

THE HOBOKEN ADVERTISER

VOL. VII. NO. 32.

HOBOKEN, N. J., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

THE MODEL SUBSCRIBER.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

Good morning, sir, Mr. Editor, how are the folks to-day?
I owe you for next year's paper—I thought I'd come and pay;
And Jones is going to take it, and this is his money here;
I shut down lending it to him, and then coaxed him to try it a year.
And here's a few little items that happened in our town—
I thought they'd look good for the paper, so I just jotted them down;
And here is a basket of peaches my wife picked expressly for you,
And a small bunch of flowers from Jennie, she thought she must send something, too.
You are doing the bosses bully, as all our family agree;
Just keep your old goose quill a-flappin', and give them a good one for me.
And now you are chuck full of business, and I won't be taking your time;
I've things of my own I must tend to; good day, sir, I guess I will climb.
The editor sat in his sanctum, and brought his fist down with a thump;
"God bless that old farmer," he muttered, "he's a regular jolly old trump;
And 'tis thus with our noble profession, and thus it will ever be still;
There are some who will appreciate our labor, and some, perhaps, never will.
But in that great time that is coming, when Gabriel's trumpet shall sound,
And they who have labored and rested shall come from the quivering ground,
When they who have striven and suffered to teach and ennoble the race,
Shall march at the head of the column, each one in his God-given place,
As they march through the gates of the city, with proud and victorious tread,
The editor, printer and devil, will travel not far from the head.

HOW TO OPEN A DOOR.

Why Mr. and Mrs. Slater did not go to the Opera.

There had been two or three days of damp weather, and Mrs. Slater had complained to her worthy spouse that "the doors in the house stuck exasperatingly whenever she tried to open them," and requested that a professional in the use of the saw and plane be called in at once to remedy the evil.
"The house is new," Slater said, "and these little things must be expected. In a few days the doors will work all right again, and a carpenter's bill be saved. Practice a little patience, my dear," he added; "you know you are very quick tempered, and if anything does not work just as you wish it at the first attempt, you become perfectly unreasonable."
Mrs. Slater cast at her lord one withering glance of scorn, but said never a word. There was a peculiar set to her lips, which seemed to say: "Wait, oh, man, until you try one of those doors, and then we'll see where the patience comes in."
They were to go to the opera next evening, and Slater sat reading the paper in his sitting room, while his wife was arraying herself in all her best finery in the bed chamber up stairs. Slater, man like, was "all ready, with the exception of putting on his hat and gloves."
At last Mrs. Slater was ready, and proceeded toward the door to go down stairs. She took hold of the knob, turned it, and pulled; but the door stuck tight at the top and would only open a little way at the bottom, to spring back shut when she ceased to pull at it. Then she thought of her husband's advice, "have a little patience;" so she pulled at it gently, but the door only kept up its old trick of opening an inch or two at the bottom to spring back when she ceased up.

"Now, ain't this too mean," she exclaimed, and then, happening to glance at the clock, whose hands pointed at 7:30, she took hold of the knob fiercely and gave it a sudden, very strong pull. Rip! went her new "old-gold" kid glove down the back; but the door still stuck. There were tears in her eyes and murder in her heart as she took hold of the knob with both hands and braced herself for business. She pulled with all her might, and the door gave a little, and then sprung back with such force that it brought her up on tiptoes. This was repeated several times. With each attempt the good lady became redder in the face, and put more vim into her pulls. Finally, as she threw her whole strength into the effort, the door suddenly swung open with her, with so much force that she fell back over a chair and stood on her head in her new duck of a bonnet, which she had intended should have been the cyanoure of all female eyes on that eventful evening.

Slater was startled in the midst of an article on the reorganization of the party by a crash overhead and a series of shrieks that proclaimed either a burglar, a fire, or a mouse. Rushing up stairs, three steps at a time, and in through the open door, he was met by

the sight of a pair of striped stockings wildly waving through the air. From beneath this most appalling vision came the shrieks. For a moment Slater stood spellbound; but only for a moment. It became apparent to him that an important member of his household was in need of immediate reversal as to her understanding. Without ado he hastened to the rescue, and soon Mrs. Slater was seated in the chair which had played such an important part in her discomfiture. Between her sobs she at last related the catastrophe which had happened. At the end of a few sentences of sympathy, Slater, foolish man, could not resist the opportunity to say: "My dear, this only goes to demonstrate the truth of what I told you only yesterday about these very doors. Had you but shown a little patience this would not have happened."

"Oh! you brute," she cried, as the sobs again became violent; "I would just like to see some of your patience exhibited in opening that door."

"My dear, you shall," the insane man replied, as he proceeded to close the cause of the trouble. Having accomplished this part of the programme, he turned to Mrs. Slater to say:

"A door that sticks should always be firmly taken hold of thus, and then, with a quick, strong pull, open it comes," saying which he gave a quick, strong pull, and the door opened just a few inches at the bottom and sprang shut with such force that it brought Slater's head up against it with a bang that could be heard all over the house and drove his nose so far back into his head that he could hardly shut his mouth.
"Oh, you won't, eh!" he hissed, when he recovered his breath; "we'll see if you won't, my beauty."

Then he gave a pull that would have decided a tug-of-war for the championship; his hands slipped off the knob and he turned a back somersault that would have secured him an engagement in the best circus going, and brought up against the centre table with the back of his head in a way that made the stars dance all around him.

