

# HOBOKEN ADVERTISER.

INDEPENDENT AND DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE.

VOL. VI. NO. 17.

HOBOKEN, N. J., NOVEMBER 20, 1880.

PRICE ONE CENT.

## A Modern Slave Sale

A modern slave sale is thus described by a traveler: "While at Constantinople we were particularly struck by the bearing of two Circassian girls, both white, who were seated together upon a divan. One of them seemed scarcely fourteen years old. She had bright chestnut hair; long, dark eyelashes, which shaded eyes of liquid blue; a light, well-rounded form and regular features, overcast with melancholy. She was a beauty of the first-class. Her companion, aged eighteen, was slightly less beautiful, but was a performer on the *kemendja*, or Turkish violin. In addition, she was recommended as a good cook, seamstress, and washer. Her brown hair fell to her knees. She looked at the visitors coolly, and fixed her eyes on the Egyptian who had come to buy with an expression which seemed to ask him to purchase her. Their owner called attention to their good points, just as if they were horses, and made them show their regular pearly teeth. He dwelt also upon the strict decorum of their antecedents. The Egyptian however, found fault with the price—200 Turkish pounds—and took a black girl for 38, as he simply wanted a house servant. The sale being completed, the party were served with pipes and coffee, and left the house."

## Wise Words.

You should never give advice. If the person to whom you offer it is wise he doesn't need it; if he isn't he won't take it.

The keenest abuse of our enemies will not hurt us so much in the estimation of the discerning as the injudicious praise of our friends.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Don't covet the possessions of any man until you are willing to pay for them the price which he has paid; then you will not need to covet them, for you can go and get them for yourself.

Be courteous with all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence.

## SMILES.

—Greatly to one's credit—A fat bank-book.

—Pastimes for Anthropologists—A sculling-match.

—A weather prophet says: "Perspiration never rains. It simply pores."

—When a man attains the age of ninety years, he may be termed XCdingly old.

—Why is a ship the politest thing in the world? Because she always advances with a bow.

—A paragraph in a Utah newspaper speaks of a man who narrowly escaped being cart-ridgized.

—A boy in one of our public schools, having been told that a reptile is an animal that creeps, on being asked the name of one, promptly replied, "a baby."

—The editor wrote "The showers last week, though copious, were not sufficient to meet the wants of the mill-men," and the compositor set up "milkmen."

—There is no nonsense about the honest

Deadwoodians. The most vigorous waltzer at a dance there last week excused himself at 11:30 because he had a stage-coach to rob at 12.

—At a social gathering, the question was asked, "Of what sort of fruit does a quarrelsome man and wife remind you?" The young lady who promptly answered, "A prickly-pear," got the medal.

—They are taking photographs in Paris that actually wink. This leads to the hope that they will eventually produce them in such a manner that they can go out in case of emergency and borrow five dollars.

—An Oregon preacher had one of his horses stolen, and he went to his study and prayed that a quickened conscience might oblige the thief to return it. That very night the fellow returned and—stole the other.

—An old bachelor recently gave the following toast, "Woman—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, the evening star of age. Bless our stars, and may they always be kept at telescope distance."

—An Iowa woman was widowed because her husband wore brown socks, the coloring matter of which poisoned him. The dealers are having such a rush now on colored socks that fresh lots have been ordered, and the business is just booming.

—"You old vulture, you," she exclaimed, when he hinted that five bonnets per annum were about enough for any ordinary woman. Next day when he relented and told her to order a sixth, it would have made an angel smile to hear her sweetly call him "Birdie."

—A man in Jersey City died the other day from hydrophobia eleven years after a dog had bitten him. Next we know a man will be having the Jim Jams ten years after he has sworn off, and think how embarrassing that would be. This sort of thing must be stopped.

—Miss Jones was about to marry a military officer, much to her mother's displeasure. "Why, my dear child," said the latter, "don't you know war may be declared at any moment, and take him away forever?" "Very well," was the answer, "a widow of seventeen—what could be more poetic?"

