

**Devoted to the Interests of Hammonton.**

**\$2.00 PER YEAR**

Jennie, the Milkmaid.  
My heart is so light,  
I sing day and night,  
Sook, Boss,  
Sook.

My pail is now ready,  
I carry it steady,  
Moo, Boss,  
Moo.

My Jamie comes whistling,  
He knows I am listening,  
So, Boss,  
So.

He smiles in my face,  
And then takes my place,  
Stand, Boss,  
Stand.

I sink right by his side,  
My warm blushes to hide,  
Wink, Boss,  
Wink.

He looks down in my eyes,  
I peep up in surprise,  
Low, Boss,  
Low.

Look, Jennie, look yonder!"  
I turn in great wonder,  
Back, Boss,  
Back.

Round my neck his arm steals,  
On the air his laugh peals,  
Slow, Boss,  
Slow.

On my lips, quick as light,  
He sprigs like a wight,  
Turn, Boss,  
Turn.

Then away I run fast;  
He sings out: "Caught at last."  
Bye, Boss,  
Bye.

## The Burnt Letter.

It was a gossiping neighbor who had been spending an hour with Mrs. Webb, and just before she went she had left the arrow she had kept in her quiver.

"Your son Grantley goes over the hill to the Burdock's pretty often, Mrs. Webb," said she.

"I don't know it if he does," replied the old lady.

"Naturally he wouldn't tell you until the last, after old Burdock's quarrel with his dead father," said the neighbor.

"But everybody else knows. It's said to be a settled thing. Why, Keziah saw him kiss her at the gate one Sunday night, and even Ann Burdock would hardly go so far as that unless it was so, eh? Well, good-bye."

She hurried off leaving her hostess dumb and motionless at the door.

It was some moments before she even thought of going in and casting herself into her chair, but she did it at last, and fell to talking to herself in this wise:

"Oh, it's worse than anything that ever happened to me. I've had trouble, heaven knows, but it was the kind I had to bear if God sent it, but this doesn't seem right. My Grantley to marry Steven Burdock's daughter, the child of the very worst enemy his father ever had, a girl brought up by a woman I despise! Sarah Burdock never had the ways I liked, nor did the things I thought right for a woman to do. Everything is so different with the Burdocks, so strange. Like ought to marry like, or there'll never be a happy home. But that's the way with men! A pretty face strikes them and away they go, and Grantley is like the rest. Why should he choose Sarah Burdock's daughter?"

She looked to and fro as she spoke, letting her neglected knitting drop into her lap.

"There's Fanny White," she murmured, "a nice, thrifty girl; and Minnie Holm. Why, her mother is the best friend I have. There are plenty of girls I could have made up my mind to; though I don't know why Grantley should marry any one yet. But Ann Burdock, with her showy ways, and her airs and graces, I never can welcome her, never. I must go away and live by myself if she comes here to lord it over the house; and her mother, no doubt, will come and sit and talk in her foolish, giddy way; and the sisters will sit in the parlor windows, and take up the girls. They'll be here half the time, and make nobody of me. I know them."

If my Grantley does marry Ann Burdock. But it can't be! It can't! Then a foot struck the floor of the window raised a little, and the aperture came flying two. One a yellow, vulgar-looking envelope, the other a little white envelope with a program upon it.

The old lady looked up.

She had thus easily detected the letters, looked over his shoulder, and laughed and nodded at him as he went away with his leather bag, and she put on her spectacles and looked at the superscriptions.

The envelope held only one of the letters, which she read with a habit of flooding the face one was not addressed to her son, and the other was a pretty silver and gold letter.

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rising, she crept across the floor in a guilty sort of fashion, and held the envelope with its flaps downward, close to the mouth of the spout.

She held it for a few moments, and then softly touched it with her thumb and finger.

It was quite damp, and one fold peeled away from the other very easily, and there lay the little note in her hand.

She might have read it if she chose; if there were secrets in it, Miss Ann Burdock should have secured them better than she could with the little touch of maulage the maker of those envelopes had bestowed on each one.

