

HOBOKEN ADVERTISER.

INDEPENDENT AND DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE.

VOL. VI. NO. 5.

HOBOKEN, N. J., AUGUST 28, 1880.

PRICE ONE CENT.

SMILES.

—Facts are stubborn things. Mules are facts.

—An old sailor says there is plenty of hardship at sea.

—An off-hand matter—Trying to finger a steam-saw in motion.

—Burglars have been finding out lately that there is a good deal of danger in a safe robbery.

—How to get along well in the world—Hire a man with an auger or drill to bore one for you.

—“Gentlemen,” said an amateur farmer just from the city, writing to the chairman of an agricultural society, “put me down on your list of cattle for a calf.”

—“Will you take half of this poor apple?” said a pretty damsel to a witty lover. “No, I thank you; I’d prefer the better half.” She blushed, and referred him to her papa.

—“Yes,” she sighed, “my raven tresses are growing white, and I think it’s too mean for anything, for the man I bought them of said they were real human hair and not dyed.”

—It is claimed that a man never loses anything by politeness, but this is proved to be mistake. As an old Philadelphian lifted his hat to a young lady, the wind carried away his wig.

—“What women want,” declares Miss Anthony, “is the comforts of life.” Very well then, Susan, let them marry the comforts, and not fall in love so much with the \$600 per annum clerks.

—My young medical friend says the finest artist he ever met was an itinerant pavement illustrator, who painted an orange peel so naturally that six fat men, an old woman, and a nursery-maid all slipped down on it in the course of twenty minutes.

—A visitor to a prison asked a prisoner why he had been sent there. “For false encouragement,” was the reply. “False encouragement? What do you mean?” “I encouraged forty-three women to believe that I was going to marry them.”

—A tramp sat himself down in a farmer’s house, saying: “I’m a rootabaga, and this is the way I plant myself.” “We bile oun,” said the farmer’s wife, as she calmly took the kettle of boiling water off the fire. He was gone before the cooking began.

—The following naive promise was offered as an irresistible temptation to a fair *inamorata*. “I thank you,” said the girl to her suitor, “but I can’t leave home. I am a widow’s only darling; no husband can ever equal my parent in kindness.” “She is kind,” replied the wooer; “but be my wife, and we’ll all live together, and see if I don’t beat your mother!”

—In Arkansas, an elder, while baptizing converts at a revival meeting, advanced with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap in the water. He asked the usual question, whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. After a pause, a tall, powerful-looking chap, with an eye like a blaze, who was leaning on a long rifle, and quietly looking on, remarked: “Elder, I don’t want to interfere in this yere business any, but I want to say that is an old sinner you have got hold of, and I

know that one dip won’t do him any good. If you want to get the sin out of him you’ll have to anchor him out in the deep water over night.”

IN MEMORIAM.

A little peach in the orchard grew—
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew
It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

Upon that peach a club they threw—
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell the little peach of emerald hue—
Mon dieu!

She took a bite and John a chew
And the trouble began to brew—
Trouble the doctor couldn’t subdue—
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew—
Boo hoo!

What of the peach of the emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through—
Adieu!

NEW

Dining Rooms,

EAGLE HOTEL,

NEWARK ST., HOBOKEN.

New York Styles and Prices.

T. J. SCULLY,

PROPRIETOR.

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Fine and well-trained ladies' and gents' saddle horses to let.

All kinds of horses for sale. Terms moderate.

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Orders promptly attended to day or night.
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THEY ALL DO AGREE
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Sell the

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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-
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Will make regular trips to Rockaway
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LEAVES

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New York, Franklin Street, 8:45 " 1:45 "
Jersey City, Morris Street, 9:00 " 2:00 "

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Arrangements can be made on board for Select
Parties.

1864. 1880.

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HOBOKEN ADVERTISER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 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.

FOR PRESIDENT,
Winfield Scott Hancock,
 OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
William H. English,
 OF INDIANA.

