to migration. The fact of the matter is that the American gourmet is wonderfully fond of the reedbird. This excellent little bit of bird-food can only be procured in the Southern States, and though it is fairly plentiful the supply would hardly meet the demand if that were the only field for its production.

The tawny-visaged Neapolitan who has made his home among Americans has grasped the opportunity and is reaping a rich harvest. He watched the large flocks of sparrows which all day long hopped about the cobblestones almost indolently picking up the grain which was scattered around and then flying up to some neighboring bough, just to sleep and grow fat.

A diabolical idea entered the mind of the Italian, and after consulting with a friend, they purchased rice, and also the strongest aguardiente that could be procured in "The Bend" in Mulberry street. The rice was soaked in the spirits, and before sunrise the Italians went to the Battery.

They first carefully swept away any grain that might have been left from the previous day, and then with a lavish hand scattered the rice around the usual feeding ground of the sparrows. With the earliest dawn the birds began twittering and quarreling, and as the tramps arose from the benches in the Battery and slunk off to the alleys of South and West streets, the birds, hungry for their breakfast, soon covered the cobblestones and were busy picking up the delusive rice. Gradually the sparrows became unsteady in their gait. Then they began to see things double, and as a bird pecked at a grain he missed it and nearly fell over on his head. Soon bird after bird lay down on the cobblestones and slept, oblivious of all around it. Then the Italians, picking up the birds, wrung their necks and with smiling faces wended their way to Washington Market, where a poulterer gave them four cents apiece for the birds, which after being plucked were arranged in batches of 12 in neat cardboard boxes.

That night those same birds sold for 60 cents a pair in the uptown restaurants and the trade in drunken sparrows has been "booming" ever since. Sparrow-pie is a dish much thought of in England and as long as the epicure here does not complain of the fraud imposed upon him nobody else will, for unconsciously he is ridding the community of a bird that has become a pest in the city and a terrible marauder on the farmer.—[New York Tribune.

Vegetable Boa Constrictors.

Portions of the South Pacific Ocean produce a wonderful species of the seaweed called the "vegetable boa constrictor." According to recent published accounts they are likely to be met with at any point between the lower point of Southern California and the Sandwich Islands on the one side and between Chile and Australia on the other. These vine-like stranglers are frequently found tightly entwined about the body of a dead whale, shark or porpoise, but whether they had fastened upon the bodies of these dead sea animals before life had become extinct, or had only ventured to attack the remains after the vital spark had fled, are conundrums which, of course, cannot be answered. Experiments made with this curious vine and the carcass of a porpoise washed ashore in the harbor at Apia tend to prove that the vine, like that of our common bean, will not entwine itself around anything dead, whether that thing be of vegetable or animal creation. Dr. Chadbourne, in his "Annals of the Caroline Islands," says: "I have often seen monster specimens of macrocystis (the giant seaweed) with every vestige of life squeezed out of them by that ocean demon, the 'constrictor' vine, which is itself a species of seaweed. Macrocystis often grows to be from 20 to 30 inches in diameter, and 1500 to 2000 feet in length, while the constrictor vine seldom exceeds 100 feet in length, and is never larger in diameter than a pound and a half salmon can. It is the 'squeeze snake' of the ocean, however, and woe to the unlucky man, animal or plant that comes within its reach." At Apia the piles driven in the harbor all show marks like those you have seen made by the ivy on forest trees—marks which the natives gravely inform you were made by the constrictor vine. Cases wherein human beings are said to have lost their lives as a result of coming in contact with the vegetable boa constrictor are like the cases of death attributed to centipedes and tarantulas—often reported but seldom conclusively proven.—[St. Louis Republic.

Looking Into the Future.

Miss Twitter—I want to ask you a question, Mr. Dombey. I hope—ah—you won't think me forward.

Mr. Dombey—Have no hesitation, Miss Twitter.

Miss Twitter—I am going to have some handkerchiefs embroidered, and I was wondering whether it would be safe to have the initials of my maiden name placed on them?—[The Million.

