
1888

Newspaper Inventory

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Title: THE WEEKLY NEWS

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MONTH	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Jan.														X																	
Feb.																															
Mar.																															
Apr.																															
May																															
Jun.																															
Jul.																															
Aug.																															
Sep.																															
Oct.																															
Nov.																															
Dec.																															

Other Comments:

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X = Issue Filmed

M = Missing Issue

P = Page(s) Missing in Issue

JANUARY

WEEKLY NEWS.

BRIEF CHRONICLE OF CURRENT EVENTS.

PALMYRA, N. J., SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1888.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

MILT,
OTHERS.

At Her Grave.

The flowers now sleep sown on the hillside,
But they shall wake in the spring;
The snow is deep in the valley,
But in May the birds shall sing.

I stand by her grave and wonder,
At the glories of life beyond,
Where the daisies deck God's temple,
And hearts no more despond.

Where the warbler wooed the primrose,
And the songster skims the blue,
And the heavenly air is laden,
With a love for all things true.

Where blest cherubs twine bright roses,
Round the sweetness of her brow,
And the angels, chanting music,
With their glory her endow.

When her pulse was weak and wasted,
And her life lay on the die,
All the stars raised high their curtains,
That an angel pass the sky.

When my heart is weary waiting,
Longing for the brighter day,
At her grave again I'll listen,
To her whispers, far away.

HANGING UPON A THREAD.

Among the numerous scouts employed by General Rosecrans, none was braver or more intelligent than Gideon Giles, or Gray Giles, as he was called, on account of his prematurely gray head and beard.

Although he was "as gray as a badger," Gideon Giles was by no means an old man. I think, indeed, he was under forty.

It was early in 1868. Rosecrans was at the head of a great army. The Confederates were not far distant, a large force being in and near Brandyville, Tennessee.

Notwithstanding the propinquity of the Federal army, the enemy had continued to ravage and desolate the adjacent country, and General Stanley was directed to punish them.

To do this effectually it was necessary to ascertain their number, position, and movements, and Gray Giles was ordered to obtain this information.

Taking with him two companions, he crossed a small stream, passed the Federal cavalry pickets, and carefully worked his way toward Brandyville.

In due time the trio reached the vicinity of the town, and it now became necessary to prosecute remainder of the journey on foot.

They accordingly dismounted, and, leaving their horses in a thick copse, "snaked" in the direction of a large Confederate camp near at hand, taking advantage of every cover by the

surrender at once or betake himself to strategy.

The first was out of the question, for Gray Giles had sworn never to surrender; the second alternate prevailed.

To the sneering address of his opponent, bidding him to get up, he made no immediate reply, but again closing his eyes pulled the blanket up once more over his shoulders, and, turning his back, dozed in a sleepy voice:

"Oh! go away, and let me sleep will you?"

This reply highly tickled his adversaries, and so much did they relish the evident impression of the "Yank" that he was among his own comrades in the Union camp, that they shook all over in the excess of their mirth.

While his opponents were thus indulging in their merriment, and highly enjoying the surprise and mortification he would feel when awake to the real nature of his situation, Giles was busy executing a plan he had determined upon.

Pulling his blanket still further over his head, he drew a long, labored breath, turned as men do languidly in slumber, and cautiously moved his hand beneath the blanket toward the revolver in his belt. The hand slowly stole downward under the cover, approached the weapon, and then he had grasped the handle. A second careless movement extracted the pistol; his finger was on the hammer—without noise the weapon was cocked.

The scout was just in time. The squad had finished their laugh, enjoyed their little comedy, and now designed bringing the affair to an end. The leader accordingly stooped down and dragged away the blanket, when a shot followed, with the muzzle of the pistol upon his breast, and he fell dead covering Giles with his blood.

The scene which followed was brief. The rest of the squad leveled their muskets at the scout, and fired with the muzzles nearly touching him, but he was wounded by none. The body of their companion, lying across him, received the larger portion of the balls. And Giles rose to his feet, armed with his deadly revolver, which still contained five charges.

These he fired in succession rapidly, but with good aim, and three of the five remaining men were wounded. The others, finding their guns discharged, dropped them, and hastily ran toward the camp.

Gray Giles' companions had been aroused by the firing, but were of no assistance to him. One fled into the woods without firing a shot, and the other had committed the fatal error of allowing his arms to become wet by the rain. When he attempted to fire his revolver the caps snapped, and none of the barrels could be discharged.

The sudden firing, and the men running in, had alarmed the rebel camp, and a large party were seen rapidly approaching to take vengeance for the blood of their comrades. Accordingly Giles hastened to retire, and disappeared with his companion just as they rushed upon the area near the fire.

When they reached the "change of base" the value to him were needed. In fact, he was obliged to leave his horse, hat, shoes, and fly bare-headed and in a

it became plain to him that he was in a bivouac, and that he was being assailed by a large party of men. He fled in great haste, and every avenue

could be seen from the spot.

Giles had heard their footsteps; then cries resounded, and suddenly the voice of

from his long run and listening to the sound of his approaching foes. To fight and die seemed his only resource, and reloading his revolver, he grimly waited for the moment which should find him at bay, in the presence of his foes.

He did not have long to wait.

A few moments only had elapsed when a party of Confederates approached the clump of pines. They passed close to the scout, looking everywhere for traces of him; but he crouched down, held his breath, and they seemed about to prosecute their search in some other direction.

Congratulating himself upon his safety, Giles raised his head, and caught the eye of one of the enemy, who had lingered behind, fixed steadily upon him.

