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THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

There 's a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands,
Beside the ancient portals,
A sentry grimly stands,
No alone can undo it,
And open wide the door:
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortals nevermore.

That glorious land is Heaven,
And Death the sentry grim;
The Lord therefore has given
The opening keys to him,
And ransomed spirits, sighing
And sorrowing for sin,
Do pass the gate in dying,
And freely enter in.

Though dark and drear the passage,
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait:
And at the time appointed,
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From the cross to glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing,
Their tears in their ears,
Their journey home yard winging,
They leave to part their fears,
Death like an angel seemeth,
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'Tis life for them to die.

Hammonton Park.

In strolling around our pretty town, through its wide avenues, alongside its neat and tasty hedges, I have sometimes found myself on "The Park" grounds. The enterprise, the industry and unanimity which *once* characterized the association, are distinctly shown here. Such a place could not else have been arranged. But, in looking into the main building, one would be strongly tempted to rehearse the lines:

I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted;
Whose lights are fled, whose hopes are dead,
And all but me departed.

The large east doors had been forced open, most of the panes of glass broken, and everything therein had ventilation. So I thought I would ventilate the subject.

Has not said building trustees? And why allow it thus to go to ruin? A little care and a little money now expended would save the outlay of much hereafter. It has been a beautiful place; and as we in Hammonton have no resort for our visitors to see, save this and our Lake, let us keep up this, as a place of public resort. The taste and neatness and thrift which are exhibited all over this lovely town, ought not to have such a contrast in the suburbs. In the Spring, how pleasant would a walk out there be; and so, in the Summer, to our Lake, before the "bills" are ready.

Let me ask the Trustees, or that Association, to tell us why the Park should be so neglected? A CITICEN.

Manufactories, etc.

MR. EDITOR:—We hear, from many sources, that there are several manufacturing concerns that would be glad to locate here in case proper inducements were offered. Any deal between two parties must be of benefit to *both*, in order to be of any permanent value. The town of Hammonton can afford to exempt from taxation the "plant" of all parties who will bring from $5000 upward of manufacturing machinery here. We would suggest a uniform term of exemption say ten years. The increased demand for dwelling-houses, building sites, labor, merchandise, etc., would pay ten-fold the taxes we would otherwise *not have* by having *no* manufactories here.

Mr. Yates, who has purchased the late Charlotte Cushman estate, offers, in good faith, to give deeds of 64x175 feet lots to any and all persons who will build thereon. That we call "spending to save." Mr. Yates is right. Let us all wake up and do all we can to awaken a new interest in our town. In market and railroad facilities, we stand second to none. Our schools are good and ample; our fine, shaded streets are beautiful: and, *best of all*, an epidemic was never known in our midst. Land is cheap, the cost of living is as low as anywhere else, the water is soft, and the climate is unexcelled. Now, let all put their shoulder to the wheel, give a long push, a strong push, and a push all together. W. R.

Elm Farmers' Club.

Annual meeting. Old officers were re elected except Vice-President, who declined. A resolution was discussed concerning the shipment of fruit through the management of this Club. It was finally referred to a committee of five.

An interesting debate on manure followed. It was stated that Peruvian guano was not so good, used alone, as when used in connection with clover sod, or alternately.

Bone and nitrate of soda were considered good on crops; but being a salt, the soda soon expended its force, but was thought excellent to use. Ashes seemed to have the preference as a universal fertilizer on corn, grass, and crops of all kinds, costing only $16 per ton, which amount was allowed for an acre.

The Club was honored by the attendance of strangers, who were invited to take part, and did so. D. F.

P. S.—The Club is on the increase, with good, solid men. Come and give us a lift, some night. Won't charge you anything.

We do not sound a needless alarm when we tell you that the taint of scrofula is in your blood. Inherited or acquired, it is there, and Ayer's Sarsaparilla alone will effectually eradicate it.

O'Donovan Rossa was shot and slightly wounded by Mrs. Dudley, a young English woman, in New York Monday afternoon.

Governor Abbet has appointed Mercer Beasley chief justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey.

The total amount of unsecured liabilities in the Cisco failure is reported as $1,902,115.

A theif having no legs and only one arm has been sentenced to one year's hard labor in the Illinois penitentiary.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer imparts a fine gloss and freshness to the hair, and is highly recommended by physicians, clergymen, and scientists, as a preparation accomplishing wonderful results. It is a certain remedy for removing dandruff, making the scalp white and clean, and restoring gray hair to its youthful color.

Mr. Cleveland will arrive at Washington March 2.

The German Government refuses to ameliorate the enforcement of the laws against socialists.

Pittsburg is much excited over revelations of the alleged existence of armed and organized Socialists in that city.

Justice Schwab, the notorious socialistic saloon keeper, was locked up in New York yesterday for inciting a riot.

President Arthur sent to the House a message announcing the transfer of the Grant memorials to the Government, and recommending passage of the bill to place Grant on the retired list of the army.

The credentials of Senator Evarts, of New York, were presented in the Senate Tuesday.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* advocates a political alliance between England and the United States.

General Grant denies that he had any intention in his "Century" magazine article to reflect upon General McCook.

The transfer of General Grant's testimonial and other historical relics to the Government of the United States has been completed, and was announced to the House of Representatives Tuesday by President Arthur in appropriate and feeling terms. Very pertinently the attention of that body is called by the President to the pending bill to place General Grant on the retired list, by the passage of which Congress would but "give expression to the almost universal desire of this nation."

Dynamite was exploded early Sunday morning at the dry goods store of Garry Brothers, New York, and the Clerks' Equality Association is suspected of instigating the crime.

THE PAST.

Into the moonlight of the past,
To silence deep subsiding,
The Present, with its uproar loud,
Forevermore is gliding;
There, backward drifting more and more,
Its men and things grow dimmer,
Till what was once as sunshine clear
Fades to a twilight glimmer.

Thus time that is to time that was
With noiseless lapse is changing,
And we that live, to shadows turned,
Will ghost-land soon be ranging;
As ranged of yore the shadows of Erin,
The lifeworn, spent and weary,
The throngs unnumbered of the dead
Through Homer's Hades dreary.

The hours are brief while overhead
The sun for us is shining;
Then wherefore brood upon the Past,
For dead and gone repining?
We shall not fill its phantoms pale
To join at last forever—
At last to know the languid flow
Of Lethe's tabled river.

When we are gone the years will still
Be coming and be going,
The decades into centuries swell,
No pause nor respite knowing;
New eras take the place of old,
Old things be wholly rotten,
Until our dwindling point of time,
Long lapsed shall be forgotten.

Its modes, beliefs and arts be strange
To alien future ages,
As modes which History's sire recounts
Upon its hoary pages;
For on thought's threshold still we stand,
Brute instincts low obeying;
But Mind and Reason pure will yet
Some future grand be analysing.

FOUND

A trim New England kitchen, with its floor of knotty pine boards scoured to a snowy whiteness, the red brick hearth reflecting back the gleam of the crackling birch-wood logs on it, the bins full of glittering tins put mathematically straight, after the coming meal—this was the scene upon which the autumn sun glowered redly for an instant through the narrow window panes, as it went down behind a bank of slate-colored clouds in the west—and Miss Jemima Buxford, glancing up at the clock on a little wooden shelf between the windows, saw that it was half-past five o'clock.

"Bless me, how the time does go on!" said Miss Jemima. "And it don't seem as if I accomplished nothin' what with runnin' arter your everlastin' whims, Ebenezer!"

Ebenezer Buxford, his autocratic sister's senior by twenty good years, looked depressingly up from his cushioned nook in the chimney corner—a weak, feeble-kneed old man, with scanty gray hairs brushed into a meek little wisp on the top of his head, watery blue eyes and a complexion like well-cured parchment.

"I know I'm a deal o' trouble, Jemimy," said the old man apologetically, "but I try not to make any more than I can help."

"No, you don't neither!" snapped Jemima. "I hain't no patience with your old pipe and your everlastin' smoke, smoke, smokin', till we all smell like an old bar room, and there ain't a curtain in the house that don't tell its own story. I tell ye what, Ebenezer Buxford, you've just got to leave off that mis'able habit!"

Ebenezer shrank instinctively at the hard, cruel tone.

"But—Jemimy——"

"I'm in earnest, Ebenezer."

"But Ellen Dennison says——"

"I don't care two snaps o' my finger what Ellen Dennison says—a pert minx, just as full o' airs and graces as her mother was afore her, though she was my own sister. If Ellen chooses to make a fuss over you and indulge you in every whim, I don't—that's all there is to it! I ain't going to have this smokin' going on. You've just got to quit it!"

"I might as well quit livin', Jemimy. For forty-seven year——"

Miss Jemima, however, did not stay to hear the end of the speech, but bounced out of the room, muttering to herself sentences of which the import boded little good.

"He'll be right down vexed, though," thought the spinster, "when he sees I've sold them there packets of Virginia tobacco he brought home on his last sea voyage. It's odd a man can keep voyagin' to furrin parts all his life and not lay up no money, arter all. But Ebenezer never was savin' like the rest o' the Buxfords."

And Jemima went up stairs to rummage in an old red chest where she kept her treasures for a hank of mixed yarn to finish a pair of socks she had on hand.

Old Ebenezer waited patiently by the kitchen fire the while, until he heard a light footstep on the door-stone without, and his face brightened as Ellen Dennison came in.

She was a tall, fresh complexioned girl, with a face which, if not absolutely pretty, was pleasing, and a light figure whose grace was patterned after the waving rushes by the riverside and the tall young elms in the meadow below.

"Well, uncle!" she said cheerily.

"I've been waitin' for you, Ellen," the old man whispered, beckoning her to come close to him. "She—she won't bring me no more 'bacey, and I haven't had a whiff since four o'clock."

Ellen bit her lip.

"I'll bring you some at once, Uncle Eben."

"There ain't none left in the tin box!" went on the old man, detaining her with a grip of her neat calico dress. "You'll have to go to the packet o' blue paper in the corner cupboard up stairs—the genuine stuff I brought from old Virginia years and years ago, when I wasn't the old wreck I am now! Get the top package, Nell—the top one, remember!"

"Yes, uncle."

And away tripped Ellen, carrying her lighted candle through the gloomy entries, like a rustic embodiment of Dawn bearing her herald star.

Miss Jemima met her at the head of the first flight of wooden uncarpeted steps.

"Where are you going, Ellen Dennison?"

"To get some tobacco for Uncle Ebenezer."

"There ain't none left."

"Yes, there is, in the packet he brought from Norfolk in the Lively Sally."

"But I tell you there ain'l!" reiterated Miss Jemima. "I sold it yesterday—to a peddler that came along. He gave me five dollars for it."

"You sold it?"

Miss Jemima nodded her head defiantly.

"Yes, I sold it, and you need'nt stare at me as if I'd committed a State-prison offense, mias. I'd do the same thing over again. I mean to break up Ebenezer's miserable trick of smokin'. An old man that's dependent on his relatives for his daily bread hain't no business with luxuries like tobacco—and he'll get no more in this house."