THE DELEGATES

On Thursday evening the voters of Hoboken had a most serious and responsible duty to perform, and let us hope each and every man seriously considered the subject at issue before he cast his ballot, and then did so with the feeling that he had performed a just and conscientious duty to himself and those seeking so important a mission as delegate to Trenton. Unfortunately, too often bitter personal feelings toward some candidate for a convention are allowed to influence voters, and without going further than the simple fact that they don't like this name or that name on a ticket, they frequently rush headlong, bent on crushing out the man they don't like. This might be excusable in a school boy, but in those of maturer years it is positively outrageous, and displays a spirit and character which, if in the majority, would interfere with the success of any party, no matter how strong or spotless. We know of instances where good, honest and intelligent names are stricken from primary tickets and others substituted which, in many cases, are a disgrace to the people they are expected to represent, and tend only to bring the whole delegation into disrepute. We are painfully alive to the fact that there is money in this business, and that some who are chronically disposed to attend conventions go there only for what it is worth to them. Above all others this class should be avoided, and under no consideration be allowed an opportunity to barter the will of the people. It should be borne in mind that delegates are not sent to conventions because they are favorites, nor should fitting representatives be kept home because of a slight unpopularity. Their business is to select a fit and capable person to represent Democrats, and faithfully carry out true Democratic principles if elected. The ablest and most conscientious citizens in our midst are the proper material for delegates, and until Democratic leaders come to this belief and ignore "heelers" and other disreputable hangers-on, it is only reasonable to expect that the will of the people will be subverted and the responsible position of delegate prosituted.

In looking over the list of recently-elected delegates to the State Convention we are pleased to notice that the "professional" and doubtful class which we have referred to are hopelessly in the minority, as far as this city is concerned. We are glad to perceive that some presumptuous fellows, wanted only by them-

selves, were unceremoniously dropped, and regret that others, who would prove an honor and credit to Hoboken, and who were placed on tickets without their knowledge or consent, were sacrificed for the very reasons we have already stated—personal animosity and spite. To be successful here, as the world over, means to have many unprincipled enemies, who oppose one simply because he happens to be their superior in independence and manhood. We hope the stand taken by our party, which leaves here Tuesday evening, will do credit to themselves and justice to Hoboken, and further verify our impression that, in the main, they are of the right material.

MAKE THE TRIUMPH COMPLETE.

The importance of our State Convention next Wednesday, at Trenton, is obvious. As it is intimately connected with the Presidential campaign it will be necessary for the welfare of the Democratic party everywhere that substantial nominations should be made. We are approaching the most serious crisis in our political history. We have achieved a great triumph in the selection of General Hancock, but we have no right to make his prestige bear the burden of the whole campaign. There can be no doubt of Hancock's securing a large majority of the popular vote throughout the country, but the Republicans are tricky. If by any device, such as capturing the vote of the State of New York by throwing the election into the legislature, as is contemplated by the Arthur faction, the Republicans manage to retain their power we may as well bid good-bye to anything like good government in the United States hereafter. The Republican party is already morally and legitimately dead, but we must recognize the fact that we are not to deal with honest opponents in November. That is where the special issue lies. Hudson County is entitled to extra consideration in the Convention for several good reasons. We must make a clean sweep of the Republican party so that it cannot show its head again under any other name or mask. Our county is really the strongest Democratic county in the State, and consequently a great deal of good work is expected from it. The task it has to perform should be facilitated. There are many offices that can be advantageously ceded to this part of the State, and we should certainly have the selection of a Governor. There are many good candidates here, the most prominent among them being Mr. W. W. Shippen, in whose case "the office seeks the man."

WORK on the caisson at the Hudson River Tunnel in Jersey City is still going on. The structure will not be finished before Tuesday, when excavation and the search for the dead bodies will be recommenced. Though there are but fifteen feet to be dug, Mr. Lovejoy, the engineer in charge, cannot say how long it will take them to complete the job. The widows of the victims are still receiving the wages that their husbands would have earned had the accident not occurred.

GEN. A. J. MYER, Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army, and popularly known as "Old Probabilities,"

died on Monday of heart disease, at Buffalo. He was an accomplished and useful officer, whose works will live after him.

He Couldn't "Bear" It.

