

THE ARROW

SHOT FROM SHORT HILLS.

No. 2. NEW SERIES.

MARCH, 1882.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.

Railroad Time-Table.

Trains from New York to SHORT HILLS leave Christopher street and Barclay street ferries at 7.30, 10.10 and 11.10 A. M.; 2.30, 3.50, 4.30, 5.20 (Express), 5.50, 6.30, 7.45, 9.45 P. M.; and 12 P. M. on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Returning to New York at 7, 7.20, 8.06, 8.35, 9.55 A. M.; 12.05, 1.51, 5.13, 6.50, 8.46 P. M.
(Horse cars run between Union square, N. Y., and Christopher street Ferry.)

Distance, 18 miles. Excursion Tickets, 85 cents.
Commutation Tickets, \$78 per year.

Short Hills Post Office, Western Union Telegraph Office and D. L. & W. Express Office at Depot.

THE SHORT HILLS COACH awaits the arrival of every train. On Sundays it carries passengers to the churches in Millburn and Springfield for 25 cents each.
JAMES MORRIS.

Mails Arrive.

8.20 A. M. and 4.20 P. M. East.
8.30 A. M. and 3.46 P. M. West.

Mails Close.

Going East, 8.20 A. M. and 3.46 P. M.
Going West, 8.10 A. M. and 4.15 P. M.

THE ground is already broken for a number of new stone houses.

OUR neighbors, just from Savannah, think there is no place like Short Hills. Hatteras did it.

PLANS are now being drawn for the club stables, which Mr. Hartshorn proposes to build on a lot adjoining the nursery.

EXTENSIVE arrangements have been made to set out a large quantity of ornamental trees and shrubs this spring in the localities recently improved.

THE large plot of ground opposite the east end of the Music Hall, on the other side of the road, is to be carefully graded and used for lawn tennis, archery, and similar pastimes.

THE enterprising citizen whose pat upon the back took the form of the purchase of a large number of the last ARROW, is so much of a gentleman and so profound a scholar that adjectives fail us.

It is presumed that the Morris and Essex Railroad will continue to store stoves in the passenger cars all summer. They will not be heated, but only heavy; and may sometimes prevent connections with the boats at Hoboken.

SINCE the catastrophe on the Hudson River Railroad at Spuyten Duyvil, axes have been hung in all passenger cars of the Morris and Essex Railroad, where they are a constant reminder to the passengers of the perils of the

rail, from which we trust that we shall always be preserved.

THE nomination of Mr. Cleveland upon both tickets, was evidence of the high place he holds in the estimation of those who appreciate the services of a painstaking, public-spirited, and courteous gentleman.

In view of the feeling which prompted the action of the Republicans, Mr. Cleveland's card was a mistake.

THE ARROW feels that its acknowledgments are due to the constituency which it addressed in the "Publisher's Notice" of last month. Expressions of interest and encouragement of the most tangible kind have been received, and it is with considerable satisfaction that the publisher this month presents the paper in enlarged form, and with an array of advertising, which is the best evidence of the growing esteem in which THE ARROW is held. The improvement in the journal will be continued, and it is hoped that the necessity for further enlargement will also be speedily felt.

WE were disappointed at not receiving a promised account of the fancy dress ball given by the Short Hills Club, at the Music Hall, on the evening preceding Ash Wednesday.

The entertainment was an emphatic success, and although the storm which had raged all day promised bad things for the evening, the stars unmasked upon the arrival of the first comer; while the speeding of the departing guests was accomplished by sunlight. Through the courtesy of the club invitations were extended to many not members of the association, and the result was a most enjoyable time, in which guests from all the prominent neighboring places participated.

If any man wants to know just what his fellow citizens think of him, let him attend a Primary. Previous to this experience he may have gone smilingly on his way, sweetly satisfied, upheld by the proud consciousness that as things go in this uncertain world, he is a pretty good sort of fellow. But after the Primary he prowls through the back streets, and is ashamed to recognize himself generally, for he has been informed at the meeting aforesaid that he never drew an honest breath in his life; that he spends most of his Sunday afternoon stealing chickens, and that his grandmother took in washing.