He was discovered; and starting to his feet, was greeted with the shout, "Here he is!" which was instantly echoed by a hundred voices.

For a single instant the scout and his foes stood looking at each other, and neither made any movement to fire.

This short pause gave the scout an opportunity to decide upon his course. If he could only secure a short start—if he were only mounted.

As the thought flashed through his mind, his eyes fell on a mule grazing in a field not far from him.

To dart to the animal and throw himself upon its back was the work of an instant, and in the midst of furious outcries and hastily fired shots he dug his heels into the sides of the frightened animal and commenced his race for life.

With bare head and shoeless feet, grasping the mane of the beast with one hand, and holding his revolver in the other, Giles was off like the wind. Such, indeed, was the speed to which he forced the mule that he would probably have distanced his pursuers had not the perversity of the brute defeated his calculations.

The mule had no sooner recovered from his fright at finding himself so unceremoniously mounted than he made violent attempts by "bucking" and kicking up to unseat his rider.

Gray Giles was an excellent horseman, and might have defied the kicking up portion of the performance, despite the fact that he was riding without saddle or bridle; but no horsemanship could counteract the detestable reaching of the animal's spine. At the fifth or sixth kick-up, accompanied by a movement which made the mule resemble an angry cat in the outline, the scout was landed on terra firma, amid the shouts of his enemies, who rushed toward him, firing as they came.

They reached the spot, uttering outcries and curses; but their obstinate foe had once more eluded them. The scout had risen quickly, darted into the woods, and the chase again commenced with more ardor than ever.

Gray Giles was growing desperate. He had become nearly exhausted. A burning thirst raged in his throat, and as the enemy were at his very heels he could not resist the temptation, as he reached a little meadow through which ran a limpid stream to pause and quench his thirst.

On rising, he found from the shouts of his pursuers that they were close upon him—all further hope for flight was of no avail.

A last desperate expedient presented itself—concealment in the undergrowth which skirted the stream; and throwing himself at full length amid the bushes, not far from the spot where he had knelt down, he hastily drew the undergrowth around him, and awaited the struggle.

He had scarcely disappeared when his enemies reached the spot. He heard their footsteps; then cries resounded, and suddenly the voice of

the covert to a second and more rigid inspection.

They stopped to put aside the bushes and peer into every nook. Giles heard their very breathing, and cast his eye upon his weapons to see that he had neglected nothing—that the tube was capped, every chamber loaded.

All was right, and he experienced the fierce joy of the man who feels that at least he need not die without dragging down more than one enemy in his fall.

The steps were at his side; oaths and exclamations echoed in his very ears. One of the hostile party seemed determined to leave no inch of ground unexplored, and bending down, plunged his glance into the very bushes over the scout's head.

Gray Giles grasped his revolvers with a firmer clutch, strung his nerves for instant contest, and prepared to rise suddenly to his feet, lay the curious individual before him dead with a bullet through the heart, and throw himself like a tiger at bay into the midst of his enemies.

He covered the heart of the man with his breast. The bush which had been held aside suddenly swayed back to place, an exclamation of disappointment followed, and the footsteps retreated from the spot.

The scout drew a long breath. He was saved.

All day long he lay hidden, hearing more than one should which proved that his enemies were still hovering near, but they had given up the search in despair.

At night he quietly rose and found that the coast was clear. Proceeding cautiously to reconnoitre, he discovered that the ground around his hiding place was only partially covered, and had little difficulty in escaping.

Eluding such parties as were still prowling around, he flanked the Confederate pickets, traveled all night, and before daylight was safe within Stanley's lines.

A FEW SMILES.

No matter if others do not understand you, if you understand yourself

The thing that a woman always knows best how some other woman ought to dress.

Be thankful every time a friend deserts you, and thus forces you to strengthen yourself.

Those who are the least deserving have the least charity and the fewest good words for others.

Sick: "Ah, Miss Kate, it's she little things that tell." Miss Kate: "Yes, little brothers and sisters."

Manage all your actions and thoughts in such manner as if you were just going out of the world.

There are two kinds of things we ought not to fret about: what we can help and what we cannot help.

The difference between an epicure and an anarchist is that one is a mighty dinner and the other is a dynamiter.

Pat—"That is that ye are at Biddy?" Biddy—"Sure it's a bottle of hair restorer Olim putting on my old muf."

"John," said the wife of an Atlanta editor, "your patent combination pocket knife is all rusty—all but the cork-screw part."

There is a contest coming between the American boy who wants to earn his own living and the labor bosses who won't let him.

Life is full of disappointment and a man realizes it while after he has some bird seed with the idea that he was going to raise canaries.

When man gets the better of a woman in argument, he frequently is dissolved in a fit of laughter.

THE WEEKLY NEWS,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
L. W. Perkins & C. F. Sleeper,
Editors and Publishers.

Terms: \$1 Per Year, in Advance.

SATURDAY, JAN. 14, 1888.

PHILADELPHIA and CAMDEN together ought to be enterprising enough to build a bridge across the Delaware River.

BROTHER LOGAN of the *Daily Enterprise* has captured a big plum in the Legislature, having been elected Clerk of the House of Assembly. The salary is \$1,500.

THE thirty-second annual meeting of the New Jersey Editorial Association, will be held at the State Street House, Trenton, on Monday, January 16th, next.

THE *Daily State Gazette* began the new year by greatly increasing its size, thus speaking plainly that the old year was a prosperous one. That the present may be equally as prosperous is the wish of this paper.

THE State Teachers' Association passed resolutions asking for an amendment to the school law making the lowest limit for applicants of teachers' certificates 18 years instead of 16; and that the school tax shall be \$5 per child instead of \$4.

