

# HOBOKEN ADVERTISER.

INDEPENDENT AND DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE.

VOL. VI. NO. 18.

HOBOKEN, N. J., NOVEMBER 27, 1880.

PRICE ONE CENT.

## SMILES.

—What is the best thing out yet for real comfort? An aching tooth.

—A country paper heads the marriage of a bachelor of fifty-seven years, "Another Old Landmark Gone."

—Two souls with but a single thought—Two boys climbing over an orchard fence, with a bull-dog in pursuit.

—It was a young housekeeper who set the cake she had baked for a picnic out of doors one cold night to be frosted.

—Mother Eve, says the Philadelphia News, did not wear a corset, but then there were no other women in the world to criticise her shape.

—When John Monigrip's wife asks for a dollar or two for current demands, he smiles sweetly as he says: "True love seeks no change."

—"Don't show my letters," wrote a young man to a lady whom he adored. "Don't be afraid," was the reply; "I'm just as much ashamed of them as you are."

—A hypocritical scoundrel in Athens inscribed over his door, "Let nothing evil enter here." Diogenes wrote under it, "How does the owner get in?"

—A Syracuse commercial man was found to have a wife in Auburn, another in Utica, another in Oswego, and when they got to the fourth they stopped counting and put him in jail.

—Women have cheek enough to wear men's hats on their heads, but there is one thing they dare not do: Not one of them dare remove her hat in public and dust off the bald spot.

—Always manage to live so as to leave something at death. A man of ninety-eight years of age married the other day because he thought it far better to leave a widow than nothing.

—"What is the first thing to be done in case of fire?" asked Professor Stearns. "Sue the insurance company," promptly answered the boy at the foot of the class, whose father had been burned out once or twice.

—Base ball is a game played by eighteen persons wearing shirts and drawers. They scatter around the field and try to catch a cannon ball covered with rawhide. The game is to get people to pay two shillings to come inside the paling.

—A droll fellow fished a rich old gentleman out of a mill pond and refused the offer of twenty-five cents from the rescued miser. "Oh, that's too much," exclaimed he; "it's not worth it," and he handed back twenty-one cents, saying calmly, as he pocketed the four cents, "that's about right."

—The judges of the Boston baby show, who were to award the prizes, looked into the sweet faces of the little ones, and into the faces of their mothers, and then declared they could not decide, and left it to a vote of the visitors. Nobody will blame the judges. Life is as sweet to them as it is to anybody else.

—A darkey recently made application for a divorce from his wife. When asked on what grounds he demanded a divorce he explained as follows: "De ground of dis occasion is sufficient enough. When I rented ten acres and worked one mule, I married a

woman suitable for de occasion. Now I rent sixty acres of land an' work five mules. My fust wife is a mighty good ten-acre wife, but she don't suit de occasion ob sixty acres. I needs a woman wot can spread more."

## He Did Not Relish It.

The following incident is said to have occurred at Cape Girardeau, Missouri. A character noted for frequenting bar-rooms was sitting in his usual place of resort, with several companions, about a card table. Suddenly his wife entered the room bearing a covered dish, which she deposited on the table, with the remark, "Presuming, husband, that you were too busy to come home to dinner, I have brought yours," and departed. The husband invited his friends to share his meal, and removing the lid from the dish, found only a slip of paper on which was written, "I hope you will enjoy your dinner. It is the same kind your family has at hand."

## Husbands and Wives.

A good husband makes a good wife. Some men can neither do without wives nor with them; they are wretched alone in what is called single blessedness, and they make their homes miserable when they get married; they are like Tompkins' dog, which could not bear to be loose, and howled when it was tied up.

Happy bachelors are likely to be happy husbands, and a happy husband is the happiest of men. A well-matched couple carry a joyful life between them, as the two spies carry the cluster of Eschol. They are a brace of Birds of Paradise—they multiply their joys by sharing them, and lessen their troubles by dividing them; this is fine arithmetic. The wagon of care rolls lightly along as they pull together, and when it drags a little heavily, or there's a hitch anywhere, they love each other all the more and so lighten the labor.—John Poughman.