Ellen Dennison answered nothing, but she turned and went quietly down stairs, with her cheeks flushed an indignant scarlet. Miss Jemima followed her.

"Uncle," said the girl calmly, as the old man raised his bleared, expectant eyes toward her, "there is no tobacco there."

"I've sold it!" quoth Miss Jemima, putting her arms akimbo.

"You've—sold—my tobacco! My blue Virginian brand?"

"Yes, I have; and where's the harm, I'd like to know? I wasn't goin' to have it cluttersin' up my cupboard no longer! I've sold it for five dollars."

"Then," said Ebenezer, with a sort of stony calmness, "you've just got five dollars for a pack of the best Blue Virginia tobacco that was ever put into a pipe bowl, and four hundred dollars in money, that was in a tin box in the lowest pound parcel but two. That's where I'd stored away my little savin's. I thought they'd be safe there—but they wasn't it seems. You've had your arn way, Jemima, and I hope you feel better!"

Miss Jemima's lower jaw dropped.

"Sakes alive! why didn't ye tell me on it, Ebenezer Buxford?"

"Because I didn't choose," said the old man bitterly. "I'm sorry on Ellen's account. I meant she should have money of her own, but as for you, Jemimy, I'm free to say that I believe it serves you right!"

Miss Jemima sank, rather than sat down on a low chair by the table, letting her head fall into her hands. To the griping, avaricious old woman, to whom a dollar seemed a bright idol to be worshipped and bowed down before, this loss was most disastrous, and none the less so, because it had been wrought through her own secret, spiteful officiousness. The tears, hard salt, and bitter as the waters of the Dead Sea, coursed one by one down her red eyelids, and fell on the table; a low choking sob, like the croaking of a bird of prey, borne from her lips.

But, alas! her repentance had come too late.

The autumn wore itself on, and when the first snow flakes drizzled through the dull, gray air, they buried old Ebenezer Buxford under the leafless willows in the country graveyard.

Aunt Jemima packed up her belongings and went with her niece to a distant State, where they could buy a little place and try to earn their living by means of a market garden; and so they dwelt for two or three years.

Jemima Buxford had laid her plans to keep her niece with her always. Ellen was so bright and helpful and full of odd, ever ready resources, but Love sprang into the soul opposite of old Jemima, and Love outweighed her. Ellen promised to marry George Stapleton, who had the largest farm and the most substantial farm house in all the neighborhood.

"So you are from Millowfield? Queer old place, that," said George one evening as he sat on Miss Jemima's doorstep, meditatively chewing a straw. "I came through there once, years ago, when I drove a peddle cart."

"You!" echoed Ellen—"a peddler's cart?"

"Yes; that's the way I laid the foundation of my fortunes, such as they are. I didn't always own a farm of four hundred acres. And the oddest thing happened to me there,"

Aunt Jemima put on her spectacles and stared hard at Mr. Stapleton, while Ellen asked:

"What was it?"

"Well, I stopped at a strange little out-of-the-way house under a hill to get a drink of water one morning, and a little old woman with her face tied up with the toothache, and a sunbonnet tipped down over her nose, like an old witch——"

"Humph!" interjected Aunt Jemima.

"Came out," pursued the unconscious George, "and wanted me to buy a lot of tobacco. Well, tobacco wasn't exactly in my line, but the old woman was very anxious to be rid of it, so I closed the bargain at five dollars; cheap enough, but at the same time as much as I could afford to pay. And I never opened the packet until a month afterward, when I was going up into the lumber districts, where I expected to find a good market for that sort of thing. And here comes in the queer part of my story. When I was making up my pound package of tobacco into small parcels, suitable to my trade, I found in one of them, tied and papered like the rest, a tin box with——"

"Four hundred dollars in bills in it!" fairly screamed Aunt Jemima. "Yes, I know. I sold you that 'ar' tobacco! And when you found you'd got what was never intended for you why didn't you bring it back?"

"Gently, gently! Miss Bux'ord," said George Stapleton. "I did bring it back the very next week, for although the temptation to keep it was very strong, yet it somehow lay heavy on my conscience. And when I got back the old house was shut up, and not a soul in the neighborhood could tell me where the family had moved to!"

"And that's true!" assented Aunt Jemima, who had never lived on the best of terms with her neighbors. "Well, seein' the money's to come back to the family again—don't blush so, Ellen, I hain't said no harm! But I kind o' wish I hadn't sold the Blue Virginny. Not for the money's sake—but my poor old brother Ebenezer——"

And Aunt Jemima got up and went into the house, while Ellen lifted her soft eyes to her lover's face, saying:

"I feel as if Uncle Ebenezer had put the money into my hands, for he always intended it to be mine, George!"

"And I," said George Stapleton, "begin to believe in the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction!"

Bethlehem.

A traveler in the Holy Land says: Bethlehem, containing about 6,000 inhabitants, is located on the brow of a hill, and may be classed as a rather imposing place for Palestine. Some gushy tourists, who think it their duty to bestow enthusiastic praise upon everything that is found in the Holy Land, have broken forth into rapture at the mention of the name. The inhabitants are mostly "Christians," the Jew Moslems who live here having been detailed in 1875 to guard the Church of the Nativity, and maintain peace, if possible, between the Latins, Greeks and Armenians. The town is a tolerably lively place—especially when tourists are on hand ready to be scalped by the gentle native. The streets are lined with booths for the sale of beads, rosaries, bracelets, crucifixes, photographs, flower albums, and various Holy Land souvenirs in olive wood, mother-of-pearl and Dead Sea asphaltum. Most of these curios are manufactured in Bethlehem on quite a large scale, but in a primitive way. At present there are not many travelers visiting the Holy Land on account of the cholera scare of the last year; but when a party of fifty or a hundred pilgrims strikes the town, as frequently happens during ordinary tourists' seasons, myriad runners for these shops, together with the itinerant peddlers and the common street beggars, seem to be almost crazed by the rare opportunity for selling relics and craving backsheesh. They rush about in a frenzied way, the shop hangers-on fairly dragging victims into their establishments, and the venders of portable stock following people to the very doors of the church.

Owing to its elevation, Bethlehem is peculiarly exposed to the heat. When the south wind blows, the people say that there will be heat, and most emphatically it cometh to pass,—just as it did in Christ's day. The white structure in Bethlehem is, of course, the "Church of the Nativity." This church, a vast rambling pile, in a conspicuous portion of the town, is the joint possession of the Latins, Greeks and Armenians. Certain backsheeshes are expected by certain functionaries in charge for certain dubious services, and in one part of the structure is quite an imposing dining-room, in which, for a small consideration, pilgrims may eat their lunch.

The Home Life.

One of the surest and safest tests of a man's character is the life he leads at home. We care not how great he may be in the world's eye, how high his position, how wide-spread his fame, if he fails in the exercise of those virtues that most adorn private life, if he is faithless to those to whom he should be most faithful, if he is false to the obligations which spring from the holiest and most tender relations, then he fails in the essential things if he is not at heart a base hypocrite, the most despicable of men.

Not unfrequently men parade before the world as generous and philanthropic, while at home they act the part of miserly, petty tyrants. They are generous where they think their gifts are likely to return measure for measure through popular favors, but niggardly where they find it safe to be so without detriment to their purses. Others are courteous and affable in their business intercourse through the day, but carry home at night their frowns and sighs and peevish fault-finding to chase away what little happiness their absence left behind.

The home life is the real life, the life in which men act out their true natures. It is within the privacy of home where to a great extent men exhibit those weaknesses and tendencies which motives of policy or social restraints cause to be hidden or controlled elsewhere. It is also within the sacred precincts of the home that the rarest virtues and graces that ennoble human character are found in their freest exercise. The really good or great man contributes to the home life the best things there are in his nature. It has his deepest sympathy, his tenderest regard, his most loyal and enduring affection. In its care and protection his manhood asserts itself more strongly, and for its peace and happiness he holds nothing too dear for sacrifice.

—Over 807,000 widows have applied for pensions.

Hanging Over the Sea.

A stormy sea on every side, nothing to stand on but a ledge of slippery rock, barely six inches wide, the tide rising higher every moment, night coming on, no help within reach, and not a living soul in sight. This is just one of those ventures which are a good deal pleasanter to read about after dinner, in a snug arm chair by the fire, than to meet oneself; and it was just in this agreeable position that I found myself on a gloomy March evening in one of the loneliest parts of the Northern seas.

In the short lived brightness of Summer, when two whole months are one long day, during which the sun never sets, even the treeless islands of the far North make a charming picture. With the grass green in the valleys, and the sky blue overhead, and the sea sparkling in dancing ripples, so far as the eye can reach—Orkney, Shetland, Faroe, and old Iceland itself, are a match for anything in Switzerland or the Crimea. But in Winter or early Spring, when everything is bleak and gloomy and desolate, and when roaring gales and torrents of rain come turn about with the frosts that seem able to split a solid rock, it is a very different matter, as I was now beginning to learn to my cost.

How I had got into the scrape is easily told. One of those deceitfull spells of fine weather, which in these high, northern latitudes too often mislead even an experienced traveler in to thinking the Spring storms fairly over, had set in two or three days before. Such a chance was not to be lost. I was as eager as Robinson Crusoe himself to explore the island, and therefore, when with brooding mists, swollen torrents and impassible bogs, I had seen nothing of it beyond the two huge gray ridges that shut in the little but of big stones and driftwood which sheltered myself and the hard-faced old fisherman with whom I had taken up my quarters.

My first start on this voyage of discovery, however, was not a success. I had ventured over the slippery, weed-coated rocks to a very solitary craig (one of those isolated "stacks" so common in the northern seas), which seemed to have been torn from the main cliff by some convulsions ages ago. Once there, I had forgotten all about the tide, till I suddenly found that my peninsula had become an island, and that I was in a very awkward "fix."

Had the sea been calm, I could have swam ashore in half a dozen strokes; but Captain Webb himself would have had no chance among the furious waves that made the very cliff tremble with blows, and dashed up their foam as high as the ledge on which I stood.

The strongest man on earth could not have leaped across the gulf that yawned between me and the main headland; and even had the leap been possible, a cat could not have found footing on the grim precipice beyond.

To escape seemed impossible; to stay where I was until the rising waves crept out of the reach would be a slower but an equally certain death.

What was to be done?

Suddenly a thought struck me. I knew that the cliffs of the northern islands, constantly saved away by lashing waves, often beetle over so as to make the distance between their tops less than a fourth of what it is lower down. I determined to climb higher, and soon found a place where two huge crags, jutting out toward each other from the opposing precipices, made a jump barely possible. It was not pleasant to look from that fearful height into the roaring sea, and think what would happen if I fell short or failed to make good my footing upon the narrow, uneven, spray-lashed ledge on the other side of the gulf.

But I knew that the longer I thought of it the worse it would be; so, drawing myself together, I shot out into the empty air. The next moment I found myself (I hardly knew how) safe on the other side.