The warm contest for the Department Commandership of the G. A. R. of this State still continues. The friends of General Grubb of Burlington, the South Jersey candidate, claim 480 of the 600 delegates who will vote for him at the encampment, which will be held at Trenton in February.

BOTH the New Jersey Central and the Philadelphia and Reading Railroads have passed out of the hands of the Receiver and into the control of the stockholders and officers of the two companies. The companies have passed through serious financial reverses but are now in good shape and presumably able to hoe their own rows.

LAWYERS are in the habit of sending in bills for what the billee supposed was an innocent conversation, sometimes had in a street car or on a street corner. The bills are generally paid and the billee is more careful in future. The architects have not yet got things down fine, but there is no reason why they should not. A case is mentioned where a prominent Mrs. T. of New York, had several professional conversations with a prominent architect of that city, relative to the plans of an opera house. The architect did not secure the work when it was given out, though he expected it. He sued for \$3,750, but was beaten in court.

THERE are a great many different classes of people who read a newspaper, and some have almost as many individual reasons for reading the paper as it has subscribers. Some read it, because it is their home paper, others because of political reasons, others from force of habit, and last, but far from least, we are sorry to say, a large number read it for sensation. Of course, there is a black sheep in every flock, and the cranks—pardon the allusion—who read a newspaper, which sometimes, because of their own fault, steps on their toes a little, they rave and tear their hair, condemn every person connected with the paper, and liken unto the man who curses the station agent because of the non-appearance of the train on time, they allow themselves to be led by the nose.

THERE is but one way to prevent the misery and sham that falls upon those unfortunate persons, although innocent of any wrong themselves must suffer from the weakness and dishonesty caused by the defalcation of relatives, who, as trusted employees of financial and business concerns, fall through the wicked and culpable want of a proper espionage. That way simple and inexpensive as it is, seems to have escaped the lynx-eyed officers of our institutions and business men notwithstanding the almost daily examples of the weakness of human nature when intrusted with keeping of accounts and the handling of large sums of money. There is an English method of employing public accountants, not as detectives, nor because the integrity of employees is questioned, but on the general principle of auditing and verifying the work of the counting-room at stipulated periods during the year, regulated by the amount of business done. These accountants practically take possession of the books and papers of the concern and examine them in the self-same methodical, cold-blooded manner with which an experienced and trusted lawyer examines the merits of a case brought him by a client. They are entrusted with the secrets of the concern, and are thoroughly loyal to those who employ them, because disloyalty means loss of employment and a bad name. Their reputations are at stake, and with the public accountant reputation is everything. The sooner the public accountant comes to be regarded as a regular visitor to the counting-rooms of America the sooner will society be relieved of these sorrowful scenes of esteemed and trusted men dragging down their wives and children to shame and misery, and the sooner will officers and employers be relieved of the anxiety which now weighs them down and diverts their minds from business, which must be neglected because of the tireful detail and worryment of watching those around them. There is no sentiment in the question, neither does the introduction of an accountant carry with it an implication that employees are dishonest. The accountant soon becomes to be looked upon as a factor in the business, and is respected accordingly. When the public accountant is used to prevent crime instead of, as now, in detecting it, then and not until then defalcations and embezzlements will become fewer.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11, 1888.

At last Speaker Carlisle has relieved the suspense of members of the House—a few being gratified, but the majority disappointed—by appointing the various committees which are charged with shaping the course of legislation in the Fiftyeth Congress, and whatever may be the opinion of those who had axes to grind, the verdict of the country will probably be favorable to Mr. Carlisle, for of one thing there can be no doubt, that experience has qualified him to discharge this important task better than any other man in the country. The leading committees are notably strong, and it is believed that few mistakes have been made in assignments. Both branches of Congress, now being organized for work, the business of the session will be proceeded with in a regular and systematic manner. Owing to the large number of young men in the House, it is thought the greatest activity and interest will center in that body. Thirty are under forty-five, while sixteen are not over thirty-five years of age. Benjamin Shively, of Indiana, is the most youthful, as he will not be thirty-one till March next. Next above him is James Phelan, of Tennessee, the young newspaper proprietor, whose age is but thirty-three.

Of the new bills introduced in the Senate, which are of great importance, a conference of influential residents

of the Centennial would be its permanency; and other advantage would be the joint undertaking not of one nation, but of several. This is a capital plan of disposing of most of the troublesome surplus.

Of other important measures before the Senate, it might be well to name the tariff agitation and the Blair Educational Bill. Several speeches have been made on the former subject—Senators Sherman, Voorhees, Teller and Allison participating in the discussion—the President's message being the provocation of the debate. Tariff talk sounds pertinent enough now, but before the end of the session it will be an old story and the habits of the galleries and readers of newspapers will be heartily tired of it.

Mr. Blair declares that he will push his bill until it is finally disposed of, and he professes himself confident of its success; but there are many who do not share this opinion, one of whom may be that strict constructionist of the Constitution, President Cleveland. This is a mere conjecture, for which there seems at least the probability of a reason, if one may judge by the Chief Executive's actions and expressions upon kindred subjects. That Congress will pass the Blair bill there can be but little doubt. Still, the House Committee on Education in the Fiftyeth, as in the Forty-Ninth Congress, is believed to be hostile to the measure.

STATE ITEMS.

Tramps fired the barn of Mr. Dickinson, at Woodbury, on Monday night, and the building was partially destroyed.

The small-pox scarce in Trenton has abated. There has been but one case of varioloid, and that was not dangerous.