We are inclined to think that the purification of our system of politics, like that of charity, should begin at home.

AMONG many friendly notices of the press which have come to us since the inaugural of

the new ARROW, is one from the Newark *Daily Advertiser*, which compliments everything but the name "Short Hills."

It has been the custom of the average land improvement schemer to put up two or three \$1,500 sheds, in some abandoned wild, and call the place "Turtle Dove Hollow," "Syrup Vale," "Cherub Heights," or some such seductive name, in the hope of pleasing those euphoniouly inclined. But there is nothing of the mushroom about Short Hills. We are also severely correct geographically—as we are socially, morally, and collectively. The gentleman who wrote the paragraph reflecting upon our name is a journalist exceptionally fine in everything that relates to culture and good taste; and that he should rise up against such a thoroughly "pat" name as Short Hills, is something no fel—but we don't use slang in the Arrow any more.

A RESULT OF THE ELECTION.

THE interesting statement of facts and opinions made by the town's Investigating Committee, whose report was published in our last issue, has attracted a good deal of attention—the more so, because the entire report was made in no partisan spirit. Our citizens have been informed for the first time officially, that the affairs of the township have been mismanaged, year after year, to such an extent that the uncollected taxes, due during the past ten years, probably amount to a sum which if paid now into the town treasury would exempt us from taxation during 1882. It is a defect in the committee's report that the amount of these unpaid taxes has not been definitely stated.

The report plainly shows that for a long time there has been an habitual neglect of duties by many of our old town officers. Some of us may think that this repeated neglect to discharge faithfully a public trust deserves something more than an evening report or a day's talk. No one, however, is disposed to censure those who have failed in their official duty through ignorance of it. Indeed, if the general opinion of the town were now asked for, we think it would be "to let the past bury the past."

For the recent town election, at which a very large vote was polled, has given us a new town committee, composed of new men selected from each political party. We are assured that they have accepted the office realizing its responsibilities; and we shall therefore expect them to discharge all its duties with impartiality, honesty, economy and care. If they do this they cannot fail to earn the approbation of every good citizen. And every good citizen is expecting them to do it.

THE ARROW.

MARCH, - - - 1882.

ISSUED MONTHLY.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of One Dollar per inch.

Address:

THE ARROW,
SHORT HILLS, N. J.

THE JUVENILE FANCY DRESS.

SOMETHING beyond the usual attractiveness of Short Hills society life claims a place in the columns of THE ARROW.

The little ones who usually sleep away the hours of their elders' festivities in the Music Hall, on last Saturday afternoon flocked to the hospitable doors, opened for their especial benefit by a little hostess whose birthday was to be celebrated with generous consideration for others. The fifty children or more were in all lovely appearances, from the fine court lady and gentleman, to the simple quakeress or humble sailor boy; the little hostess, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pitcher, very modestly appearing as a quakeress, and her freedom from consciousness in the prominent position she held, added a charm to the perfect dress. Her sisters appeared as, "Nurse with her baby charge," "Buttercup," and "Court-lady," complete even to the beauty patch of court-plaster on her cheek.

The music was furnished by Neithammer, and the dances of the children were the delight of all the elder beholders. Games followed the dancing; and then a grand march in which all the characters joined. This almost bewildered the eyes of the spectators with the pairing off of miniature representatives of various ages and countries. After the march all were seated, and a bountiful entertainment was offered them which was universally accepted with satisfaction. The five candles of an ornamented birthday cake were afterwards lighted, and while this was being admired, the pretty quakeress handed around a well filled basket of bon-bons. After another dance—the Virginia reel—the young people reluctantly departed, leaving some of the old folks to an animated discussion of the pretty affair and of the good things which a thoughtful hostess had provided. The following costumes appeared in the bewitching display of the march:

Several Alsatian peasant girls; court ladies and gentlemen; a little girl covered with bells, probably to represent the old woman with bells on her fingers and bells on her toes so that she could have music "wherever she goes"; a perfect little British officer, about three years old with his sister, a brave little vivandière, canteen and all; Ralph Rackstraw of "Pinafore" memory; other sailor costumes; several lovely flower-girls, one or two very beautifully draped with smilax; Mother Hubbard; one quaint little face made attractive in a Kate Greenaway style of dress; a very good representation of Folly, with cap and bells after an illustration in Harper's; a drum major with snare drum, grand in military bearing; Oscar Wilde, in proverbial sun flower; three or four charming Bo-peeps' with their flowery crooks; an apparent "Fool," whose face belied the accusation of his dress; and other costumes without particular design of representation, yet all very pretty, and adding variety to the scene.

Those who were fortunate enough to be present at the Hall that Saturday afternoon, will not soon forget the sight. And if at six years old the little quakeress should open the doors again to receive her friends, "may we be there to see."

ENGLISH OPERA NIGHT.

THE most important stage performance yet attempted in Short Hills is announced by *The Informals* for the evening of Easter Monday, April 10th, at the Music Hall. On this occasion will be presented Julius Eichberg's favorite opera in two acts, entitled *The Doctor of Alcantara*, of which we print the argument herewith for the benefit of those of our readers who desire to attend:

CARLOS, the son of Señor Balthazar, has fallen in love with Señorita Isabella, daughter of Doctor Paracelsus. In the meanwhile, Isabella has been betrothed to a young man, with whose name she has not been made acquainted. Surprised by her mother in listening to a serenade given by Carlos, she confesses her love for him, and refuses to marry the unknown intended. Carlos contrives to have himself conveyed into the house in a basket, under cover of a present to Inez, the confidante of Isabella. Carlos takes advantage of the absence of everybody to get out of the basket and conceal himself. The Doctor and Inez, in trying to hide the basket from the quarrelsome Lucrezia, drop it in the river, and afterwards learn that there was a man in it. Attracted by the despairing screams of Inez, the night watch appears, led by the alguazil Pomposo, who informs them that they are under the surveillance of his men, as suspicious persons. After the departure of the night watch, the Doctor and Inez are left brooding in fear and dismay over their crime, when Carlos enters, to the great terror of the Doctor and Inez, who immediately suspect him to be a police spy. He discovers himself to them as the son of Señor Balthazar, being at the same time unaware that his lady love and his intended are one and the same. Transported with joy, the Doctor asks him to take a glass of wine with him, which wine, brought by Inez, proving to be one of the Doctor's poisonous decoctions, plunges Carlos at once into a deathlike swoon. The Doctor, believing him dead, and afraid of being detected in this his second imaginary murder, conceals Carlos in a sofa, in which act he is disagreeably surprised by the sudden arrival of Señor Balthazar, who comes to conclude the arrangements for the marriage of his son and Isabella. His presence being objectionable to them, they put every obstacle in his way, so that at length he is forced to pass the night on the sofa, beneath which his son's body is concealed. When he is asleep, the Doctor and Inez, fearful of discovery, enter to remove the body from under Balthazar, who awakes, and starts up in fear. Carlos, by this time recovering from the effect of the opiate, contrives to get out of the sofa, and his father, meeting with him in the dark, utters a cry of alarm, which terrifies the Doctor and Inez, and also attracts the neighbors. Mutual explanations take place, and Isabella and Carlos prove to have been loving at cross-purposes, as they were, from the first, intended for each other by their respective parents.

The Doctor will be followed by Sullivan & Burdand's irresistible operetta of *Cox & Box*, which was given at the opening of the Music Hall, and which is too well known to require description. Tickets to this entertainment, including reserved seats, seventy-five cents.

A LETTER FROM BILDER BREWSTER.

ABOUT OLD FURNITURE, TEAPOTS, SCARLET CLOKES, TOWN MEETINGS AND THE WYOMING MEETING-HOUSE.

NEW PLIMMOUTH, March the 1st.