Safe—but what next? Except that I was now beyond the reach of the tide I seemed to be not a whit better off than before. Although I was at least a hundred feet above the sea, the mighty precipice still rose more than fifty feet overhead, gaunt and bare as Mount Sinai itself, without an inch of foothold. Worse still, I could see by the angry redness of the setting sun and the great mass of leaden cloud which was gathering to windward, that a storm was rising which would whirl me off that narrow shelf like a straw.

Just then I was startled by a harsh, horrible cry close beside me, which I had heard too often not to know at once for the shriek of the northern raven. And there it came, the huge, black, hideous thing, circling round and round me, with its gloomy wings outspread like the shadow of death, and its fiery eyes fixed hungrily upon me as if already marking me for its prey.

Shaken as my nerves were by fatigue and exhaustion, I could not restrain a passing shudder at the sight of this horrible creature, which (as the northern islanders firmly believe), is drawn by an unerring instinct to the lost and helpless man who is about to become its victim. I shouted, to scare it away but it only drew off a little, and then continued to hover over me as before.

But just then my eye caught a cleft, or, rather, seam, that ran up the face of the precipice a little to my right, the edges of which, raped and splintered by years of storm, seemed to promise some foothold. I sidled along the ledge till I reached it, and, buttoning my coat tightly, to give the wind as little hold as possible, I began the ascent.

Such a climb I never had before or since. Twice did the stones to which I clung give way and go crashing down into the raging sea below. The sharp edges bored into me, the brittle stones broke under my feet, while the screams of the hovering raven mingled drearily with the howling wind, which tugged and buffeted me like a living enemy. Were the top to beetle over so that I could not scale it, I knew that I could never get down again. But at length, cut, bruised and utterly worn out, I dragged myself wearily up on to the highest ledge, and was safe at last.

But the best part of the adventure was still to come. Scarcely had I made good my footing when I caught sight of a man who, seated close to the edge of the precipice, appeared to be taking a sketch of the surrounding scenery. So intent was he upon his work that even the grating of my feet upon the rock, as I scrambled to the highest ledge, did not seem to rouse him; but suddenly he looked up to take a fresh view of the landscape, and there I stood in front of him, a ghastly figure. My coat was torn to rags, my face and hands were covered with blood from countless gashes, my clothes were dripping with salt water, and black as a sweep from head to foot; and, although seen through the gathering dimness of evening against the red glare of the stormy sunset, I have no doubt that I looked as grim and hideous as any pirate who never cut a throat.

One glance was quite enough for the dismayed artist. Down went pencil and drawing block, and away he flew, with such amazing speed that I could hardly see which way he went. What he took me for, or what account he afterward gave of the adventure, I have never been able to find out; but if he ever thought of taking my portrait as I first appeared to him, it must certainly have been the most striking sketch in his whole collection. Whence the artist came, or who he was, remains as profound a mystery to me as whither he went.

Bancroft, the Historian.

Bancroft, the historian, is one of the most noticeable figures in Washington society. The remarkable preservation of his vigor at the advanced age of 84 years, is what makes him the most interesting. He is not the most charmingly social conversalist. He fairly roars as he talks. He appears always as if he were addressing some one a dozen yards away. He shouts several sentences at a friend in this high key and then without waiting or listening to anyone else he moves to address some one else. He calls as much as the most active society young man. He darts in and out of the leading houses of the town with a light skip that is almost offensive in its exuberant agility. This veteran still has a slim, erect figure. His legs are straight. There is no weakness there. He holds himself together with all that goes to make a good military set-up. He is especially agile in the presence of ladies, and under the inspiring glance of a lovely society bud, the veteran curvets, shies and skips with the lightness and grace of some of the thoroughbreds he has been so fond of riding in the past.

This is a picture of him as I saw him the other day: He sat in a low, easy rep upholstered chair, with a black horse, wearing a plain, unornamented harness. Just back of him in the rumble sat his favorite colored groom, who held the reins over the historian's left shoulder. The old man wore a dark-blue untrimmed Prussian officer's cap pulled well down upon his gleaming eyes, looking out through a huge pair of round, heavily gold-mounted glasses resting upon a real hawk nose. A snowy-white, silky mustache and beard brought out his fresh color, and stood out in strong contrast with the dull black of his heavy pilot-cloth overcoat, which about his legs was an afghan of red, black, and yellow worsteds. It was a warm, sunny day. His horse jogged along with a steady gait, while the veteran roared a soliloquy at his servant about his calling places. The man leaned forward deferentially and superintended the calling list. When he said stop the veteran would throw aside his afghan and skip up the steps, seeming to restrain himself by an effort from turning handsprings on his way.

Mr. Bancroft leads a very regular life, and as he has always taken a great deal of out-door exercise, it is not hard to account for his long life. He has never burdened himself with work. He has been all his long life writing a history that could have been written in ten years with moderate labor. One page of manuscript a day of 250 words he regards as a good day's work. Mr. Blaine, his fellow-historian, a man in the full vigor of his life, regards 1,000 words a day as all any man can be expected to do for a long period of protracted work. Think of this, oh! merciless editors, who crack the whip over newspaper reporters!

A happiness that is quite undisturbed becomes tiresome; we must have ups and downs; the difficulties which are mingled with love awaken passion and increase pleasure.

The use of terra-cotta tiles for the roofing of buildings is now advocated by engineers of the highest repute in place of slate and other popular materials. The tiles are very light, owing to the rectangular holes traversing them longitudinally; but recent experiments have shown that they are capable of bearing the enormous pressure of 894 pounds per square foot, and, when protected from blows by a thin sheathing, furnish one of the best materials available for the floors of large structures.

FADING, STILL FADING.

Fading, still fading, is written on all;
Over life's pathway still lingers the pall.
Joy for the youthful
Pills high to the brim—
Ere it be blasted
Pale death enters in.
Bright flowers unfold
At the dawning of light;
Where are those flowers
At the coming of night?

Fading, still fading, is written on all;
Over life's pathway still lingers the pall.
Beauty, like sunlight,
Gleams out for a breath,
Glittering with gems
For the bridal of death;
The warrior in mail
To the battle speeds;
Death is the victor!
The battle is won.

Fading, still fading, is written on all;
Over life's pathway still lingers the pall.
To the tuneful lyre
And the trumpet,
And fill the broad skies;
Fame! this a meteor,
The echoes replies.
Grave it in marble,
The deeds of the past;
'Tis written in dust,
Swept away by the blast.
Fading, still fading, is written on all;
Over life's pathway still lingers the pall.

WESLEY ORNING'S PERIL.

On the night of September 18th, 1879, the patrolman whose beat included part of the Strand, in the city of London, was aroused from a partial somnolescence he had indulged in, by hearing a pistol-shot not half a block away. He rushed in the direction whence the report came and found the body of a man lying prostrate on the sidewalk near the curb. The patrolman opened the slide of his dark-lantern and cast the bull's eye on the man's face. It was a young man, apparently twenty-four or twenty-six years of age. He was well-dressed, wore a gold watch and chain, diamond studs and cuff-buttons and the purse in his pocket contained some fifteen or twenty pounds.

The man was shot in the head, as was seen by the wound and the blood flowing therefrom. There was no one in sight when Patrolman Wyman first came to the spot where the tragedy occurred, but presently a few late pedestrians came on, probably attracted, as Wyman had been, by the report of the firearm. It was just ten minutes past midnight, as indicated by the patrolman's timepiece, hence the murder or suicide, whichever it was, must have occurred at about five minutes past 12 M.

The man was evidently mortally wounded, although still breathing faintly. By the time several men the officer had the man moved to the nearest station house she e medical aid was at once procured, but the sufferer died, without uttering a word, before the surgeon arrived.

When the wound was subsequently examined it was discovered that the ball had entered the head obliquely from the top.

"If the man committed suicide," the surgeon observed, "he must have held the weapon in his left hand, judging by the course the ball has taken. Was there a weapon found in his hand or near the spot?" he asked.

A revolver, a six-barreled one, was produced; the patrolman had picked it up in the street about four or five yards from where the body was found. The chamber only was empty, the rest were fully charged with ball and cartridges.

The coroner took charge of the dead man's effects, and, just at day-break, the inquest was held. No book or papers were found on his person by which his name could be ascertained, but several visiting-cards in his breast pocket bore the respective names of "Wesley Orning" and "Richard Craddock," but which of those names, if either, belonged to the dead man, could not, of course be decided upon.

The coroner, however, determined to do his whole duty, therefore, he dispatched a messenger to the address of the persons named on the cards, he having selected them from a city directory which was kept at the station house.

The messenger on his return said that neither of the gentlemen had been at their lodgings during the night, and it was not known where they might be found, as he was told they would close the window with a bang. This would occur about once or twice a week, and it made Mr. Long very angry, for since it was always the same man who called for that purpose, Mr. Long was sure it was meant to annoy him, and I heard him tell his wife only a few days ago that he would put a stop to it.

"I heard the well known knock on the night in question, but did not hear Mr. Long open the window to answer the summons. Presently there came another and louder knock, and immediately after there was a report of a pistol, followed by a heavy fall, after which I heard a sound as if a stone was thrown into the street. During all this time I heard no movement in my master's room, and I believe he fired the shot that killed Mr. Craddock."

"Very probable, indeed, my girl," said the coroner; "for Craddock was shot on the top of the head, and a shot fired from a third story window would cause just such a wound if the man dropped at stood on the steps of the house."

Mr. Hurst took the girl Ellen Baxter before a magistrate, who took her affidavit, after which he issued a warrant for Long's arrest, which was effected shortly after.

The prisoner vehemently protested his innocence, and attributed all to the girl's desire for revenge on him for the blow he struck her for her negligence.

The room in which he spent his late hours at night was subjected to a search warrant examination, when a perfect museum of "curios" was discovered. The man was a very clever forger, as the evidence in his desk proved, for there was found the original signatures of many prominent tradesmen, many of whom had on various occasions been made the victims of forged checks in their names.

Numerous evidences were likewise found where these names had been imitated by the rascal, from the crude to the perfect imitation. Besides a number of blank checks on the Bank of England were also found among his effects.

Even if the homicide could not be traced to him, so as to convict him, he would, nevertheless be convicted on this charge and receive a life-long sentence for his crime.

Ten days after the death of Craddock, and on the day fixed for the trial of James Long for murder, Wesley Orning returned to London, pale and haggard. He immediately called on Mr. Starr and placed four thousand pounds into his hand, saying, as he did so, "Here is poor Dick's money, with the sum gained by the investment, but what does it avail him that I have been successful?" he added with tears in his eyes.

In glancing at the notes Mr. Starr was greatly surprised to find all the notes he had paid to Craddock among those Orning had laid on the table, and he was inquisitive enough to ask Orning why this was so, if he had invested it.

"Did not Dick tell you about it?" Orning asked.

"No. He said that if the venture proved lucky I should know all about it."

"That is, he would tell you?"

"Yes; so he said."

"Well, Mr. Starr, I fear then that you will never learn anything about the matter," Orning remarked, in a grave tone, "for when we parted at fifteen minutes of twelve on that fatal night he exacted a solemn promise from me to keep everything a profound secret, and, he added, without revealing it, I shall most certainly not do it. I never violated my trust to the living, and I shall not do it to the dead."