A Lambertville minister recently married a blushing couple, the groom being seventy-nine years old and the bride fifty-six.

George Skillman, a farm hand employed by Peter DeCamp, near Bordentown, fell from a hay loft Tuesday and broke one of his legs.

Nearly every other town and village in Cape May county has the canning-factory fever, and has a committee at work among the farmers.

Ex-Governor Abbett has refused to allow his friends to urge him as the successor to Judge Parker. He is satisfied with his law practice in New York.

A new city office, that of Comptroller, is to be created in Trenton. An ordinance defining his duties, which will pertain to the auditing of bills drawing of warrants on the treasury, &c., is now in course of preparation.

Charles Young, a Plainfield tinsmith, fell from the top of a building on Thursday, a distance of forty feet. Strange to say, his only injuries were one broken rib and a few bruises, which he suffered by striking against the frozen earth.

A conference of influential residents of the coast counties to lay plans for a through organization of those counties to secure national legislation against the menhaden pirates has been held in Camden. Another and larger meeting will shortly be held in Trenton.

The residents of Atlantic City are greatly exercised over the announcement that the Philadelphia and Atlantic City Railroad management has decided to discontinue selling tickets between that place and Philadelphia for \$50, and to charge \$60 a quarter.

Constable Nichols found a curious looking package, though infernal machine, in the recently occupied by the N. Vineland. A council and the Mayor finally decided to soak, where it

Charles Platteau of the W. W. Society, Bridgeton, on the 16th instant, with trespassing, grown out of Jersey farmer

MARRIED.

IRSLINGER—FUCHS.—Beverly, January 8th, by Rev. Rees C. Evans, Friedrich Irslinger, of Philadelphia, and Miss Rosina Katrina Fuchs, of this city.

DIED.

HOFFORD.—Trenton, January 7th, Rev. M. L. Hofford, of this city, aged 60 years.

RANDALL.—Mt. Holly, January 8th, James O. Randall, aged 53 years.

HUNT.—Delanco, January 10th, Catherine, widow of the late Benjamin Hunt.

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Jan. 9, 1888.

THE WHITE OCCASION

If all the millers of Pennsylvania had emptied their flour barrels over the store, they could hardly make it whiter than it is to-day. Miss January and Mr. Merchandise have come out in bridal costume.

The great January display robes the store in white, and the sight is next to Niagara in winter covered with what the French call "water dust."

We do not start out to undersell everybody, but we mean to give larger advantages to our customers this year than ever before.

The people everywhere have found not long since that this store is never undersold.

Always bring back the goods that do not seem cheap enough or are not as good as you thought.

This is the kind of carefulness we like.

If our new stocks of goods are as cheap as many old lots that we might offer, you will probably prefer them.

The new things are coming in every day.

The old things and the new are being carried away every day by throngs of delighted customers.

It is as if we were again in the rush and bustle of Holiday time.

FRENCH SATEENS.

The new ones are here. Not the highest cost, 31 cents a yard. You need not know the makers; call them *Wanamaker's*, for we control this market on them.

This is the hub of the Sate trade. You may get from the fact that yards in store only one-fourth order. And the on both sides. Watch the so know how.

The fine an art th

son who it that. It's worth day. And you'll more, here or elsewhere. At least so we think.

Fine White Cambric. "Cloth," so-called, but why don't know. 12 1-2 cents. the complement to the going

These goods are new opened. You may arbitrary bargains, if Unreasonable bargain make them so from mania for bargain

HAMBURG.

As welcome have ever creating a

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reopened last Wednesday, Walcott, of Boston, as hope the former patrons will send their school, so that it may pass. This is a home it devolves upon us to home enterprises first. informs us that a Kindergarten teacher will be so that those who to this school can the best advan-

JANUARY WEATHER.
De Voe makes for the month. Of within ten just as yow.

Riverton. HOLEMNBAC'S LETTER. LEAP-YEAR--QUESTION.

Why man was first formed we cannot conceive, But that it was so, we of course believe. Indeed, our *orthodoxy*—(pray do pardon the allusion.)

Would not admit of skeptical intrusion. But since we've said it, we repeat once more, We cannot comprehend why man was made before The woman, who, in this our year of grace— Seems destined to outrun her brother in flames race.

The time was once (so we are told) it was in ages passed That female etiquette permitted ladies not (as now) to go so fast.

By *fast*—(the Bard begs pardon)—meaning in a brilliant sense

And not reflecting fancies, born to give offence. The ladies, heaven bless them, (tell them not peruse, The thoughts my pen portrays while in my muse.) For nothing near so lovely, half so sweet, nor quarter dear, Are these lines written to, so early in the year.

Of my own choice, I'd rather use my pen, Writing to Eve's daughters, (but the men demand attention, and it is not queer, They should get it always—in leap year), Angles numerous, many quite sublime, Treads upon the heel of cause, in our

waken, some day, when too late (?) woman at the helm of State. In profession, medicine and art, Indly holds position, and most nobly part;

ward in the grand advance, coat, why not give her the pants?)

and heaven bless the creatures, hearts, better still as teachers, to talk, so pray take time, some advice, and several lines of

we wane—for I too played the fool, anted as my chums when I was sent

and mocking others stammer, t, but learned little grammar, figures were by no means to my

ten caused me miss-promotion, ay, would come, and, just as sure as

stay right where they were, the graduate.

ess (a fault so common in our time) it—if you please, assisting me to

end (take no offence at this most nature, during this leap year companion

loveable—I hope I'm understood to give it up; because you are

HOLEMNBAC.

