

HOBOKEN ADVERTISER.

INDEPENDENT AND DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE.

VOL. V. NO. 9.

HOBOKEN, N. J., MARCH 27, 1880.

PRICE ONE CENT.

THE DRIVER'S STORY.

A New Mexican Sketch - By Joe Fluffer.

"Keep off until the ladies are seated," said the driver, as I climbed to the top of the stage coach for a ride outside.

"It is a rule of the company," he continued, softening his manner, "and the old man won't stand any foolishness about here." Fortunately for me the ladies preferred seats inside, and the driver beckoned me up again, as he stooped to take the reins from the holster's hand. I accepted his offer gladly, notwithstanding his crustiness, for the sake of the scenery and the exhilaration of the mountain air.

With a few reassuring jerks here and there at the straps that bound the baggage, a general supervisory glance at the rig in its entirety and a cheerful admonition to look out for road agents at San Jose, the "old man" told us to "go." Instantly at the talismanic word the six handsome gray horses started with a prance and a jerk that sent the coach rolling like a ship in a storm, and directly the dirty crooked streets of the little adobe town were undistinguishable in the cloud of dust behind us.

The familiar appellation given to the superintendent illustrates the scope of frontier imagination, the "old man" in this case being possibly thirty years of age. Instead of being a term of reproach; however, it is an epithet of the fondest endearment and veneration. And the greater the regard the more antiquated he became. Contempt is expressed in the terms "kid," "sot," "tender foot" and others more forcible than polite, but that which implies age also implies love. Aside from whatever spontaneity there may be in the language, there is policy in it, for the superintendent is the king bee of the stage line and holds sway with the free will of the despot. He establishes routes, purchases equipments, contracts for supplies, issues time-cards and employs an army of men, or discharges them, arbitrarily. At headquarters, he is entrenched behind absolute authority, and when he passes over the line he out-ranks every man in the broad domain. Passing through Devil's Gap, the nomenclature of the frontier has a natural proclivity towards the devil, we placed the barrier of the foot hills between us and the plains with the feeling of the sailor who guides his storm-tired vessel into the tranquil waters of the bay.

Behind us the arid waste, boundless as the sea, spread away in sickening monotony until it blended with the burnished sky. Before us were oval hills dotted with pines, with here and there flocks of goats tended by lazy Mexicans; and valleys threaded by streams whose murmuring waterfalls mingled their music with the tintinabulating bells. And higher and beyond these, grand old Rincon lifted his defiant front, from whose caverns five rivers run down to the sea. And higher still, and still beyond, Bernel temple, of the Penitentes, shrine of the bandits; and beyond all, peak overlapping peak of serrated mountains outlined against the sky.

No transition of panoramic scenes was ever more sudden, marked, or refreshing, and for a time the great masterpiece of nature wrought a spell upon us. And all the more fascinating for the memories of the place,

the variegated history of splendor and of blood; the conquest of centuries ago, the rise and fall of royal rulers, and temples that antedate the Pilgrims or Saint Augustine. When at last I ventured upon a conversation, the driver readily encouraged me. "Fine scenery? Yes, sir; but tiresome after all, from its very extent and variety. It satiates and exhausts one's powers of appreciation; overburdens his faculties of enjoyment of the beautiful nature; impairs rather than strengthens one's love for the picturesque; oppresses his senses; wears him out; don't you think so sir?"

"My friend," said I, "how long have you been a stage driver?"

"Long enough to get to the top," he answered, evasively, and added, interrogatorily, "low calling, eh?"

"No; not exactly—but—"

"Yes, I see, but," and he chuckled as he lifted one of the leaders off his feet with the whip, and sent us careening around a ledge where the sight of the tree tops far below sent a chill through the blood at the possibilities of such recklessness. "Well I presume it is a low calling," said he, "but I have seen something of life in its various stations, and I must say that up and down the whole scale it is the man, and not the place, after all."