At the subsequent trial of Long, the evidence against him, though purely circumstantial, was so strong that the jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter.

Then at the trial for forgery the evidence was most positive, and he was likewise convicted on that charge, and was sent to the penal colonies for life.

It was only after the conviction and sentence of Long, that Wesley Orning learned of the deadly peril that had menaced him. Mr. Starr was the person who informed him of all the particulars.

"Mr. Orning," the banker remarked reflectively, "Possibly few innocent men may have ever been in so imminent a peril as you have been. Suppose for instance, this girl had not made the statement she did, no one probably would have connected that old rascal with the affair, and you would all along have been suspected as the probable murderer of your friend.

"Then again, let us suppose that this venture had proved disastrous and you would have returned minus the money, and refused, as you might have done, to make any explanations, almost any jury in the kingdom would have convicted you on circumstantial evidence, and if you would have escaped the gibbet, a life-sentence would have been your fate. Do you see it all?"

"I do," the young man replied, with a visible shudder at the prospect.

"That girl, Ellen Baxter, deserves a reward for her timely intervention," the banker earnestly continued, "and I as a friend to you, and your unfortunate friend, Richard Craddock, shall give my share toward that object."

"Put me down for the same amount you contemplate giving her," said Orning, "and present your bill afterwards."

Thus it will be seen that a blow inflicted on an obscure domestic produced various and startling results. A suspected, though perfectly innocent person escaped a severe penalty, if not death, and an hitherto unsuspected person was proved to be a murder and a forgerer; for which latter offence the rogue had defied the entire corps of Scotland Yard detectives to entrap him.

The various victimized tradesmen were relieved of an evil they vainly combated against, and the poor girl who brought all this about became the recipient of a handsome sum of money for the valuable service she had rendered.

It never transpired in what manner Orning invested the funds Craddock had entrusted him with, and which returned one hundred per cent. profit. Wesley Orning held his tongue and kept his word with the dead.

Precious Stones in America.

This country is an exceptionally heavy purchaser of precious stones. During the last fiscal year over $8,000,000 worth of diamonds and precious stones have been imported, to say nothing of the considerable quantities smuggled, which escape the record. These figures probably include small quantities of American stones, as these are sometimes cut in Europe and thus lose their identity. The imports vary greatly in different periods, and are largely determined by changes in the general prosperity or by speculative profits. The new tariff law fixes the duty on precious stones of all kinds at 10 per cent.

A truly courageous man may be very much afraid; but he can never act the part of a coward. When the crisis comes, he will nerve himself to action, and prove not that he is fearless, but that fear is his servant, not his master.

He that's not handsome at twenty, strong at thirty, wise at forty, rich at fifty, never will be handsome, strong, wise or rich.

Writing for Life.

Raven and I were at the same hospital, St. Lazarus, where he held a medical staff appointment, while the train sped on at express rate. He had nearly finished his long rambling dictation, when to my inexpressible delight I felt the speed of the train slackening. I knew my chance of deliverance was near.

"Read over for yourself what I have written," I said to him. "The carriage is very close—a little fresh air will do us good. I will make any correction you may require."

I sat on the knife and reached over to lower the glass. A slight fumbling necessitated my rising to manage better, and the knife was in my left hand concealed under my coat. I turned around to look at my old friend and saw him trying intently to read my scribble by the light of the lamp, seemingly unconscious of the stopping of the train. In another moment the glass descended, the knife dropped upon the platform, my hand was thrust through the window and on the handle of the door. The nearest door opened as I jumped out, shut the door and held the handle firmly. Poor Raven was then quite engrossed with what I had written for him. I called the guard, and secretly and quietly the hurried were assembled over the platform at the door of the carriage. "Come, Tom, this is Swinton! Let us have a cup of coffee!"

I called through the window.

In that moment the spell was broken. I saw him look for his knife then rush to the window at the opposite side, but we were too quick and too powerful for him. The guard, two porters and I jumped into the carriage, and he was secured.

My best friend, with a brilliant future before him and in the ripe portion of his life, was a raving maniac, and has remained so—insane from that time—one of the many victims to overwork.

I need scarcely add the case which Raven has represented to me as calling him to Exeter was an entire fabrication, and was invented by him as part of the scheme which, in his madness, he had no doubt seriously imagined would be for the benefit of us both.

That terrible night can never be effaced from my memory, and I can never sufficiently congratulate myself on having so fortunately thought of the expedient which answered so admirably—"Writing for life."

Advice to Gentlemen.

The following article has been sent us with the request to publish it. We trust it does not apply to any of the fair sex who read our readers; allow me to give some advice to gentlemen from twenty to forty years of age, who can see so many faults in the opposite sex and none in their own. As it has now become fashionable for gentlemen to express publicly their disapprobation of the dress, manners, habits and education of the female community at large, I think we ladies, in justice to ourselves, are now called upon to retaliate, and also be permitted to make public our opinions of the sort of men which we would, and would not, like to marry. The moral, sensible, steady, industrious, honorable young man, who can work for a living, besides putting his hand to any little manly job about his own house, such as mend a chair or table, paint a door, plaster a crack or paper, whitewash the ceiling, paper the bedroom, clean his own boots, and be a gentleman withal in company, is just the sort of man for me or any sensible lass to marry. But your empty-headed, self-conceited, starch-necked, cigar-smoking, brandy-drinking, money-hunting, lady-killing, lazy, lounging, selfish, plotting, scheming, mean, deceiving, pomatum plastered animals, who call themselves Lords of creation, you're no more fit for matrimony than a spider is to command a regiment. The fact is, my dear fellows, you, want, generally speaking, more common sense and less puppyism, knowledge instead of coppery, more manliness and less impudence, more honor and less falsehood, more brains and less mustache! Shave off your mustaches and be more like men and less like monkeys! Throw away your cigars and walking-sticks, take a useful book into your fing ers and try if you if you can pick up a bit of common knowledge, so that in time you may learn to be what the God of Nature designed. I submit the above to the Albert-chained, wash-plaited, brass-ringed, false-fronted, gambling, horse-betting paragons of wit, fashion and frivolity, who are looking out for such any rich woman who could be fool enough to marry them. And, seriously speaking, it is much to be deplored that such creatures as these, without affection, knowledge, means, or useful capability whatever, should be selected for husbands, and a change in this order of things is a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

A Stubborn Princess.

When John Brown first entered the service of Prince Albert, the little princess hearing their father address him as "Brown," used the same form in speaking to him. The Queen corrected them, and they all addressed him as "Mr. Brown," excepting the Princess Louise, who, imperious in childhood, persisted in her right to use the name as her father did. One morning the Queen heard her and informed her that if she again addressed Mr. Brown without a handle to his name she would be sent to bed. The next day when Brown appeared, the future marchioness said: "Good morning, Brown," and then she added, "Good night, Brown, for I am going to bed."

With wheat very cheap and eggs bringing good prices, better encourage laying by feeding some of the fowls.

The Republican.

[Entered as second class matter.]

HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC CO., N. J.

SATURDAY, FEB. 7, 1885.

☞ We have tested the seeds sent by Joseph Harris, at Moreton Farm, Rochester, N. Y., and always found them reliable. His catalogue reads like a story, is neat as a pin, and practical for all. Send for a copy,—it will cost you on a postal card.

☞ The management of the Hammonton Library Association desire to announce that the Library and Reading Room (at M. L. Oliver's, corner Third Street and Bellevue Avenue) will be open this (Saturday) afternoon, and each Tuesday and Saturday following, from three to nine o'clock P. M. For terms, inquire at the reading room.

Canada Ashes.—All wanting Land Lime, Marl, Fish Guano, and Canada Ashes, will please order early. I am prepared to furnish the above named fertilizers, on the cars at Hammonton, N. J., by the ton or in car-load lots. Prices as low as the lowest. Terms, cash or approved paper. JOHN SCULLIN,
Hammonton, N. J.

A Farmer Wanted.—One who can do everything on a farm. Small fruits a specialty. A married man without family preferred. Reference required as to success, moral character, and ability. To good man, a chance to farm six y aores on shares or by the month.
Address, JOHN WILLIAMSON,
317 Clinton St., Camden, N. J.

Land for Sale.—On Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets and First and Second Roads, in lots to suit purchasers, and on easy terms. Inquire of, or address
C. L. YATES, Hammonton, N.J.

☞ Inquire with Rutherford.—He represents ONLY first-class companies. His rates are as low as by ANY good company. Remember, his companies *pay* their losses, without resort to blackmail or litigation. *He writes his own risks*, and hasn't a "wild-cat" company on his list. Insure at HOME. Insure with Rutherford.

☞ I am prepared to furnish COAL of different kinds and sizes, to suit, from yard or car. Chestnut, $5.25 per 2240 pounds; Stove, $5.5 for 2240.
G. F. SAXTON, Hammonton.

A Great Newspaper.—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, England, did not overstate the case when it said that the New York *Independent* is "one of the ablest weeklies in existence." It is as overwhelming as a monthly or quarterly magazine, with all the matter in its many departments. Any monthly might indeed be proud if it could show as distinguished a list of contributors as the *Independent*. In a single department—the story department—we find, among Englishmen, such contributors as Sir Samuel W. Baker, the celebrated Egyptian explorer; Thomas Hardy, W. E. Norris, James Payn, F. W. Robinson, and Henry W. Lucy, the well known and deservedly popular novelists; while among Americans we notice the names of Edward Everett Hale, Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, Sara O. Jewett, J. S. of Dale, Rebecca Harding Davis, and Harriet Prescott Spofford. The *Independent* printed, also, recently, the last story from the pen of the late Ivan Tourgenieff, having secured the only translation from the Russian into English. This department is but a sample of the others. It would seem to us that the *Independent* offers not only "fifty-two dividends during the year," but, in addition, a stock dividend with each department. We advise our readers to send for a free sample copy.

Mr. Hendricks will not attend the conferences of Mr. Cleveland with Democratic leaders this week in New York.

Senator Mahone feels assured that the Republicans will carry Virginia at the state election in November next.

Extreme cold weather has devastated the cattle herds of Kansas.

The conference of dynamiters will begin in Paris on Feb. ary 23.

General indifference is shown by newspapers and public men in Ireland on the attempt to shoot O'Donovan Rossa.

The bone industry of the country is an important one. The four feet of an ordinary ox will make a pint of neats-foot oil. Not a bone of any animal is thrown away. Many cattle shin bones are shipped to Europe for the making of knife handles, where they bring $40 per ton. The thigh bones are the most valuable, being worth $80 per ton for cutting into tooth-brush handles. The fore-leg bones are worth $30 per ton, and are made into collar buttons, parasol handles and jewelry, though sheep's legs are the staple for parasol handles. The water in which the bones are boiled is reduced to glue, the dust which comes from sawing the bones is fed to cattle and poultry, and bones that cannot be used as noted, or for bone black, used in refining the sugar we eat, are made into fertilizers and made to help enrich the soil. As regards waste, it is the story of the pig. Nothing is lost but the squeal.

A Worcester County, Mo, blacksmith has inherited $4,000,000 and an earldom from his paternal grandfather in England.