EDITORS.—If in the lines there appears to be an unvoid, do not attribute it to that one of the ladies, who acquitted herself at the Y. P. A. P. C. entertainment on the 6th inst., she "would kill your scribe if her appeared in print," but rather for the vacuum on the ground

ar writer is an unmarried man frequently in deplorable ignorance, reference to the gentler id, in fact, as to be unable Miss Sixteen from Miss

kindly remember all give you an account. But before do

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THE RIVERTON CLUB.

ANNUAL MEETING AND ELECTION OF OFFICERS OF NEW JERSEY'S CRACK CLUB.

The Riverton Ball Club held its annual meeting last Tuesday evening in the School house at Riverton. The deliberations of the body were presided over by President John C. Frismuth, the members present Chas. M. Biddle, E. B. Broadway, Geo. M. Carpenter, Charles W. Davis, John C. S. Davis, John W. S. Earnshaw, Walter P. Fell, L. A. Flanagan, C. L. Flanagan, Ed H. Fidler, Jr., Louis G. Graff, Henry W. Hall, E. Stanley Hart, Dr. Walter G. Hammell, Carlton M. Moody, John T. Murdoch, Chas. C. Reinhart, John G. Seckel, Frederick K. Seckel, G. M. Taylor and William M. Thomas. The report of the Board of Directors was read rehearsing the work of the association for the year and offering suggestions for the coming season. The directors also recommended the continuance of the Base Ball Committee. The treasurer's report showed receipts during the year for general account, \$1,703.82; for new grounds, \$885.12, a total of \$2,588.94. Disbursements during the same period for general account, \$1,168.76, for new grounds, \$1,360.72, a total of \$2,529.48, leaving a balance in hands of the treasurer of \$58.66.

An amendment to the constitution, reducing the number of the Base Ball Committee to three members and permitting that committee to fix the playing positions of the base ball team when in the field, created considerable discussion, but was finally adopted after being amended so as to permit the captains of the team to change the fielding positions of the men during the game.

The constitution was also amended so as to provide for the election of a cricket committee to take charge of the cricket department of the club. An appropriation of \$50 was made for the purchase of gymnasium apparatus to be placed in the club house at Riverton. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: President, John C. W. Frismuth; Vice President, John B. Showell; Secretary, George Morrison Taylor; Treasurer, E. Stanley Hart; Board of Directors, C. L. Flanagan, W. P. Fell, C. W. Davis and Edwin H. Fidler, Jr.; Base Ball Committee, L. A. Flanagan, George Morrison Taylor and E. Stanley Hart; Cricket Committee, John Earnshaw, John S. Bioren and George Morrison Taylor.

SURPRISE PARTY AT DELAIR.

THE EDITOR OF THE CAMDEN DAILY POST NEW RESIDENCE CAPTURED BY A LARGE COMPANY.

Friday evening, January 6th, was a large night for Delair. It was a large night, anyhow, and full of ways that were dark and paths that were slippery, as a large company of visitors from all parts of Camden and Burlington counties, mostly in carriages, discovered to their amusement, if not their sorrow. The occasion was a housewarming tendered to Mr. and Mrs. B.L. Bonsall in their new residence under the management of the celebrated party, leaders Harry E. Horner and James S. Long, and although "some folks were surprised to read the announcement of the sociable in the *West* of Wednesday Jan. 4th, when the lantern brigade they had come to Everything about The house centred first floor hall room, which nearly a hundred with comfort. large, so large not leave the of five all of the to be by friends orchestra of music

Bridgeboro'.

We intend to furnish more news of this place than any other weekly paper besides giving several columns of interesting matter of near by towns at about half the usual cost of a paper of this class. We solicit your patronage. Send your name into the office for sample copies, if you do not take it, and accord us a fair trial.

Miss Mary Ludlow is now the polite lady attendant in Mr. J. B. Knight's store.

Navigation on the Rancocas still continues to permit farmers to make preparation for spring work.

John S. Lytle, shipcarpenter, has the contract to thoroughly overhaul one of the Emeric Co.'s boats now lying at our dock.

Mr. John Seed has added a wagon to his butcher business—the route is run by Mr. Joe Thompson, a young man of experience—and pays well.

The D'Esta Bros. gave one of their best entertainments in the Reform Club Hall—part of the proceeds was devoted to the Reform Club treasury.

Mr. Louis K. Anderson has taken a trip out west. As he is a member of Powhattan Tribe of Red Skins he prepared a way in which he is enabled to attend the Council Fire anywhere. It would not be surprising should he find a squaw.

The following officers of the Reform Club were elected last Monday evening for the ensuing year: President, Rev. J. B. Knight; Vice Presidents, M. Parvin and M. Gennett; Secretary, Mr. Frank Perkins; Assistant, Mr. Wm. Conover; Treasurer, Mr. A. N. Elliot; Ushers, Messrs. Howard and Geo. Anderson; Marshall, Wm. Conover.

On last Thursdays sleep of Powhattan Tribe, No. 98, Pale Faces, Wm. N. Hubbs, N. T. Haines and Henry Wells were adopted into the Tribe. Mineola Tribe No. 57, of Moorestown, doing the work, at the close of which, Chiefs from Philadelphia and Palmyra reservations announced a delegation of Chiefs from Pensaukin Tribe No. 79, and Miquon, No. 50, in waiting. They were admitted and the Hunters Degree conferred on the above adopted members by Miquon Tribe, No. 50. Before quenching council fire several fine addresses were made on the advancement of the order in America and its further prospect, when the Tribes adjourned to partake of Powhattan's hospitality in the store and upper hall. Over 80 Red Skins participated in the feast of peace and prosperity.