A small menagerie visited town last Tuesday. There had been no announcement, in the way of show bills or advance agents, of its coming, and the first intimation of its arrival was an open-air performance in front of Fred Schoenfeldt's, on Washington street. The principal, and, in fact, only attraction was a tame dancing bear—unless the manager's wife, a young and pretty French woman, who acted as treasurer, might be considered in that light. The proprietor, we forget his name—it wasn't Barnum, however—put the animal through his full list of tricks, including waltzing, standing on his head, hind feet, bowing to the audience, etc., and at the close of the act the woman proceeded to take up a collection for the benefit of his bearship. She presented her little tin cup to several bystanders, with varying success, and meeting with some encouragement in "Fred's," nerved her to appeal to Mr. Mechler, the furniture dealer next door, who, seated in a chair, had apparently enjoyed the performance. By the time the woman reached the front door of Mechler's establishment, the proprietor had retired within, where he was followed. Mrs. Bearress—we don't know the woman's name, so will call her that for want of a better one—demanded a slight contribution to help herself and the show to the next town. Mr. Mechler very gruffly informed her he did not favor supporting any such "bare"-faced humbug as a toothless bear dancing around a "bare" pole. He further insisted that he could not "bear" any such sights, nor could he understand what "bearing" such exhibitions had on the furniture trade, and was strongly in favor of "bearing" all tame bears, whether male or female, to a place which we'll not mention—but it was not heaven. At this juncture of the controversy he rudely placed his hands on the woman's shoulder, with the intention of ejecting her from the premises. This was too much for Mrs. B., who, rolling up her sleeves, displayed a muscular and beautifully proportioned arm, which shot straight out for Mechler's proboscis. The latter took flight and ran through the store, yelling: "Help, help! Gus, Gus!" (his son) with Mrs. Bearress close on his heels. It is reported that he escaped through a rear window and up a tree in his back yard, leaving the woman in full charge of the furniture store. All this time the innocent cause of the whole trouble and his keeper stood calmly looking on, not even the pole interfering. An officer arriving at the scene of battle and marched the whole menagerie to the station house. There was no charge against the bear or his owner, and they were discharged. The woman, it was shown, acted only in self defense and was also let go. Old Mechler swears that's the last "circus" he'll ever try to "bust" up for the public or even his own benefit.

Rowing in the Moonlight.

The members of the Meteor Boat Club manned their eight-oared barge and two staunch working boats, last Saturday evening, and rowed to Guttenberg, accompanied by a number of lady friends. A sumptuous supper awaited their arrival at Mechler's and received full justice. Music and dancing followed, which was indulged in until after midnight, when the jolly Meteors and their friends started for home, reaching their boat house about one A. M. The night was all that could be desired, a brilliant sky and placid water tending much towards the success of the moonlight row of this popular association.

Delegates to the State Convention.

The following are the delegates to the Democratic State Convention to be held at Trenton on Wednesday, September 1st:

First Ward—Joseph Russell, Samuel Webb, William N. Parslow, Samuel F. Crisay.
 Second Ward—Timothy Foley, Ramon M. Cook, B. N. Crane.
 Third Ward—John C. O'Sullivan, Michael Bowes, Henry C. Holtin, James F. Minturn, Patrick Smith, Thomas S. O'Brien, Peter McGavisk.
 Fourth Ward—James Clark, Michael Lally, Frederick Kaufmann, William Rusch, Thomas Sloyan, John Kennedy.

LACONICS.

—According to the official report of the census takers, Hoboken has a population of 30,942.

—Breaking ground for the new City Hall was begun with a "boom" on Wednesday morning.

—John Hertzog, of 117 Newark street, twelve years of age, was run over by a milk wagon, in front of his home, on Thursday, and had his leg broken.

—The Societa Unione Fratellanza Italiana go on the annual excursion to Occidental Grove tomorrow. Boat leaves Fifth street dock at 10:15 A. M.

—The ninth annual regatta of the New Jersey Yacht Club will take place from the Elysian Fields next Wednesday the boats starting at 10 A. M. sharp.

—A pool match for a purse of \$25 will take place to-night at Tewes' rooms, corner First and Bloomfield streets, between "Dave" Hubbell and W. C. Dix.

—The Rev. D. R. Lowrie, who has returned from his vacation, will preach in the First M. E. Church to-morrow morning and evening. Morning subject, "People who are Dumb." Evening, "The Critical Hour."

—A party of young men residing in West Hoboken have organized a boat club, which they have named the "Hillside Boat Club." They have procured a boat house at the Elysian Fields, and will give an inaugural party at an early date.

—The first annual regatta of the Orion Boat Club will take place off the Elysian Fields this afternoon, commencing at three o'clock. Two races—a four-oared barge and pair-oared gig—between the Orion and Castle Point Boat Clubs are announced.

