

THE ARROW

SHOT FROM SHORT HILLS.

No. 11. NEW SERIES.

FEBRUARY, 1883.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.

A NUMBER of new houses will be built this spring. One site selected is that just opposite Dr. Benjamin's. One or two will also be located on Crescent Place near the old Leonard site.

The stables are nearly finished. If any one has a nice second-hand horse and carriage he would like to exchange for a year's subscription to THE ARROW we would reason ourself into accommodating him.

THE large cut that is being made on the north side of the railroad above the crossing is to allow a new road to be run westward and join that already made at the corner of Mr. Toler's premises. This scheme will open up new sites for building, and will keep back door yards facing north, and consequently out of sight of passing trains.

THE third term of Dr. Rich's private school will commence Feb. 19th. This will be a favorable opportunity for any desiring instructions in Language or Science to connect themselves with it. Pupils along the line of the railroad can have their time of recitation adapted to car time, so as to accommodate them in coming and returning.

It is with great pleasure that THE ARROW extends congratulations to the two little girls who have been housed up through all the coasting and snowballing weather, but who now are out again and able to join in all the fun that's going.

THE ARROW gladly stops in its flight to shake hands with you, Marion and Baby Annie. Don't take hold of the sharp end though, for here are feathers, you see, soft and warm!

Now that the stable approaches completion it is a good time for some smart man with sufficient capital to keep one or two good horses and carriages for transient custom, to come along and install himself in the new quarters. We presume that the premises can be rented at a low figure for a year or two, and as the co-operative horse-keeping will probably amount to considerable when the opportunity is fairly offered, a good profit ought to be expected.

If the present activity in building is to end in improving the appearance of our streets, it will be owing to the younger men like McKim, White, and Rich.—[Sun.

(We don't see our name here, but the Sun reporter has never been round when we feel first rate. Our style is more Medinet, Habon, Rhamsession, Gournou, Thotmes, Amenophis, Edfou, Denderah, Philæ and Kalabsche than modern, and there seems very little call for

this class of architecture just now. But the Sun's commendation hits right in the family, anyway. Ed.)

WE want to say, *pro bono publico*, that a very small, but a very communicative bird has told us good things about the sidewalks. It has been thought by many that the fact of putting broken stone on the roadway pointed to a walk in the middle of the road, as a substitute for a sidewalk. A true statement of the case is simply this: The work carried on in this way was done because it *could* be done—the road bed furnishing a suitable foundation, and the endeavor being to make as comfortable a walk as possible under the circumstances. Within a few weeks, or in other words, when the frost permits, we understand that it is the intention to perfect the system of sidewalks throughout the park, a work which if undertaken during the winter months would result disastrously.

THE INFORMALS.

THE success of the last sociable of this club was a triumph of mind over meter. Jack Frost clogged the wheels of the gas machine, but hospitable lamps were forthcoming and brilliant. A concert took the place of the usual stage performance. The entertainment opened with a male quartette, which was followed by a fantasia on "I Lombardi" for the violin, performed by Mr. Pirsson. Miss Isabel Rockwell, whom many remember with such pleasure in connection with the recent concert for the benefit of St. Stephen's, was next upon the programme, but sickness detained her at home. Mrs. Holcombe, who is already an established favorite here, kindly consented to sing, and with Mr. Cameron filled the number with "How Dear to me the Hour." A transcription of Tannhauser, by Liszt, was splendidly played by Miss Chittenden, who later gave a sonata (Scarlatti) arranged by Tausig, and a Gigue by Bach, receiving an encore after each selection. Mrs. Holcombe gave a song, which was enthusiastically encored, with Mrs. Copland at the piano; and Mr. Pirsson gave a lullaby by Reber, and for an encore the ever lovely "Ave Maria." After the closing male quartette the usual season of dancing and ice cream set in, and the new committee, Messrs. Pitcher, Russell, Johnson and Rich, modestly received the congratulations of friends for having so successfully snatched victory from defeat, which seemed imminent when the gas failed. There will be no regular meeting of the club, we understand, during the Lenten season, although some of the most abandoned members talk of a sly stroll to music sometime before the Easter holidays.