He lay thus for a moment, seemingly endeavoring to make up his mind just where he was; the while Mrs. Slater was watching him in a dazed sort of way.
He rose to his feet, and with a wild look in his eyes and a certain unsteadiness about his gait, once more approached his enemy. This time he took the precaution to carefully wipe the perspiration from his hands. He laid hold of the fatal knob. He planted his feet firmly about eighteen inches from the door, and then first straightening up he brought his body into the shape of a letter V as he gave a pull that would have shamed a car-horse. The door came open as though struck by a battering ram; it smote against the top of Slater's bald head with a crash that, in addition to the momentum he had obtained by his pull, sent him into the lap of Mrs. Slater, and carried herself and the chair over with him into one vast wreck in the corner.
As the poultices were being applied to his head and nose later in the evening, Slater was heard to remark that "a woman always was in the way when a man tried to open a door."—*Leslie's New Monthly.*

THE RAILROAD RESTAURANT.

A Traveler's Struggle with a Porterhouse Steak.

"This is the porterhouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant.
"Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who was tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porterhouse steak, sir; same as you ordered, sir."

"Do you cut porterhouse steak from between the horns this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know.
"Sir?" said the waiter.
"It seemed to be a trifle tenderer last year," the sad passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past, "but I remember, now, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porterhouse steaks from the curl in the forehead and the sirloins from the shin. But I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where they cut the porterhouse between the horns, and this steak reminds me of them. Animal dead this steak came from?"

"Dead!" said the astonished waiter; "course, sir. He was butchered, sir."
"Butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman swear. Well, it was time he was killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped into the steak, no doubt, while you were stealing it off. What do you do with these steaks

when the guests are through with them?"

The waiter looked puzzled. "Why, sir," he said, "they ain't nothing left of 'em when customers get through with 'em, sir."

"Possible," said the sad passenger; "what becomes of them?"
The waiter looked nervous. "What," he said; "the customers eat them up."

The sad passenger looked up with an air of interest. "Incredible!" he exclaimed; "cannot accept your statement without proof. They may hide them under their chairs, or secrete them in their napkins, or they may carry them away in their pockets to throw at burglars, but I cannot believe they eat them. Here, let me see one of them eat this, and I will believe you. Trust me, good waiter, I—"

But the waiter pointed to a placard inscribed, "Positively no trust," and went to the cashier's desk to tell the boss to look out for that man at the corner table, as he didn't seem to be satisfied with his steak, and had asked for trust.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

March of the Continental Battalions Through Trenton to Yorktown, on August 31st, 1781.

Just at 4 o'clock this afternoon a century ago, William Cain, the owner of Fox Chase Tavern, on the Brunswick road, in Trenton, heard the beating of the drums of the Continental battalions on their march to Virginia—to Yorktown, to victory and peace. That night the streets of this town were full of American soldiery and the advance guard of the French contingent. In the American column, commanded by Gen. Lincoln, we find our Jersey Blues. Col. Elias Dayton was in command, having with him, also, a splendid regiment from Rhode Island; Col. Matthias Ogden, only twenty days out of the hands of the British, had assumed command of the First New Jersey. Lieut. Col. DeHart Hollingshead, Major Cumming (father of Col. Cumming, of Princeton, lately deceased), Major Barber, Surgeon Elmer, (father of the distinguished Judge Elmer, of Bridgeton), Captain Jonathan Dayton—these were some of the splendid officers who marched through our streets one hundred years ago to-night.

The good people of the village, it is said, turned out to meet their country's brave defenders and welcomed them with food and fuel and shelter. The old barracks on Front street, the Presbyterian Church on Second street, the Friend's Meeting House on Third street, the Methodist Church on the corner of Fourth and Queen streets, the English Church on King street, were thrown open to the war-worn veterans. It was an exciting night in Trenton. For some time General Washington had been gathering his troops, aided by the French force under General the Count de Rochambeau, as if preparing to make an attack on New York city. Sir Henry Clinton, the British chieftain, fully believed that an attempt was about to be made to capture that city, and he began every preparation to meet it. It was not until the troops crossed the Delaware River that he became convinced that Washington had out-genealed him, and that the allied armies were then well on their way to aid General Lafayette in crushing the Earl Cornwallis.

On August 29th the troops broke camp at Chatham, Morris county, and quartered at Brunswick Landing that night; the following evening brought them to the campus of the college at Princeton, and the last of the month, as we have seen, to Trenton. Washington and suite, with the leading French officers, had been received in Philadelphia with great honors and the city had been brilliantly illuminated. Early in the morning of September 1st the military stores and ordnance were placed on frigates at Trenton Landing and sent down the Delaware River to Christiansa Creek, and the troops of the American army crossed over in boats to the Pennsylvania shore at Patrick Colvin's ferry, now Morrisville. The horses and wagons of the army forded the stream. The army encamped that night around the Red Lion Tavern at Bensalem, Bucks county. This march to the head of Elk River and sail over Chesapeake Bay to York, Virginia, was the opening scene in the last military act which brought peace and freedom to the young Republic.

(The data in the sketch, which is of local interest, was kindly furnished by Adjutant General Wm. S. Stryker, who has made the incidents of that period a study as regards the State of New Jersey.)—(Wednesday's Trenton True American.)