—Why are red roses red?

For roses once were white,  
Because the loving nightingales  
Sang on their thorns at night;  
Sang till the blood they shed  
Had dyed the roses red.

It reads prettily, but anybody who has sampled a tack left on a chair by a small boy will see at a glance that even nightingales are not big enough idiots to sit down on a thorn and sing.

—A Galveston man met a gentleman from northern Texas, and asked how a certain mutual friend was coming on. "He is doing very well," was the reply. "What business is he at?" "He has got the softest thing in the world of it. He bought a lot of Mexican donkeys at San Antonio for \$3 a piece, and having taken them up to his ranch, he clears \$27 a head on them." "Do they bring such high prices?" "No, but he lets the railroad trains run over them, and the company has to pay him \$30 a piece for them."

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LEHIGH,

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OTHER COALS

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Branch Office Opposite the Monastery,  
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Orders promptly attended to day or night.  
Satisfaction guaranteed.

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## THOMAS SLOYAN,

Dealer in

Wines, Liquors, Ales and Cigars

Large stock constantly on hand.

Cor. WILLOW AND FIRST-STs,  
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AGENT FOR

Thomas C. Lyman's Ales & Porters.

THEY ALL DO AGREE  
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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
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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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ESTABLISHED 1836.

SOILED OLE LEATHER  
and SARATOGA TRUNKS

—AT—

Less than cost!

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## DENTIST,

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Lime, Cement, Plaster, Sand, &c.

Yard at Fifth Street Dock,  
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Keep on hand Yellow Pine Timber, Slop  
Plank, Ceiling, Flooring, &c.

## HOBOKEN ADVERTISER

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 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.

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

Next Thursday, the 25th instant, is the day set apart by His Excellency Governor McClellan, for the people of New Jersey to return thanks for the many blessings received during the past year. This is a time-honored custom and the intentions of its observance could not be more praiseworthy. But people now-a-days have such peculiar ideas of what constitutes praising the Almighty and returning Him thanks, that the honest observance of Thanksgiving is little more than a farce, and, outside of constituting a little rest to the over-worked mechanic, clerk, or shop-girl, has no advantages. What is intended by our executives throughout the length and breadth of the land to be a grand national Sunday, as it were, has been construed by the great majority of the masses to mean a grand holiday, or in other words, a day of amusement, joy, and gaiety. There can be no doubt about how this one period in the year should be observed. The actual ways and means are proscribed, and plainly laid down with a special request that they be fulfilled. Some would-be philosophers have such peculiar ideas about the Sabbath and its uses, and will accept only one definition, that is, that it is a day of rest and the rest to be of whatever nature the individual may prefer. Many crawl out of observing the seventh day on the foregoing plea, and if they choose to sleep, lounge about, visit parks, etc., they pronounce whatever their preference may be rest, and a consequent observance of the day. There is no such loop-hole in the coming anniversary, and yet we will find full-grown men, who are credited with some intelligence and conscience, who think it will just please the Lord to play a game of foot ball, with the accompanying blasphemy, etc., on the occasion; or if they go on a big lark with the other natural excesses, He will be delighted. Again, others of a more ingenious and speculative turn of mind, will offer extra attractions in their business and think that Providence ought to be satisfied if they are profiting by the occasion set apart to His glorification. We have also the funny Thanksgiver, who will select this one day from the 365 to parade the streets in the most ridiculous and fantastic costumes imaginable, and beg during day-light under a mask that the night and darkness when masks are not needed may be made more hideous and the scenes more revolting. These justly named rag-muffins have the most extravagant ideas of praising an all-wise and all-seeing Master, and actually presume to consider their observance of the day as the proper thing. We have also the more private but no less objectionable class of gormandizers, who believe the