THE SHORT HILLS CLUB.

IN looking about for novelties, the Short Hills Club hit upon tableaux for an entertainment, they having never been put upon the stage of the Music Hall. Tableaux are a good deal like coasting—much fun while they last, but quickly over. Fortunately, however, we have in Short Hills a generous share of that good part of a community that is willing to put itself out to the utmost limits to give pleasure to others. With this motive as a mainspring, even the bother and preparation incidental to tableaux may not be overpowering, and in the case before us the end justified the means.

Following is the programme given on the evening of January 30th:

PROGRAMME.

I.

ARTIST'S DREAM

1. L'esclave portant l'éventail. Miss Sallie Colt.
2. Titian's Daughter Miss Hart.
3. Chocolate Girl Miss Marie De Rongé.
4. Milk Maid Miss Aimeé Toler.
5. Roman Girl Miss L. De Rongé.
6. The Bride Miss Thebaud.

II.

Passing Glance { Chas. Henry, R. Toler,
and Mrs. Hugh Toler, Jr.

III.

Cinderella All the Performers.

IV.

Forty Winks { Miss M. Bradbury,
Mr. Chas. De Rongé.

V.

Huguenot Lovers { Hugh Toler,
Miss Thebaud.

VI.

Ruth Gleaning { Mrs. Benjamin as Ruth,
and whole Company.

VII.

Gypsie Camps All the Performers.

At a meeting of this club held on the evening of February 3d, the following officers were elected for the term of one year:

President—A. H. De Ronge.
Captain—Devereux Toler.
Treasurer—Wm. M. Deen.
Secretary—Wm. P. Toler.

GOVERNORS.

The above officers and De Lancey Cleveland, C. S. Henry, Gouv. K. Haswell, T. M. Brugiére and C. De Rongé.

THE ARROW,
FEBRUARY, 1883.
ISSUED MONTHLY.

THE ARROW will be sent to any address one year, post paid, for 50 cent.
 Advertisements inserted at the rate of One Dollar per inch; Five Dollars per half column.

Address:

THE ARROW,
SHORT HILLS, N. J.

Correspondents desiring information about Short Hills, will please address Gov. K. HASWELL, Esq., Short Hills, N. J.

CONGRESS is just now engaged in the congenial task of how not to do it.

The demand from the "common people" for tariff revision, which should include tariff reduction, is clear and positive. It is the difficult task of Congress (more particularly on the Republican side) to effect the required revision, and so please the people, and at the same time avoid the reduction, and so please a few capitalists, who are perhaps on somewhat too friendly terms with the Republican managers. It is because it is neither hot nor cold that the Republican party is in such danger of proving a new illustration of the old scriptural policy.

The growing interest taken in this local issue is every day more apparent, and our steamship builders and iron founders and their friends are evidently becoming nervous. They called a grand mass meeting of protectionists recently, and showed a good deal of feeling and some fear.

It is difficult to understand their nervousness if, as they state, "the people" do not indeed desire a reduction of the tariff. There is no action taken looking that way in either house of Congress, and the tariff question in Washington is surely now in the hands of the friends of the protectionists. The fact is patent to all that our revenue is unduly great, and injustice will be done to no interest by a considerable and careful reduction of the tariff. We are pleased to notice that at last some of the manufacturers whose interests are so unfavorably affected by the tariff are taking action in their turn, and it is a consoling thought that when at last the workingmen of this country come to learn where their real interests lie, there will be little need for further discussion, and the eye-servers at Washington will strive to outrun each other in their anxiety to do the bidding of their dear constituents.