The above contains considerable of local interest to residents of this old Revolutionary community. Some of those who were in command of the gallant Jersey Blues one hundred years ago

on last Wednesday night, sleep in the cemetery of the First Presbyterian Church, and their direct descendants daily mingle in the busy walks of life with our own people. We are without information to the contrary, but it is safe to presume that the troops marched through our streets on the route from Chatham, in Morris county, to Brunswick Landing, and thence to Princeton, Trenton, Philadelphia, and ultimately to Yorktown. In a few days other true Jersey Blues will go to Yorktown. This is an age of steam, however, and what a century ago was the work of days, is now reduced to hours.—*Elizabeth Herald.*

Rough on Postmasters.

Judging from the following, it will be necessary for postmasters to peruse every postal card going through their respective offices. Would it not be better to introduce a law severely punishing the author of insulting or indecent communications? In this case about one example in a town would be sufficient:

An order has been issued to postmasters at all receiving and distributing offices, by Postmaster-General James, looking to the suppression of a certain abuse of the mails. The order gives postmasters the right to destroy all postal cards containing insulting or abusive language, provided the parties to whom such cards may be addressed notify the postmaster that they do not want any such missive delivered. All that is necessary to do is for any or all persons to notify their local postmaster that they do not want such mail matter delivered. Of course when it becomes generally understood that these insulting communications will never reach the persons addressed, the low individuals who write them will cease their miserable practice. The order is certainly a wholesome one.

The American Institute Fair.

The semi-centennial fair of the great American Institute is progressing rapidly, and promises to be the most successful ever held. Great preparations are being made, and applications for space are so numerous that it is doubtful whether all can be accommodated. Many will doubtless be crowded out. The fair opens on the 14th inst., and new inventions by American inventors, some of which have never been seen before, will be exhibited. Mr. Charles Wager Hull, the General Superintendent, is actively at work, and the fair promises to be a great success. The Ninth Regiment Band, led by Mr. Arbutle, the great cornet virtuoso, will furnish the music. The exhibition of Messrs. Thurber & Co., of New York, will be one of the attractions of the fair, and nothing will be left undone to please the great number of visitors who are sure to attend.

Truth, Nothing But the Truth.

The first to feel the tyranny of a despotic government is the newspaper. Because a newspaper, almost invariably represents the people, and is the champion of their liberties. The people of this and every country owe something more to their newspapers than the paltry subscription price. They owe a debt money cannot repay. Statesmen may blow, and clergymen may preach, but the newspaper is the savior of this world. Just now the government of Uruguay has issued a decree forbidding the newspapers to discuss politics or express an unbiased opinion on the state of affairs. 'Twas ever thus; the newspaper is the greatest martyr for human freedom the world has or probably ever will know.

THEATRES.

WAREING'S GERMANIA THEATRE AND SUMMER GARDEN.
NO. 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.

GUSTAV STRENG,
Justice of the Peace, Notary Public,
PENSION ATTORNEY, and
Commissioner for all States of the Union,
NO. 84 WASHINGTON STREET,
HOBOKEN, N. J.

Boats to Let
By the HOUR, DAY or WEEK, at reasonable rates, at the HOBOKEN BATH, Foot of 7th St.
Pleasure and Fishing Parties supplied with suitable Boats.
Shipping and Excursions Promptly Attended to.
HENRY GILSTER,
Proprietor.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
THEY ALL DO AGREE THAT
J. & W. Obreiter,
164 Washington Street,
Bet. 4th and 5th Sts., sell the
THE BEST CIGARS IN THE CITY.

CHEAP—SEE!
7 Connecticut cigars for - - 25c.
6 Mixed cigars for - - 25c.
5 Havana cigars for - - 25c.
4 Fine Havanas for - - 25c.
3 Genuine clear Havanas, - 25c.
Etc., Etc., Etc.

JUST OUT! LITTLE HAVANA CHAMPION!
5 cts. each or 6 for 25 cts.
Extra inducements offered to box customers.

LAUNDRY.
WAH LEE'S LAUNDRY,
102 First Street, Hoboken.

Price List:
Shirts, ironing 10c.
Shirts, ironing 7c.
Drawers 8c.
Undershirts 8c.
Cuffs, per pair 5c.
Collars, each 5c.
Handkerchiefs, two for 5c.
Socks, per pair 5c.
Ties, per pair 5c.
White Pants 25c.
Linen Coats 25 to 50c.
Ladies' Skirts 25 to 50c.
Family washing promptly attended to.

HOTELS & RESTAURANTS.
NOTICE OF REMOVAL!
SCULLY'S
Dining Room business having outgrown the capacity of his old place, has removed to
No. 6 Newark St.

(Reagan's old stand) which place has been entirely renovated, new conveniences added, and extra facilities afforded, both patrons and proprietor.

Eagle Hotel,
Newark St., near Ferry.
HOBOKEN, N. J.
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.
Rooms by the Day, Week, or Month. Finest of Wines, Liquors, and Cigars always on hand.

JAS. WILLIAMS, Prop'r.
MEYER'S
HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,
(Formerly Unrein's),
125 Washington Street, Corner of Third,
Near the Hamburg and Bremen Docks,
HOBOKEN, N. J.

Sole agent for Thuringia Bier. Bottled for family use and delivered.

Charles W. Roedenberg,
COLONADE HOUSE,
ELYSIAN FIELDS,
Hoboken, N. J.
NEWLY FITTED UP.
Music Every Sunday Off Eleventh Street.

BLUMER'S HOTEL
—AND—
RESTAURANT,
(FORMERLY AMSBERG'S)
Cor. Fifth and Washington Sts.,
HOBOKEN, N. J.
ROBT. BLUMER, Prop.