## Tripping into Matrimony.

A nice little romance appears in the columns of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. One of the rosiest maidens in that city, while hurrying to the depot to take a train, tripped, and so gracefully recovered herself as to win the admiration of a very substantial-looking old gentleman. He assisted the young woman on the train and to a seat beside himself. Conversation flowed pleasantly and acquaintance ripened fast. On parting at a station not many miles west of the city the couple exchanged addresses. The old gentleman proved to be a wealthy Chicago merchant, who opened a correspondence with the heroine. She apparently wrote as agreeably as she talked. Letters winged their way between the city by the river and the city on the lake. Then came a proposition—not of marriage, but that the worthy son of the susceptible parent be admitted to the correspondence. The father gradually drew out of the field, and the son more than made his place good. Then came an offer of marriage. It was accepted. Three souls are happy, a brilliant wedding and luxurious home are in prospect, and the railroad officials have been greatly puzzled of late by the number of Springfield girls who are stumbling, with more or less grace, aboard trains bound for the great and glorious West.—[New York Tribune.

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LEHIGH,

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OTHER COALS

RETAIL YARD, on D. L. & W. Railroad, Corner Grove and 19th Sts., Jersey City.

Coal delivered direct from Shutes to Carts and Wagons

Families and Manufactories supplied with the best qualities of Coal

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## THEY ALL DO AGREE THAT

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BEST CIGARS IN THE CITY.

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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.

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—AT—

Less than cost!

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HOBOKEN ADVERTISER

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 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.

**CREMATION.**

We understand that it is almost settled that New Jersey is to have a crematory, and we hope, for the sake of progress, there will be as little delay as possible in perfecting the arrangements. Almost every day some improvement or amendment is introduced in the various departments of civilization, until our condition seems impossible to better. Yet much as folks are disposed to honor their dead, little or nothing has been done in this direction. It may be if any should express a preference prior to demise, there has been no opportunity heretofore, and very little now, to carry out their wishes. This state of things is to be deplored, and if Mr. Becker, of Union Hill, who is the prime mover in the present case, succeeds, he is deserving of much credit, and we have little doubt but that the venture will prove a profitable one. There are many large cities in the country where the natural increase of population and extension of city limits have absorbed the the burying places, and brought the home of the dead in the midst of life an activity. Apart from the inconsistency of such conditions it is not healthful, and furthermore, from a business point of view, is a great waste of valuable real estate. The establishment of crematories throughout the United States would not necessarily interfere with the old system of burial and would be welcomed by many. One of the greatest shocks in connection with funerals is the placing of the remains of a loved one under the ground, with the accompanying knowledge that destructive reptiles only profit. This picture is, indeed, revolting, and to a sensitive mind should prove a strong argument in favor of cremation. Just imagine how much more agreeable it would be to have the late lamented Mr. Brown or Jones reduced to an ounce of ashes and neatly deposited in an urn on one's mantle-piece. What a good opportunity for the sorrow-stricken, though emotional, widow to hold her late departed at arm's length while expiating on his virtues or upbraiding his memory. This, while it would not afford the same opportunities for expressing sorrow as planting flowers on the grave, etc., it would be far cheaper. Economy in funerals is something not even thought of, and why it should not be is beyond our comprehension. People generally seem to feel that a life-time of neglect and pain can be compensated for by an expensive burial to the deceased, or at least will be accepted by the public as evidence of great grief and extreme love. We have known instances where people would almost let another die before they would contribute the value of a button-hole bouquet, yet after death will smothered

the oft-times victim of their penury through life in costly flowers, and Mrs. Grundy will say, "How they must have loved the poor creature! Did you notice the elegant casket? The floral offerings were perfectly lovely." This is all bosh, and the sooner people are deprived, to some extent at least, of opportunities of making such displays the better. It is no benefit to the dead and often impoverishes the living. Cremation will, no doubt admit of many abuses on its introduction, but will, with time and a more universal support, be recognized as an improvement on the present system, and will certainly admit of practicing more economy.

**THE STATE COUNT.**

We presume the question of who is Governor of New Jersey is settled. The attempt on the part of Secor Robeson and a few of his colleagues to leave the matter to the Legislature failed, as it should. Some necessary corrections were made by the Board of Canvassers, but only after a full and satisfactory explanation had been given. Even allowing the 150 votes in dispute to go by default, Mr. Ludlow would then have a majority of 500. Considering the desperate struggle made to carry the State for Garfield, and his minority no less than 2,200, it would seem that if any party did "crooked work" it must have been the Republican, when they succeeded in reducing the Ludlow majority to 600.