The New Jersey State Board of Assessors, in their report, reply vigorously to charges of improper conduct made against them in a Philadelphia and Reading circular, Wednesday.

In the New Jersey Legislature, Wednesday, on a test vote on the 5-Per-Cent bill, the Assembly stood, for the bill, 38 to 19. The $10,000 New Orleans appropriation and the amendment to the railroad tax law passed.

A fire destroying nearly half a million dollars' worth of property occurred in New York Wednesday evening.

The managers of the New Orleans Exposition have decided to appeal to Congress for more money.

A naval expedition is to be at once fitted out at San Francisco for explorations in Alaska.

Gen. Gordon has been defeated by the Arabs, and surrendered Jan. 26th. Nothing is known of the gallant commander's fate.

Italy is operating vigorously on the Red Sea Coast, and it is believed that she is to co-operate with Great Britain in the Soudan.

Make your friend a Present of the Republican for a year.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, FEB. 7, 1885.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

☞ Correspondence solicited upon all topics of local interest. Names of correspondents are requested, not for publication, but as a guarantee of the reliability of the news.

☞ Post meeting this evening.

☞ E. Stockwell is running a new delivery wagon.

☞ Chas. S. King, Esq., of this place, was appointed a Master in Chancery, last Tuesday, by Chancellor Runyon.

☞ Harry Phillips has bought the wooded lot between farms owned by Messrs. Geo. Elvins and Lewis Hoyt, on Main Road.

☞ The Batsto store was visited some time during Sunday night last. The thieves bored through the door and undid the fastenings. Some forty dollars' worth of goods are missing.

☞ A. S. Gay's gray team drew a load of cedar logs from below Elwood, a few days ago, and from curiosity it was put on the hay scales, lifting the beam at something over nine thousand pounds.

☞ Burt Pressey and Lester Kilpatrick gave one of their bicycle exhibitions in the Trenton skating rink, Tuesday evening. Chas. S. King, who was present, is enthusiastic in his description of their wonderful performances.

☞ On Wednesday, George Taylor was using a buzz saw at Mr. Gay's mill. In some way, his left hand was caught by the saw, resulting in the loss of the little finger, probably the next one, and serious injury of the other two. Dr. Snowden dressed the wounds.

☞ We have no chromos to offer, but we have received a "heap" of cancelled postage stamps for the little crippled girl. We will hold what we have until Feb. 15, and all who wish can add to the number if they desire so. Send here all you can find, and we will publish all names with the number received from each.

☞ Probably the Baptist church will be moved from its old foundations next week. It will take about two weeks to get it to the new location. While it is on the way, it is proposed to have an entertainment in the house,—a stereopticon exhibition on "The Life of Christ," etc., wherever he building happens to stand at the time—Wednesday evening, Feb. 18th. Admission, 20 cts. Proceeds for the Sunday School.

☞ A cowardly writer in this week's *Mirror* (afraid to sign his name) calls us to account for our opposition to the proposed rum-shop on the road to Winslow. This "Fair Play" says, "they are already selling liquor there under a government license, and by the government's consent." Here is where he is wrong. The United States Government *gives no license* for the sale of liquor in any State, and *has no right* to do so. It collects a revenue tax and *gives a receipt* therefor; but the law expressly states that this does not give any man the right to do anything contrary to the laws of his State.

☞ By invitation, we attended the annual meeting of the Fruit Growers' Union, last Saturday. The President, E. R. Sproul, called the meeting to order, appointed Messrs. M. Parkhurst, Albert Adams, and M. DePuy to conduct the election, and declared the polls open for the election of officers.
The Secretary, Z. U. Matthews, read the annual report of the Board of Directors, showing what had been done by the Society during the past year, and making some recommendations for the future. It was a very comprehensive document, and evidently very satisfactory to all the members present.
L. Montfort, Chairman, presented the report of the Auditing Committee, which contained a statement, of the financial condition of the Society, including capital stock, real estate, stock in their store, and cash on hand. It was a splendid report, and corroborated the Secretary's statement, that the past year had been the most prosperous in their history.
The Secretary read the By-Laws, and one amendment was proposed, but after considerable debate, was rejected.
The Secretary read a list of members, with the amount of each man's dividend, which broadened the smile of satisfaction visible on many countenances.
The officers of election then read the result of the balloting, and declared the following officers elected:
President,—E. R. Sproul.
Directors,—Thomas Rogers, L. Montfort, P. H. Brown, H. G. Newton, A. S. Gay, Edwin Adams, Thomas Albright, Z. U. Matthews.
Auditing Committee,—S. E. Brown, Joseph Garton, D. Colwell.
After remarks for the good of the Society, the meeting adjourned.

☞ C. B. Newcomb has brought into Hammonton,—from New York State—since Nov. 1st, 5,400 pounds of butter.

☞ St. Mark's Church,—Sexagesima Sunday, Feb. 8th, 1885. 10:30 A. M., Morning Prayer, Litany, and Holy Communion. 2:30 P.M., Sunday School. 3:30, Evening Prayer and Sermon.

☞ The union meetings have been held every night this week. The attendance and interest are increasing. Sunday evening, the meeting will be held in the Methodist church. During next week, the Presbyterian church will be occupied every evening.

☞ List of unclaimed letters remaining in the Post Office at Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, Feb. 7th, 1885:
John Adams, Theodore Cubberly, Fred. L. Eldridge, Mrs. C. B. Goodsells, Mr. Carmono Massare, D. C. Potter, Mr. Stuard.
FOREIGN.
Paolo Demarco, Antonio DeVita, Domenico Hofiere, Domenico Lotrede, Donato Picherelli, Mariana Vincenzo, Francesco Volippe.
Persons calling for any of the above letters will please state that "it has been advertised."
ANNIE ELVINS, P. M.

☞ Stated meeting of Town Council on Saturday evening, Jan. 31st. Present, Messrs. Saxton, Seely, Ballard, French.
A petition was received from L. Beverage and eleven others, asking that Horton Street be extended to Pleasant Street. Referred to P. H. Brown, Surveyor.
Permission granted Trustees of Baptist Church to occupy Bellevue Avenue while moving their meeting-house, on condition that due diligence is used in moving as rapidly as possible.
D. Colwell's bill ($5) for services on Board of Appeals and Street Commission was ordered paid.
Wm. Black asked that the Treasurer be instructed to pay interest on Town Orders held by him—he having notified the Treasurer that he had the same, but had not had them endorsed. On motion, Treasurer instructed to pay interest on said orders from the time he was out of funds.
Collector made returns of delinquent taxes for 1883, on untenanted lands, etc. On motion, Clerk instructed to proceed to sale of land according to law.
Collector sent in lists of fifty or more names for abatement of poll tax—mostly Italians whom he cannot find. Council found the names of several who, in their opinion, should be compelled to pay. On motion, Collector instructed to use his whole legal power to compel all whom he can find, to pay.
On motion, Geo. F. Saxton appointed Committee on the "Crowley Bond suit," brought by Patrick Bonner against the Township of Mullica.
George Bernshouse offered bond in the sum of $500, for the faithful performance of his duty as Constable. Accepted.
On motion, adjourned.

☞ During the cold snap last week wild ducks were plenty in the vicinity of Atlantic City.

☞ Winslow items from the *W. J. Press*: A number of men who affixed their signatures to the Rollings license are already withdrawing their names.
Sixteen conversions have taken place in the M. E. Church since the commencement of the recent revival meetings. Much interest is still manifested.
Raffling appears to be the principal pastime among the glassworkers and others of this place, during the long winter evenings. Chas. J. Jones won a horse "put up" by Chas. Burgess.

Married.

TAYLOR—GAY. At the residence of the bride's parents, on Saturday evening, Jan. 31st, 1885, by Rev. D. T. Davies, Mr. George D. Taylor and Miss Alice H. Gay, both of Hammonton.
We tender congratulations, and wish the happy couple many years of joy and prosperity.

Died.

CORDERY. At his residence, in Hammonton, N. J., Wednesday morning, Feb 4th, 1885, J. SOMERS CORDERY, aged 36 years.
Mr. Cordery first came here late in 1883, from Absecon. For a time in the employ of D. B. Snow, then publisher of the REPUBLICAN, he was afterward a partner, the firm finally being Potter & Cordery. After selling out his business here, Mr. Cordery spent some years in Pennsylvania and New York. Failing health compelled him to resign his position in Potsdam, N. Y., and he brought his family to Hammonton in the fall, '83. Being employed in New York City, Mr. C. visited his family Jan. 24th, returning on Monday, the 26th. Two days later he realized that what he hoped was only a severe cold, was likely to prove serious, and he came home on Thursday evening. Pneumonia was soon indicated, and loving care and skillful attendance failed to restore him. Happily, his peace was made with God, years ago, and loved ones mourn their loss with firm hope of a happy re-union. He married Miss Stella Potter in June, 1876, to whom, with their four boys, we tender heartfelt sympathy.
Funeral services at the Presbyterian Church, Friday afternoon, conducted by the Pastor.
BROWN. In Hammonton, on Monday, Feb. 2nd, 1885, William Brown, aged 73 years.
LUKER. In Hammonton, N. J., Tuesday, Jan. 27th, 1885, Willie Winfield, son of Samuel W. and Mary A. Luker, aged 22 months.

Farmers Wanted.—You who have been growing fifty bushels of corn and seventy-five bushels of potatoes to the acre, *Attention!* You are wanted to subscribe for a two dollar paper that will teach you how to grow one hundred bushels corn and 250 bushels of potatoes on the same ground—*by more expense, no more labor.* Do you take other papers? then take this one, to pay for them and leave you a balance on hand. Subscribe now, at the REPUBLICAN office.

NEW HAMS.—The best hams in the world at Jackson's,—only 13 cts. per pound by the single ham. If you want a nice ham, try one; or if you want a larger quantity, the price will be made satisfactory. Every ham warranted good, or money refunded.

☞ The Brown Chemical Company, of Baltimore, Md., owners of the celebrated Brown's Iron Bitters, have just issued a beautiful Hand Book and Almanac for ladies, and a complete and useful Memorandum Book for men. These publications are attractive, containing a great many valuable and interesting things. They are furnished free of charge by druggists and country store keepers; but should they not have them, the Company will send either book on receipt of a two cent stamp to pay postage.

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Good paying small houses in Camden to be exchanged for truck and fruit farm. Enquire at 240 Market Street, Philadelphia.

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Ladies', Men's, and Children's Shoes made to order.
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A good stock of shoes of all kinds always on hand.
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The Press.
For 1885.
Devoted to Protection, and Earnestly Republican.
The Cheapest and Best Newspaper.