greatest sacrifices they can make to Heaven, and the best evidence they can furnish of appreciating past favors, is to sit down and surfeit themselves with the present good things, and fill up on clams. Even though the latter was out of season, and consequently unpalatable, the day must be observed, and the proverbial "chowder fiend" must celebrate. This style of praise should certainly prove acceptable and increase the "catch" and reduce the price of shell-fish for the next season. We, however, fail to discover any affinity between prayers and clams. The enterprising manager will have an extra matinee, and will insinuate that the latest and most approved plan of praising the Lord is to visit Sarah Bernhardt or spend two hours gazing on the emaciated limbs of a worn-out *corps de ballet*. We don't know how this character reconciles the public to his views, but the theatres are crowded nevertheless. The thousand other ways and means of prostituting this day of all days cannot be reviewed at present, but none the less exist. We now turn to the few—the very few—who are obliged to do the praying for the whole community, and who are oftentimes pretty hard pressed, as many of them are not experts by any means. Heaven help the offender under the circumstances.

We have not reviewed this subject just for fun, nor do we want to be considered as moralizers. We think, on the whole, our observations prove that the natural tendency in this mundane sphere is not only to do wrong, but to select God's own day for that purpose.

## ANONYMOUS LETTERS

The derogatory rumors in circulation for some months concerning the female principal of No. 3 School seems to have furnished a channel by which some evil-disposed person or persons have attempted to gratify a real or fancied wrong at the cost of the reputation of every teacher of the school. We refer to the anonymous communication received at the office of Justice Rusch, last week, asking that another case be investigated in No. 3 School. The letter, as we heretofore stated, was not signed, nor did it refer to any particular teacher. The author could hardly approach so grave a subject in a more indefinite manner if he or she tried. We have always viewed anonymous communications as stabs in the dark and unworthy of any but the most contemptible natures, and are disposed to consider the author in this case the quintessence of everything low and ignorant. A glance at the composition and orthography will prove the latter and plainly reveals how uncongenial anything of an educational turn must have always proved to the writer, while the sentiment expressed indicates too plainly that the author is the "poor married woman" and consequent victim. Unless this ignorant and "poor married woman" is ashamed of her epistolary correspondence, she certainly has no good grounds for keeping her name dark while exposing her "terrible wrongs" and expecting assistance and sympathy, while the School Board are in no position to discover the teacher to be investigated nor does the Board or public know the sufferer. The most disreputable person could ruin the peace of mind of the most

pure and noble woman in existence if such charges were even considered by the public, let alone any notice being taken by the Trustees.

The charges, as embodied in the scurrilous and miserably-written letter, covers the whole male department of the school, where no less than ten or twelve young ladies are engaged, among whom are the daughters or sisters of our most respectable and respected citizens. These people have all suffered more or less peace of mind by such a sweeping accusation as that made by the "poor wronged married woman," and are entitled to redress. For this reason we claim the Board should endeavor to discover that "poor married woman," who, if she cannot substantiate her insinuations, should be made to feel that she or no person else can, with impunity, assail the dignity, honor, and respectability of our public school.

## DOES PROTECTION PROTECT?

The number of persons engaged in agriculture in these several States, as shown by the census of 1870, was 5,922,471, for whom no legislation has protected on a single protect. The number of establishments engaged in manufacturing was 252,148, employing 2,053,996 hands, for whom, and to whom, the 5,922,471 must pay a tax on their products, so that the gentlemen who run the 252,148 manufacturing establishments may employ 2,053,996 operatives, and yet the Republican party insist that the 5,922,471 agriculturalists, without any protection, shall assist in paying out of their earning a large amount as protection on the goods made in these 252,148 manufacturing establishments. Is the majority to be thus "bull-dozed" by the minority?

—R. A. OSMER, Supreme Treasurer of the Knights of Honor for the past four years and a leading and influential citizen of Jamestown, N. Y., died at Atlanta, Ga., Monday evening, of consumption. He served in the late war; had been President of Jamestown village; was chairman of the Republican County Committee and held other positions of responsibility and trust. Before leaving for the South he resigned his position on the Republican electoral ticket of New York State.