**The Racketing Muffins.**

Probably no party of merry-makers so thoroughly enjoyed the opportunities afforded by Thanksgiving as the Racketing Muffins of the Fourth Ward. The members had been making preparations for some months, and during Thursday morning paraded the streets *a la Marti Gras*, calling on their friends for contributions towards their great prize boxing tournament, to take place during the afternoon. This portion of the festivities was productive of much merriment, owing to the peculiar nature of many of the gifts. Smith Howell took first prize, and became the happy possessor of a load of wood, a ton of coal and a \$5 gold piece. Justice Moots came next, and had a cask of ale to cart home. The third sharp-shooter, August Degener, received a dressed hog, valued at \$9. An elegant overcoat was presented to David F. Hearn, the fourth champion. Thomas McCourt and John Carr were both \$5 richer owing to coming in fifth and sixth on the list of marksmen. "Little Jake" was also entitled to a \$5 bill, but preferred a sack of buckwheat, and was accordingly accommodated. Over sixty-four prizes in all were distributed. In the evening the hall of Weber's Winter Garden was crowded to overflowing, yet everything passed off as smoothly as could be desired. Gen. Michael Coyle and James Layburn had charge of the floor, assisted by William Watchorn, John Carr, William Fowler, Robert Parker, William Mutchler, and R. Pflag. Reception matters were ably handled by Robert E. Layburn, James Hanlan, George Scott, Charles Rolff, August Degener, D. Hughes, Wm. Mullaney, Richard Carr, Thomas McCourt, John Mullaney, Thomas Bechtel and William Lee.

**The McGibeny Concert.**

The musical entertainment at the First M. E. Church last evening furnished entirely by Professor McGibeny and his interesting and musical family, has rarely been equaled in this city. The sacred edifice as might be ex-

pected was crowded, and the programme presented excellent in every sense of the word. While every member of the family is wonderful in their special performance, it remained for the little ladies of the troupe, Allie and Florence, to thoroughly astonish the audience. They appear again this afternoon for the last time, and we regret their stay cannot be extended at least one week, as we are satisfied from the reception accorded last evening it would be as profitable to them as it would be both pleasant and profitable to the public. The entertainment this afternoon is specially for little folks, and certainly no greater treat could be offered. We hope to see such a house as the merits of the artists deserve.

**Cheap and Good Clothing.**

No. 699 Broadway, known as the popular clothing house of New York, offers inducements second to none in the line of winter clothing. They display no less than 100 different styles of suits ranging in price from \$8 to \$20 and overcoats and ulsters in endless variety from \$5 to \$20. The enterprising manager of this popular concern has determined to accommodate all classes of society from the workman to the banker, and the magnitude of their trade proves, beyond doubt, the departure a decidedly successful one. We advise our friends to visit 699 and judge for themselves.

**LACONICS.**

—Rev. D. R. Lowrie will preach at 10:30 A. M. to-morrow in the First M. E. Church. At 7:30 P. M. a popular service of song and an address to young people by William Oland Bourne. Subject: "Motives and Aims of Life."

—Thomas McAleer says the report in an evening paper last week that he was arrested for slandering a female neighbor was a mistake. He was not arrested and the lady who made the charge discovered in time that Thomas was not the guilty party.

—Russ' St. Domingo Bitters acts upon the kidneys, tones the system, purifies the blood, regulates the bowels, and sharpens the appetite. The price \$1 per quart bottle at all grocers, druggists and liquor dealers. Wholesale depot, 23 Cortlandt street, New York.

—Condit & Bro., at No. 136 Washington street, offer great attractions for the holidays. Their display of useful and ornamental goods is only equalled by the low prices demanded. There is no more suitable place in town to select your Christmas and New Years presents. See advertisement in another column.

—R. P. Burbank, foremost among humorists and dialect elocutionists, has been secured by the Teachers' Library Association and will give one of his delightful entertainments under its auspices at the First Baptist Church, next Wednesday evening. A few hours passed in Mr. Burbank's company are always profitably spent.

—Mr. R. A. Anderson, the popular painter and paper hanger at No. 126 Washington street, has enjoyed a reputation for square dealing so long that little needs to be added in his favor. It may be well for the public to learn, however, that Mr. Anderson allows no competitor to excel him in stock. His assortment of wall-paper and picture frames is the best selected and largest in the city.