THE PRESS comes to the new year with the largest circulation, the best equipment and the fullest requirements of the complete news paper which it has ever enjoyed. The past year has been one of great growth. Those increased facilities and resources give it the means of being even a better newspaper than ever before.
The political change lends added interest to the venture. The Press faces new duties with undaunted spirit. It is fresh from its principle, unremitting in expression, with faith in the sufficient reason and fruit to pur purpose. It is equally devoted to the national policy of Protection as the bulwark of American industries.
Above all, it will maintain its pre-eminence as a complete General and Family Newspaper.
The Weekly Press excels in all the elements of a first class General and Family weekly newspaper. It is especially adapted to the wants of all who desire a concise and comprehensive presentation of the news of the day with interesting and instructive reading for the home and the fireside. Its Agricultural and Household Departments are among the best anywhere printed, and good stories, graphic more productive and choice miscellany complete a paper which is unsurpassed. Illustrated special articles on live topics will be a prominent feature of the coming year. Send for a specimen copy containing large and attractive list of books offered as premiums to subscribers and club raisers.

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Manners of the Moors.

Absolutely barbaric in their habits, the 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 of inhabitants—a census was never taken—can not be said however, to be entirely deprived of a certain kind of civilization. But this civilization is diametrically opposed to our own. After having carefully observed their habits and modes of life, I can readily understand why you could easier make a Chinaman or an Indian accept our civilization than a Moor. I will quote but a few instances in daily life. To honor a person the European arises and removes his hat; the Mussulman remains seated with the head covered. When entering a place of worship or a house, instead of removing his hat, the Mussulman takes off his shoes and leaves them outside the door. We consider the right side the place of honor, the Moor the left. When inviting a friend to enter his house the Moor steps in first and lets the guest follow him. Kissing the hand is a sign of respect with us; the Moor when saluting kisses his own hand. It would not be very dignified for an European King to carry an open umbrella when in kingly attire; in Morocco the umbrella is the emblem of imperial majesty, and no one else is permitted to carry one. All this is only a matter of custom. There are many habits, however, which would never be brought to correspond with our own. I hardly need mention polygamy, the secrecy with which females are surrounded and hidden from view, nor the existing slavery, which can not be stopped. We take our meals by daylight and sleep at night; in the month of Rhamadam, the great religious, and I may say social, festival of the Mohammedans, they partake not of a drop of water or a morsel of food in daylight. They take their meals at night and spend the night in extravagant feasts and orgies. We undress for our night's rest; the Mohammedan sleeps in his daily dress. His day of rest is Friday instead of Sunday. We write from left to right; he writes from right to left. We begin to read a book on the first page; his first page is our last. In short, I believe these two civilizations have nothing in common.

Sugar in Kansas.

Close upon the encouraging announcement from New Jersey comes the report that Kansas growth of sorghum is exceptionally promising. The Sterling Gazette has lately issued an extra to announce the great success of the Kansas sugar works located in that place. The works are operated by a joint stock company composed of Illinois and Massachusets capitalists. The cost of the plant, building and machinery is $45,000, including steam boilers of 350 horse power, with crusher and other machinery with a capacity of handling 230 tons a day, and a vacuum pan equal to turning out 90,000 pounds of sugar daily. The number of hands employed is 60, with a weekly pay roll of $500. Fifteen hundred acres of cane are under contract, employing 75 men in cutting anc handling. The price paid for cane is two dollars per ton delivered. The yield of the present crop is estimated at five hundred to six hundred pounds of sugar per acre, or a total yield of 650,000 pounds at sugar, worth $60,000, and more than 75,000 gallons of syrup, worth $30,000, or a total product of $90,000, equal to $60 per acre. The land producing this result was recently part of the government domain, and Kansas has millions of it adapted to the growth of the cane. In fact, Prof. Collier, the persistent advocate of sorghum culture, insists that any land that will grow corn to maturity is adapted to the sorghum sugar business.

Musketry Fire of the German Army.

The rapidity of execution of all the German movements is marvelous, both in the attack and in the defense, and so is their precision even when seemingly most disordered, thanks to the admirable efficiency of their commissioned officers, without which such a "discipline of combat" would be impossible. Very rarely does the company commander abandon the direction of firing, even when his men are within the zone of short distances, and, when that firing is not rapid, always fixing the exact number of cartridges to be used by each man. And here let me remark that file firing is with them only employed exceptionally, in extreme cases and for a brief period of time; they prefer volley firing, by the entire line, or firing by sections, or platoons, and consequently never waste their powder on an enemy whom they can scarcely see. Like the Austrians and Russians, they have little confidence in the efficacy of musketry fire at distances greater than 1,200 yards, and maintain that it really becomes deadly within the distance of 700 yards; for greater distances they rely entirely upon their artillery.

Never strike a mustache when it is down. It is barbarous in the extreme.

The Horse Radish Trade

The seller of all sellers of horse radish has a store in Third Avenue, New York. He does business by the whole sale, selling as much as twenty-fom tons a year. The business has descended to him from old Capt. Post, who first peddled horse radish in New York more than fifty years ago. The captain started with only a basket; now the business employs wagons, drivers and clerks. The captain was famous in his day, as much on account of his jollity and good nature as the excellent quality of his horse radish. He was conspicuous as a politician, always taking part in processions and celebrations, and somebody thought enough of him to write a book about him. In early days, roots were small, short, and otherwise poor in comparison with roots now-a-days. Before hedied a man astonished him in Avenue C one ay by showing him a root that weighed four pounds. An incident that his descendents are proud of is that he was the first man in New York to put springs on a wagon.

"We supply about 200 hotels and restaurants," the present dealer said, "and we get orders from a great many cities. I had an order the other day from New Orleans. Oh, no, we don't depend on truck farmers for our supply We have it raised for us in New Jersey. The demand is so constant that we keep the roots the year round, and besides the truck farmers don't raise enough for us. It takes a whole season to grow, and is generally due in September. There has been as much progress in raising horse radish as in raising strawberries almost. Here's a root from our supply farm. See how long the end is, and how round and full the head. That had to be cultivated. Thirty years ago you could'nt pick out four roots like that in two barrels. Here are four without stopping to pick. This other root came from Pennsylvania. I bought a lot to see what it was like. But they don't know the business of raising horse radish out there. This root you see has four or five heads. It is hard to clean and there is a good deal of waste. The man who raised this ought to have uncovered the head when it was just shooting up and clipped off some of the lower heads. The wound wonid have healed and the growth would have gone into the topmost head. Many persons think that most of the roots should grow wild. But it is a mistake. Of course you and I have seen them growing wild, but they need cultivation to be perfect. They should be dug in the fall, but they may be kept in the general ground until spring. Frost doesn't hurt them, but they are never so good in the spring.

There is one thing about horse radish that I haven't been able to find out in thirty years I have sold it, and that is how to keep it after it has been grated. It can't be done. It is moistened with vinegar, but that doesn't keep it. It must be grated fresh every day and be eaten right away. I'll sell enough to last a few days and no more. If it becomes flat I am accused of mixing in turnips. I keep the roots in pits in the cellar during the winter and spring. That grater I have had for twenty-three years," pointing to an old-fashioned machine like a hay-cutter "I have never seen another that suited. It was a hat presser once. It has the easiest treadle motion I have ever seen."

Picking up a big root the dealer pressed it against the rough surface of a revolving grater, and in a few seconds it was gnawed into bits and thrown into a receptacle below. The pungent odor permeated the room.

"Make your head ache?"

"No, indeed. It cures headache, but on foggy and sultry days it is almost impossible to work the machine. The odor almost chokes the men. But it's good for the health, and I have known physicians to send patients to me to be cured of jaundice and rheumatism."

China.

Despatches from Pekin state that the German officers who have entered the Chinese service as instructors are meeting with many difficulties. The Chinese soldiers and subordinate officers are unable to comprehend the complicated drill used in the German army and cannot be convinced that it is useful or necessary. The German officers also condemn the poorly built forts armed with antiquated Armstrong guns which compose the coast defences and demand that the forts shall be rebuilt and equipped with modern ordnance. The Chinese are dismayed at the probable cost of the new order of things and resist the recommendations of the Germans by declaring that the new structures and new equipments demanded would furnish opportunities for immense frauds. Provincial Madarins are as a rule, openly hostile to the proposed innovations and the masses of the people are sullen and apathetic.

The country is divided on the Franco-Chinese imbroglio. The masses are in favor of war. The wealthy, who are obliged to contribute to war expenses, favor peace. Had the Chinese fleet twenty efficient men and trained officers aboard each man-of-war, it could attack Admiral Coubet's fleet with ease and safety. The Empress is devoted to a war-like policy.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

To have ideas is to gather flowers; to think is to weave them into garlands.

It is a shameful thing to be weary of inquiry when what we search for is excellent.

I find the doing of the will of God leaves me no time for disputing about his plans.

Murmur at nothing; if our ills are reparable it is ungraceful, if remediless it is in vain.

God meant you to be glad and joyous, religion is not a hinderance but a help to that.

Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men were born to succeed, not to fail.

Faith is letting down our nets into the untransparent deeps, not knowing what we shall take.

Do not allow idleness to deceive you; for while you give him to-day, he steals to-morrow from you.

See to it that each hour's thoughts and actions are pure and true; then will your life be as such.

He is a rare man who has none but real sorrows. The imaginary ones are often the most troublesome.

The family and friends of the drunkard should be protected from the shame and dangers of his drunkenness.

The more able a man is, if he makes ill use of his abilities the more dangerous will he be to the commonwealth.

He that studies books alone will know how things ought to be; and he that studies men will know how things are.

Let us begin our heaven on earth, and, being ourselves tempted, let us be pitiful and considerate and generous in judging others.

The human imagination is an ample theatre upon which everything in human life, good or bad, great or small, laudable or base, is acted.

What a man knows should find its expression in what he does. The value of superior knowledge is chiefly in that it leads to a performing manhood.

Youth is brave because it cannot foresee the dangers of the future; old age is timid because it could not cope with the ambuscaded dangers of the times.

The best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought which it suggests, just as the charm of music dwells not in the tones, but in the echoes of our hearts.

If ideas and words were distinctly weighed and duly considered, they would afford us another sort of logic and critic than what we have been hitherto acquainted with.

Every man in his own life has follies enough—in his own mind troubles enough—in the performance of his own duties deficiencies enough—without minding other people's business.

To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books; they presently fix thee to them, and drive the others out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.

The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to a child, a good axample, to a father deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect: to all men, charity.

True repentance consists in the heart being broken for sin and broken from sin. Some often repent, yet never reform; they resemble a man travelling in a dangerous path, who frequently starts and stops, but never turns aside.

To-day is not yesterday; we ourselves change. How can our works and thoughts, if they are always to be the ittest, continue always the same? Change indeed is painful, yet ever needful; and, if memory have its force and worth, so also has hope.

What is called ill-nature and want of generosity, is very often nothing more than a quick eye for the injustice and unreasonableness of others, and a determination not to gratify it; not the desire to save one's own mon y or trouble.

On the husband, as being the higher power, lies the chief responsibility for securing domestic happiness. This will not be attained by selfish requirements from others. On the contrary, the husband must use consideration and self-denial, and spend time and money for this purpose.

The sphere of our affections is one in which we are very apt to expect too much from others, and thus to cause bitterness and often estrangement. Where we love we naturally crave to be loved; but this craving, if not regulated by reason, is very likely to blossom into a selfish oppression.

Friends and enemies are many-sided, and while we m y correctly see parts of their characters, other parts are veiled from us. Every one has his virtues and vices, his excellencies and shortcomings, and while much we see in him may be actually there, there is much more of which we never dream.