Mrs. Webb took off her glasses, wiped them from the steam that had gathered upon them, and, still standing, opened the sheet of paper adorned with a monogram like that upon the envelope, and read as follows:

"DEAR GRANTLEY—You went away angry with me on Sunday evening, and said that if I would not take back what I had said you would never come to see me again. And I was too proud and too angry to say a word to keep you. But, Grantley, dear, I'm sorry for it now. You were in the right, and I was to blame, and I take it all back—every word. I never meant it. You are so downright you think one must mean all one says, but indeed I never meant it. And so forgive me and come again next Sunday night. I find that life would be a very sad thing for me if we really quarrelled. Yours forever, Ann."

"So!" muttered Mrs. Webb, between her teeth. "It has gone so far, then; and she has been showing her temper and angering Grantley. Well, if he has spirit enough to stay away one week, he'll have spirit enough to stay away altogether, perhaps."

Then she gave an angry stamp.

"Why do I comfort myself with that?" she said. "I know this letter will call him back to her, and he'll be more in love with her than ever. Oh, if she had not written! I know my boy well enough to know that he would not go back to her without that. Well, he hasn't seen it yet; and if I choose he never need. It is for his good, I know. Ann Burdock is not the girl for him. I'll keep him from her."

She dropped Ann Burdock's letter upon the fire. There it lay, a black and shrivelled fold of tinder, as her son's step sounded in the hall, and she covered it from sight with the kettle.

In came Grantley, his face bright with the outer cold.

"Setting yourself on fire, mother?" he asked. "I smell something scorching."

"It's not my dress," she answered, and busied herself with the teapot, and rang the bell for the tea things.

In came the girl with the tray, and again Mrs. Webb had a little fright.

"Any letter for me?" asked her son, with an eager look in his face.

"No," she answered faintly. "Did you expect one?"

"Not I," said he, his brows contracting. "But I met the postman on the hill, and he called out to me to hurry home and get my love-letter. His joke, I suppose."

"It was impudent of him," said Mrs. Webb, not daring to meet her son's eyes. "That's a love-letter, is it?"

She tossed him the tradesman's circular. He glanced at it and put it down.

How sad he looked! What gray tints there were about his eyes and temples! How much thinner he seemed than he did a week or so ago!

Was it all that quarrel with the Burdock girl? Would it have been better that he should have had that monogrammed note?

The mother put the thought from her. She spread the little store of dainties before her son and tried to make him eat; and though she had been so frightened by his questions, she could not help approaching the dangerous subject herself.

"Are you going out to-night?" she asked.

"No," he answered; "I think not."

"The neighbors were telling me you went over the hill to the Burdock's rather often," she went on.

"Well, if I have, mother," he answered, "that is no sign I shall go again."

"Well, there are better places than the Burdock's," said Mrs. Webb, "and I thought you'd never think of a girl whose father quarrelled with yours, and may have the evil temper of her mother. She's a flirt, too, they say."

Then she bounced out of the room. When she came back Grantley had gone upstairs.

She heard the boards of his bed-room floor creak as he walked up and down for hours, but she did not see him again that night.

Well, well," she said to herself, "he'll get over it."

who often started from her sleep in the big front bedroom of the Webb home with a dream of letters that curled up into tinder over the red coal—had more on her conscience than she knew.

For though Ann grieved, she did not wear her heart upon her sleeve, but was outwardly gay and cheerful, and as she never had before, until at last the same neighbor who had brought the news of Grantley's love affair to his mother, dropping into tea, gave Mrs. Webb and her son a bit of gossip as they sat at the table together.

"Ann Burdock is going to be married at last," it's that young man from London—Mr. Millet."

"I believe weddings when I see them now," said Mrs. Webb.

"But Mrs. Burdock herself told me this," said the guest.

When she was gone, Grantley, who sat before the table still, with his elbows upon it, dropped his head upon his arms, and there was a sound of quick breathing.

For a little while his mother watched him. Then she went close.

"Grantley," she said, in a trembling voice, "what is it? What ails you? Tell me!"

"It's only that I'm a fool, mother," he answered.

"But—Grantley, what about?"

He lifted up his young, worn face then, and answered:

"Mother, don't you know? It's about Ann Burdock. It's been very hard to bear, but if she does marry any one else—I shall kill myself, I think. Life doesn't seem worth having."