## DIED.

KERR.—At Hoboken, on Friday morning, November 19, 1880, Louise, wife of Edwin J. Kerr.

Funeral from her late residence, 334 Bloomfield street, Hoboken, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

## LACONICS.

—United States Revenue Collector Hershorn, of Newark, visited District Collector Reid yesterday, and instructed him to make a careful canvass of every house in his district and report the result.

—Rev. D. R. Lowrie will preach in the First M. E. Church to-morrow. Morning subject, "Thanksgiving;" evening, "Wrong Made Right." A popular service of song before the evening sermon.

—The annual ball of the Hoboken Turn Verein, at Odd Fellows' Hall, last Sunday evening, was largely attended and proved pleasant enough to keep the guests in good humor until broad day-light.

—John Mooney, while at work near the fly-wheel in a sausage factory at Weehawken Thursday morning, had his hair caught

between the belting and wheel, and his head was completely torn from his body.

—Ralph B. Earl, son of City Treasurer Earl of Jersey City, was arrested on Thursday morning, charged with embezzling a pair of diamond ear-drops valued at \$300. He was bailed by his father for examination.

—"The Arkansas Traveler," with F. G. Chanfrau as "Kit," has been the attraction at the Windsor Theatre the past week. Crowded houses have been the result of the engagement of this prominent and popular artist.

—"Con's," No. 175 Washington street, is the bon-ton oyster house of this city, and "Con" is a first-class caterer, attentive and polite to his patrons, and his place is now the popular resort for all lovers of oysters who like them properly served.

—John McCullough began a brilliant revival of "Virginius" at the Haverly's Fifth Avenue Theatre last Monday night. The play has been superbly set, every shred of scenery having been newly painted for it. Matinee this afternoon.

—The 28-year old son of ex Poormaster Powless has been missing since October 5th. He was a sailmaker and lived in New York, and as he visited his parents only at long intervals, they did not know of his disappearance until last Sunday.

—The members of No. 2 Engine Company will receive their hose carriage on Wednesday evening from Jersey City, where it has been newly painted and decorated. The arrival will be duly celebrated the following day by a clam chowder.

—The annual ball of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, No. 10, takes place at Odd Fellows' Hall next Tuesday evening, and promises to be a gala affair. President Mullins and an efficient committee have been making grand preparations for a month past.

—The members of the Unique Social Club at dance Odd Fellows' Hall, Monday evening. This organization has established such a creditable reputation that it is only necessary to state that the coming event will be as entertaining and conducted in their usual style.

—Louis Becker, proprietor of the Palisade Cemetery at Union Hill, intends applying to the Legislature for a charter for a company which intends erecting and conducting a crematory on his premises. The stock of the company will be held principally by capitalists in Jersey City.

—Manager Weber played a first class company to crowded houses the past week, and promises unusual attractions for Monday evening. The Germania Garden is at present the most popular family resort in the city. A pleasant hour or two can be passed there any evening. An extra matinee will be given Thursday at 2 P. M.

—The waiters and bar-tenders of Hoboken, of the German persuasion, are invited to meet at the National Hall, No. 145 Washington street, this evening at 8 o'clock. The object of the meeting is to organize a society for the protection and benefit of its members. All interested in the movement are requested to be present.

—In the Court of Errors and Appeals in Trenton, on Wednesday, the case of Frances Grace and Catharine Ward et al. vs. The Executors of Joseph L. Lewis, the Hoboken millionaire, went off for the term on account of the absence of Mr. Pierrepont, who represents the Government. It involves a contest against the will brought by the relatives of the deceased.

—The wife of City Treasurer Benta died on Monday of dropsy, and was buried from her late residence Thursday afternoon. The funeral was attended by a large circle of relatives and friends. A delegation of city officials attended and offered their sincere sympathies for the bereaved City Treasurer. Rev. Mr. Mohn officiated. The body was taken to the Lutheran Cemetery, Long Island, for interment.