WOLF'S HOTEL,
Palisade Ave. Cor. Ferry St.
SACRED CONCERT
Every Sunday afternoon from 3 to 11 P. M.
Restaurant open from 6 A. M. to 12 M.
Best of Wines, Liquors, and Cigars.

Anton Otten,
Wines, Liquors, Ales and Cigars
ALWAYS ON HAND.
219 NEWARK STREET.
BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES.
AGENT FOR
Jersey City Heights Brewing Co.

COAL AND WOOD.
THE HOBOKEN COAL CO.,
DEALERS IN
Scranton,
Lehigh,
AND
Other Coals.

RETAIL YARD—On D. L. & W. Railroad, cor. 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 at the lowest rates.

Steamboats & Tugs
SUPPLIED WITH
COAL, WOOD & WATER
From their Wharves at Hoboken.

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Isaac Ingleson,
DEALER IN
VIRGINIA PINE
AND OAK WOOD,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
Patent Bundle Kin ling Wood,
And Every Grade of Coal,
Cor. JEFFERSON & FIRST STS.,
HOBOKEN, N. J.

NIVEN & CO.
RED AND WHITE ASH
Anthracite Coals,
—AND—
George's Creek Cumberland Coal.
Carts and Wagons loaded direct from Shutes.
General Office, 17 Newark Street,
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Retail Yards and Offices—First St. and Erie Railway Branch; Seventeenth St. and Erie Railway Branch.

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Wines & Liquors,
Cor. SECOND AND WILLOW,
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Fred. Fincken,
SAMPLE ROOM,
39 Washington Street,
HOBOKEN, N. J.

CLAUSEN & PRICE -
Ale Depot.
Samuel Evans,
IMPORTER OF
FINE WINES AND LIQUORS,
—AND—
Extracts of Jamaica Ginger,
Raspberry Syrup, Essence of Peppermint,
Ginger Cordial, Gum Syrup, Holland Bitters, &c.
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The Latest Improved Billiard and Pool Tables.
Furnished Rooms to Let for Society and Lodge Purposes.

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Wine & Lager-bier Saloon,
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CENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
Louis Goll
Men's Furnishing Goods.
Sole Agent for
KEEP'S
CELEBRATED SHIRTS.
6 The Very Best,
MADE TO ORDER, \$9.
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POULTRY AND GAME.
Geo. Asher,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
POULTRY AND GAME,
436 Washington Market,
Vesey Street Side, NEW YORK.

Hotels, Restaurants and Steamships supplied at lowest rates.

Chas. Cohen,
Commission Merchant,
And Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
POULTRY AND GAME IN SEASON,
No. 74 Vesey Street,
Near Washington Market, NEW YORK.

Orders delivered to any part of New York, Hoboken, Jersey City and on the Heights free of charge. Hotels, Steamboats, Restaurants and Boarding Houses supplied at shortest notice.

Smith's Market,
LIVE AND DRESSED POULTRY,
Fish, Fresh, Smoked & Salt,
MEAT AND COUNTRY
PRODUCE.
Also, all kinds of Game in their season.

GARDEN ST.,
Cor. Third St., HOBOKEN, N. J.
C. CLARK,
DEALER IN
Beef, Veal, Mutton,
Lamb, Pork, Poultry,
Lard, Eggs, Fish, Oysters,
FRUIT, VEGETABLES & GAME
IN THEIR SEASON.
Cor. 6th and Bloomfield Sts.,
HOBOKEN.

DYEING.

H. C. Reese's
EAGLE DYE WORKS.
STEAM DYEING
—AND—
Cleaning and Refinishing.
Principal Office and Factory,
No. 71 FIRST STREET,
Branches 98 & 228 Washington St.
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DOCTORS & DENTISTS.

Dr. HENRY B. RUE,
No. 284 Bloomfield St., Hoboken, N. J.
Office Hours: 10 to 12 a. m., 1 to 3 p. m., 6 to 7 p. m.
1864. ESTABLISHED 1864. 1881.

Dr. I. M. RIDGES,
DENTIST,
128 Washington St.,
HOBOKEN, N. J.
GAS ADMINISTRATION.
ESTABLISHED 1866.

Dental Rooms
Dr. W. J. STEWART
234 St. and 6th Ave., NEW YORK.
Residence, 373 Broadway St., Hoboken.
Specialties: Artificial Teeth, Gold and Silver Fillings, Root and Crown Work, and all the latest improvements in dental surgery.

Dr. W. J. STEWART
234 St. and 6th Ave., NEW YORK.
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NO. 34 WASHINGTON STREET.

MOYER & LUEHS, Prop'rs.

Published Every Saturday Morning.

THE ADVERTISER will be delivered to any part of the city or mailed to subscribers in any part of the United States at the following rates: ONE YEAR, \$1.50; SIX MONTHS, \$1.00.

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS by mail must be prepaid, and annual subscriptions will not be considered unless accompanied by the money.

RATES for advertising made known on application at this office.

CONTRIBUTORS must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer in order to receive attention. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

(Published at the Post Office at Hoboken, N. J., as second-class matter.)

FOURTH YEAR.....NO. 32.

Amusements.

WAREINGS GARDEN-Variety.

DALY'S THEATRE-Quits.

BOOTH'S THEATRE-My Partner.

STANDARD THEATRE-J. B. McAuley.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN-Coup's Circus.

METROPOLITAN CONCERT HALL-Concert.

HOBOKEN, SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

Official paper of the city of Hoboken. Circulation second to no other weekly journal in Hudson County.