The Fairview Christian Sunday School Christmas Anniversary as just announced to your correspondent for remembrance of the joyous times and perpetuate the monument of success achieved, a living memento of their united energy in this event consisted of beautiful selections. Superintendent Rev. Wallace Ginnet's read Luke 11. Chapter, from 8th to the 20th verse, which was followed by hymn "Over India's Plains" and a brief prayer. The speakers were the scholars connected with the school whose names appear as Parvin Gennett, Parvin Everingham, little Margaret Gennett, Mary Gennett, Agnes Bishop, Louisa Bishop, and Mary Haley. The pieces were numerous and rendered admirably, the singing was exquisite, showing great delicacy of taste and interspersed the speaking. The presents were very many and pretty and truly appreciated. Hymn, "We will praise the Lord," was sung with spirit by the audience, followed with the benediction by the Rev. George Stansbury, of Beverly. When children and parents, friends and others departed for their homes feeling glad and happy in reverence to the one whose anniversary of birth they had just celebrated.

DOCK.

Prof W K LESSON,

TEACHER OF DANCING,

MORGAN HALL, PALMYRA, N. J.

A Grand Complimentary Opening Reception, WEDNESDAY EV'NG, Jan. 18, '88, at 8 O'clock.

LADIES, GENTS AND CHILDREN'S CLASSES. Meet EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, 8 to 10.30. Clubs taken.

A. S. BROWN,

Formerly of No 123 N. Second St., Philadelphia having removed to Palmyra, N. J., has opened

A First-class Cigar Store,

I would be pleased to have my old patrons call as the public in general.

City prices and box trade a specialty. A. S. BROWN, 7-9 17 Garfield Avenue above Broad Street.

Pacific Steam Laundry.

No. 312 North Front St.,

CAMDEN, N. J.

BRADLEY BROS., Proprietors.

SHIRTS, 10c; COLLARS and CUFFS 2c each. Goods collected and delivered on Tuesday and Fridays, in Palmyra. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

J. E. BRAKER,

—ART PAPER HANGINGS,—

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Leconey avenue below Fourth street.

PALMYRA, N. J.

Philadelphia Office: 2022 N. 5th Street. Bargains in Wall Papers and Window Shades.

SUCH A MIXTURE, STOVES

and fixtures, cook stoves and ranges, parlor stoves, stove pipe and elbows, stove boards, wash boards, smoothing irons, wash tubs, wash boards, ironing boards, bedsteads, mattresses, bolsters and pillows, bureaus, washstands, tables, pianos; melodeons, oil cans, shelving, counters, bins, office desks, tinware, dishes, knives and forks, carriages, harness, carrying sets, oil cloths, baskets, tubs, chairs, tables, books, glassware. HYDE & CO., 108 Federal street, Camden.

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Plans, Specifications, Agreements,

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SUPERINTENDING THE CONSTRUCTING OF BUILDINGS, ETC., ETC.

Jobbing Promptly Attended to, Jan. 17

Clemens A. Haas' NEW BAKERY

AND

Ice Cream Parlor,

cor. Broad St. & Garfield Ave.

PALMYRA, N. J.

A full line of Plain and Fancy Cakes, Pies, Ice Cream, Fruit Ices, etc., will be kept on hand. Parties, Balls, etc., served at short notice.

M. C. LYONS, MARBLE, GRANITE & SANDSTONE. MONUMENT,

MANTLE and HOUSE WORK

OR EIGHTH and MARKET ST.

CAMDEN, N. J.

THE TWO MEDALS.

In a picturesque nook of sunny France stands the little vine-clad village of N—. It is a very small place.

Many summers ago I was rather of an invalid, and when I chanced in my travels to light upon this rustic Arcadia, my feet were loth to leave, and before long I found myself duly installed beneath the roof of its venerable pastor.

One evening, as we were seated in his pleasant study, my eyes fell upon two objects which struck me as novel decorations for the room of a peaceable war-defeating clergyman.

They were a tiny golden star and a large cross of iron hung side by side on a square of black velvet.

Could my host have had and lost a son? I thought; and would it be proper for me, by questioning him, to perhaps run the risk of re-opening the old wound.

He had evidently noticed my look of curiosity and my subsequent hesitation for I saw his eyes suddenly turn and fix themselves upon the medals, while an expression of pain contracted his brow.

"Do not speak of them, sir, if it will cause you pain," I hastened to say.

But his face had cleared as quickly as it had clouded.

"Why not?" he said. "They belonged to one of God's noblest heroes! I should like to tell you their history, if you care to listen."

So, nothing loth, I prepared myself to hear the story.

"It was at the time," he began "when the bravest and best of my beautiful France were hurled forth to swell the forces of Napoleon, and to fight for their native land. In this village lived a youth of as handsome face and manly presence, named Pierre Lavelle. He was my favorite pupil. I was the first to guide his infant mind into the paths of knowledge; and as he grew to manhood the love between us was like unto that of parent and child.

"In the cottage you see from the window dwelt a maiden—the fairest in all the country round; and it was not strange that, growing up together, both so young, and good, and beautiful an attachment should spring up between Pierre and Marguerite.

"She was well named; for as the delicate and sweet, so was she and I was pleased with Pierre's choice and was everyone who knew and took an interest in the lovers. At length the joyous bridal day was fixed. But within a week of its approach a proclamation came, heralded by drum and martial stir; and with tear streaming eyes the old mother of Pierre, accompanied by his lovely betrothed, came to tell me what I learned later from Pierre himself, that he had been drafted for five years.