"Life doesn't seem worth having, if you can't have Ann!" the mother said, in a puzzled sort of way. "But why, what is there in her?"

"What there never is in more than one woman to any man, mother," said Grantley.

Somehow, from the far-away years of youth, a memory came back to his mother that helped her to understand him.

She felt that she had done very ill, and if confession could do any good, she would even confess. At least, if she could not quite do that, she would let him know the truth about Ann.

"Grantley, dear," she faltered, "you—you had a quarrel?"

"Yes," he answered.

"But if she had written to beg your pardon you'd have forgiven her?"

She almost hoped that he would say "No"—that she need not go on.

But he answered:

"Yes—but she never wrote."

"I think she did, Grantley," said the mother. "I—I know she did, I—I—an accident happened to the letter. It—it got burnt; but I'm sure it was an apology. Indeed, I saw a few words, but I didn't think you cared so. You see it—it fell into the fire."

"Why did you not tell me before?" cried Grantley.

"Well, I somehow didn't like," was all the mother could say. "And why don't you go and ask her about it, and see what it was?"

Poor Mrs. Webb, when her son, after many questions, had taken her advice, cried bitterly. She might have felt even worse had she heard what Ann was saying.

The story had been told, a reconciliation effected, a declaration made to the effect that Mr. Millet had never been loved. And then Ann Burdock, with a laugh—

"But, Grantley, your mother could believe the story?"

She did not want me to go to law. I owe her no law, and don't tell that, and don't tell that."

Grantley never saw Mrs. Webb again. She had often said that Ann Burdock could have been a great help to her.

## Forty-Fifth Congress.

### SENATE.

Republicans in Roman; Democrats in small caps; The year before each Senator's name shows when his time expires.

REPUBLICANS.	DEMOCRATS.
1879. Geo. E. Spencer 1883. JOHN T. MORGAN	1881. Branch E. Bruce 1883. L. Q. CLAMAR
1879. S. W. DODGE 1883. A. H. GARLAND	1881. D. H. ARMSTRONG 1883. F. M. COCKRELL
1879. ASAPH A. BATHURST 1883. N. A. BOOTH	1881. NEW HAMPSHIRE 1883. E. H. BOLLING
1881. J. B. CHAMBERS 1883. Henry M. Teller	1881. T. F. RANDOLPH 1883. J. R. McCLINTOCK
1879. WM. B. BARRETT 1881. WM. W. EATON	1881. ROBERT CONKLING 1883. FRANCIS KERNAN
1879. THOS. F. BAYARD 1881. ELI SAULSBURY	1881. A. S. PADDON 1883. ALVIN BARRON
1879. S. B. CONOVER 1881. CHARLES W. JONES	1881. JOHN P. JONES 1883. William Sharon
1879. JOHN B. GORDON 1883. BENJ. H. HILL	1881. A. S. MARRIMON 1883. MAT. W. RAMSON
1879. D. W. VOORHIES 1881. J. E. McDONALD	1881. Stanley Matthews 1883. A. G. THURMAN
1879. WM. B. ALBION 1883. S. J. KIRKWOOD	1881. JOHN H. MITCHELL 1883. L. F. GOSWELL
1879. JOHN J. INGALLS 1883. Preston B. Plumb	1881. A. E. BURNSIDE 1883. E. B. ANTHONY
1879. THOS. C. MCINTYRE 1883. JAMES B. BECK	1881. J. J. PATTERSON 1883. D. T. CORBIN
1879. (VACANCY) 1883. W. P. KELLOGG	1881. JAMES E. BAILEY 1883. ISHAM G. HARRIS
1879. Hannibal Hamlin 1881. JAMES G. BLAINE	1881. S. B. MAXEY 1883. RICHARD COKE
1879. Geo. R. DENNIS 1881. W. P. WHITE	1881. JUSTIN S. MORTILL 1883. Geo. F. EDMONDS
1879. Henry L. Dawes 1883. George F. Hoar	1881. ROBT. E. WITHERS 1883. J. W. JOHNSON
1881. I. P. CHRISTIANCY 1883. THOMAS W. FETTY	1881. FRANK HENRYFORD 1883. HENRY G. DAVIS
1881. S. J. E. McMillan 1883. William Windom	1881. TIM O. HOWE 1883. Angus Cameron