Did you pray for the President on Thursday?

"Schafkopf Bay-er," of Sheephead Bay, is what they call him now.

In such weather as this, you must not be offended if people give you the "cold shoulder."

Editor Bayer always invokes the muse with a quill pen.-J. C. Herald. This is very amusing.

The Advertiser of Hoboken is like a galvanic battery in that country. Its electricity sends new life into its readers.-J. C. Herald.

On Monday and Tuesday there was a heavy snow storm in Dakota. At the same time Hoboken enjoyed a temperature of 101 degrees in the shade.

Bridge Besson, the Night Mayor of Hoboken, considers it an omen of defeat to pay for more than is actually imbibed about election time.-J. C. Herald.

The pugacious Besson getteth in a whack at City Clerk Alberts in one of his communications this week. What would he do if he had no one to disagree with?

"Said to be true" - That "Polly" Hoffman arrived in New York Wednesday night, by one of the French steamers, and the story of that comet is being resuscitated.

The only veto from Mayor Besson this week was just six lines in length. It was short and to the point, two qualifications that are none too common in his Honor's communications.

President Garfield is steadily improving, according to the latest reports. "The heart of the Nation would not let the old soldier die," and it seems as though the prayers of the people were answered in the most favorable manner.

We have discharged our "Devil" correspondent for allowing "Polly" to leave Berlin without advising us. Altogether he has been rather renish in the discharge of his duties, and we hereby give notice that he is no longer connected in any capacity with the Advertiser.

Mayor Besson thinks some one had better take Corporation Niven's place in defending the city in the case of City Physician Heifer vs. The Mayor and Council of Hoboken. It is only through Besson's pig-headed obstinacy that City Physician Heifer is obliged to sue the city for his salary.

The Democratic politicians of New York ought to remember that their disensions last year defeated General Hancock.

Throughout this entire section of the State great damage is being caused by the protracted drought. The Delaware and all the streams are almost unrecognizably low.

Water! Water!

Some extent of the drought may be learned from the figures submitted for July. From these it appears that only one July in thirty-eight, that of 1881, had as small a rainfall as that of last July, which was only one inch and thirty-four hundredths.

On Wednesday evening, Miss Carrie Weber, eldest daughter of Mr. Jacob Weber, of this city, became Mrs. Robert W. Boise. The interesting event took place at the residence of the bride's parents, 315 Bloomfield street.

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FALL ELECTIONS-SHERIFF.

The fall elections are a very little more than two months off and the political cauldron, now bubbling, will soon begin to boil. The most important county office to be filled is that of Sheriff, and though the emoluments of the office will be somewhat diminished by the law reducing the fees thirty-three per cent., there is still enough of profit and honor attached to the position to attract a small crowd of aspirants.

Hon. Noah D. Taylor, the old Democratic war-horse of Jersey City, who has served a number of years in the State Senate and Assembly.

John Mullins, Esq., who was defeated for the same office three years ago, but whose friends claim that it was under adverse circumstances not attributable to him.

Mr. Mullins is a man of great business capacity, wealthy, prosperous and liberal.

Con. Cronin, Esq., so long First Deputy Sheriff of the county, and whose thorough knowledge of the duties of the office and application to business have contributed so much to its successful administration.

Ramon M. Cook, Esq., of this city, who enjoys a well deserved popularity as an efficient public officer and an honorable, high-toned gentleman.

Con. J. Donovan, Esq., who has been an aspirant for the office on one or two previous occasions, and who has determined to capture the position if it takes him all of several summers.

Ford. Heintze, Esq., so long known and well appreciated as the genial and kindly host of a popular restaurant near the Court House-an intelligent and well educated German-American.

Hon. E. F. McDonald, the present Director-at-Large, an able and vigorous public speaker, who has taken a prominent part in politics of late years, and may be fairly regarded as a rising young man with a future before him.

Wm. H. Steinbrenner, of North Bergen township, a faithful, hard-working Democrat, who has stood by his colors in all weather and under all circumstances. He will bring strong support from the northern part of the county.

There may be others of whom we have not yet heard; but from such a galaxy as the above, there ought not to be any difficulty in choosing a suitable and successful candidate for the Democracy.

The Republicans, inspired by the fact that they happened to capture the office at the last election, will no doubt have a legion of ambitious patriots in the field; but whoever is so fortunate as to receive their nomination may prepare himself for defeat.

We devote some space in another column, to "showing up" the true inwardness of the spiteful slander published in last week's Democrat (Rep.) on Captain Stahl, of the Trenton Herald.

The facts stated were obtained from reliable sources and we do not publish them as "rumors." Mr. Schlatter, who is mentioned in the Democrat (Rep.) as a victim of the alleged swindle, disclaims all connection with the publication of the falsehoods, and states that he had nothing to do with it.

The proof is conclusive that the story was made up of whole cloth. It could not even be called a rumor until it was published. It is a very significant fact, that Bayer's German paper, the Hudson County Journal, which is nothing more nor less than a translated edition of the Democrat (Rep.), did not contain one word of the story.

Barney had sense enough to know that the publication of such a bare-faced lie would do him more harm than good among the Germans, with whom Mr. Stahl is well known and popular.

Crane's share of the business, contemptible as it is, is characteristic. It were folly to express the hope that the would-be Sheriff is ashamed of his conduct. He was only afraid of the possible consequences of his meanness, which accounts for his keeping out of Stahl's way on Monday night.