The Civil Service Reform bill is now a law, and it is for the President to say, by his appointments on the Civil Service Commission, whether the law is to have a fair trial at the hands of its intelligent friends, or to be quietly and effectually put out of the way by its enemies. The law, if it be thoroughly and intelligently enforced, will undoubtedly be as useful in its indirect results as by its direct influence on the civil service of the nation. If Congressmen are to lose their power of dispensing patronage, they will have to seek other sources of power and influence, and so in time the politician in all the grades, from the big boss in the Senate of the United States down to the influential little boss who holds court behind a bar and influences his constituency with unlimited whisky and gorgeous profanity, will be only fragrant memories, and we may hopefully look for a revival of real statemanship; and scholarship, character, and a knowledge of affairs may once more prove aids rather than bars in the way of political success and influence.

This game of politics is very interesting and very curious, and at the same time very simple. Any student of our political history can easily show the course that must be taken by the political party that would win in 1884. The leaders of the two great parties cannot fail to see the necessities of the case, and the course that will lead them to success, but they lack the courage or the influence to lead, and the game seems now—as so often in recent years—mutually defensive rather than aggressive. Each looks for the errors of the other and seeks to profit thereby.

There seems little prospect of efficient courageous legislation in either house at this session and there is little to hope for at the next.

There is a great deal of pointing with pride and very little to be proud of.

The root of it all is selfishness. Every man seeks his own, and here is a hopeful element when the dear people come to take a livelier interest in their own interests and see the necessity of honest and economical legislation, the self interest of the Congressmen will do the rest.

If President Arthur reappoints the present surveyor and naval officer at New York, he will give the best illustration of the honesty and earnestness of his recent declarations concerning the reform of our civil service. If he appoints new men who are not politicians and who have peculiar qualifications for the places, he will still have the support of friends of the reform.

If, on the other hand, he bestows either or both of the offices on any of the unsavory color who have been besieging Washington for the last few weeks, he will discourage his truest friends and seriously discredit his administration.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor THE ARROW:

BERMUDA, Jan. 16th.

The steamer Orinoco left New York for Bermuda at 4 P. M., (one hour late) and we were very soon made acquainted with her comforts. I've been all over the Atlantic and some other oceans, but never in all my experience was the sight of land so acceptable, as when, on Sunday morning early we sighted the dim, misty outline of Bermuda. It was roll, roll, roll, morning, noon and night, at breakfast, dinner and supper, and between times. The ventilation of the stateroom was bad and the weather quite cold all the way, so that I wore my ulster until we arrived, and the balmy breezes were not for us on that trip. The woman who made so much noise in the saloon before we started, did not appear after about eight o'clock Thursday evening until we were nearly at our journey's end; then she looked about ten years older. All her war paint was gone, and the beautiful golden yellow hair had put on the more subdued tones of autumn. My room-mate I found out to be a special correspondent of the *N. Y. Times* sent down here to write up the place, and he and I have struck up quite an acquaintance, and I expect, through him, to see a good many things that otherwise would be closed to me. Now that the voyage is at an end and I'm once more on land, it is a horrible memory and makes me dread the necessity of the return trip. The air here is charming, and until about four o'clock P. M. warm and summery. Yesterday, the thermometer was 75 degrees at noon in the shade. I have my summer clothes on and do not feel a bit too cool. I've been about just a little to get the first impressions, and yesterday three of us took a long drive of sixteen miles which was very enjoyable. But to-day and to-morrow I am going to do nothing, as I'm afraid the bracing air has made me over-do.

January 17th.

I went this morning to look at a furnished house, two of us having some idea of keeping bachelor's hall, but we found rent so high (\$75 per month for five rooms), that we gave up the idea. However, no one is in a hurry here and it is always well to follow the customs. The houses are mostly one story high, and rooms very small; those that I've been in being furnished very plainly, and having an uninviting look. No carpets, no pictures, and nothing but bare floors and plain white walls. They are all built of the stone of the island which is a kind of soft, porous limestone which they cut out with saws into blocks and leave them to season for about a year, when they are hard enough for building purposes. The walls outside, and partitions, are laid up with these blocks and then covered with plaster and whitewashed; then the roof-frame is put on, and slabs of the same stone laid on like tiles. The roofs are always kept clean and white, as the rain water is collected on them and runs into cisterns. It is the only water they have for use, although now they are beginning to sink wells in some