I became interested in the noble fellow as he sat there in magnificent pose with reins and whip in hand, a study for an artist; and as I scanned his intellectual features and athletic form, my fancy invested him with the attributes of a king on his throne with a sceptre in his hand. I felt sure the man had a history and by dint of impudence, at length prevailed upon him to unravel the tangled skein of his life.

THE DRIVER'S HISTORY.

"I am a Southerner by birth and education. I venerate her institutions and love her very soul. Yet, strangely enough, you will say, I was opposed to secession, and enlisted among the first in the Federal army. At Manassas I was wounded and taken a prisoner. I was soon after confined in Libby Prison at Richmond. My father lived at Richmond, but he was an uncompromising rebel, and disowned me when I joined the Federal army. He did not relent his conduct toward me when he knew of the hard luck that had befallen me. I called to him through the bars one day as he passed along the street, but he refused to speak to me. He even intercepted a basket of provisions my mother had obtained permission to send me. At night, as I stood at my grated window, I could see the bright lights in my father's mansion, but there was no light for me. After a while I was exchanged, and when I recovered returned to my regiment. I was wounded six times in the battle of the Wilderness, and left on the field for dead. When I got up again I received a clerkship in the paymaster's department, which I held until I was mustered out. When the war closed I returned to Richmond, but my father refused to recognize me, and in spite of my mother's entreaties ordered me out of the house. I have never seen either of my parents since. Disgusted with myself, I went to sea. At the time of the great tidal wave, I was wrecked off the coast of Cuba, losing everything I had. Before I could get passage for the United States I was taken down with the fever. There's a hiatus of six weeks in my life, but I had good care, for I

recovered where hundreds died, thanks to the little woman who nursed me. I next fell in with an un-reconstructed rebel colonel and took a trip to Texas, as a cattle buyer. At the end of a year he took me into partnership and in four years we were rich. I made a trip to Cuba and brought back that little Spanish girl as my wife. I was happy enough then to remove father's disabilities, and rich enough to pay the national debt. One night a band of Mexicans raided our ranche, and the next morning we hadn't a hoof left. The fright made Carelen sick, within a week she and her poor babe were buried in the same grave. Then I was ruined. I took to the sea again and wanted to die. I roamed a long while and saw something of the world, and got back to New Orleans just in time to be of service in the yellow fever epidemic. One day as I was pondering on what to do next, I met my former partner in the cattle business, and he proposed to go in together again. We commenced in a small way this time, for I had nothing and he had but little. In a few months he jumped the country and left me a security debt of five hundred dollars to pay. I've rubbed out half of it and if I can suit the old man and keep my place, I'll tear up that note before another year." He ran his hand down for a plug of tobacco, and added as he took a chew: "That's all of it, my friend, that's my life; that explains why I am out here driving stage; and now that you know all about it, perhaps you don't consider it a low calling unless a man makes it so."

SAMUEL EVANS,

Importer of

FINE WINES AND LIQUORS,

also.

EXTRACT OF JAMAICA GINGER.

Raspberry Syrup, Essence of Peppermint
Ginger Cordial, Gum Syrup, Heiland
Bitters, &c.

Creedmoor Shooting Gallery.

First-class Billiard and Pool Table.

121 FIRST-ST., HOBOKEN, N. J.

JOHN EVANS,

Wine & Lager Beer

SALOON,

No. 48 Bloomfield St., cor. First.

—top—

The Latest Improved Billiard and Pool
Table

WM. N. PARSLOW,

General Furnishing

UNDERTAKER

99 Washington-st., Hoboken.

Orders Promptly Attended to, DAY
or NIGHT.

THEY ALL DO AGREE
THAT

J. & W. OBREITER

164 WASHINGTON-ST.

BET 4TH AND 5TH STS.,
Sell the

BEST CIGARS IN THE CITY.

CHEAP—SEE!

7 Connecticut cigars for . . . 25c
6 Mixed cigars for . . . 25c
5 Havana favorites for . . . 25c
4 Fine Havanas for . . . 25c
3 Genuine clear Havanas . . . 25c
Etc., Etc., Etc.,

Just out! Little Havana Champion,
5 cents each or 6 for 25 cents.
Extra inducements offered to box cus-
tomers.