As for Bayer himself, no one expects anything better. The limited circulation of his patent sheet, of course, makes the actual damage very slight, and its character prevents any weight being attached to its contents. But, although it is known to be thoroughly unreliable, Bayer is none the less guilty of wilful and malicious libel. It is doubtful whether the courts would adjudge him etc., and not at all likely that the case will come up; but it is an outrage upon the public to allow this barber editor (save the mark!) to concoct and publish his promiscuous slanders under the guise of things that are "Said to be True."

Water! Water!

Throughout this entire section of the State great damage is being caused by the protracted drought. The Delaware and all the streams are almost unrecognizably low.

Water! Water!

Some extent of the drought may be learned from the figures submitted for July. From these it appears that only one July in thirty-eight, that of 1881, had as small a rainfall as that of last July, which was only one inch and thirty-four hundredths.

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YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL NOTES.

It is estimated that about 30,000 military and 5,000 Masons will be on the grounds at Yorktown.

The Thirtieth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., Col. Austin commanding, from Brooklyn, will participate in the ceremonies at Yorktown.

Battery 1, Third U. S. Artillery, Capt. Myrick commanding, has arrived at Yorktown, and have commenced the work of preparing the camping grounds.

Orders have been received at General Hancock's headquarters for 1,000 men from the different posts in his department, to participate in the celebration.

Captain Theodore F. Griffith, of the Ninth Regiment, has been appointed Inspector of Rifle Practice for the New Jersey Battalion of the Yorktown celebration.

The water supply will be drawn from Wormley's Creek, pumped into tanks by two engines of 30-horse power each, and distributed throughout the camp.

Many States will send full regiments, together with the Governors of most of the States, accompanied by their staffs. For their reception and proper comfort a building is being erected.

The Yorktown Centennial Association is composed of well-known citizens of the thirteen original States, of which the Hon. John Goode of Virginia is Chairman, and Col. Peyton of New Jersey, General Superintendent.

The headquarters of the New Jersey battalion for service at the Yorktown Centennial are established at Trenton until further orders. Gen. Grubb may be addressed at Beverly, and Adjutant Dickinson at Jersey City.

The First Regiment Connecticut National Guard, has voted to extend its Yorktown trip to Charleston, S. C., and the Pacific Mail steamer Acapulco will be chartered for the trip. The Governor and staff and the State officers will accompany the regiment.

Says the New York Herald: "If Washington and Cornwallis can view the grand parade from the exalted position which their admirers believe they occupy, their comments will be very well worth listening to; but that is one of the grand stands to which the committee of arrangements will be unable to give reporters access."

The encampment of the United States troops and State military will be on the Temple Farm, about a mile and a half from the monument site. The regulars will occupy the right of the field, and Gen. Hancock's headquarters will be on the same ground as that occupied by Gen. Washington 100 years ago, and Gen. McClellan's army in 1862.

For the accommodation of the executive officers of the Government, members of the Cabinet, the Congressional Commission, and distinguished guests, a reception building 100 feet long and 60 wide is being erected only a few feet from the monument site. It will contain a room for the Commission, one for the Secretary of State, one for ladies, but for a large part of the space will be taken up for purposes of entertainment. In addition, the Commission have rented the old Nelson House, which is undergoing thorough repair and is said to be intended for the French guests.

A letter to Col. J. E. Peyton, of the Yorktown Centennial Association, from the Marquis de Rochambeau, states that he and Mme. Rochambeau expect to embark at Havre for America on the 24th inst., and that they will probably be accompanied by a staff officer of M. Grevy, President of the French Republic; a delegation of six persons, representing the Minister of Foreign Affairs; a military delegation composed of one general officer and two or three aide-de-camp of different grades, a naval delegation composed of one Vice-Admiral and two or three staff officers, a delegation from the Minister of Fine Arts, and a number of the French West India Squadron will escort the delegation, which will be under the general charge of M. Outrey, the French Minister at Washington.

The jubilee exercises of the German Evangelical Church, corner Garden and Sixth streets, will begin to-morrow and will be continued during the week. There will be a service at 10:30 A. M. at which the pastor, Rev. L. Mohr, will give a review of the history of the church. In the evening a union service will be held by the German churches, and addresses will be delivered by eminent German clergymen. At 4 P. M. service will be held in the English language, to which all the churches of Hoboken and vicinity are invited.

On Tuesday, at 4 P. M., a Sunday School festival will be held in the church, at which the Rev. D. M. Talmage, recently returned from China, will deliver an address. After the exercises in the church, refreshments will be served to the Sunday School scholars in the hall of the Martha Institute.

On Thursday evening a special service will be held by the young people, to be followed by a social reunion at the Martha Institute. The large and well trained choir, under the leadership of Mr. Lillendahl, have prepared an elaborate programme and the music will be a special feature of the festivities.

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WHERE WAS MOSES WHEN THE LIGHT WENT OUT?

Barney Bayer and Staff Slander a Trenton Editor and Escape His Vengeance by "Douging the Glim."

"ONLY A RUMOR, MEIN LIEBE STAHL!"

It is a notorious fact-in so far as anything connected with such a comparatively unknown sheet as the Hudson County Democrat (Rep.) can be notorious-that the proprietor of that organ will inconvenience himself to publish a falsehood about any one who is fortunately outside of his small circle of friends.

In order to escape the legal consequences of this promiscuous slander, his ingenious linguist, Hoffman, invented the caption "Said to be true" for their libel column. They can void their malice and shield themselves from their just deserts by this device. The language does not contain anything sharp enough, or bitter enough, to characterize such conduct; stabbing in the dark is bravery compared to it.