**Obituary.**

It becomes our painful duty to announce the demise of Mrs. Louise Kerr, wife of School Trustee E. J. Kerr, one of Hoboken's most estimable ladies, which sad event took place at her late residence, 334 Bloomfield street, yesterday morning at 8 o'clock. The well-established reputation of the deceased for charity, and every other ennobling virtue, leaves little for our humble pen to add. She was recognized as foremost in any and every movement suggested for the benefit of others, and was ever ready and willing to contribute to their comfort and happiness, even at the sacrifice of her own. She was, besides, so conscientious and painstaking in the discharge of oftentimes thankless missions that she was seldom idle, and many among poor and helpless will sincerely regret and suffer from her untimely taking off. The prominent part she played in church and charitable affairs were, however, never allowed to interfere with her home duties, and it was in this sacred circle that her virtues and exemplary life show brightest.

The direct circumstances of her death are extremely painful to contemplate. She was visiting the residence of her sisters, No. 294 Bloomfield street, last Sunday afternoon, and was never happier or apparently in better health. As she was about starting for home, however, she was suddenly overcome with a dizziness in the head, and sank into a chair in the presence of her alarmed relatives. Dr. Chabert, the family physician, was immediately summoned, and all that his skill could suggest was promptly carried out, but to no purpose, and she was at a late hour removed to her own residence. On the following day, owing to no favorable change in her condition, it was deemed advisable to secure the opinion of another physician, and Dr. Gibman, of Jersey City Heights, was called in. From that time until the hour of her death she remained thoroughly prostrated, and at times unconscious, and when not so, suffering the most intense agony, which she bore without a murmur. On Thursday, as a last recourse, Prof. Loomis, of New York, was induced to visit the patient. He coincided with the opinion and course pursued by the attending physicians. She then lingered until the following morning, when death, kind under some circumstances, put an end to her suffering.

The funeral will take place from her late residence to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock, the Rev. W. S. Goodno, of the First Baptist Church, and the Rev. G. C. Houghton, of Trinity Church, will officiate. The remains will be taken to the Hoboken Cemetery for interment.

**The Castle Point's Reception**

The members of the Castle Point Boat Club received their friends to the number of about one hundred couple Thursday evening at 'Odd Fellows' Hall, and gave them such a reception as will long be remembered. The gentleman of this young yet decidedly popular organization have, in the short space of two years, forced their club to a foremost place in aquatic as well as in social circles. The hall was elegantly decorated, the walls and ceilings bearing appropriate mottoes, neatly mounted on shield designs. The chandelier and balcony were also tastefully draped with flags and bunting, while huge rustic floral baskets were suspended from the former. A single scull shell was mounted under the band stand, producing a fine effect. Major Woerner furnished the supper, which was in keeping with the general excellence, and was apparently heartily enjoyed. Frank C. Roberts directed the festivities, aided by A. W. Gilmore and a corps of assistants. The reception of guests was principally in charge of George H. Bell, and could not have been placed in more efficient

or attentive hands. We congratulate the "C. P.'s" on their second social success

**The Tennesseans.**

A concert will be given this afternoon at No. 4 School, Park avenue, between Fifth and Sixth streets, for the benefit of the Hoboken Teachers' Library, by the Original Tennesseans and Colored Concert Company, who will appear in a choice programme of old plantation melodies. The committee have been at great expense to obtain this company of singers, and have also induced them to make the admission to the matinee for all scholars at 10 cents. In the evening they will give an entertainment at the First Baptist Church with an entire change of programme. So parents, let your children go to the matinee and have a hearty laugh, as the singers will give several songs for the special benefit of scholars.