"The day of his departure arrived. Marguerite clung to him despairingly, while the old mother wrung her hands, and I, who loved him as well, in the midst of their grief had to try and conceal my own emotions and bid a brave 'God speed!'

"It was a hard struggle; but at last Pierre disengaged himself from his betrothed's embrace, and held her a moment from him, looking into her face.

"Five years is a long, long time, my Marguerite; but years will never dim my love for you."

"He placed her in her mother's arms.

"Love and comfort each other," he said, "until I return."

"Then grasping my hand, while a man's bitter tears coursed one after another down his face he exclaimed:

"My good friend, I leave my treasures in your care. I cannot say more. Farewell."

"He had gone—the light of my eyes, the staff of his widowed parent, and a young girl's first love. Such is war!

"Two years glided by, filled with battles—some lost and some won. We often had news of Pierre, and one day a joyous throng approached my door and called me to come out and hear the glad tidings. Pierre was home. He had leave of absence for a few days, as his regiment was stationed near his native village.

"Of course, with hasty feet, I flew to the cottage where I knew I should find him. Marguerite met me, he was like twin stars, radiant with joy.

Following her, I soon saw the figure of my host.

Once before he won a golden star—a pretty bauble; but this time, in the very midst of blood and carnage, I saw our imperial leader lean from his horse, and take from his own breast the only decoration it bore. It was a cross—only iron, it is true—but an emblem each one of us would have been prouder to own than one glittering with brilliant gems. "My noble youth, wear this!" he exclaimed. "Should aught happen to me and you live, know that your leader could not delay till after the battle was over, but thus rewards you now!"

"He did not wait longer; but spurring his horse was off to another part of the field. On our captain's breast was the iron cross. After that I remember nothing more. When I came to myself in the hospital they told me my captain was dead."

"As the old soldier thus spoke Marguerite was by my side, and heard all. She had changed sadly in those last few weeks; but I knew that until then she had not given up hope. As time passed I could not help but notice that the pathetic grief in Marguerite's face, instead of injuring her beauty, only made it the more striking. And so thought one Jules Dermot—a rich farmer, and good friend of mine, but a man twice Marguerite's age.

"A year went slowly by, and then one day Marguerite came to me for advice. Her father was old and poor, and growing each day more feeble, and now he asked of her a sacrifice. That she should ensure the comfort of his declining years, and her own welfare when he should be gone, by accepting and marrying the wealthy respected farmer, Jules Dermot. I thought long and earnestly, then I said:

"My child, how do you yourself feel about it?"

"A resolute light filled her pretty eyes.

"I have thought," she said sadly, "that it might be wrong for me to refuse to obey my father's wishes. I have been taught by you that a child's first duty is to her parents, and my father has not long to live. A girl's passionate love I can never give to Jules Dermot, and so I have told him; but as his wife I can serve and obey him faithfully and truly, and he says he will be more than content to have me even thus."

"What could I say but what I did—to follow the impulses of her own pure heart; they could not lead her wrong. So they were married; and the old father left his humble cottage, and lived the following year (which proved his last) in his daughter's new home. Then came a little Marguerite to Jules Dermot and his wife; a tiny copy of her mother. Like a pure white daisy she lay, just beginning her young life, while alas! the mother the beloved of all—was dying. The truth could not be long disguised. There was no hope.

"A tremendous sigh—a long upward look—and then a beautiful inanimate form was all that was left to us. Jules Dermot sorrowed faithfully and keenly; then after a time an irresistible craving for a change came to him. He had money, and he would travel. So he brought the little Marguerite to me, and left her in my care.

"One summer evening my pet and I were in the garden, when I saw a man's figure coming up the road with slow and weary steps. He paused at the gate and looked in at us.

"Come in, sir, and rest yourself," I said. And lifting the latch he came towards me.

"As my gaze fell on the man's attenuated form and the sun face, which looked hunched and worn under the moon's clear beams, I started, and a cold thrill passed through me.

"Have you forgotten Pierre?" he said.

"Then I knew him—that it was indeed Pierre Lavelle! With a trembling hand I drew him into the house.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, sinking into a chair, "how good it is to be at home! I doubted if my strength would keep me till I saw its blessed scenes again. But God is kind—I am here at last. I came first to you, dear old friend, to wear off this intense fatigue; but in a little while I must go to my mother and my betrothed. How are they—are they well?"

"I evaded an answer, as I pressed him to partake of bread and wine."

"Suddenly the little one, whose very existence I had for the time forgotten, came into the room, and to Pierre's side, looking up at him with her tender blue eyes. He—Pierre was ever

"It was a piteous sight, and I will not dilate upon it longer. Pierre stayed at the parsonage; and after a while—I let him take his own time—he told me how he had been left for dead upon the field, and had recovered consciousness to find himself a prisoner in the enemy's hands; how he had been confined ever since, until at last escaping, he had journeyed on foot over mountains and through forests, buoyed up by the hope of reaching his native village, and there, amid the ministrations of his dear ones, regaining his strength and passing in happiness the rest of his life.

"As you may have surmised, the poor fellow did not live long to bear his great disappointment. In the village cemetery—not far from the resting-place of her he loved—is a grave conspicuous from any other by the stately granite pillar which his townspeople have erected to the memory of Pierre the Hero, their countryman, who by his courage twice saved the day for France.

"Those are his medals which he managed to conceal and preserve through all his wanderings. He left them in my charge, for the child of Marguerite."

HE THOUGHT SHE PROPOSED TO HIM.