—Frederick Schmidt, storekeeper on the Hamburg line steamer Westphalia, dropped dead on the dock Monday evening, it is supposed from heart disease. He was buried at the Hoboken Cemetery on Wednesday. The deceased leaves a wife and large family in Bremen.

—A Hancock and English Club will be organized at "Dick" Clausen's, 167 First street, next Monday evening. R. S. Clausen and ex-Judge Darcy are among the prime movers. A number of young voters have signified their intention of signing the roll. A banner will be raised within ten days.

—The beautiful yacht "Emma," owned by Messrs. Letts, Wiggins and Abell, while cruising off Seabright on Wednesday with a party of gentlemen from this city, was caught in the severe storm of that day and driven ashore. The crew of life-saving station No. 4 rescued the excursionists, but the yacht was completely wrecked. It was valued at \$2,000.

—Miss Ada Castleton made a decided hit at Weber's Theatre, Hudson street, the past week. She has a sweet and cultivated voice, and her selections please the most fastidious. May Vincent, a charming and petite serio-comic, is also a new comer and has become quite a favorite in a few days. Martha Miller is, spite of the new attractions, holding her own and is nightly welcomed in connection with her brother Max, who is the standard comedian at this house. The Millers are a strong team, and in their English and German sketches have few equals.

—No man in the show business to-day so thoroughly understands the taste of the great majority of the public, and how to properly cater to it, as the indefatigable and enterprising J. H. Haverly. In spite of warm weather and other disadvantages of the heated term, the musical comedy "Fun on the Bristol," which closes this evening at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, after a successful run, has proved to be one of the great hits of the season. The piece was faultlessly acted and superbly mounted, the scene on board the Bristol alone being well worth the price of admission. Next week Rice's New Extravaganza Company in "Evangeline" will appear. The theatre is directly under the management of Mr. Harry Mann, which is additional evidence that anything produced there must be presented in the best possible manner.

—The members of Hoboken Engine Co. No. 1, had a grand time last Saturday evening, off the Elysian Fields, and also afforded much innocent amusement to a large number of spectators. The occasion was a tub race arranged to settle a dispute between several of the members as to their relative abilities to propel the old time washing machine. The course measured 150 feet and return. Each contestant was obliged to furnish and carry his own tub from the engine house to the place of starting. There being eight entries, two heats were arranged, the final competitors being Thomas McCormack and Charles Soffel. The final heat and race was won by the former, who managed to propel over the whole course without a mishap.

THE JERSEY CITY MEETING.

Senator Jonas, of Louisiana, and other Prominent Orators on the Situation.

The ratification meeting at Jersey City, on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Democratic Executive Committee, was one of the largest and most enthusiastic gatherings this county has known for many years. Hon. Orestes Cleveland was proposed as permanent chairman by Job H. Lippincott, Esq., and unanimously elected. After a few introductory remarks, United States Senator Jonas, of Louisiana, was introduced and his name received amidst unbounded enthusiasm. He made a brilliant and lengthy speech in which he thoroughly explained the solid South, and showed conclusively why the South would be solid for Winfield S. Hancock because, when the war was over, Hancock did all in his power to smooth over any remaining differences and, instead of further crushing a surrendered people, endeavored to improve their present and future condition and make them forget the past. The end of the struggle meant the renewal of all rights and privileges to a conquered people, yet such was denied until General Hancock took hold and issued his famous Order No. 40. He explained the South was solid not for disunion but for peace, harmony and constitutional liberty; solid for the grand principles upon which the government is established, and solid for the Democratic ticket. There would be no outcry against the South if she was solid for Republicanism. She is solid against the Republican party because she has suffered from its misrule and injustice. The Senator was applauded at the end of every few sentences and continued in a glowing and convincing manner to explain several of the injustices and down right frauds inflicted on his people by the Republican administration.

The Senator retired amidst rousing cheers and was followed by William E. Robinson, of Brooklyn, who explained that while Garfield was opposing Grant in Congress during the trying days of the rebellion, General Hancock was supporting him in the field. He stated he knew Garfield and would not accuse him of dishonesty, but a committee of his own party, aided by a Republican press, did plainly accuse him (Garfield) of accepting a bribe of \$329. Mr. Robinson introduced a very funny anecdote to show his appreciation of Garfield's character. He likened him to the old darkey who did not believe a certain Jones would steal chicken, yet qualified by remarking if he was a chicken he would roost high when said Jones was around the premises.