### House of Representatives.

The following is the list of the Members of the new House of Representatives as presented by Clerk Adams. Republicans in small caps and Democrats in Roman, there being 190 of the former and 192 of the latter, with no change on the roll for Colorado and the Third Missouri District:

REPUBLICANS.	DEMOCRATS.
1. THOS. B. REED 2. WM. F. FETTER 3. STEPHEN D. LINDSEY	4. LEWELLYN POWERS 5. EUGENE HALE
1. FRANK JONES 2. JAS. F. BRIGGS	3. HENRY W. BLAIR
1. CHAS. H. JOYCE 2. D. C. DENKINSON	3. GEO. W. HENDER
1. WM. H. CRAPO 2. BEN W. HARRIS 3. W. A. FIELD 4. Leopold Morse 5. N. E. DAVIS 6. GEO. B. LORING	7. B. F. BUTLER 8. WM. CLAVIN 9. WM. W. HICE 10. AMASA NORCROSS 11. GEO. B. ROBINSON
1. BENJ. T. EAMES 2. JAMES PHILIPS	2. LATIMER W. BALLOU
1. GEORGE M. LANDERS 2. JAMES PHILIPS	3. JOHN T. WAIT 4. LEVI WARREN
1. JAMES W. COVERT 2. WILLIAM D. VEEDER 3. S. B. CHITTENDEN 4. ARCHIBALD M. BLISS 5. NICHOLAS MILLER 6. SAMUEL S. COX 7. ANTHONY EICH 8. JAMES G. EICH 9. JEREMIAH 10. ABRAHAM 11. BENJAMIN 12. CHAS. H. JOYCE	18. A. W. WILSON 19. A. B. JONES 20. J. W. HARRIS

ILLINOIS.

1. WM. ALDRICH	11. ROBERT M. HAYES
2. CURTIS H. HARRISON	12. WM. M. SPRINGER
3. LORENZO BARTTAKO	13. THOS. F. HAYES
4. WM. LATHROP	14. J. G. GAYSON
5. H. C. BURGHARD	15. J. C. SPARKS
6. T. J. HENDERSON	16. WM. M. SPRINGER
7. PHILIP O. HAYES	17. WM. M. SPRINGER
8. G. L. FORT	18. WILLIAM HARTSHORN
9. THOS. A. BOYD	19. B. W. TOWNSEND
10. B. P. MARRAS	

INDIANA.

1. BENJAMIN F. FULLER	8. MORRIS
2. THOMAS E. COBB	9. MICHAEL
3. GEO. A. BLODGETT	10. WM. H.
4. LEONIDAS SEXTON	11. JAS. L.
5. THOS. M. BROWN	12. H. H.
6. MILTON B. ROBINSON	13. JAS. H.
7. JNO. HANNA	

MISSOURI.

1. ANTHONY LITTELL	7. T. F. ORTENDEN
2. NATHAN COLE	8. B. J. FRANKLIN
3. (Front and Metcalfe contest, neither on roll.)	9. DAVID H.
4. ROBERT A. HATCHER	10. HENRY M. FOLEY
5. RICHARD P. BLAND	11. JOHN B. GLENN
6. CHARLES H. MORGAN	12. Aylett M. Buckner

WISCONSIN.

1. CHAS. G. WILLIAMS	6. EDWARD S. DUFF
2. LUCIEN B. CAPWELL	7. GABRIEL BUCK
3. GEO. C. HAZLETTON	8. O. C. ELLIOTT
4. WM. PITT LYNDE	9. THAD. C. FOUN

FLORIDA.

1. R. H. M. DAVIDSON	2. HORATIO B. BAKER, JR.
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MICHIGAN.

1. ALPHONSE S. WILLIAMS	6. MARK S. BREWER
2. EDWIN WILLIAMS	7. OMAR D. CONNER
3. JONAS H. MCGOWAN	8. O. C. ELLIOTT
4. JOHN W. KROGLEY	9. JAY A. HURDALL
5. JOHN W. STON	

ARKANSAS.