**The McGibeny Family.**

The McGibeny family, nine in number, known throughout the country as the musical wonders, have been secured by the Rev. D. R. Lowrie, and will give two of their *recherche* entertainments at the First M. E. Church on Friday evening, the 26th inst., and the afternoon following. Professor McGibeny conducts the entertainment, in which his wife and seven children take part—each one an artist in his or her particular line. Considering that the largest halls in the United States have been found too small to accommodate the multitude which thronged to hear and see these great artists, we are satisfied that the church will be filled to overflowing, and would advise people to go early.

—Ex Mayor Van Reipen, ex Judge Quaife and I. L. Vanderbilt were appointed, on Monday, by Judge Knapp in the Hudson County Supreme Court, commissioners to condemn lands for the new Pennsylvania Railroad cut through Bergen Hill.

**CON'S OYSTER HOUSE**  
175 Washington St.,  
Bet. 4th and 5th Sts., Hoboken.

FAMILIES AND PARTIES SUPPLIED  
**CHR. WOERNER'S**  
**Odd Fellows' Hall**  
AND TURNHALLE,  
172 & 174 Washington St.,  
HOBOKEN, N. J.

**Smith's Market**  
Live and Dressed Poultry,  
Fish, Fresh, Smoked & Salt  
MEAT AND COUNTRY  
PRODUCE,  
Also, all kinds of Game in their Season.  
**GARDEN STREET,**  
Cor. Third St., Hoboken, N. J.

**THE Latest Arrival.**  
Don't fail to call and examine our importations of  
**New Crop Teas**  
—AND—  
**Selected Coffees**

JUST ARRIVED.  
Excellent New Crop Teas.  
OOLONG, YN'G HYSON,  
JAPAN, ENG. B'KFST,  
GUNPOWDER, MIXED,  
IMPERIAL, OLD HYSON.

Good Teas, 30, 35, & 40c. per lb.  
It will pay you well to call and examine our New Crop Teas before purchasing elsewhere.

Our Coffees are the Finest Imported. We purchase only naturally ripened Coffees, and that is one of the principal reasons which causes our Coffees to be preferred to all others, and gives ours the Rich Delicious flavors which others lack.

Sugars Sold at N. Y. Refiners' Prices.  
**HANDSOME PRESENTS,**  
Glassware, Crockery, Vases, Chromos, etc., given away to all patrons.

It is the saying of many, that our system of giving away presents is simply a fraud, and that we are only humbugging the people. If we were a small concern, this argument might be considered true. But taking into consideration the magnitude of our business, having now over **ONE HUNDRED BRANCH RETAIL HOUSES** in the U. S., you will easily see that a small percentage of profit on our enormous sales amply pays us, and enables us to deal **More Liberally** with our customers than any other concern in the U. S.

All we ask is a fair trial, and if the goods are not found to be as represented, the money will be refunded in every case.

**THE GREAT Atlantic and Pacific TEA COMPANY,**  
55 NEWARK AVE., Jersey City,  
58 WASHINGTON STREET,  
Bet. 1st & 2d Sts., Hoboken, N. J.  
PRINCIPAL WAREHOUSE,  
35 & 37 Vesey St. New York

Grape-Vine Sample Room.  
NO. 35 WASHINGTON ST.,  
Cor. Newark Street, Hoboken

First-class Wines, Liquors & Cigars  
ALWAYS ON HAND.  
Best Pool Table in the City.  
John M. Fleming, Prop'r.

**JOHN EVANS,**  
**Wine & Lager Beer SALOON,**  
No. 48 Bloomfield St., cor. First.  
The Latest Improved Billiard and Pool Tables.

**SANDERS & CARROLL,**  
**Masons and Builders,**

Cor. 10th St. & Park Ave.  
FRED'K SANDERS, Hoboken.  
EDWARD CARROLL

**WALLACE'S Dancing Academy,**  
Prof. J. Wallace & Daughter  
Have re-opened their DANCING ACADEMY at the  
**FRANKLIN LYCEUM,**  
Bloomfield St., near 8th, Hoboken,  
and will continue every TUESDAY & FRIDAY during the Season.