The other speakers were Colonel Brown, of Ohio, Senator McPherson, Hon. Leon Abbott, Messrs. J. H. Lippincott, Anthony Higgins, W. D. Daly, J. A. McGrath and Judge Chambers. The Jeffersonian Battery were present in full uniform and their appearance, together with martial music, and a grand display of fireworks helped to enliven the scene.

Second Grand Banner Raising and Ratification Meeting.

The Democrats of the Fourth, the banner ward of this city, held a rousing meeting in front of Lannigan's Hall, 143 Newark street, on Monday evening, when a large banner was flung to the breeze and the nomination of Hancock and English ratified with a will. Mayor O'Neill presided, and opened the meeting with a very appropriate yet brief address. He appealed to the voters of the ward to use strenuous exertions in the coming campaign and prove, as in the past, their ability to give handsome majorities to the Democratic candidates. He closed by introducing the Hon. Rudolph F. Rabe, who, in a short speech, graphically compared the public record of the nominees—General Hancock and General Garfield—and explained how there was no alternative for

honest men of any party but to support the former, who, in spite of every endeavor on the part of his opponents, remains a spotless, brave soldier and distinguished statesman.

James T. Minturn, a young counsellor of great promise, next addressed the meeting. He spoke of the immense amount of money stolen in the past by the Republican party, and how it would be lavishly expended the coming fall to purchase success, so that their past villainy would be covered over and their dishonesty continue uninterrupted for four years hence. He contended that the party had no issue since the abolition of slavery; the monetary affairs of the country would be safe in the hands of a Democratic administration. He argued that the slightest exertions on the part of the Democrats would insure victory, and trusted that every effort would be used on the coming occasion.

Chairman Buckley, of the Common Council, was the next speaker, and after going fully into the history of both parties and plainly exposing the corruption and villainy of the Republicans, complimented the Fourth Warders on their good work in the past, and hoped that the result in this District the coming campaign would be such as to astonish Hobokenites generally. At the conclusion of Mr. Buckley's remarks, every one of which was to the point, and did its work with the crushing force of a trap-hammer, the Mayor stepped forward and informed the vast throng that owing to the lateness of the hour he would not detain them any longer, although other orators were anxious to address them, but would merely call upon them to give three cheers for Hancock and English. The cheers were given with such a vim and vigor that the Fourth Ward never before rang with such a demonstration of hearty vocal enthusiasm.

The President, orators of the evening and some friends then retired to the club room in Lannigan's Hall, where several hours were passed in social intercourse. The banner was presented to the club by Mr. James Lannigan, and is very neat in design and execution.

The club meets every Tuesday night, and is officered as follows:

- President—John Logan.
- Vice President—John Toohy.
- Secretary—Patrick Head.
- Treasurer—James Clark.
- Sergeant-at-Arms—James Welsh.

The Ingleson Festival.

"Ike" Ingleson, the popular School Trustee, believes in the familiar adage that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Accordingly he is ever foremost in encouraging his large number of employees to have a good time whenever opportunity affords. The pic-nic and summer-night's festival of the Ingleson employees, at Ditmar's Park, last Saturday, proved the above beyond any doubt. The festivities opened as early as three o'clock in the afternoon and continued with unabated pleasure until long after that hour the following morning. Mulligan's orchestra discoursed the latest and most popular airs. The officers of the association, Messrs. W. Barnitt, President; Louis Martin, Vice President; Charles Turner, Secretary, and F. Cavanagh, Sergeant-at-Arms, assumed the management, ably seconded by Mr. Ingleson, "the Sheriff" and a large corps of assistants.

Till Tappers.

Miss Katie O'Neill, the young daughter of Mayor O'Neill, had occasion to visit the grocery store corner of Seventh street and Park avenue last Saturday. As she entered, the proprietor was in the rear room used as a bar, and she noticed a strange man removing the contents of the money drawer. She surmised the fellow was a stranger and immedi-

ately called out in a loud voice: "Mr. Hockstein there is a thief in the store." The fellow beat a hasty retreat, followed by his two friends, who were in the bar-room engaging the attention of Hockstein while the other was robbing the till. The three were captured by Roundsman Kennedy and Officers Gallagher, Kelly and Eagan. At the Station House they gave their names as Murphy, Edwards and Ripley, and Miss O'Neill positively identified the former as the fellow who robbed the drawer. They were committed in default of bail. The little lady is entitled to all praise for her coolness and bravery, most children of her age would have fled the scene without giving any alarm.