THOS. F. HATFIELD,

DEALER IN

Teas, Coffees,

CIGARS & SPICES,

130 First Street,

Bet. Grand and Clinton.

HOBOKEN.

J. C. FARR,

Successor to WILLIAM C. HARP,
Wholesale dealer in

LUMBER, TIMBER, BRICK, LATH

lime, Cement, Plaster, Sand, &c.

Yard at Fifth Street Dock,

HOBOKEN, N. J.

Keep on hand Yellow Pine Timber, Step
Plank, Ceiling, Flooring, &c.

WALLACE'S

Dancing Academy,

AT

WEBER'S WINTER GARDEN.

Cor. River and Third Sts., Hoboken,

Every Wednesday and Saturday After-
noon and Evening.

THE SOCIETY WALTZ TAUGHT.

The pupils' term commences with their
first lesson.

ADAM SCHMITT,

Boot & Shoe Store

138 WASHINGTON ST.,

Bet. 3d & 4th Sts.,

HOBOKEN, N. J.

Formerly 200 Greenwich St., N. Y.

HOBOKEN ADVERTISER

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1880.

Published Every Saturday by

MOYER & LUEHS

34 Washington Street,

HOBOKEN, N. J.

—No correspondence will be published unless accompanied with the name of the writer. Not necessarily for publication, but as a matter of security to ourselves.

WHY OPPOSE THE NEW CITY HALL?

The persistent efforts of Mayor Besson to defeat the erection of the new City Hall are becoming monotonous. This official, behind the most shallow pretensions of economy and retrenchment, has interfered so much with the progress of the city in the past two years that his present course, while not so surprising, is positively insipid. Mr. Besson opposed the Council in their attempt to secure reductions in car fare and ferry rates. He also vetoed the resolution requesting railroad corporations to contribute to the Poor Fund, which is in a great measure used to extenuate poverty and suffering caused by said institutions. He objected to paying lawyer Gilchrist for his services in the up-town streets suits, (and through whose efforts the tax-payers were saved over \$100,000), and finally was obliged to submit after exposing the city to ridicule and impairing its honor and credit. And now he opposes advertising for specifications for the erection of the much-needed City Hall building.

In the case of reducing fares on cars and ferries, it has been rumored that His Honor was guilty of collusion with said powerful corporations, and was really their advocate instead of being the representative of the people. The same was openly stated when he in the second instance guarded the railroad companies from being called on to contribute to the Poor Fund. It was not generally known, however, why Mr. Besson refused to pay lawyer Gilchrist for actual services, and favored settling at one hundred cents on the dollar in the case of the Dime Savings Bank, after a large number of the up-town streets certificates had been taken up at eighty cents—the rate established by the persistent and able action of Mr. Gilchrist, in connection with Corporation Attorney Niven. It has just leaked out, in a most accidental way, that one of the heaviest holders of the up-town scrip, who has not yet settled, is no other than Mr. Runkin, an uncle of the "faithful watch-dog," as the *Democrat* (?) modestly terms our unselfish Mayor. The relative in question was prepared to settle—in fact had placed his paper in the hands of his attorney for collection—when the course pursued by his brilliant nephew "Bridge" suggested that he had better hold over, and no doubt the latter would secure from the over-burdened tax-payers an extra twenty per cent. for his uncle.

The latest unexplained and, at present, most important move of "His Royal Highness" is his attempt to prevent, or at least delay, the erection of the new City Hall. Why is this, Mr. Besson? Such a course may favor the few at present occupying Market Square and secure

you a few extra votes, but it is none the less a disreputable way of canvassing. The trades people who would be inconvenienced by the new improvement hardly expect such a sacrifice on the part of the whole people, and in using them or their rights as a subterfuge is only another evidence of how slight an excuse His Honor requires to impede the progress of Hoboken, and heap expense on its citizens. Mr. Besson knows that the deed of the property to the city is all regular, and that it would be an easy matter to compromise with the lessees of the ground if he was only so inclined.