parts of the island. I expect to make some sketches before the next mail leaves and will send them to you. They will give you a better idea of the houses than a letter. We have had warm, bright, sunny weather since our arrival, with a few showers and some clouds, but the sun is warm and bright, and vegetation looks like our September weather. As for fruits, I am sorry to say we are here at the wrong time; nothing but what we can get in New York, and in fact almost all the vegetables and fruits we have on the table come from the States. The islands would produce almost anything. The natives are lazy, and certainly behind the times. They could raise twelve crops a year, but are content with one or two, and then rest on the profits. The negroes can live on eight cents a day—four cents' worth of bread, two of rum and two of sugar; so you see there is not much inducement to work.

I'm glad I can stay here now, for the return trip is not enticing. I enclose a leaf picked yesterday and a piece of india-rubber gum fresh from the tree; also a mosquito I captured this morning flying about in the warm, spring air. It is a beautiful day, and I shall enjoy it, doing nothing but loaf. Everyone is very busy getting letters ready for the mail, as this afternoon the steamer leaves, and then it will be a long stretch of isolation until her return with news. It seems so strange to be unable to know what is going on in the world, but no one seems to care. It is the most restful place I have ever visited. You will not hear from me again until the 4th or 5th of February, and by that time I will have some sketches to send you and will have seen about all there is to be seen on the islands. I find, however, one has to take it very quietly and never be in a hurry, and then you derive the full benefit of the climate. There is nothing here to buy in the way of native productions, so I will have nothing of that kind to pick up. I called on the American consul yesterday and found him very pleasant; he says he has lived here for over twenty years. On twelve hundred a year one can get along very comfortably indeed. Now good bye for two weeks.
 J. C. V.

FEB. 1883

CHURCH PARISH,
 SHORT HILLS.

The Rev. F. Langdon Humphreys, Rector.

DIVINE SERVICES.

Sundays,	11 A. M. and 8 P. M.
Sunday School,	3 P. M.
Wednesday's Litany,	9 A. M.
Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays,	5 P. M.

LECTURES.

Fridays,	7:45 P. M.
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HOLY WEEK.

Daily, except Thursday,	5 P. M.
Wednesday,	9 A. M.
Maunday, Thursday, Holy Communion,	7:45 P. M.
Good Friday,	11 A. M.

EASTER DAY.

Holy Communion	11 A. M.
Children's Festival,	3 P. M.
Evensong,	8 P. M.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH PARISH.

On Wednesday, at 10 A. M., Litany.

“ “ “ 5 P. M., Services, followed by the Rector's instruction-class.

On Friday, at 10 A. M., Litany.

“ “ “ 7:30 P. M., with sermon.

In Holy Week, every day at 10 A. M., and Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

Holy Communion on the 2d, 4th, and 6th Sundays. Bishop Starkey will administer the Apostolic Rite of Confirmation on the evening of February 22d.

A NEW POEM BY DOCTOR HOLMES.

At a recent dinner of the Boston Bar Association, on Tuesday evening, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was introduced as the father who went in search of a captain, and, finding him, presents to us now his son, the Judge. Dr. Holmes, in rising, held up a sheet of paper and said: "You see before you [referring to the paper] all that you have to fear or hope. For 35 years I have taught anatomy. I have often heard of the roots of the tongue, but I never found them. The danger of a tongue let loose you have had an opportunity to know before, but the danger of a scrap of paper like this is so trivial that I hardly need to apologize for it." [Laughter and loud applause.]

His Honor's father yet remains,

His proud paternal posture firm in ;
But, while his rights he still maintains,
To wield the household rod and reins,
He bows before the filial ermine.

What curious tales has life in store,

With all its must-be's and its may-be's !
The sage of eighty years and more
Once crept a nursing on the floor—
Kings, conquerors, judges, all were babies.

The fearless soldier who has faced

The serried bayonets' gleam appalling,
For nothing save a pin misplaced,
The peaceful nursery has disgraced,
With hours of unheroic bawling.