—The fifth annual ball of the Ancient Order of Hibernians No. 10, at Odd Fellows Hall, Tuesday evening, was the occasion of a very large and respectable gathering. Good music, a good supper and general good feeling kept the happy guests in good humor until broad daylight. President Mullins and the officers of the association deserve to be complimented on their fifth annual success.

—The workingmen of Hudson County are

requested to meet at Odd Fellows' Hall on Sunday, December 5th, at 2 P. M., when they will be addressed by C. Speyer, Secretary of the International Labor Union, and J. V. McDonald, editor of the *Labor Standard*, of Paterson. Subjects of vital importance will be discussed by the above mentioned gentlemen, who are known as most staunch advocates of the laboring classes.

—About as appropriate and useful a present as one can make about these times is a neat pair of slippers, and the best place in the city to procure such articles is of our friend Smiley's, No. 192 Washington street. We know from experience that, as regards assortment, styles, and prices, Mr. Smiley cannot be equaled this side of the Hudson River, and if our friends only give him one trial they will readily discover the truth of this assertion.

—The members of the Unique Social Club with their friends made their seventh annual appearance at Odd Fellows' Hall Monday evening, and thoroughly enjoyed the occasion. Prof. Eckert and his orchestra furnished the latest music, and Maj. Woerner played the host to perfection, serving supper to at least 100 couples to their entire satisfaction. The ball was neatly decorated. James Galoway, assisted by Wm Staats, together with a large corps of assistants, took good care of the guests.

—Hoboken is ahead in matrimonial events judging from a report which came to us yesterday. A young gent not yet out of his teens, who in a small way represents Uncle Sam, took to his bed and board a maiden of even more tender years. The latter is not yet of age, but as no person seems likely to interfere, and the youngsters are hopeful and happy, there are prospects that the responsibilities assumed will have to be borne. We think they have been a little rash, but none the less wish them luck.

—Meyer's hotel and restaurant (formerly Unrein's) corner of Washington and Third streets, has suffered no loss of its prestige or popularity since coming under the management of Mr. Meyer. The new proprietor for many years occupied the position of chief steward on the Bremen steamer Neckar, and a man who can ably discharge such duties can run a hotel. Mr. Meyer imports the famous Thuringia beer, which he keeps both on draught and bottled, and is also agent for this part of the country. This beverage is pronounced the superior of any of the foreign beers at present received in the United States.

—The ladies of the German Evangelical Church, of which the Rev. L. Mohn is pastor and founder, will hold a grand fair and festival at Odd Fellows' Hall on December 1, 2, 3 and 4. The object is to raise funds for the payment of debt and to repair and adorn the buildings in view of the approaching 25th anniversary of the organization of the church. The ladies have prepared many surprises for their friends, and will endeavor to make their visits at the fair as enjoyable as possible. Refreshments of all kinds will be served, and their will be music every evening. It is to be hoped that the citizens of Hoboken, who have always shown their good will towards this church during the twenty-five years of its existence, will aid in the accomplishment of the above expressed object by generous contributions and frequent visits.

**MEYER'S**  
**Hotel and Restaurant.**

(Formerly Unrein's).

125 Washington Street, Cor. of Third.

Near the Hamburg and Bremen Docks.

**HOBOKEN.**

Thuringia Bier a Specialty.

Rooms with or without board.

**A SAD INTERVIEW.**

Professor Van Buskirk on Light.

Our scribe was evidently laboring under a fit of aberration or desperation Sunday evening last, when he approached Prof. Van Buskirk, chief gate-swinger of the Hoboken Ferry Company, and asked his opinion on light.

The circumstances are extremely painful, but in justice to the "ancient mariner" who manipulates the bolts and bars on the Christopher street side, we will endeavor to reproduce the dialogue, as conveyed to us, by our almost exhausted representative.

The Professor is commonly termed Captain, and our reporter, in a moment of temerity, addressed his Highness thusly:

"How do you do, Cap! Nice night."

"Wall, I do' no if 'tis. You wouldn't think so if you was on watch," (this accompanied by a stream of tobacco juice lasting a minute and staining a three foot plank).

"Which one of the boats is using the new light, Cap.; I hear its very fine!"

"Yes, too darn fine! and I'm sorry for it. Some travelers wot I know on this route ought to be glad to get in the dark once in awhile—they'd look better."

"You evidently don't approve, then, of increasing the light on the boats, Cap? What is the cause? Do you think the present good enough?"