—The *Democrat* (?) dubs Mayor Besson as the "faithful watch-dog guarding the City Treasury." Rather an accommodating canine, however, to those who throw him a bone. The *Democrat* (?), for instance, under his regime, has drawn twice as much for printing from that carefully-guarded Treasury than it did during the last years of the former incumbent, and the "faithful brute" never barked once. How strange!

COUNCILMANIC NOTES.

Councilman Miller acceptably filled the chair at the last session of the Council, owing to the indisposition of President Crissy, who, though present, asked to be excused. The Mayor's veto of the resolution asking for specifications for the erection of the new City Hall was referred to the Committee on Laws and Ordinances. His reasons were that the city had not yet a regular deed of the property, and, besides several licenses had been issued to occupants of the square which had yet several months to run. He also objected to the claim of Alexander Heinsohn for removing the park benches from Engine House No. 2 to Hudson Square. He argued that the claimant had no authority to perform such work. Heinsohn had acted under instructions from the proper Committee. This matter was referred to the Committee on Public Grounds and Buildings. The next document opposed the payment of claims presented by the Jersey City *Evening Journal* for legal printing performed by order of the Corporation Attorney in connection with the Kamena case. He explained that Mr. Niven had no right to authorize such work. The veto was referred to the Corporation Attorney for his explanation of the transaction.

Councilman Webb notified the Board that he had placed William Wise temporarily in charge of Hudson Park. Chairman Miller stated that the position had not been declared vacant, and that no charges had as yet been preferred against the late incumbent, and until then there was no vacancy. Councilman Curtin moved that Jos. Mevius be appointed to the position pending action of the Council on the Cassidy matter. Councilman Mehan amended by substituting the name of Michael McHale, when Councilman Webb made another attempt to secure the position for Wise and put his name as an amendment to the amendment. The two latter were lost, and the original motion carried by a 5 to 3 vote.

Several old claims against the Poor Fund for 1878 and 1879 were ordered paid, including those of Lewis and Leonard, which have caused so much discussion and trouble of late. The meeting then adjourned.

LACONICS.

—Jas. Hogan is looking for the nomination for School Trustee from the Third Ward.

—Alma Social Club and their friends will dance at Odd Fellows' Hall Monday night.

—A fair and country store will be held in

the lecture room of the First Baptist Church on next Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

—Driesen, the popular clothier, of No. 76 Washington street, has just received a large invoice of Spring goods. Call and examine them.

—Mr. Anthony McHale is being favorably mentioned as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for School Trustee from the Third Ward.

—The People's Democratic Union Club of the Third Ward met at Daniel Donegan's, 131 Clinton street, last night and arranged for primaries, etc.

—The Rev. D. B. F. Randolph and Rev. D. R. Lowrie have been in Paterson the past two days attending the M. E. Conference now in session in that city.

—Michael Ubring, residing at 47 First street, died on Wednesday, after a lingering illness, of consumption. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

—The Second Ward Democratic Club met at Odd Fellows' Hall on Wednesday evening for the purpose of electing delegates, but postponed action until next Wednesday evening.

—Mr. John Logan is a most prominent candidate for Freeholder. Mr. Logan's past experience and thorough familiarity with county matters renders him a most desirable person for this position.

—The Amity Pleasure Club, one of the most select organizations in this city, will entertain their friends at Odd Fellows' Hall on the 30th instant. The occasion is their first annual ball, and grand preparations are going on.

—Jolly "Josh," formerly connected with Hicks' billiard hall, is about branching out for himself, and will on Tuesday open a bijou billiard and pool room in the rear of the gallery of Weber's Germania Theatre, on Hudson street.

—Conklin's Veteran Drum Corps met at No. 170 Bloomfield street Thursday evening and elected "Mat" Conklin Major and George Garber Fife Major of the organization. Refreshments and a general good time followed the election.