1. LINDA O. GANSE	3. JORDAN E. CRAYTON
2. WILLIAM F. ELMONDS	4. THOMAS M. GUNTER

TEXAS.

1. JOHN H. REAGAN	4. R. Q. MILL
2. D. B. GULBERTON	5. D. C. GIDDINGS
3. J. W. THROCKMORTON	6. GUSTAVE SCHLEICHER

IOWA.

1. JOSEPH C. STONE	6. EZEKIEL S. SAMPSON
2. HIRSH PRICK	7. H. J. F. CUMMINGS
3. THOS. W. BURDICK	8. WILLIAM H. HARRIS
4. NAT. C. DEERING	9. ADDISON OLIVER
5. RUSH CLARK	

CALIFORNIA.

1. HORACE DAVIS	3. JOHN K. LUTTRELL
2. H. E. PAGE	4. B. PACHO

MINNESOTA.

1. MARK H. DUNNELL	3. J. H. STEWART
2. HORACE D. STRAIT	

OREGON.

1. RICHARD WILLIAMS	3. THOMAS RYAN
2. DUDLEY O. HASKELL	

NEVADA.

1. FRANK WELCH	3. THOMAS RYAN
2. BENJAMIN WILSON	

NEBRASKA.

1. THOMAS WREN	3. THOMAS RYAN
2. BENJAMIN WILSON	

COLORADO.

1. THOMAS WREN	3. THOMAS RYAN
2. BENJAMIN WILSON	

NEITHER BELFORD NOR PATTERSON ON ROLL.

1. THOMAS WREN	3. THOMAS RYAN
2. BENJAMIN WILSON	

DELEGATES.

1. THOMAS WREN	3. THOMAS RYAN
2. BENJAMIN WILSON	

UTAH.

1. THOMAS WREN	3. THOMAS RYAN
2. BENJAMIN WILSON	

IDAHO.

1. THOMAS WREN	3. THOMAS RYAN
2. BENJAMIN WILSON	

WYOMING.

1. THOMAS WREN	3. THOMAS RYAN
2. BENJAMIN WILSON	

WISCONSIN.

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2. BENJAMIN WILSON	

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2. BENJAMIN WILSON	

WISCONSIN.

1. THOMAS WREN	3. THOMAS RYAN
2. BENJAMIN WILSON	

WISCONSIN.

1. THOMAS WREN	3. THOMAS RYAN
2. BENJAMIN WILSON	





## THE ITEM.

H. E. BOWLES, M. D., Editor & Prop'r

HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC CO. N. J.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1877.

Burlington celebrates its centennial anniversary on the 1st December, next.

The army and navy bills have been passed, and have received the signature of the President.

Thanksgiving day is to be the great day of the season, at the Permanent Exhibition. Great attractions are offered.

The Pope is dead. At least we suppose so, for the Cardinals are talking about his successor.

The Board of State Canvassers will meet in the Senate Chamber next Tuesday, to declare the number of votes cast at the late election for Governor.

The Daily Times, is a lively, neat little paper just started at Vineland, edited and published by John B. Duffey, and 'tis E. B. Duffey. It makes a good thing, and if it don't succeed, it ought to.

### Edwin H. Fittler.

Republicans of Pennsylvania propose to nominate Edwin H. Fittler of Philadelphia as their candidate for Governor in 1878, and we rejoice at the selection. A more honorable upright citizen, for one whose character for probity and fair dealing is better known than his, it would be hard to find. He has been for many years at the head of his profession as a manufacturer in Philadelphia, and has repeatedly been offered and refused offices which he would have honored and adorned. It would be impossible to find a stronger candidate than he, in the whole Republican party, and all who know him, or know of him, will support him irrespective of party. If nominated, the people of Philadelphia, and the State in general will give him such a majority as has scarcely ever been equaled, and the State will have secured a Governor upon whose honor, integrity, ability and firm discharge of duty all can confidently rely. He is emphatically the man of the people; for all classes of society, from the merchant prince to the honest, sun-burned laborer will rejoice to give him the honorable position, his excellent qualifications of mind and heart so eminently qualify him to fill. There is not a man in the State more justly entitled to the support of her citizens than Edwin H. Fittler.