There is a great deal of fun in every nook and corner of Cornell University just now over an incident which occurred this week, says an Ithaca letter. At the beginning of every term an alphabetical list of students is issued by the registrar, giving the residence of each person enrolled in the university. Occasionally a mistake is found in this list. Several days ago one of the Sage college ladies of prepossessing appearance, in looking over proofs of this year's list of students, detected a slight error in her name, and hastened to the registrar's office to correct it.

"Are you engaged just now?" was the first question asked the registrar, who was in blissful ignorance of the lady's mission, and whose mind evidently was wandering in matrimonial channels.

"No, indeed," replied the gallant official with some little emphasis, the face at the same time becoming his very embodiment of great expectations and pleasant anticipations of the approaching leap-year.

"Well, then, I should like to change my name," said the fair visitor, with a bewitching smile on her face.

"Oh, you would!" grasped the young man, his countenance radiant beyond all expression.

And then the young lady undertook to explain matters more in detail, much to the great discomfiture and mortification of the assistant, whose hopes blossomed, bloomed, and were blasted in the short space of a minute.

HEALTHFUL BREAD.

In spite of all that has been said on the subject, people will eat bread made from flour from which all the bran has been removed. Nearly all the phosphates, the most valuable elements for the nutrition of the nerves and bones, are thus removed, and it is also a recognized fact amongst physicians that great injury results in consequence. Any preparations which will replace these valuable elements are certain to be of great benefit to those who use them, compensating as they do, to a great extent, for the absence of bran. A number of years

ago, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, used a baking preparation, which introduced these elements into the food with great success.

After years of preparation, and has succeeded in selling it. The acid phosphate combined with the baking bread, produces the good healthful and nutritious bread, which is only to be fully appreciated by those who have used it.

It is a good healthful and nutritious bread, which is only to be fully appreciated by those who have used it. It is a good healthful and nutritious bread, which is only to be fully appreciated by those who have used it.

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

WITH the November, 1897, issue THE CENTURY commences its thirty-fifth volume with a regular circulation of almost 220,000. The War Papers and the Life of Lincoln increased its monthly edition by 10,000. The latter history, having recounted the events of Lincoln's early years, and given the necessary survey of the political condition of the country, rears a new period, with which his secretaries were most intimately acquainted. Under the caption

LINCOLN IN THE WALL, the writers now enter on the more important part of their narrative, viz.: the early years of the War and President Lincoln's part therein.

SUPPLEMENTARY WAR PAPERS, following the "battle series" by distinguished generals, will describe the interesting features of army life, tunneling from Libby Prison, narratives of personal adventure, etc.; General Sherman will write on "The Grand Strategy of the War."

KENNAN ON SIBERIA.

Except the Life of Lincoln and the War Articles, no more important series has ever been undertaken by "The Century," than this of Mr. Kennan's. With the previous preparation of four years' travel and study in Russia and Siberia, the author undertook a journey of 12,000 miles for the special investigation here required. An introduction from the Russian Minister of the Interior admitted him to the principal mines and prisons, where he became acquainted with some three hundred state exiles, Liberals, Nihilists, and others, and the series will be a starting point as well as accurate revelation of the exile system. The many illustrations by the artist and photographer, Mr. George A. Frost, who accompanied the author, will add greatly to the value of the articles.

A NOVEL BY EGLESTON with illustrations will run through the year, and novels will follow by Cable and Stockton, which will appear every month.

MISCELLANEOUS FEAT will comprise several illustrated articles by Charles De Kay; papers touching the Sunday school lessons, illustrated by the artist; and a series of papers by Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. Van Buren, and others, by Pennell; Dr. Buckley's value of spiritualism; and Chirvov's criticism, art, travel, and biography.

By a special offer the number year containing the Lincoln history, issued with the year's subscription to 1897, twenty-four issues in all, for \$5.00. Last year's numbers handsomely bound. Published by The Century, 171th Street, New York.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLK.

SINCE its first issue in 1873, this magazine, with undisturbed regularity, has maintained its position as the most excellent juvenile periodical. The best known names in literature have contributed to the staff, including: Thomas Hughes, George MacDonald, Harriet Taylor, Frances Hodgson, James T. Fields, John G. Whittier, and many others. It is a world's child magazine.

EDITOR, MARY MAPE, author of "Hans Brinker, or, The Little Dutch Boy," and other popular books for young people, has a remarkable knowledge and enterprising child, and a skillful leadership. "St. Nicholas" is a world of homes on both sides of the Atlantic.

ST. NICHOLAS IN THE COMING YEAR.

It is not alone in America that "St. Nicholas" has made its great success. The London Standard says: "There is no magazine so successfully competitive with it."

THE COMING YEAR.

The fifteenth year begins with the November, 1897, and the publisher's list includes: Short stories by Mrs. F. R. Burnett, Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Chandler Harris, J. T. Trowbridge, Col. Johnston, Louisa M. Alcott, Prof. Church, William H. Ridding, Washington, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Amelia E. Barr, Courtney B. Taylor, Harriet Upton, and others. Edmund Allen will write a series of papers on the "Routine of the House," and how the work of the Treasury, the State and War Departments, etc., are conducted; Joseph O'Brien, a well-known Australian journalist, will describe "The Tell of London Christmas Pastimes," "Wonderland," etc.; John Burroughs, "Meadow and Woodland Talks with You," etc., etc. Mrs. Burnett's short serial will for years, a worthy successor to her "Lord's Ancestry," which appeared in "Why not try St. Nicholas for your people in the house? Begin with the first, send us \$1.00, or subscribe later, and send orders. The Century, 171th Street, New York.

HEADQUARTERS.

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