—The residence of Thomas Abell, corner of Washington and Tenth streets, was entered during the temporary absence of the family, on Tuesday afternoon, and robbed of \$50 in currency, besides several articles of jewelry. There is no clue to the perpetrator.

—Weber's Germania Theatre, under the management of the old-time director, Mr. "Bob" Wareing, is meeting with unbounded success. The house has been crowded every night since the opening, and promises to continue so during the season. An entire new list of performers will be presented next week. Among them we notice Mealey and Mackey, Irish comedians, vocalists and quick-change artists; Max Hugo, the man with the iron nose; Miss Irene Kerns, song-and-dance and serio-comic vocalist; Miss Jeffreys Warner, ballad singer; George Arlington, Dutch comedian, and Miss Corady, a pleasing German comedienne. A matinee will be given on Easter Monday.

—The Board of Water Commissioners met Thursday evening and received a communication from Clerk Alberts relative to the Water Board contributing to the expense of a new city map, which was received. A communication from M. T. Bennett, of the Castle Point Coal Company, asking that some new arrangements be made in reference to supplying tugs and steamers at their docks with water. This was referred to President Winges, Commissioner Crissy and Water Registrar Murphy. On motion of Commissioner Edmonston the Water Registrar was directed to reduce the water rents for May 25 per cent. A few claims were passed and the meeting adjourned.

—By noticing an "ad." in another column our readers will see that a new store, called the "National Clothing Company," is to be opened to-day at 156 First street, under the management of Messrs. Frankford & Weinthal. These gentlemen have on hand an immense stock of clothing of every description, and intend to sell at New York prices. A big feature of their store is the gents' furnishing department, which is filled with an endless variety of goods. They have also a large supply of hats and caps of the latest spring styles, from the cheapest to the very finest made. Give this new firm a trial before going to New York, and thereby save both time and money.

—It is rumored that August Dorenkamp, known as the "millionaire cobbler," residing at No. 231 Washington street, has drawn the lucky prize in the Royal Saxon lottery. "Gus" is accused of being an inveterate lottery player, and there are few institutions in this or the old country in which he has not at some time or other tried his fortune. The fact of his success at "last," when nearly his "awl" had been sacrificed to the game, must be as great a source of pleasure to him as it is chagrin to those who have so ridiculed him for years past. "Gus," it is needless to say, is supremely happy, and has not decided, as yet, whether to purchase Hoboken or return to Paderland. He can now be justly termed the "millionaire cobbler."

Easter Services

at St. Paul's Church, Hudson above Eighth street.

Morning service, Sermon and Communion. 10:30
Infant Baptism. 3:00 P. M.
Children's Easter Service. 7:30 P. M.
Sunday School. 9:15 A. M.
Morning Sermon—"The Kingly Triumph of the Lord."

Evening Address—"The Resurrection."
MUSICAL PROGRAMME.
Easter Anthem. Chapel
Gloria Patri. Gunter
Gloria Patri. Williams
Gloria Patri. Wilson
Te Deum. Lloyd
Jubilate, No. 2 in C. Mosenthal
Hymns Nos. 98 and 99. Hymnal

Public Notice

Is hereby given, that the Primaries for the election of Delegates to the District and City Conventions will be held on

TUESDAY EV'G,
March 30, 1880.

FROM 5 TO 9 O'CLOCK.

POLLS:

First Ward—No. 90 Washington Street.
Second Ward—Odd Fellows' Hall.
Third Ward—No. 209 Willow Street.
Fourth Ward—N. E. Corner Adams and Fourth Streets.

DELEGATES

Will be elected for the several Wards as follows:

First Ward—Four delegates each for City and District Convention.
Second Ward—Three delegates each for City and District Convention.
Third Ward—Seven delegates each for City and District Convention.
Fourth Ward—Six delegates each for City and District Convention.

The Clerks of the several primaries are required to send in their returns on

Thursday Evening, April 1st,

at 8 P. M. at the rooms of the City Executive Committee, No. 75 Washington street.