The Firemen's Pic-Nic.

The seventh annual pic-nic of the Hoboken Fire Department, for the benefit of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, drew a large and respectable gathering to Otto Cottage Garden last Monday evening. The object of the fund is a most worthy one, and consequently all classes are disposed to contribute their mite towards its support. All the city officials were present, including the Mayor, Water Registrar, Collector, Hon. James Curran, Chairman Buckley and members of the Council and School Board and other distinguished citizens with their families. The affair had all the appearance of a large family gathering, and in point of respectability has never been excelled. It is presumed that quite a respectable sum was realized. The following gentlemen, who took an active interest in the arrangements and management, are entitled to all credit: Frank Herwig, Jr., Chief Engineer of the department, assisted by John W. Eaves and the following efficient committee: I. D. Applegate, Jr., Thomas Redmond, Lawrence Fagan, G. L. Engel, Henry Baum, Max Durlacher, M. McNamara, Patrick Hayden, Wm. Mahon, John J. Devitt, Charles Schalk, W. B. Crane, Joseph Kemp, T. W. Goerig, M. T. Ryan, Wm. H. Hersee, James Kenney, Robert McCague, Sr., Thos. J. Rogers and F. Johnson.

—Solome Deal a wealthy young maiden of Buffalo, left a luxurious home for a life on the raging canal in company with Captain McManus, the handsome young commander of the boat "Champion." Justice Streng married the couple at his residence, on Tuesday evening. As usual, in this case strenuous efforts were made on the part of the "cruel parients" to keep the lovers apart, a watchman being employed, but cupid laughs at watchmen as well as locks and bars.

**WEBER'S
GERMANIA THEATRE,
AND
Summer Garden,
NOS. 68 TO 74 HUDSON ST.,
Hoboken, N. J.**

The largest and best ventilated place of amusement in the city.

New company every week. Change of programme every Monday and Thursday.

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Furnishing
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Orders Attended to, Day or Night.

**WM. N. PARSLOW,
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Orders Promptly Attended to, DAY or NIGHT.

THE GREAT

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TEA CO'S

Teas and Coffees

Are the Best.

For Strength and Flavor they are Unequaled.

Their New Season Teas for 50 Cts. per lb. are excellent.

Sugars sold at actual cost.

Handsome Presents given to all Patrons

**THE GREAT
Atlantic and Pacific
TEA COMPANY,**

58 WASHINGTON-ST.,

Bet. 1st and 2d Sts. Hoboken, N. J.

55 NEWARK AVE., Jersey City.

Branches of the largest importers and retail dealers in the world.

100 branch retail houses in the U. S.

IMPORTING HEADQUARTERS AT

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Don't Fail to Call.

Carpet Felt

Will preserve your Carpets, prevents dampness in basements, and makes less noise on Floors, thus preserving Health and Cheerfulness.

FOR SALE BY

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THE BLUE AND GRAY FOR HANCOCK.

From the flowery groves of the Southland
And the fields of cotton and cane,
To the wonderful lakes of the Northland
And the pine-clad hills of Maine.

Brave men are dwelling by thousands,
Who once were so hot to slay,
When some wore the blue of the Union,
And others the Confederate gray.

The passions of war have subsided,
Its hatreds have gone with the past,
And now, like an army of brothers,
They all come together at last.

They follow a man who in battle
Was bravest among the brave,
And who, when the fight was ended,
Was first to console and save.

With him are the war-tried soldiers,
And those that he faced in the fray;
The men who wore blue are for Hancock,
With those who have worn the gray.

For peace and a perfect union,
For brotherhood over the land,
They are forming shoulder to shoulder,
And are marching hand in hand.

Now, "Down with all thoughts of disunion!"
Say those who have worn the gray,
"Away with all sectional feelings!"
The blue-coated veterans say.

They rally for peace and for union,
And who shall dare say them nay?
They rally in blue for Hancock,
For Hancock they rally in gray.

THE LATE MR. McGLUCKEN.