A Narrow Escape.

"Hal old man, I'm glad to see you out again. You've been very sick, I hear. Near to death's door."

"Near to death's door? They may well say that. I had three doctors."—[New York Press.

Youth and Age.

When all the world is young, lad,
  When all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
  And every lass a queen.
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
  And around the world away,
Young blood must have its course, lad,
  And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
  And all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad,
  And all the wheels run down,
Creep home and take your place there,
  The spent and maimed among,
God grant you find one face there,
  You loved when all was young.
—[Charles Kingsley.

HUMOROUS.

The lazy man aims at nothing, and generally hits it.

The scarecrow has its uses, though it doesn't aid the caws any.

"Is Miss Hinote a good singer?" "She must be. Every other girl in the choir seems to dislike her."

"Was the pug dog mad that the policeman shot?" "Gee, whiz! no; but the woman that owned him was."

He (anxiously)—You are not your own dear self tonight, sweetheart. She (passively)—No, darling, I am yours.

Diner—Waiter, how long will my omelette be? Waiter—I can't tell exactly, sir, but they average about nine inches.

Dombey—Bagley is an unfortunate combination. Anson—How so? Dombey—He has a quail-on-toast appetite attached to a liver-and-bacon income.

Travers—This overcoat seems pretty tight around the chest. Tailor—When you have taken the money out of your pocketbook to pay for it, it will fit all right.

"Do you quarrel with your neighbor yet about his dog coming over into your garden?" "No, that's all over now." "Buried the hatchet?" "No; buried the dog."

Quoth he, "These tombstone lines I read
  Are just a little chalky;
The epitaphs I find indeed
  Are mainly epitaffy."

The most difficult part of being a hero is the trying to look as if you don't know you were one and yet not looking as if you were too thundering cocksure you weren't.

Little Dot—Oh mamma, there's a sign "Puppies for sale." Won't you buy me one? Mamma—Wait till you are a little older, dear. Little Dot—But then they'll be dogs.

Mrs. Earle—Your daughter has been studying painting, has she not? Mrs. Lamode—Yes. You should see some of the sunsets she paints. There never was anything like them.

"What's the matter with the baby?" asked a lady of a little girl, whose baby brother she had understood to be ailing. "Oh, nothin' much," was the answer. "He's only hatchin' tooth."

Friend—So your mother keeps the strap she whips you with in the woodshed. Don't you think that's a queer place for it? Tommy—Oh no; that's where all the burning material is kept.

"What you need," said the physician, "is more exercise." "No, it isn't," replied the young man, emphatically. "It's the exercise that the piano player on our floor practices that brought me here."

—She took my hand in sheltered nooks,
She took my flowers, candy, books,
Gloves, anything I cared to send—
She took my rival in the end.

Jess—I thought that you hated Jack, and yet you have accepted him. Bess—I did hate him; but he proposed under an umbrella and said if I refused he would let the rain drop on my new hat.

School Inspector—Your primary class does very well in arithmetic, Miss Bluehose, especially in addition. Teacher—Yes, sir. It is when you hear them in addition that you realize how little things count up.

Major Costic—That young Chappiesor doesn't appear to know his own mind. Col. Sarcast—I'm glad to hear it, for I have frequently heard his poor father caution him against forming undesirable acquaintanceships.

Agatha Esthete—If there were only something in this mundane world that would solace all these vague yearnings, satisfy one's wildest longings and fill the aching void within? Charlie Replete—What is the matter with pie.

Railroad Building in the Northwest.

The following may prove an interesting description of how track is being laid on the Great Northern extension: First comes a flat car, upon which is a derrick and engine, then three or four carloads of steel rails; then the locomotive, followed by a dozen carloads of ties. Along one side of the train is a system of revolving rollers, and the ties placed upon these rollers are hurried to the front, where the men place them in position. Along the side of the two cars bearing the rails, on the other side of the train, is another system of live rollers, which carry the rails to the front, where a gang of men take hold of them and place them in position. Other men take the fish plates and insert the bolts, while still others drive the spikes, just enough to hold the rail in position.