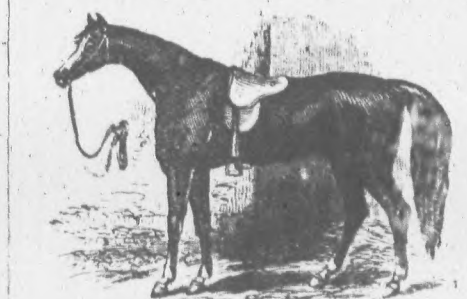
**Hours of Tuition:**  
From 4 till 6 P. M. for Ladies, Misses and Masters, and from 7:30 till 9:30 in the evening for Ladies and Gentlemen. Private Lessons given as required. For particulars enquire as above at MR. WALLACE'S Residence, 270 Garden St.

**WEBER'S GERMANIA THEATRE,**  
AND  
**Summer Garden,**  
NOS. 68 TO 74 HUDSON ST.,  
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The largest and best ventilated place of amusement in the city.  
New company every week. Change of programme every Monday and Thursday.

**JOHN F. O'HARA,**  
Furnishing  
**UNDERTAKER,**  
129 Washington Street,  
Bet. 3d and 4th Sts., Hoboken.

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**HOBOKEN Riding Academy,**  
BOARDING, LIVERY,  
Sale & Exchange Stables,  
103, 105, 107, 109, 111 Hudson St.,  
74, 76 & 78 RIVER ST.,  
Bet. 2d and 3d Sts., Hoboken.  
The leading equestrian establishment in America  
Fine and well-trained ladies' and gents' saddle horses to let.  
All kinds of horses for sale. Terms moderate.

## MR. SLINKER'S BABY.

BY MAX ADELER.

When the baby was about four months old, Mrs. Slinker one day said to Mr. Slinker: "Darling, don't you think baby ought to have a dear little carriage, so that he can go out for the air?"

"Certainly; of course," said Mr. Slinker. "He ought to have one by all means. I'll get him one to-morrow. One with a cover, and a handle to pull with, and two wheels, and—"

"Not two wheels, Henry. You wouldn't have your only child riding about on two wheels, I hope."

"I don't know; the thought never struck me. Well, then say one wheel; a sort of a wheelbarrow, I s'pose you want."

"Certainly not, Mr. Slinker! A wheelbarrow! Are you capable of putting your son, your own flesh and blood, grandson of my father, Judge Hidenhooper, in a wheelbarrow! It is simply monstrous!"

"Now be calm, Mary. There is no cause for excitement. Make it three wheels then. Two behind and one in front to steer by! Be elegant, won't it? I'll get it the first thing in the morning!"

"You will not get it, sir, while I am your wife! Have you no affections for the unfortunate infant whom you have brought into the world? For my part I shall never consent that he shall be sent into the public street to blush because his father hugged his gold to his bosom and begrudged the child a decent number of wheels."

"Hugged my gold, Mary? Begrudged him wheels? You surprise me!"

"It's a downright shame! I thought you would be glad to buy the poor baby a respectable vehicle in which to take an airing. I never dreamed that you would persist in denying him the necessary number of wheels!" And Mrs. Slinker began to cry.

"If you will be so kind as to name the precise number of wheels that you would like to have, Mrs. Slinker, I will get them if it sends me into bankruptcy. Put it down on a piece of paper. You may have as many wheels as you consider necessary, from sixteen up to one hundred and twenty!"

"You know that sixteen wheels would be perfectly ridiculous! You want to bring the whole thing into contempt. You hate me, and the baby, and all of us; you know you do!"

"Now, try and restrain your feelings, my love. You are too much excited. You shall go down to the store, and select the kind of coach you want. Pick out the handsomest one you can find, and I'll buy a goat to hitch to it, so that baby can learn to drive."