No man's acts die utterly; and, though his body may resolve into thin air, his good or bad deeds will still be bringing forth fruit after their kind and influencing future generations for all time to come. It is in this momentous and solemn fact that the great peril and responsibility of human existence lie.

It is the man who emphasises "it," not he who emphasises "I," who is of the highest value. Every employer knows how to prize a conscientious subordinate who makes the employer's interest his own; and society will be dull indeed if he does not prize its conscientious servants, who in every walk of life make its best welfare and happiness their first and main concern.

Adrift on Hudson Bay.

The head office of the Hudson Bay Company, in Halifax, on the 15th, received alarming intelligence concerning the safety of one of their finest vessels, the Prince of Wales, homeward-bound with a cargo of furs estimated at nearly half a million dollars. The Prince of Wales, it appears, entered the bay bound from London to Moose Factory, on James Bay, the most southern point of Hudson Bay, early in September, but owing to the heavy pack ice did not make Moose Factory until the end of the month. She lost no time in getting her cargo aboard and set sail again during the first week in October. She had a terrible passage across James Bay to the entrance of Hudson Straits. Here she encountered a barrier of solid polar ice which extended as far as the eye could see, of immense thickness, and standing out of the water in some places as high as the main yards.

The vessel sailed along the edge of this ice two days looking for an outlet without success. The thermometer registered ten degrees below zero, and from all appearances she would soon be frozen in. The captain gave orders to put the ship about and tried to make for the outer roads at Moose Factory again, intending to Winter there. After great difficulty Charlton Island, twenty five miles from Moose Factory, was reached, when it was found impossible to make further progress. A boat manned by the mate and four sailors was sent ashore to make arrangements for supplies and clothing for a long stay.

The arctic region voyage of the unfortunate men to the mainland was terrible. Soon after they set out a strong headwind sprang up, the mercury fell rapidly, a blinding snowstorm came on and the boat was every moment in danger of being cut to pieces by the ice, and for three days they were doubtful whether they would ever see land again. On the fourth day they sighted Moose River, all badly frozen and in a starving condition.

Next day one of the boats was manned provisioned and supplied with axes, sleds and clothing for wintering in the ship. The boat had only made ten miles when she got frozen in, had to be cut out and drawn back over the ice. Four Indians were next despatched across the ice in search of the vessel. They returned in five days with word that they had sighted Charlton Island, but could see no traces of the Prince of Wales. They surmised that she must have got jammed in a floe and carried eastward. Great anxiety was felt for her safety as well as for the crew, who were not provided with the necessaries for wintering in the ice. A letter received by the office here says:

"All we can do now is to wait until dogs and sleds are supplied from Albany and Rupert's House, when an expedition will be organized and an attempt made to locate the ship and haul provisions and clothing to her. We trust we shall find her by January, but she is not in a pleasant position. She will now be short of provisions and will have to remain in the ice till May or June."

Railroad men and others who have had experience in the Hudson Bay region are perfectly satisfied that the money now being spent by the Government is useless and will only demonstrate that the difficulties to be contended with in navigating the Arctic Sea render it totally unfit as an outlet to Europe and that this last experience will give a quietus to the much-talked of Manitoba & Hudson Bay Railroad, connecting with a fleet of ocean steamers to Europe and thereby shortening the distance by nearly a thousand miles.

Old Notions Concerning Bridemaids.

Instead of being so many graceful ornaments at the marriage ceremony, as nowadays, the bridesmaids in olden times had various duties assigned to them. Thus one of the principal tasks was dressing the bride on her wedding morning, when any omission in her toilet was laid to their charge. At a wedding, too, where it was arranged that the bride should be followed by a train of lady friends, it was the first bridesmaid's duty to play the part of a drill sergeant, "sizing" them so that no pair in the procession were followed by a taller couple." She was also expected to see that each bridemaid was not only duly provided with a sprig of rosemary, or a floral posy pinned to the beautiful set of her dress, but had a symbolical chaplet in her hand. In many parts of Germany it is still customary for the bridemaids to bring the myrtle wreath, which they have subscribed together to purchase on the nuptial eve, to the house of the bride, and to remove it from her head at the close of the wedding day. After this has been done, the bride is blindfolded, and the myrtle wreath being put into her hand she tries to place it on the head of one of her bridemaids as they dance around her; for, in accordance with an old belief, whoever she crowns is sure to be married within a year from that date. As it may be imagined this ceremony is the source of no small excitement, each bridemaid being naturally anxious to follow the example of the bride. Referring once more to the bridal wreath and chaplet, it is still a current notion in many parts of our own country that the bride in removing these must take special care that her bridemaids throw away every pin. Not only is it affirmed that misfortune will overtake the bride who retains even one pin used in her marriage toilet, but woe also to the bridemaids if they keep any of them, as their prospects will be thereby materially lessened.

The finest results can only be obtained when a joyous spirit has animated the worker, when no trouble is deemed too much and no denial too great to accomplish the end in view as quickly as possible.

A Story of the Surf.

About 11 P. M., on 15th, Patrolman Eugene Clisby was returning from the western beat to the station when his watchful eye detected a vessel's light through the mist in close proximity to the eastern end of Miacomet Rip. He hastened to set off a warning light, but after one or two attempts, failing to ignite it, and seeing he was losing valuable time, he hastened to the house and called all hands, hurrying out again and setting off his light, but it was too late, as the unfortunate craft was then nearly upon the beach. The men quickly gathered, and ascertaining what of their apparatus would be necessary hastened to the station and hauled the handcart rapidly to the spot. The surf was raging with terrific fury, completely enveloping the vessel at times and the men in the darkness were compelled to keep high on the beach. The tall masts could be discerned, wringing and twisting, threatening to go over the side at any moment. At that time it was found that the crew had all taken refuge in the lee-mizzen rigging and Captain Veeder then shot adrift the jib-stay, throwing it thus far forward to avoid hitting any person on board. But none of the poor fellows in the rigging dared to leave to secure the line.

Finally Patrolman Williams, selecting a smooth time, rushed down with a hand line and succeeding in landing it, safely upon the bow. The sailors were then made to understand this fact, and when the sea was calm for a few seconds carefully made their way forward and secured the line, hauling it in and making it fast. But they, being at work with but the feeble light of their side lanterns, could not see that a tall block was fast to the line, and it again required much shouting by the men to continue hauling. When the block came in sight their quick sailor eyes apparently brightened and they knew at once what should be done. Making it fast to the capstan, the word was shouted to those on shore, and it was but the work of a very few moments to whip off a hawser and arrange the breeches buoy for landing the eager seaman. The seas rolled the vessel so that the hawser could not be kept taut, and as she would lurch shoreward it would sag, touching the sand, and then with her reverse motion snap back taut; consequently it required two men to support the crutches which held up the shore end of the hawser. Under these difficulties, and in almost total darkness, the work of bringing the men to shore proceeded. Some of them who came over the line when the seas threw in the most fiercely were at times submerged in the water and then jerked aloft by the sudden tightening of the hawser; and one, more unfortunate than his companions, became entangled in the breeches buoy and was carried up feet first, and then fell, but was caught by the ready hands of the surfmen, escaping unharmed. By midnight the crew were all ashore. The vessel proved to be the three-masted schooner Warren Sawyer, with a crew of seven men.

Line Cossacks.

That woman under favorable conditions may become the perfect equal of man has been demonstrated, and the following is only a new instance in proof of the above statement. The Line Cossacks of the Terek, a river falling into the Caspian Sea, are the descendants of immigrants who came to the Caucasus during the reign of Ivan the Terrible. Afterwards, in consequence of the religious persecutions in Russia, this number was greatly augmented by the Old Ceremonials, or Old Believers, who found here a safe refuge from religious intolerance. These immigrants were transformed into Cossacks, *i. e.*, became half farmers and half warriors. The men, being in constant war with the Caucasian mountaineers, were obliged to leave the cultivation of their gardens and fields to their wives and daughters. All able-bodied Cossacks are enlisted in the irregular cavalry, and spend nearly half their lives in military duty. In recent times this has been very much modified, and they have more leisure; still a considerable part of their best years is spent away from home. The women do all the work, and the consciousness that the welfare and prosperity of the entire household is acquired and maintained solely by their exertions makes them very influential. Constant masculine labor and business transactions have given to the Cossack woman an independent, self-relying character, and have developed in a remarkable degree her common-sense, energy and general ability. The women for the most part are much stronger and handsomer than the men. Intellectually and morally they stand also much higher than the Cossacks, and among them the percentage of literate persons is much lower. The Line Cossacks of the Terek are of Great Russian origin, and though in constant intercourse with the Caucasian mountaineer tribes, they have conserved in great purity their language and religion. But frequent intermarriages have greatly modified the original type, and a remarkable feature of the beautiful Cossack girls is the combination of the dark complexion and grace of their ancestral traits with the powerful body of the northern women. The Cossack villages, managed by women, are surrounded by vineyards, gardens, and extensive cornfields, with large herds of cattle in the pastures. Prosperity and even opulence are seen everywhere; no better place could be chosen to show what common, ignorant women may do, even if only partially released from the ignoble fetters which hinder their free development in the greater part of the barbarian and civilized world.

NOTRE DAME DE LA HAINE.

We sing not of gods and their mercies,
Of givers of good and of gain,
But to thee, O our Lady of Curses!
Notre Dame de la Haine!

Of charels and fanes there are many
Shine fair both on mountain and plain,
But thy shine is the darkest of any;
Notre Dame de la Haine!

The lights of thy window stream ruddy
Through each blazoned and glorious pane,
But the spots on thy raiment are bloody;
Notre Dame de la Haine!

In the twilight they gather like shadows—
Thy servants who seek to thy fame,
From the low river sides and the meadows;
Notre Dame de la Haine!

From the far upland height of the chalets
They come, and from gold fields of grain,
From pink orchards that bloom in the valleys,
Notre Dame de la Haine!

They seek thee in deepest devotion
The lord of whose bosom is pain,
To beseech thee for poison and potion,
Notre Dame de la Haine!

MERCY GRAY.

It was many years ago when the old wind-mill of Joaquin Gray stood on the rocky hill just on the outside of the village. It was a rare sight, on a week day at that time, to see the wind-wheels hanging motionless, for Miller Gray was an incessant worker and a successful money maker. But now, although the rocky hill yet stands opposite the little village, and the breezes still blow over it, the old windmill has crumbled away into nothing, and Joaquin Gray, the miller, has long since been dead and gone.

Joaquin Gray was a miserly old fellow. All his money, it was rumored, was hidden down in a deep vault under the old mill; at least, such was the supposition that people made from the fact that on Sundays, and sometimes late at night, he would leave his cottage and lock himself up alone in the mill for hours together. His wife was dead, but his daughter Mercy kept house for him. Although the girl never dressed any better than the poorest lass in the village, still she was so beautiful in face and in form that her plain gown so contrasted with her natural loveliness as really to set her off to advantage. There was not a sweeter girl that knelt in Brientown Church on a Sunday morning than Mercy Gray.