The mighty monarch, whose renown

Fills up the stately page historic,
Has howled and wakened half the town,
And finished off by gulping down
His castor-oil or paregoric.

The justice, who, in gown and cap,

Condemns a wretch to strangulation,
Has thrashed his nurse and spilled his pap,
And sprawled across his mother's lap,
For wholesome law's administration.

Ah, life has many a reef to shun

Before in port we drop our anchor,
But when its course is nobly run
Look aft, for there the work was done.
Life owes its headway to the spanker.

* * * * *

What keeps the doctor's trade alive ?

Bad air, bad water ; more's the pity !
But lawyers walk where doctors drive,
And starve in streets where surgeons thrive,
Our Boston is so pure a city.

What call for judge or court, indeed,

When righteousness prevails so throught it ?
Our virtuous car conductors need
Only a card, whereon they read
"Do right; 'tis naughty not to do it !"

The whirligig of time goes round,

And changes all things but affection.
In heaven's comfort may be found
One blessed broad statute which has bound
Each household to its head's protection.

If e'er aggrieved, attacked, accused,

A sire may claim a son's devotion
To shield his innocent abused.
As old Anchises freely used
His offspring's legs for locomotion.

You smile. You did not come to weep,

Nor I my weakness to be showing ;
And these gay stanzas, slight and deep,
Have served their simple use to keep
A father's eyes from overflowing.

MILBURN LETTER.

As I belong to St. Stephen's Parish you will excuse me if I make it rather prominent in my notes at this and any time.

What the cathedral is to cathedral towns in England, that is St. Stephen to Milburn, and I presume if the church were removed even those who never enter its walls would protest. Is there a fire? St. Stephen's bell is heard in its clamorous appeal to the mercy of the fire. Is there a death? St. Stephen's bell sol-

emnly sounds forth the sad news, and tolling tells the years of the pilgrim's life.

And this reminds me that the month of January was an unusually solemn one. Not less than seven adult funerals have been held in St. Stephen's Church since December; six since Christmas. Pneumonia has been the prevailing sickness.

There was held at the Rectory a most enjoyable social on the evening of the 25th. There were instrumental pieces, solos and duets, with recitations for an hour, then coffee, sandwiches and cake—all provided by the "Ladies' Guild of St. Stephen's Church." This Guild now numbers sixty-five members and is likely to prove a good thing for the parish and community.

At the present time the congregation of St. Stephen's is united and prosperous and the church attendance, especially at night, very encouraging.

What Milburn does actually need is a hall. If any one feels like doing us a good turn let him build us a place for public meetings. An inexpensive structure of this order would pay a fair interest and conduce to the good name and welfare of the place.

We feel some little pride in our new street lamps. These were erected—not as was once suggested, at the expense of the tax payers, but by individuals living on the street. It is believed fervently that the residents on the hills will continue the good work already so well begun, and that soon the lights will shine where now the wayfarer stumbles in the darkness. Let the time hasten, and let THE ARROW say a word now and then to stimulate and encourage such as are well disposed.

Mr. Thos. Partridge, in charge of Thompson's paper mill, died from internal injuries received from a fall in the mill on Christmas Day. He was a man much thought of by his employers and all who knew him. He was 53 years of age and leaves a son and widow to mourn his loss.

Mrs. Edward Renwick, after a long and painful illness, passed to her rest January 13th. Places of business were closed in Milburn while the funeral services took place from St. Stephen's Church. Dr. Clover, the late rector, assisted in the services, which were solemn and impressive, and great numbers of people followed the remains to St. Stephen's Cemetery. More than one said, with tearful eye, "I have lost the best friend I ever had."

SUMMIT LETTER.