The following paragraphs are from that column in last week's issue:

That a reunion of the veterans of Captain Stahl's command was held last week at Julius Schlatter's hotel, on which occasion Captain Stahl gave them a sumptuous dinner. He was the orator of the day and everything passed off to his entire satisfaction. Mr. Schlatter is so elated over the event that he will be very much pleased if Captain Stahl will call around at an early day and give him another reunion.

That it is pleasant to meet your old comrades in arms and be able to give them a good dinner, even if you do not pay for it, is a fellow feeling and touches the tender chord of a comrade's heart, particularly when you wish to borrow a few dollars. -See Stahl's Tactics, Revised Edition, at Crane's morgue.

That the success of a patent inside editor was exemplified last week by his appearance in Hoboken with only three cents in his pocket. He was received by the citizens in a spirit of cordiality. He was overjoyed and from the fullness of his heart he felt he should show his appreciation of such a reception by giving them a dinner. *Falsum in vacuo*, said he, but *non factus in vacuo*, and he was spurred on to *tu ne cede mœdi*, but to make himself a name that would be impressive upon the hearts of the people, and he did, he gave a sumptuous dinner to the citizens, which he neglected to pay for. He borrowed \$15 from one, \$10 from another, \$5, \$3 and \$2 from others, and left the city after six hours enjoyment and feasting with \$61 in his pocket.

This, to use a favorite expression of Bayer's, is "a condemnable schurr." Yes, even worse. It was a deliberately concocted lie; gotten up with "malice aforethought" for the purpose of injuring Mr. Stahl's character-but it didn't.

Mr. Stahl is too well known in the State, and especially among the Germans of this city, for any such falsehoods to injure him. As a member in high standing in the G. A. R., an influential Democratic politician, one of the best political speakers in the State, and an upright, honorable man, he is respected by all who know him, and his reputation is more than local.

The story upon which the above libel is based is simply this: About a fortnight ago, Mr. Stahl was hastily summoned by telegraph from Ocean Beach to deliver a funeral oration at the burial of the late Major Woerner. He immediately came to Hoboken and performed this last act of friendship for his old comrade in arms. In the evening, in company with a few of his old army friends, he partook of a dinner at Julius Schlatter's restaurant. The bill was to be settled when he returned home. This is the fact in regard to the dinner, and Mr. Schlatter states that he was perfectly willing to trust Mr. Stahl for a much larger amount.

During the greater part of the evening, Burial N. Crane had been toadying Mr. Stahl; told him he (Crane) was going to run for Sheriff and wanted Stahl to "work" for him; make a few speeches, &c. He would "do anything in the world" for his friend Stahl. Mr. Stahl said, "Well, Crane, you can do something for me now; lend me ten or fifteen dollars." This Mr. Crane did, much to the surprise of his own pocket, no doubt. But he was frightened as soon as Mr. Stahl left, and went around among his friends asking if Stahl was good for \$15. Then the cadaverous undertaker and the vicious "Barney" got together, and the above vile slander was the result. The \$15 obtained from the penurious Crane was the only money borrowed by Mr. Stahl in Hoboken. It was on this circumstance, and the fright of poor Crane at being surprised into an act of generosity, that the story of Mr. Stahl's leaving the town after "working" his friends to the tune of \$61 was founded.

When the Democrat (Rep.) reached Mr. Stahl and his partner, they came to Hoboken and called at the office on Washington street and demanded a retraction of the libel. Here they were coolly informed by Barney Bayer, the barber proprietor, that he could not give his authority for the statement. "It is only a rumor, mein liebe Stahl," said Barney; "we don't claim that it is authentic; it is in our 'Said to be true' column." Mr. Stahl said he would like to have the name of their informant. Bayer refused to give it. Crane was diligently sought, but, of course, he kept out of sight.

Mr. Fred. Huelbig, of 184 Bloomfield street, a friend of Mr. Stahl, had accompanied him to the office to hear the explanation, but Bayer turned him out, saying that it was a private matter between himself and Stahl, and Mr. Huelbig should not be present. During the argument in the office, Mr. Stahl's partner, who had become excited over the stammering excuses of Bayer's scribe, raised a cane to strike him, when the valiant Barney, with a presence of mind that no one ever dreamed him possessed of, turned out the gas. Under cover of the darkness the intended victim made a hasty but silent exit through the back door. When the gas was rolled, the "fighting editor" of the Trenton Herald found no one to thrash. After this masterly retreat of his forces, General "Barney," by a judicious use of "taffy," smoothed the matter over. He provided Mr. Stahl with a statement in writing to the effect that the objectionable paragraphs in last week's Democrat (Rep.) were only rumors, and that its editor would do his best to set the matter straight before the "public"-which means the "exchange" list.

Crane, whose miserly instinct scared him into thinking he had lost his \$15, was paid back on Monday-at least the cash was left at his office for him. He had not the courage to face Mr. Stahl himself, and therefore kept out of sight till the storm blew over.

The body of John Wise, who was an old and respected citizen of Hoboken, was brought to this city Monday for burial. He had been employed for some time in the new tunnel of the New York Ontario and Western Railroad at West Point. On Friday last, while at work, a portion of the tunnel caved in and his legs were crushed by a fragment of rock, and while lying in this position a number of men

GRAND DARLINGS OF THE HUDSON

What Ida Lewis is to Newport, the Misses Crowley are to Saugerties. During the past few years the young ladies have saved, in various heroic ways, the lives of many persons of both sexes. Their deeds have been heralded of late, and now the lighthouse is greatly observed by the Hudson river travelers.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—SALE OF LANDS IN THE CITY OF HOBOKEN, ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th, 1881.