The City Convention will be held at the house of William Cliff, corner Second street and Park avenue, on Saturday, April 3rd, at 8 o'clock P. M.

The District Convention on the same evening and hour at the house of P. T. Plunkett, No. 93 Washington street.

By order of the

CITY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

CHRIST IS RISEN.

BY REV. MR. WILLIAMS, OF BELLEVILLE, N. J.

1.

Hark! the glad tidings, the Saviour is risen,
For hearts they were bleeding while he hung
on the tree.
But now their sorrow is turned to rejoicing,
He is no longer a captive, from death he is free.

CHORUS.

Sound the loud timbrels, let the anthem be joy-
ful,
While we bow with humility now at his feet.
And with adoration, let us truly adore him,
For Christ, He is risen, no longer to sleep.

2.

To-day He is risen, a Prince that is mighty,
For He has triumphed over death and the
grave,
And opened to us the way of salvation,
For He is a conqueror, and mighty to save.
Cho.: Sound the loud timbrels, etc.

3.

On the first day of the week came Mary, then
weeping,
To the sepulchre where the Saviour did lay,
Oh! tell me, kind sir, where now you have laid
him,
And I will go now and take him away.
Cho.: Sound the loud timbrels, etc.

4.

How soon was her heart then filled with great
rapture,
How soon were her tears then all wiped away,
When she heard a voice so mild and so gentle,
Saying, Mary, you see, I have risen to-day.
Cho.: Sound the loud timbrels, etc.

New Jersey Yacht Club.

At the annual meeting of the above club,
held at their club house, foot of Tenth street,
on Thursday evening, the following gentle-
men were elected officers for the ensuing
year:

Commodore—William H. Dilworth, of the
yacht "Dare Devil."

Vice Commodore—Arnold Jeanneret, of
the yacht "Meteor."

Recording Secretary—Geo. E. Gartland.
Corresponding Secretary—Palmer Camp-
bell.

Financial Secretary—Ed. Ketcham, Jr.
Treasurer—Charles J. Rogers.

Measurer—Henry Ihnen.

Trustees—Edward W. Ketcham, Sr., Wm.
H. Dilworth, Theodore H. Rogers, Arnold
Jeanneret and Harro Ihnen.

Regatta Committee—John G. Peters, Geo.
E. Gartland and Frank T. Dilworth.

Delegates to National Yachting Associa-
tion—William H. Dilworth, Edward W.
Ketcham, Sr., and Theodore H. Rogers.

A VERY IMPROBABLE STORY.

**A Respectable Citizen Charged with
Indecent Assault.**

George Rush, an engineer employed on
the Third street dock for many years, was
charged, last Monday, with an indecent as-
sault on the person of Lena Liuderman, a
girl aged about ten years. The complainant
was Mrs. Matiska, with whom Lena resides.
The story, as related by the girl in detail, is
too disgusting for publication and seems
very improbable. She was in the habit of
carrying breakfast to Mr. Matiska, who is
employed as night watchman on the dock,
and it is alleged that it was while so engaged,
some three weeks ago, that Rush enticed her
into the engine room and made the attempt.
Dr. Elder, who was called to make an ex-
amination, had grave doubts as to whether
the girl had been assaulted or not. Rush
stated that it was nothing more or less than
a conspiracy on the part of enemies who
had frequently tried to have him removed
from his position. He claims that all per-
sons going to and from the pier had access
to his department, the doors and windows
of which were never closed while he was on
duty. He is a very harmless-looking man
about 42 years of age, bears an excellent re-
putation, and has been in the same employ for
over eighteen years. He has a young and
very interesting wife, who assists by con-
ducting a small cigar store at No. 92 Wash-
ington street. It is understood that the
Matiskas already regret the course they have
pursued, but for what reason is unknown.
Rush was released in furnishing \$500 bail.

BOY WANTED.

For office and light work; one who resides
with his parents. Address, in his own hand-
writing, Box 122, Post office, Hoboken, N. J.