On Monday evening, January 29, a goodly number of our leading citizens assembled at the Public School building for the purpose of forming a Law and Order Association, having in view the better enforcement of the laws against vice and crime in this township, especially those regarding the sale of liquors. A Constitution was adopted settling forth the above object, and the following gentlemen were unanimously elected officers of the association: President, Geo. W. Allen; Secretary and Treasurer, John S. Porter; Executive Committee, A. F. Libby, Rev. Solomon Parsons, Frank H. Dodd, Geo. R. Gibson, G. J. Geer, Jr. An Advisory Committee was also elected, consisting of P. H. Vernon, Geo. W. Nicholas and Anthony Comstock.

The Board of Managers consist of the officers, who propose to encourage all lawful enterprises, and who unite to protect their own and their neighbors' rights. Summit is a place of beauty to women, and it is not proposed to allow the security to women and children to be jeopardized by any lack of good order in our township.

The moral atmosphere in a place like Summit should be as pure as the air that blows over its crest. The highest interest of this community demands that the surroundings of the young be pure, and that the pathway of the poor be cleared of the temptations to strong drink and other vices which beset them here as well as in all populous localities, and that laws made to protect the people of this commonwealth be enforced in the interest of the people, and not in the interest of party or criminals. C.

Mrs. Cleveland in Minnesota, Mr. Chittenden in Texas, and Mr. Vail in Bermuda. Whither are we drifting!

SPRINGFIELD ITEMS.

DR. N. C. JOBS has had seventy-five rabbits imported from the West. In the spring he will let them out on his farm. It is evident that the Doctor does not propose next season to go so far from home for game.

THE old owl quartered so long in the chimney of the Presbyterian parsonage, has at last been killed. Mr. Teller, thinking it would be a nice thing to kill it and have it stuffed and placed in the parlor as an ornament, took the rifle, and, with his usual skill with that weapon, brought it down. Unfortunately it fell in the chimney, and the parlors of the pastor are still minus the owl.

FROM the interest displayed by the citizens of Milburn in consequence of the move made in changing the boundary line between Springfield and Milburn, great fears are entertained that the entire township of Milburn will be annihilated, and in consequence the hotels and saloons on the Telford line will be unable to continue business longer on account of the travel being turned another way.

THIS town was visited on Sunday morning last by three native Christians from Jerusalem. After paying nearly all the citizens a visit, they attended the Presbyterian Sunday School, where they were cordially received by the officers and scholars present. After receiving the missionary money (amounting to four dollars), they departed well pleased, no doubt, with their visit to Springfield.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN NOVELIST :

SUGGESTED BY "EVERY MAN HIS OWN POET."

Specimen Receipts.

A NOVEL IN THE STYLE OF MR. WILLIAM BLACK.

Take one yacht, the Hebrides, an elegant laird lady, and one piper. Add to these a Highland cairn and Colonsay; now introduce a young man in a kilt and Oronsay, with a pinch of the Kyles of Bute and Ben Muich Dhal. Flavor to suit taste with Gaelic, border ballads, and Styornaway; cover with pathos and serve.

IN THE STYLE OF MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THIS is a dish always in season, but depending, like the omelette, on a certain amount of mechanical skill. The ingredients are simple: three English clergymen of slightly doubtful reputation, a county family, one Duchess, and a pair of purely conventional lovers. It is indispensable that the latter should at once quarrel gently, but, unless they positively curdle and refuse to mix, they should not betray any marked emotion. Stir in several cabinet ministers and one impossible American; dilute to taste; garnish with one suicide, chopped fine and sauce *marriage à la mode*.

MISS BROUGHTON.

THIS simple and innocent entrée is preferred by many to the cumbersome and heavy joints so popular with the last generation. It merely requires a willow and somewhat vicious young woman, and an ugly and somewhat more vicious young man (guardsmen preferred) of middle age with two wives living. Skewer and roast them together over a quick, passionate fire, and serve either hot or cold, as the heroine survives it or not. Vegetables in the shape of relations are sometimes added, but they are quite immaterial, and are generally skipped. Serve with a historical present platter, and molten lava kisses to give a finish.

"OUIDA."