To the Editor of THE ARROW:

RESPECTED SIR:—Although no person knows where I am, one of your Arrows has penetrated into my solitude, and has interrupted me in the labor which, during many years, it has pleased me to be occupied with, in collecting the cargo of furniture which Bradford and I brought over in the Mayflower. I have heard that there are many Christian people who claim to be the owners of our armchairs, clothes-chests, Chaney teapots, pewter porringers, flagons, and scarlet clokes, and other such things with which the ship was loaded—for ourselves and for barter with the savages. And such is the deceitfulness of pride that many do boast that I am their ancestor. I pray you, Respected Sir,—it being your errand to establish the truth in New Jersey—to be assured of my loving regard when I say that of arm-chairs, teapots, pewters and posterity—there are none of mine outside of my own abode.

It was just in the dusk of evening; the waters of the Bay were calm, our last ship had sailed for England, and I was resting in one of my arm-chairs—which has been well repaired by John Howland; my gouty foot was supported by Governor Bradford's chair—the one with a large hole in its flaps, through

which the Governor fell when he was standing on it to see John Billinton hung—the other foot was rocking the cradle in which Peregrine White always cried if he was hungry—when your Arrow dropped into my arms! Immediately I took Captain Standish's sword, the only one he ever had—although, as I have heard, two are now on exhibition—(you must excuse me for a particularity which is characteristic of an old man) and wiped the rust from it with an embroidered dish-clout made by his daughter Lorea for the Widow Foord, whose pewter tankard was broken in a fight with some new comers. With the Captain's sword I cut open the Arrow and soon fell asleep over it. But my son Wrasle awoke me by prodding me, as he often does, with that gun barrel with which King Phillip was killed, and told me to hurry up and read your words of wisdom quick, as there was a terrible demand for them outside. Having obeyed my son Wrasle, who is as much of a trial to his grandmother as he is to me—and John Alden says he is no doubt instigated by the devil—I am constrained to write you a letter by the first fishing boat sailing to Hoboken—our fishing season has been good, especially in sprats—and to express my views on the question—whatever it might be.

As to town meetings, Respected Sir, it grieves me to say that you are not much ahead of us in New Plimouth, Province of Massachusetts Bay; for tavern bills and poor farms have been the bane of our Plantation. Nothing will grow here but maize. But we are better off for meeting-houses than your neighbors appear to be; we having a large crop. If we could ever have had eight hundred dollars to build one with, would we have begged a penny from any body? We were at first poor, but your neighbors are rich; for you say they have the land and eight hundred dollars in the purse. Having this, cannot they build a meeting house if they really want one? Methinks there can be nothing to hinder but the will. And it grieves me sorely to hear that they want the Missionary Society or some other friends of foreign parts to help them to build it. We never have had eight hundred dollars in hand to build a meeting-house with, and yet, as you know, we have never been short of meeting-houses. When we build them, we cut our trousers according to our cloth, as was said by Isaac Allerton in town meeting; he was a tailor before he joined us, but turned out to be a bad fellow, you know, and speculated on our misfortunes in the adventures with the London Company, and with Thomas Morton, who wrote that book against us which is called *The New English Canaan*, and was printed at Amsterdam in the year 1637.

As I have had considerable experience in the meeting-house business, let me tell you, Respected Sir, that it is wise to be content with small beginnings. If you were not well read in our history, you would be surprised, perhaps, to be told that our first meeting-houses were so far from "picturesque" that they had no windows! The light entered through square openings, protected by shuts which swung outward, and were sometimes covered with paper made translucent by oil. In the interior of them there was neither paint, plaster, pulpit, nor pew. The preacher stood behind a table and the hearers sat upon benches. In winter there was no fire to warm them; and then how cold these places of worship were when the shuts, standing open to admit the light, admitted the frost also! Our Justice, Samuel Sewall, Esquire, wrote about it in his diary—"Jan. 24, 1686, so cold that the sacramental bread rattles sadly into the plates." And yet many were added to the church during the services in these plain meeting-houses, which had no bells for a hundred years and never a fiddle.