"Yes, by George, I think it's too good." The "ancient" here stowed away half a paper of virgin leaf, dove his hands deeper into his spacious pockets, sunk his neck into the collar of a jacket made heavy for winter use by German silver buttons (more German than silver), and once more discharging his jaws with a vim that would shame a Babcock extinguisher, he braced up, and was about continuing his little piece, when the scribe got the start, to his sorrow, with:

"But, Cap, this is an age—"

"Now, look here, don't talk about age to me. I don't care if it is or isn't age. Why, me sowsy, ninety-three years ago, when I was a boy, and you can bet they was all men then, but me, we was mighty glad to grope our way over the North River and carry our own lanterns; and then there was no tramps either. Every man wot didn't pay, s'wan, you bet."

"A man couldn't very well tramp across the river, you know, Cap., under any circumstances."

"I know it; but they paid their way just the same, and was glad to furnish their own light, and there was no shouting about it, either. Now a-days half the roosters thinks we ought to rans this ferry for fun and throw chandeliers and torch-light parades into the bargain."

"Now, Cap., candidly speaking, don't you think the light should be improved on the boats, or would you suggest the old system of every passenger carrying a lantern?"

"Well, now, young fellow, don't give me any taffy, or candy speaking either. I'm too old. I put Christopher Columbus in the business, and learned Farragut how to reef a main-top fore you was born. When I first met Chase he didn't know a belaying pin from a tooth-pick. I've doubled Good Hope and Cape Horn, and have been often doubled for a horn; took many a horn in Dublin; climbed the North Pole before Franklin was heard of, and have been now seventy years swinging gates on the banks of the 'Hud.,' and it makes me sick to hear people 'kick' about a little light."

"But, Cap., I was simply—"

"Oh, that's nothing simple about me, young man. I'm no simpleton. I'm old enough to be your father's great grand-father."

Another pint of tobacco juice, scattered to the winds, accompanied this revelation.

"Ask Bill Burrell. Why, before ever Bill was a stow-away in a ferry box I was fore the mast on the old 'Livingston,' and no one

wanted light those days. Every person was light enough. Holy sailor! just ask ole 'Willie' Burrell, of the 'Mariar,' how things are changed. Why, great Caesar! the first whalin' voyage I made out of Weehawken was so long ago that we had to run back of Staten Island and wait till the whales grow'd fore they was wuth ketchin'; and just as sure as you're born, we could hardly see New York, it was so small. I recollect it well. It came near bustin' our skipper all to pieces. I was only a 'kid' then, but was fust mate all the same. Now, that's some years ago, young feller, and I don't generally tell folks, 'caus' I'm not a man wot blows. Every person knows that wot knows ole 'Van,' but I 'jes like to have you know what I thought about lighting up steamboats."

"But Cap.—"

"No but at all about it. I'll give it to you on the 'dead quiet.' We're a pretty cunning concern, we are, and when the ole man sez to me, 'Say, Van, what do you think of lighting up all the boats like the Hackensack,' I sez 'Don't you do it, boss; it will 'jes ruin our reputation for economy, and, besides, the youngsters what crosses don't want it, you know.' I've been a kind of consultor (that's what you call it, ain't it?) for a long time, and this gate-swinging is only a blind. I made a 'stiff kick' on the illumination snap, and I'm no slouch. The youngsters what crosses twice a day are our best customers, and they want no extra lamps. I told him the darker he got the boats the better, and I guess he took the hint, and is giving the juveniles a chance, you know. We was all young once."

I was somewhat in doubt on this subject, yet, before I had a chance to speak, Cap. broke out in a new place, but was cut short, thank Heaven, by the 12 o'clock boat striking the bridge, when he rushed off to perform the monotonous, though artistic, act of his eventful career, "opening the gates for the kickers."

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS** managed. Difficult dramatic characters personated. Church entertainments a specialty. Scenery to let, and all dramatic business attended to.

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**First National Boot & Shoe Store**

192 WASHINGTON STREET.

Contains the largest and most varied assortment of Boots and Shoes in Hudson County at the lowest cash prices.

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N. B.—Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Shades, Neatsfoot Oil, Oil Cloth, etc. The largest and finest collection of Picture Frames in the city.

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**OYSTER HOUSE**

175 Washington St.,

Bet. 4th and 5th Sts., Hoboken.

FAMILIES AND PARTIES SUPPLIED.