Take one languid Greek god, with fair hair and the shadow of a crime. Flavor him with a ruined abbey, nothing a year, a palace on the Bosphorus, and turquois hair brushes. Take also several Duchesses, to whom he mixes love, very languidly, or he will not do,—a Dalmatian gitana with a thirst for revenge, and one vivandière. After these become thoroughly mixed, introduce carefully a chapter on Ariadne at Naxos, one little wooden shoe, a gifted dog, and a plain mister to give a piquant flavor. Season with a bouquet of choice misquotations, and serve with a supreme expiation.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

A Pièce Montée.

Procure, ready-made from the pastry-cook's, one Palladian palace, which may be filled at pleasure with allegorical figures representing the British aristocracy, the Rothschild family, the great Asiatic mystery, and Lord Beaconsfield. Powdered footmen should be sprinkled over the whole.—*Augustus M. Swift, in the Century.*

Railroad Time-Table.

Trains from New York to SHORT HILLS leave Christopher street and Barclay street ferries at 7.30, 9.10, 10.10 and 11.10 A. M.; 2.30, 3.50, 4.30, 5.20 (Express), 5.40, 6.30, 7.45, 10 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.; 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.

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The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill.

A new serial story by J. T. THOMPSON, formerly editor of "Our Young Folks," and author of "The Jack Hazard Stories," etc.

The Story of Viteau.

An historical novelette of girl and boy life in the 15th Century. By FRANK R. STOCKTON, formerly assistant editor of St. NICHOLAS, author of "Rudder Grange," etc.

The Story of Robin Hood.

An account of the famous yeoman. By MAURICE THOMPSON, author of "The Witchery of Archery."

The Story of the Field of the Cloth-of-Gold.

By E. S. BROOKS. To be illustrated with many remarkable pictures.

A Brand-New Notion.

A capital and novel play. By WILLIAM M. BAKER, author of "His Majesty, Myself," etc.

Swept Away.

A serial story of the Mississippi floods of 1882. By E. S. ELLIS, formerly editor of "Golden Days."

Elizabeth Thompson.

A biographical paper regarding this celebrated painter of battle scenes. Illustrated with pictures prepared for St. NICHOLAS by Miss THOMPSON.

Where Was Villiers?

A thrilling story of the Russo-Turkish war. By ARCHIBALD FORBES, War-Correspondent.

The Boy at the White House.

An account of the life of "Ted" Lincoln. By NOAH BROOKS, author of "The Boy Emigrants."

Comedies for Children.

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SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.
Cossack commanders, cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom.
Every endeavor engineer's essay.
For fame, for fortune, fighting—furious fray!
Generals 'gainst generals, grapple—gracious God!
How honors Heaven heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Kindred kill kinsman, kinsman kindred kill.
Labor low levels, longest, loftiest lines;
Men march 'mid maunds, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous mines;
Now noxious, noisy numbers, nothing naught,
Of outward obstacles, opposing ought;
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly "quarter! quarter!" quest,
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.
Truce to thee, Turkey! Triumph to thy train;
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish vain victory! vanish victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximeres, Xanthus, Xavier?
Yield, yield, ye youths! Ye yeomen yield your yell!
Zens's, Zarpater's, Zoroaster's zeal,
Attracting all arms against acts, appeal!

ANON.

A MODEL HOME.

ONE of our exchanges has a column headed "Our Home," and at the top it gives an illustration which is supposed to represent that hallowed retreat. The husband and father is represented as reading a broad board; the mother, dressed in a bunting dress with an overskirt two feet longer than the dress proper, is reading a cigar box or a checker-board; and the rest of the family, some thirteen or fourteen souls, cluster around the table reading different kinds of things; while a daughter in one corner of the room is climbing up on the key-board of a piano with her feet, and her face is wreathed in a smile that wraps her rosebud mouth twice around her Grecian head and buries itself in her clustering hair. One of the boys has dropsy of the brain and his pants are too short. Another is trying with great difficulty to tie the cat's tail around the table leg, and a little daughter is pouring the savdest vitals out of a rag doll down a hole in the floor. It is a perfect picture of home contentment and perennial joy.—*Laramie Beacon*.

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