DRIESEN!

The Popular
Clothier and Tailor,
76 WASHINGTON ST., HOBOKEN,

Having just manufactured his
SPRING STOCK,
He is prepared to sell the same at lower
prices than elsewhere.

A splendid assortment of Cloths, Cassi-
meres, Diagonals and Cheviots for Cust-
tom trade.

Fit and workmanship guaranteed

**Castle Point
Coal Company.**

General Office, Foot of Newark Street,

Wharf and Yard, Foot of Sixth Street.

Coal at Wholesale & Retail.

STEAMBOATS & TUGS COALED.

M. T. BENNETT, JR., Gen'l Agent;

SAM'L W. MORRIS, Superintendent.

JOB PRINTING

—OF—

EVERY DESCRIPTION

Executed in

First-Class Style

—AT THE—

Advertiser Office,

34 Washington St..

Cor. Newark, Hoboken.

NEW STORE. NEW GOODS.

Frankford & Weinthal,
NATIONAL CLOTHING COMPANY
NO. 156 FIRST STREET,

One Door from Adams Street, HOBOKEN.

Call and examine our large assortment of Men's,
Boys and Children's Clothing, Hats and Caps, and
Gents' Furnishing Goods before purchasing elsewhere,
by so doing you will save 25 per cent. Don't forget the
new firm, FRANKFORD & WEINTHAL.

1880.

G. MEINERS & CO.
WATCHEES
JEWELRY,

AND

152 WASHINGTON ST.,

HOBOKEN, N. J.

HOUSEKEEPERS' EMPORIUM.

136 WASHINGTON STREET.

Our Display of Fine

Treble Electro Silver-Plated Ware
IS UNSURPASSED!

The assortment comprises the newest Patterns and
Decorations. Call and see the
New Japanese Spoons and Forks!

DINNER AND TEA SETS
—IN THE—

NEW OPAQUE CHINA.

Also, French China and Fine Glassware, Fine
English and American Cutlery.

PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

EDWARD A. CONDIT & BRO.

Saturday Night in a Kansas Cattle Town.

The dullness which had so weighed upon us through the long, uneventful afternoon was but a lull, we soon learned, and not a stagnation. With the first approach of darkness, the lethargic town rubbed its eyes, so to speak, and leaped to its feet—and in a twinkling, it seemed (like an incantation, Eastman said), Grand Avenue was a carnival of light, and motion and music. The broad board sidewalks were crowded with promenaders; smiling groups passed in and out of the drinking saloons and gambling-places; in every quarter glasses clinked and dice rattled (is there another sound in the world like that of shaken dice?); violins, flutes and cornets sent out eager, inviting strains of waltz and polka from a score or more establishments, and a brass band was playing patriotic airs in front of the theatre, where, oddly enough, the crude morality of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" was about to be presented, "with the full strength of the company in the cast." Everywhere the cow boys made themselves manifest, clad now in the soiled and dingy jeans of the trail, then in a suit of many-buttoned corduroy, and again in affluence of broadcloth, silk hat, gloves, cane, and sometimes a clerical white neck tie. And everywhere, also, stared and shone the Lone Star of Texas—for the cow-boy, wherever he may wander, and however he may change, never forges to be a Texan, and never spends his money or lends his presence to a concern that does not in some way recognize the emblems of his native State; so you will see in towns like New Sharon a general pandering to his sentiment, and lone stars abound of all sizes and hues, from the big d'figuring white one painted on the hotel-front down to the little pink one stitched in silk on the cow boy's staining handkerchief. Barring these numerous stars, the rich lights, and the music, we missed sight of any special efforts to beguile or entrap passers-by—perhaps because we were not looking for them; nor was there for some hours a sound to reveal the spirit of coiled and utter villainess which the cheerful outside so well belied. It was in the main such a kind of scene one would be apt to conjecture for an Oriental holiday. But as the night sped on, the festivities deepened, and the jovial aspect of the picture began to be touched and tainted with a subtle, rebuking something, which gradually disclosed the passion, the crime, the depravity, that really vivified and swayed it all, and made it infernal. The saloons became clamorous with profanity and ribald songs and laughter. There were no longer any promenaders on the sidewalks, save once in a while a single bleared and staggering fellow, with a difficulty in his clumsy lips over some such thing as "The Girl I Left Behind Me." An inflamed and quivering fierceness crept into the busy music. The lights paled, flickered, and here and there went out. Doors were stealthily closed, window-shutters slammed to with angry creaks. And at length, as we looked and listened, the sharp, significant report of a pistol, with a shriek behind it, was borne toward us from a turbulent dancing-hall, to certify its tale of combat and probable homicide, and to be succeeded by a close but brief halt in the noisy quadrille—presumably for the removal of the victim.—*Henry King, in Scribner for March.*