### Salmon For South Jersey.

The West Jersey Game Protective Society have obtained from the Pacific Coast one hundred thousand eggs of the California Salmon, and have this week paid sixty-five dollars express charges on the same. They come packed in ice. They are now being hatched out, and when of a suitable age they will be placed in the tributaries of all the principal streams in South Jersey, same as last year. It is believed that they remain in the water where placed until a year or more of age, when they go out to sea where they acquire a wonderful growth, and after three years will return to the same place whence they "started in life," as unerringly as a swallow or robin returns to its nest. They generally return weighing five pounds and upwards. The salmon is the finest food and game fish known, and every effort to stock our waters with it should be encouraged by the public generally. Nearly all of the small spring streams in South Jersey are adapted to the stocking with these young salmon, and parties desiring stocks in the streams should apply to the Society, at once address P. Petros, Editor of the *Wenonah Advance*, Wenonah, New Jersey, who has charge of the matter.

Following item needs no comment, make none, but we want to say something about the spirit of a large man, the rebel portion of the Southern army, loyal men powder.

### Morton is Dead.

Central Georgia Weekly

Nov. 4th.]

Body shot? Morton is dead.

God of the dead for the

for the? Grant is in Paris

dead? Is there not cause

the? We people of the

that have so long suffered

of these two blood-thirsty

have sinned long and

will suffer their just pun-

ishment be a hell-for

some place after.

called "Bloody-

been the cause of

and since the war,

none himself,

body work by

Congress,

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any

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services in the profession will

attention left at the ete-

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### Fishing with pound Nets.

A letter from a member of the W. J. G. P. Society, B. W. Richards, published in the *Wenonah Advance*, states the fact that parties living on Long Island, not Jerseymen—though they must have been aided by some natives—were catching fish all last summer, with pound nets, in Little Egg Harbor bay. These nets are so constructed as to catch all the fish going up or down the channel, both large and small. At this rate the quantity of fish would soon diminish, and disappear. This is an outrage that should be stopped. And it is hoped the Legislature will pass an act to prevent such wholesale destruction of fish under severe penalty. The correspondent of the *Advance*, deserves the thanks of the people for calling attention to the outrage. We hope the members of the Legislature from Atlantic County, will take the initiative in having a bill presented and passed, if possible to prevent a repetition of similar outrages.

### Latest from Turkey.

We received a few days ago, through our friend G. W. Coles, of 138 Market St. Philadelphia, a paper from Constantinople, with the latest news from the seat of war. But unfortunately, we could not read it and we had no interpreter. But it is certainly a curiosity. It has no heading. The paper was sent us by Samuel Coles, brother of George, whom many of our citizens will well remember. He is an officer on board the U. S. Steamship Alliance, which is lying in the harbor at Constantinople.

In a letter to his brother, he says: "It is Sunday, and cold and rainy, so that I cannot go on shore. I was on shore on Friday, and went to the Mosque, Saint Sophia, this being the Sunday of the Turks. This is the imperial place of worship, at which the Sultan does his religious duties. It was built by Constantine Emperor of Rome, A. D. 360. The pillars that support the galleries, are each a solid piece of marble, two of which were taken from the temple of Diana. The dome is mosaic work, in pieces about 3 of an inch square.

There are no seats in the building, but some attendants have cushions, and sit with their legs crossed like a tailor. Only men attend church. The women are not allowed to enter the edifice, at least as worshippers. The Priest talks in a chanting tone, and I should say he was trying to sing. Some of the attendants were following him, and others were sitting in groups of four or five, in earnest conversation. In the evening I went to a Turkish pantomime, which was a representation of the battles of Shipka Pass. Thence to a theatre, called Flam. We ascended 441 steps, of about 6 inches each, to reach it. It is French, and amounted to little. I intended a trip up the Bosphorus in the yacht Sophia, which belongs to an Italian prince, but she is commanded by an American. She is the same that visited America.

I send you a Turkish paper, which send to Dr. Bowles, with my compliments, and tell him it is the latest news from the seat of war. I send you a Turkish stamp, and a cent of Jewish money, and a Turkish plaster which is about five cents our coin. There is much more which we have not room for.

\*This is an error, we think. It was built by Justinian, in the 6th century.

## GOLD.

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