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**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, Y'NG HYSON,  
JAPAN, ENG. B'KFST,  
GUNPOWDER, MIXED,  
IMPERIAL, OLD HYSON.

50c. per lb.

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 rmply pays us, and ent les 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,**

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PRINCIPAL WAREHOUSE,

35 & 37 Vesey St. New York.

Grape-Vine Sample Room.

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First-class Wines, Liquors & Cigars

ALWAYS ON HAND.

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**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., 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.

**JOHN F. O'HARA,**

Furnishing

**UNDERTAKER,**

129 Washington Street.

Bet. 3d and 4th Sts., Hoboken.

Orders Attended to, Day or Night.

**HEXAMER'S**



**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.

## A HUMAN MONSTROSITY.

A Donkey's Head on a Man's Body—  
A Curious Freak of Nature

At 785 Freeman avenue, a couple of doors above Bank street, there resides, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, an aged and respectable German and his wife, who make a living by keeping a family grocery and provision store. The husband's name is Philip Volz. Mr. Volz is a large, fleshy, good natured, honest, temperate German, who is content to mind his own business and deal out to his customers all the commodities usually found in a grocery and meat store, save cigars, tobacco and liquor. His wife is a kind, pleasant, old lady—probably sixty—and the people in the neighborhood call her "grandmother." She is very neat and clean in her appearance, and is one of those sensible bodies that people like to talk to, either on business or merely for pleasure.

This good couple are the parents of one of the most wonderful specimens of humanity that the world ever saw, and certainly the most wonderful that was ever known to exist in Cincinnati. It is a man having the head of a donkey on its shoulders. It almost always happens that monstrosities, born of either woman or animals, die shortly after birth, if born alive at all, but this is an exception to the rule, for the subject of this article is alive now, and is thirty years old. The name of the unfortunate creature is George Volz. When visited by our reporter, says the *Enquirer*, the cripple stared at him in an unpleasant way and began to kick violently, as though he was trying to get at the stranger, while hands, or what correspond to a human being's hands, pounded each other with frightful rapidity and apparent viciousness. The reporter finally became sufficiently at ease to make a close observation, and he saw that the face of the cripple was near the shape of a donkey as could be, the only feature that at all approached the shape of the *genus homo* being the nose. This was noticed to be more prominent than that of a genuine specimen of the donkey, but the outline was exactly the same. The mouth could not be told from a donkey's, and when it came to observing the upper part of the face and the head, the resemblance was exact. The head is very large and nearly square like the donkey's. It is covered with coarse black hair, as stiff and straight as ever seen on the animal referred to. The eyes are the eyes of a donkey to perfection, but the most perfect resemblance to this animal are the ears. They stand straight up and run out to a sharp peak in the exact shape of the ears of the donkey. They are about three inches long, but are not covered with hair. The expression—the lower portion of the face is covered with a short growth of hair, which is sheared by the mother at regular intervals. The body of the cripple is also covered with a short growth of long, stiff, coarse hair.

The reporter noticing the fact that the upper part of the head between the ears was much larger than the lower part, at first thought that this was due to the growth of hair. In order to satisfy himself on this point he advanced toward George to place his hands upon his head. As soon as he got within range he received a couple of vicious kicks from one of the monster's feet. Mrs. Volz also advanced at the same time and she was also kicked.

The reporter, however, succeeded in getting his hands on George's head, and found that the shape noticed was the shape of the skull and was not caused by the hair. All of the hair grew upward. As the visitor stood looking at the object before him, it kept swinging its head from side to side, and the expression of the face was precisely that of the donkey.

George cannot talk at all. He makes no sound that approaches to the human speech. George's mother informed the reporter that

he had sufficient intelligence to comprehend enough to have his wants supplied, which were few. He expressed a wish for a drink or something to eat by sighs. George's hands were above mentioned. There are really no hands, but the stumps of three or four fingers in the aggregate are attached to what would be the hands if he were a perfectly-formed human being. The shoulders are very narrow and the spinal column is not sufficiently strong to enable George to stand up long at a time. He crawls when he wishes to move about.

One of his legs is of human, but the other is shapeless. George is powerless to wag his ears. He eats the ordinary food that is served on the table. Mrs. Volz stated that his appetite was good usually and that he was allotted a place at the family board. Sometimes he refused to eat the substantial food of an every day meal and he was then fed on cake or some other delicacy.

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