Young America and the Mayor.

The Providence Journal tells the following story of young America and the Mayor, which brings to mind the persistent youths of Boston who a century ago waited upon a British officer and complained that his troops had destroyed their snow forts upon the common. A few days ago, says the Journal, as the clerk of Mayor Doyle was writing at his desk, he detected the movements of some

person near the wicket gate leading into the Mayor's private apartment. Glancing over the railing he caught a glimpse of a youngster just tall enough to protrude his frost-tipped nose over the rail. "Is the Mayor in?" inquired the caller, with a manly independence of tone. "Yes, sir," replied clerk. "Well, send him to me," ordered young America. "I want to speak with him." In secret amusement the clerk informed Mayor Doyle that a visitor was awaiting him. The Mayor approached the rail, and leaning over asked the boy what he could do for him. "I want you to order those men up on my street to stop shoveling snow on my slide," said he, "cause they have about spoiled it, anyhow." "Those men are in the employ of the city," said the Mayor, "and must keep the gutter clear in order to allow the water to find the sewer opening." "Well," reluctantly replied the disappointed lad, "I suppose I can't help myself, but I did have some staving old slides there, and now they have busted up the whole business." And he withdrew in sorrow.

SMILES

- Groan persons.—Invalids.
- A stuck-up thing.—A show bill.
- Doctors and lawyers are fee-males.
- In mince pie there is meet for repentance.
- "Watch," said the second hand, "I'll be around in a minute."
- The *Rome Sentinel* says fish are generally weighed in their own scales.
- Storekeepers are not considered superstitious men, but they believe in signs.
- Red hair can be made black by boiling it in coffee. Keep this fact away from your cook.
- A Southern gentleman of color recently stole some chickens. He calls it unconscious absorption.
- Why does an aching tooth impose silence upon the sufferer? Because it makes him hold his jaw.
- An Ohio newspaper speaks of a man as having been bruised by the "emphatic gestures of a mule."
- An exchange softly says of a defaulter: "He admits of a gap of \$2,000 between himself and creditors."
- "The men of to-day are too high strung," says a Chicago paper. Some of them are not strung high enough.
- It shocks one's faith in human nature to be accosted on the streets after nightfall, with, "Uf you hees, giv me a few bennies. I was a Irish sufferer man."
- An Ohio girl sued a man for breach of promise, and proved him such a mean scoundrel that the jury decided she ought to pay him something for not marrying her.
- "When I with a little boy," lisped a very stupid society man to a young lady, "all my ideath in life were thentered on being a clown." "Well," there is at least one case of gratified ambition," she replied.
- "Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clench your hands upon the other side," says a recently published book for young men. Very good advice; but what if she screams?
- He went to inquire after the health of the young damsel who had charge of his neighbor's dairy, and when he asked "How's the milkmaid?" they slammed the door in his face, and told him to go and ask the cows who manufactured.
- Young lady, (who can't hear herself play because of the racket made by the lawnmower): "John, how long shall you be, as I want to practice?" Gallant young gardener: "Oh, goo yeouw on, Miss Amy, goo yeouw on, I shan't mind yar noise!"

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