In pursuance of a motion of the Council of the city of Hoboken, passed on the 12th day of August, 1881, the following described lots, pieces or parcels of land in the city of Hoboken, that they are required to pay to John McMahon, Collector of Revenue, the sum set opposite their respective names, for the lots, pieces or parcels of land in the subjoined schedule mentioned, being the amount of water rents levied against said property, and now remaining unpaid.

At 10 o'clock A. M., at the City Clerk's office, 97 Washington street, in said city, for the shortest time that any person will agree to take the same in consideration of paying the said water rents so assessed and unpaid, with the interests and charges thereon, and all other costs and charges accruing thereon pursuant to and by virtue of the authority contained in the City Charter, ordinances and resolutions of the Mayor and Council of the city of Hoboken.

Attest: ROBERT H. ALBERTS, Mayor. City Clerk.

Table with columns: Bk., Lot, Name, Street, Am't. Lists various lots and owners for sale.

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Public notice is hereby given that on the 22d DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1881, of the time allowed by law for the redemption of property sold for taxes for 1879, the following schedule were sold by order of the Mayor and Council of the city of Hoboken for unpaid assessments for taxes for 1879, and for the amounts respectively named in the following schedule.

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Table with columns: Bk., Lot, Name, Street, Am't. Lists various lots and owners for sale.

HOUSEKEEPERS' EMPORIUM. IF YOU WANT TO BUY REFRIGERATORS, At less than factory prices, go to CONDITS' Housekeepers' Emporium, 136 WASHINGTON ST.

Also, the largest assortment of Kerosene and Gas Stoves, at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES. A Good Two-Burner Oil Stove for \$2. A Good, Reliable Gas Stove for \$1.25. E. A. CONDIT & BRO.

LUMBER, CEMENT, &c. J. C. FARR, Successor to WILLIAM C. HARP, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Lumber, Timber, Brick, Lath, Lime, Cement, Plaster, SAND, &c., &c.

I keep constantly on hand a large assortment of OAK, ASH, CHESTNUT, CHERRY, BLACK WALNUT and WHITEWOOD LUMBER, &c. Also, all grades and thicknesses of Hemlock, Spruce, and Pine Lumber, Ceiling, Dunnage Wood, &c. Lumber for Vessels Always on Hand. YARD AT FIFTH ST. DOCK, HOBOKEN, N. J.

E. Reinecke's Sons, ESTABLISHED 1852, Hudson Co. Vinegar Works, Depot—Union St., Cor. Hicks, Brooklyn, N. Y. FACTORY—FIRST STREET, HOBOKEN, N. J. NEAR PATERSON PLANK ROAD.

Manufacturers of WHITE WINE & CIDER VINEGAR. P. O. ADDRESS, BOX 25, HOBOKEN, N. J.

EXPRESS. Raab's Express Co. HOBOKEN & NEW YORK, HAMBURG AND BREMEN Steamship Express. Principal Office, near the Ferry. 194 Bloomfield St. & Steamship Pier, HOBOKEN, N. J.

PHENIX Insurance Co., OF BROOKLYN. Gross Assets, Over \$2,500,000! Branch Office, No. 37 Hudson St., HOBOKEN, N. J.

UNDERTAKERS. TEAS AND COFFEES. John F. O'Hara, Don't be Imposed Upon! We are the only IMPORTERS dealing direct with the CONSUMER. Those who have used our TEAS AND COFFEES in the past are satisfied with their UNIFORM QUALITY and Low Price.

THE GREAT Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, 55 NEWARK AVE., JERSEY CITY, 58 Washington St., Bet. 1st and 2d Sts., HOBOKEN, N. J. Principal Warehouse. Branch office opposite the Monastery, West Hoboken.

Wm. N. Parslow, GENERAL Furnishing Undertaker, 99 WASHINGTON ST. Orders promptly attended to, DAY OR NIGHT. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Winegar Works, Andrew F. Mohle, DEALER IN Vinegar, Pickles and Canned Goods, NO. 358 GARDEN STREET, HOBOKEN, N. J. Finest German Mustard at 35c. per Gallon. Finest Chow-chow at 35c. per Gallon.

WOLFF'S Dry Goods Store, 86 WASHINGTON STREET, HOBOKEN, N. J. Ladies' Underwear, Fancy Goods, &c. Gents' Furnishing Goods & Hosiery.

Extra! Latest News!

BOOTS & SHOES. JOHN RYSZCZYNSKI, No. 140 Washington Street, HOBOKEN, N. J. ADAM SCHMITT, BOOT AND SHOE STORE, 138 WASHINGTON ST., Bet. 3d and 4th Sts., HOBOKEN, N. J.

SMILEY'S First National Boot & Shoe Store, 109 WASHINGTON ST. Contains the largest and most varied assortment of Boots and Shoes in Hudson County at the lowest cash prices.

Wiedermann's, 148 WASHINGTON ST., Fine Groceries and Delicacies. Butter, Tea, Coffee & Flour specialties. Goods always sold at Lowest Prices.

H. LUETTICH, CARRIAGE PAINTER, No. 119 Newark Street, Hoboken, N. J. Makes a specialty of first-class work.

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