Should your destitute neighbors of Wyoming conclude to imitate our example in this thing, I will be glad to send one of my arm-chairs and flagons to their first minister, as a testimony of my respect for people who are willing to begin with small beginnings.

I am always, Respected Sir, your most assured friend,

WILLIAM BREWSTER.

—The reason why women have little or no success at fishing, is because but a few of them possess nerve enough to hold the worm between their teeth so that they can use both their hands in getting the hook out of their back hair.

TOBIAS.

Yes, his front name is Tobias,
And he isn't over-pious,
And his eyes are on the bias,
So to speak.
And his only aim and bent is
Nobby clothing—for this gent is
Just a bit *non compos mentis*
Like, and weak.
And this feather-weighted gent, he—
Though not over one and twenty—
Has of knowledge quite a plenty,
So to speak.
For he'd rather be a prancing,
And a kicking at a dancing,
Than his stock of wit enhancing,
Learning Greek.
Though he apes the drawl and stammer
When he dons his sleek claw-hammer,
Yet Tobias shoots his grammar,
So to speak.
And he questions very rarely
(So his clothes are hanging fairly)
If his brains be fashioned squarely
Or oblique.
No, he has no education,
And his beauty took vacation
'Bout the time of his creation,
So to speak.
And upon mature reflection,
Taking each distinct bi-section,
I've decided his complexion's
Rather weak.
Though his shirt has not a rimple,
Nor his beardless chin a dimple,
Yet he boasts a chronic pimple
On his beak.
And his voice is not reliant,
For at times it is defiant,
And at times it is a pliant
Little squeak.
Now it seems to me so funny
That this half-demented sonny
Should be loaded down with money,
So to speak.
While the writer of this ditty,
Who you see is rather witty,
Has to scrub about the city,
On his cheek.

S. CONANT FOSTER in Com.

SPRINGFIELD.

Editor of THE ARROW:

I saw by the February number that THE ARROW was to be a permanent institution in the future should it meet the approval necessary. I hope so commendable an enterprise may be generally patronized, and not only live but continue to grow, and as Springfield is the mother town of Short Hills and Millburn, she feels an interest in the enterprise, and will be glad to furnish a few items for its columns, that her hopeful offspring may know what is going on at the old homestead.

The People's ticket was elected without opposition on Tuesday; the Democrats and Greenbackers not putting any ticket in the field, as they were satisfied with the management of affairs as administered by the present officials.

Rev. S. P. Lacy, pastor of the M. E. Church, will close a three years' pastorate the end of this month, that being the longest time a minister can serve in a church of that denomination. Mr. Lacy has been very successful during his ministry here, and the church was perhaps never in a better condition. They part with the pastor and his amiable and accomplished wife reluctantly.

There is quite a move in real estate this spring, and there will be several changes. Two prominent citizens of Millburn have purchased property here, and will occupy them soon. Mr. John S. Parsell, the popular proprietor of the Farmer's Hotel, has purchased the Gerhold farm, and has already commenced improving the same. C. B. Parsell has bought the Renck property, and expects to remove his business April 1st. A. W. Mattison, Esq., a large dealer in leather and hides, is now negotiating for a place of residence, and expects to take possession May 1st.

SPRINGFIELD.

THE TOWN TICKET.

Judge of Election,
DAVID BRISON.
Inspectors of Election,
C. C. MORROW, and P. H. FEELY.
Town Clerk,
FRANCIS W. DAILY.
Assessor,
ISAIAH WILLIAMS.
Collector,
LOUIS C. GOODRICH.
Chosen Freeholders,
E. S. RENWICK and H. W. MOREHOUSE.
Town Committee,
WM. SHAPTER, SAMUEL PARSILL, CHARLES H. SLOANE, PETER McCHESNEY, DE LANCEY CLEVELAND.
Commissioners of Appeal,
JOS. PETTIGREW, THOMAS DENMAN, JOHN McLAUGHLIN.
Overseer of Poor,
CALEB VAN WERT.
Constable,
EDWIN A. BARBIER.
Surveyors of Highway,
ROGER MARSHALL and JOHN KENNY.