"A goat! I knew it! You want to kill the poor child. You are an unnatural father! You know very well that a goat would become infuriated and run away and dash baby out on the pavement, and then turn on him, and charge, and butt him to death! It is perfectly hideous for you to suggest such a thing!"

"Well, then, my love, suppose we drop the idea of a goat, and get a dog—a noble, highly-trained dog, who will learn to love the child and to jump in and rescue it when it is drowning."

"Drowning? Ah, ha!" laughed Mrs. Slinker, hysterically. "You contemplate trying to drown your only son, do you? Determined to destroy his poor young life by some means! I shall ask father if I cannot get a divorce. If a woman cannot obtain a divorce from a man who would put his child in a wheelbarrow, have him butted by a goat, and then drowned, it is perfectly useless to talk about there being any justice in this country!"

"My dear, you are allowing yourself to become unnecessarily agitated. Come, now, suppose we say no more about it, and I will take the baby myself, and we will all go down and spend the day with his grandmother. Be splendid, won't it?"

"You have remarkable ideas of splendor! How will you take baby without a coach? Do you propose to put him in a soap-box and drag him through the street with a string? Possibly you intend to pack him in a pillow-case and carry him over shoulder! Mr. Slinker, I give you definite notice that the grand-son of Judge Hidenhooper shall never be conveyed through the public highway in a pillow-case excepting over my dead body! You must murder me as well as my child."

"I thought, may be," said Mr. Slinker, with a reflective air, "that I would hire a cab and drive down, and then, you know, we could get Tilly's children and have a little picnic with them and baby in your mother's orchard."

"That," said Mrs. Slinker, fiercely, "would be simply insane! You would take a defenseless child to a picnic when you know that he would inevitably be attacked and eaten up by spiders and straddle bugs. I believe that you would fairly gloat to have the baby devoured by straddle bugs, and then bring its skeleton home to dandle before my very eyes! And you have professed to love the child! You have admitted that the poor thing's nose is exactly like yours. It is horrible! My heart is breaking!"

"I thought you would like the trip, love; and then, you know, you could wear your new diamond breastpin, and—"

"Breastpin! What breastpin? Is this a time to talk about breastpins? Do not mock me in my misery!"

"The breastpin I bought for you yesterday. It was to be done to day."

"Did you really buy me a diamond breastpin, Henry?"

"Of course; certainly. I am expecting it every moment. I will go right down and get it at once."

Mrs. Slinker flung her arms around his neck, and exclaimed: "Oh, Henry! I forgive you!" Then she sat down on the sofa to take another cry.

"It was an awful fib," said Slinker, to himself, as he went out; "and the pin will cost me a frightful sum; but a man has to have domestic peace, no matter what it costs."

## What a New York Girl did.

When a girl concludes to put up her hair and make herself look sweet, the best policy is to let her have her own way. She can't be drawn away from a mirror by any of the ordinary things of life. A fire will sometimes do it, but it has been shown that even a fire may fail to excite some girls. The other night a New York lodging house took fire, and at a most uncomfortable hour, when most girls probably have their back hair down. One of the young ladies heard that the place was burning down, but she didn't feel like making her appearance before the crowd which had gathered in the street looking like a perfect fright. She shut the door leading into the hall to keep out the flames and went to her mirror to fix her hair. Anybody who has waited for a girl to fix her hair knows that it takes time, and a great deal of it. This girl wasn't any quicker than the average, and she was very particular about having her hair done up exactly as it should be. The fire had cut off her chances of escape by the stairs, and her lover, after appealing to her for some time, finally lost his patience and got away without her. A fireman got up to the room on a ladder, and she made him sit on the edge of the window and wait until she had arranged her hair-pins and ribbons for a right sort of public appearance, then she threw herself into his arms—it was so romantic—and slid down the ladder with him, looking just so sweet. The whole thing was a tremendous success, but when the careful young girl was safely landed on the pavement she found that she had forgotten her stockings!

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