BY MAX ADELER.

"Mr. Peters," said the editor to the new reporter, "you say you were personally acquainted with the deceased, Mr. McGlucken?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are certain of the facts that you have given in his obituary notice?"

"Well, tolerably certain."

"Because in describing his appearance you say that he had a Roman nose, and only one eye, and that there was a wart upon it. Do I understand you that the wart was upon the Roman nose or the eye? The expression is not perfectly clear."

"The nose, of course."

"You remark, that Mr. McGlucken's nose was badly injured in the railroad accident at Newark in consequence of the bridge giving way. Now, I don't catch the drift of this. Do you mean that the railroad accident resulted from the breaking of the bridge of Mr. McGlucken's nose, or that the bridge of his nose gave way after the accident, or that the nose was hurt by the railroad bridge giving way, or how? You are not definite enough."

"I refer to the railroad bridge."

"Ah! Then you go on to say that Mr. McGlucken married in 1862, but that after a year of too brief happiness his wife died suddenly, leaving him with eight dear little children, the eldest of whom was but seven years of age. This is calculated to fill the minds of readers with perplexity. Are you sure there were eight children? And if so, that the oldest was but seven years of age?"

"I forgot to state that Mrs. McGlucken had been married before, and that there were three sets of twins."

"The omission is important. I notice that you say, in the fourth paragraph from the bottom, that McGlucken went to sea when he was a young man, and that his craft was stove at the Feejee Islands. Then immediately afterward you remark that at poker he never had a rival. Now, I can hardly believe you mean it, and yet do you know that a superficial reader, glancing over your article, might easily get the impression that McGlucken went to sea in a stove, and somehow or other, managed to row himself ashore on the Feejee Islands with a poker. Read it over and see for yourself. I tell you, Mr.

Peters, this kind of a want of definiteness won't do for a newspaper. It confuses people's minds, and maddens them, and brings them down here with murder in their heart."

"I admit that it is not exactly clear."

"But this is not the worst. What do you mean when you say, in the fifth paragraph, that while Mr. McGlucken lived in Perkimen township, he was somewhat lame for a few years, and that 'he had the largest corn in the country—it was more than eight feet high?' Now, do you mean that he had a corn eight feet high, or that he had corn in his field eight feet high, and if the latter, why do you associate the corn with Mr. McGlucken's lameness? Don't you see for yourself that most persons would get the notion that Mr. McGlucken's lameness was caused by a corn which grew up through his boot and was fastened to his hat? Why, Mr. Peters, if we were to print a thing like that I believe this office would be gutted by a mob before night."

"I see; I must rewrite that."

"Right afterward, next to that singular reference to the fact that his aunt persisted in putting on her gum shoes whenever she went to bed, and that his grandmother swallowed her spectacles three times in church, you remark that 'in 1874 Mr. McGlucken was taken with torpidity of the liver, whereupon he joined the Swedenborgian church and voted the Greenback ticket regularly.' You see you fail to make the thing correct. People will want to know *how* torpidity of the liver drove him over to the Swedenborgians, and why a Swedenborgian with an ineffective liver should have a propensity to support the Greenbackers. And no sooner does the bewildered reader give up the problem than you add, respecting Mr. McGlucken's connection with the church choir, that 'he was a fine singer generally, but on this particular Sunday he rode his favorite horse to church, and, as he had the heaves, he had to stop before reaching his destination, so he missed his usual participation in the services,' &c., &c. I pledge you my word of honor, Mr. Peters, as a man who has his finger on the public pulse, there will be a million people around here tomorrow perfectly savage to know whether McGlucken had the heaves, or whether the horse had! No, Mr. Peters, it won't do! It really won't. I want to put in a good obituary of McGlucken. I know you want to do him justice. I can see your sympathetic feeling running all through this article. It is chock-full of genuine emotion. You really mourn for McGlucken. But hang it, young man, if I would let the billowy tumults of sorrow that rage in your soul boil out into the columns of the *Daily Argus* in this particular form, I should have the whole McGlucken family after me with a libel suit, and within forty-eight hours all the insane asylums in the State would be so crowded that the patients couldn't breathe! No, you must overhaul it; furbish it up; rewrite it; lick it into shape. I'll give you one more chance."

Mr. Peters handed in his resignation, and sought a position as conductor of a horse-car.

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