Two sharp blasts of the donkey engine whistle is the signal for the locomotive engineer to proceed, and when the proper position has been reached one blast is the signal to stop. A large gang of men follows spiking and bolting, and the track is ready for the ballast and straightening process. The construction train can run at the rate of nearly thirty miles an hour on its way back to the camp for more rails and ties. About a mile and a half of track is being laid daily, but it is thought the speed will be increased to two miles daily when the force gets more accustomed to their duties.—[Helena (Montana) Herald.

His Inference.

"I understand that you think your wife made a mistake in marrying you," said Brownley to Yellowley the other day.

"Who says that?" asked Yellowley, bristling up.

"Why somebody told that you said she was a splendid woman, one of the kind of women who deserve good husbands."—[New York Press.

A Fortune for a Snowdrift.

"The most artistic swindle known to the history of the Colorado mining industry occurred three years ago this winter at Georgetown," said Richard Beauchamp. "Georgetown is up in the mountains and in the center of a very rich mining country. In the winter snow drifts hundreds of feet deep among the mountains and packs down very hard. Two old miners ran a tunnel into the snow at the base of a mountain a distance of 300 feet, timbered it up nicely, plastered it with mud, and at the far end piled a quantity of very rich quartz. Then they went down to Denver and became acquainted with a couple of wealthy Englishmen, who had just come over to look for an investment for their spare cash that would pay a big divvy. They took them to Georgetown and showed them their tunnel and the El Dorado at the end of it. The tunnel, had it been really into the rocky mountain, would have represented thousands of dollars. The Englishmen were charmed with it and the prospect. They bought up the claim for $80,000 spot cash, and went East to contract for quartz mill machinery. When they returned in the spring there was nothing left of the tunnel but the woodwork and a wagon load of quartz at the end. It was the most ridiculous sell ever known, and the most successful."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In all the Austrian Empire there are but 155 periodicals of every class.

Gains From Regular Habits.

An English scientific philosopher lately made a half-playful, half-serious defense of the routine life of the man of "regular habits."

He insisted that in this busy age, when so many duties press upon an active man and there are so many things which unavoidably call for the exercise of attention, judgment and decision every day, it is the part of wisdom—a real conservation of energy and nervous force—to settle as many as possible of the routine matters by a fixed habit of life.

There seems to be sense in the suggestion. Why should a man with anything important to do in the world tax the gray matter of his brain newly every day to decide what he will eat or drink or wear, what his pleasures shall be and what his recreation, when he shall go to bed and when get up? Having arrived at years of discretion and discrimination, why can he not so order his life as to have these and kindred things come and go in a somewhat settled order?

To eat at regular hours the things he "finds good of," according to Bacon's rule, abstaining from those that disagree with him; to rise, bathe, dress, exercise, work, rest, recreate and sleep after a regular order, is not to make a treadmill of life. It is to lay out a smooth road for journeying with the least possible friction and waste. "To choose time is to save time." A considerable proportion of the worry and waste of life comes from a needless jumbling of work and clashing of duties.

Whatever we may think of the method, the large majority of men who accomplish great things and live to a good old age are men of regular habits. It may be encouraging to such to know there is a scientific basis for their sticking to the ruts.—New York World.

Two Wonderful Grapevines.

There is a wonderful grapevine at Gaillac, a town of Southern France. Although the plant is only ten years from the cutting, it has yielded as many as 1287 bunches of fine fruit in a single year. There is but one other vine in cultivation that is known to excel this prolific shrub, and that is the historical vine at Hampton Court, England, which was planted in 1768. In one year this noted vine has borne 2500 bunches. The fruit from this vine is kept for the exclusive use of Queen Victoria and her household, the surplus being made into wine for the same purpose.—St. Louis Republic.

Professor Agassiz once said that his life had been such a busy one that he never had found time to get rich.