DAIRY ENTERPRISE.

It is said that the adoption of the French system of ensilage and the introduction of goat milk production are among the early enterprises contemplated by the Wat Nong Dairy Association, of Short Hills.

This enterprising dairy drew its entire supply of hay for the past winter from the upper Hudson River Valley, thus counteracting, at a heavy transportation expense, the effect of last summer's drought.

The position of this Association, so closely allied to the furtherance of Short Hills' interests, and, in fact, started largely for that purpose, renders the act of dealing with it far more profitable than dealing with other dairies conducted solely for profit.

— A medical writer says, "the healthiest position to lay in, is with the head to the north." People who own hens should bear this fact in mind.

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Corner Brooklyn Bridge,

we have organized a system of clubs. This will enable many to obtain first-class portraiture at modified rates. Parties wishing to get up a club can get prices and full particulars at the down town establishment as above.

PLUNDER.

—When the landlord presents a bill for extras he claims that it is not only fare but above board.

—The slang expression "taffy" was probably coined from the word epitaph, which generally expresses the same thing.

—Bliffers says the young lady on his street plays the piano with a good deal of feeling—around after the right keys.

—"Well," said an Irish attorney, "if it please the Court, if I am wrong in this, I have another point that is equally conclusive."

—Bonamy Price, in an English magazine, asks: "What is money?" Bonamy is evidently publishing an eight-page daily paper in a two-page town.

—A correspondent asks: "Can hens be made too fat to lay?" That depends upon the lay. If it's to lay inside a lonesome stomach, we don't think they can.

—A man sometimes forgets, before he has paid, whether he has paid or not; but after he has paid, he never forgets that he has paid. Man is naturally a liar.

—"A good husband makes a good wife," says a philosopher, but he stops there, and don't say what he makes her do. Probably build the fire in the morning and sit up late for him at night.

—The San Antonio people complain of little fishes in the water-mains. They can't expect the water works company to furnish them with whales 120 feet long for a dollar a month.

—Col. Ingersol has instructed his shorthand secretary to take down accurately what he says on his death-bed. This is all right; but if he could only have his first exclamations after awakening up in the other world accurately transmitted it would be of far more value.

—The offer of \$5,000 to the inventor of a "humane cattle car" has brought out 700 models, none of which come up to the mark, however. What seems to be wanted is a car carpeted with Wilton, furnished with mirrors, and roomy enough so that all the old cows can have lower berths.

—It's funny! says an exchange, but a soft-palmed woman can pass a hot plate to her nearest neighbor at the table with a smile as sweet as distilled honey, while a man with a hand as horny as a crocodile's back, will drop it on the floor and howl around like a Sioux Indian at a scalp dance.

—Oh! those charming little ants
How they clamber up our pants,
At the picnic 'neath the willows in the glen,
And they seem to take delight in
The obnoxious sport of biting
Indefensible and modest gentlemen.

—Twelve thousand shovels are manufactured in the United States every week. And yet, every time a man wants his own individual shovel after dark, he has to paw and claw around over two tons of soft coal feeling for it; making remarks in the meantime that are enough to blister any coal-shovel that ever hid itself between the end of the shed and an empty barrel.

—We don't want a Moose township girl for a lung tester. At a singing school up there the other night, a young man was bragging about the strength of his lungs, and invited a girl in the company to hit him in the breast. She said she was left-handed; had been washing that day and was tired, and didn't feel very active, but at his urgent request she let go at him. When his friends went to pick him up, he said he thought he would die easier lying down. He has lost all recollection of having any lungs, but the young woman consoled him by admitting that she didn't hit him as hard as she might have done, because she rather liked him.

ALL persons interested in Life Assurance are invited to examine a circular just issued by the Equitable Life Assurance Society, which contains important and interesting information on this subject.

The circular may be obtained by applying to Henry Hale, whose card appears in our advertising columns.

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