I know more about the girl than any one else in the village. I was a mother to her, and I grew to be proud of her as if she were my own child. You see, her own mother died when the child was about two years old, and old Miller Gray looked out for the person who would bring her up at the cheapest rates—and that turned out to be me. We were very poor then, and I was very glad to get the little he gave for bringing up Mercy with my own children; but, oh, sometimes as I look back and think of her, I almost wish that I had never known her, or that she had never lived, but had gone to Paradise when her mother went. She had a hard life of it, poor child, and her story is full of sorrow and bitterness. I had a little stone cross placed over her grave sometime after her death, and at the foot of it, if you brush away the grass that grows there you may see her name carved out—"Mercy Gray"—and the words, "At Rest."

The girl was only twelve years old when she was obliged to leave me and commence to keep house for her father. We had grown much better off since the time when she first came to live with us, so it was a hard thing for her now to live with her old miser of a father. He pinched and ground her down into poverty as much as the old mill ground down the grain and corn. But still she grew up as beautiful and sweet-tempered a girl as if she had lived in a palace. Every one who knew her could scarcely help loving Mercy Gray.

It was when she was about seventeen years old that I am going to commence with her sad story. At the time things were beginning to look a little brighter for her, for she had begun to experience the sweet pleasure of loving and being loved. She knew it would have to be a long time before she could become a wife, for her father held on to her as though he was clutching a bag of gold in his musty old vault. But still, I dare say, she and young Arthur Olden were quite happy in the anticipation of future days, and never knew of the darkness that was going to fall around them in so short a time. Nor how should I have known it, either, when I watched the two walking down the village lane side by side? But the cloud came—and it was in the pleasant June time, when all the earth was heedless of it and was very bright and gay.

It seems that old Gray had gone, as was his custom, to the mill quite late one night. He went after Mercy had gone to bed, and she knew nothing of it; but when she arose early in the morning to get a scanty breakfast ready she found that her father was not in the house. But this did not much alarm her, for it had often happened before. Miller Gray and his gold were such good friends that they often stayed close together all through the night. So, when Mercy had eaten her own breakfast, she put her father's meal in a small basket and went over to the mill to give it to him as she had often done before. She did not lock the house door when she left it, for the mill was only over the way and she expected to stay only a few minutes.

As she came up to the mill Mercy saw that something must be amiss. The windwheels were motionless, and her father's three employes were standing idly at the door. It was still the early morning, but old Gray had always made his employes go to work an hour before any other men in the village. He had always kept the key himself, and was generally there before they were in the morning and unlocked the door for them. But on that morning, they told Mercy, they had knocked and pounded and kicked on the door of the mill in vain. So, supposing that he was still in the house, they had waited until he should appear.

Such an occurence had never been before. Nature had, I dare say, wound up Miller Gray when he was born just the same as my husband—he was the sexton—wound up the old clock in the church tower, and his life had gone on with the same regularity as that clock did. He had everything all laid out, and did it with the same precision that he was more like a dry old monk in a monastery than any one of whom I knew. So when poor Mercy heard that the mill was not yet opened, and that her father had not been seen, she was just as frightened and dismayed as she could be.

"He must certainly be inside," she said, after a minute's thought. "It never happened before, but it might possibly be that he is a sleepy, or perhaps"—and she spoke in an uncertain way—"perhaps he is in the vault, if there is such a place, and something has happened to him there."

"Are you pretty sure, Miss Mercy, that he is not in the house? Did you look carefully around before you left?" asked one of the workmen.

"I am certain he was not there," she said, decisively. "He must be here, for he has often, as you know, come here in the night time before. I think you had better knock once more; and then, if there be no answer, I am sure it would be right to break in the door."

And so, when they had knocked again in vain, they threw their three burly forms against the door, and kicked at it with their heavy boots, until it fell inwards with a crack and a crash. Instantly there seemed a rush of foul air to go past them, as if it was eager to leave the place where it had been lodged, and it carried an odor with it that made Mercy turn pale, feel faint and tremble. It was the smell of blood.

"Oh, Heaven!" she exclaimed, "what has happened? Why do I feel so terrified! My father—is he——"

She stopped short at the awful thought and approached the doorway. But one of the men took her hand and led her a little distance away, and told her to sit down and recover herself, while they went in to see what might be the matter. And so Mercy sat there all in a tremble and ashy pale, expecting nothing but the worst.

She could hear stifled exclamations from within, and then whispers between them, as if they were advising one another not to call her in. If I had been that poor girl sitting there I would have jumped up and shrieked and run for my life. But Mercy Gray was not of my kind.

"I felt," she told me afterwards, "as if something were calling me over to that door. It seemed as if my bodily strength had left me, and as if all that thing which was calling me had given me a superhuman strength to obey it. I rose up almost without knowing it, and glided towards the door with a feeling that I was being carried there. At the door I stopped, and I think that there one of the men came out to lead me away. But I did not see him; there was only one thing in the room that I could discern. That was my poor father. He was leaning back in his chair, and all over his white jacket there seemed to be the stain of something red. That something red had dripped down to the floor and formed a little pool there. And then it seemed that the power that had brought me there forsook me, and I knew no more."

I thought, when I heard all about the awful affair that day, that it was a terrible time for poor Mercy Gray. But it was not long before I found there was something much worse in store for her than that. Her father, sitting in his mill, with several heaps of coin beside him, had been foully murdered. From the appearance of the money it had not been disturbed, and the murderer must have escaped from the door, which he had locked behind him. And the people of Brientown, finding not the least clew to the murderer, actually began to suspect Mercy Gray. An angel from heaven would have done such a deed if she did it, but I don't believe an angel could have viewed with the calmness that she did two things they had found in her bedroom, and which they showed to her. One was a blood-stained knife, which had been flung under her bed, and the other the key of the old mill, which they found secreted in her little bureau. But as all reasonable people could see that the murderer might have thrown them there in order to attach the blame to Mercy they would never have been enough to convict her. It was the testimony of my own daughter, Mary, and another woman, that brought along with the other the terrible verdict of "Guilty."

"Oh, how shall I forget the moment when that awful verdict was rendered! The trial had been held in a larger and neighboring town, and the court was crowded with sympathetic people. I was in tears all through it, and could see nobody in the room but that sweet and heavenly face in the prisoner's box, until my daughter was brought upon the witness stand. Now, Mary was married and lived away from me, and it happened that I had, not heard that she had any testimony to give. But when I saw her there I was almost sure that she was about to give some evidence in the prisoner's favor. She and Mercy had always been great friends together. So I dried my tears and listened to her; but fate, it seemed was swinging the evidence the other way.

"I gave my testimony," said my daughter, "against my dear friend, Mercy Gray, with the fervent hope that I may have been dreaming or out of my mind when I saw what I did; but although this is so, I feel as if, were I not to tell about it, the ghost of that old man would haunt me, and I should ever feel guilty and miserable. This is my testimony: On the night of the murder, or rather in the early morning, I awoke and found the bright moonbeams shining on my bed. I thought I would get up and draw the window curtains and I stood for a moment looking out upon the scene. Mr. Gray's cottage is nearly opposite to my husband's, and as I stood there I saw—may Heaven forgive me for seeing it!—I saw the rear door open slowly, and a figure all in white come out. I could not discern the features while it moved slowly in the shadow of the house, but when it reached the clear moonlight, I at once recognized the face and form of Mercy Gray. She walked slowly over to the old mill and disappeared within its shadow. With much wonder about it, I drew the curtains and crept back into bed; and when in the morning I heard of the murder, and thought over the occurrence, I was filled with fear and horror."

After this startling testimony my daughter was cross-questioned in every way, but had only the same story to tell. Then that other woman of whom I spoke went through the same thing. She had been sitting up with her sick child and saw the girl go over to the mill at exactly as my Mary had said. And then Mercy rose up from her seat, and with a voice and manner almost supernatural, denied it all. She said that she had never been out at all that night, but had slept soundly and peacefully in her room. And as I looked at her and listened, I fully believed her; and when I had heard the others I had believed them too. And so with that strange way of believing that some have, I believed that she had been there and that she had not.

Anyhow, Mercy was convicted. Ever so much more testimony on little matters was brought to prove her guilt, her object being primarily, it was alleged, to escape the hard life she was living with her father. She was to be shut up in the old mill for a fortnight, and then to be imprisoned for life. She was never put into prison, however, for she escaped from the mill, as you will soon see. A few years afterwards, when the wretch that committed the murder, crazy with remorse, confessed it all and was hung, the people of Brientown were filled with the greatest regret and sorrow. They then fenced in her grave, and often came to plant sweet flowers over it.

But all that never did a bit or good to poor Mercy Gray.

Young Arthur Olden, as might be supposed, was plunged into the deepest despair. He had grown so thin and forlorn-looking in the short time after the murder that I would shed tears when I saw him. When my poor bird had been caged up in that horrible old mill, the awful scene of the murder, for about three days, Arthur, with another daring young man, determined to enter the mill and effect her release. Only a crazy man would have thought of such a thing, and he was crazy with despair. So one cloudy night he placed a ladder against the mill, and climbed up to the little balcony that ran around the top of it. In one place the fence was broken down, and a heedless person could easily have fallen off.

"We must break the door in," said Arthur, as they crept around to the little, low entrance to the balcony. "It is frail-looking and we need not make a noise."

And so they went at it with their knives, and with success, too, for the wood around the lock was damp and rotten with age and the rain that had beat against it. It soon yielded, and they were about to go softly below.

"Hark!" whispered the other, "I hear a creaking sound as though some one were coming up the stairs. Let us creep back outside the door and see what it is."

Trembling with excitement and a ghostly dread, they peered through the doorway and watched the room within. On the winding staircase there came a figure, clad in white, slowly, slowly up—Mercy Gray, with her long, black hair falling down and about her spectral form! Her dark brown eyes were wide, wide open; but oh, like *Lady Macbeth*, their sense was shut. She was walking in her sleep! At the doorway she stood a moment, and felt with her hands. She shuddered, and then she spoke:

"I deny it all. I never was out that night. I slept soundly and peacefully in my bed until the morning."

She paused a moment, and then passed out the doorway. The two terrified spectators were as immovable as the rocks below and about the mill. They were, as you have often been, in a nightmare, and could not move a hand towards her. She gave a sigh like the sigh of death, and passed slowly before their eyes on to the broken place in the fence. And there, oh, Heaven above! they saw her glide onwards and fall off, and flutter down the sharp, cruel rocks below!

Poor Arthur Olden entirely lost his senses before her funeral was over, and had to be put into an asylum where, shortly afterwards, he died. And now, although my poor girl has been gone these many years, she is still alive in the memory of all who knew her; and yet, very rarely will you hear any one speak about, or tell the sad, sad story of Mercy Gray.

"A Senator Within the Senate house."

In a dramatic age which is rapidly becoming forgotten the late Mr. Edwin Forrest used to make a strong impression by the delivery of the words, "I stand a Senator within the Senate house." The effect no doubt was due quite as much to the popular ideal of the subject as to the dignity and force of the actor's utterance. To the general eye there were few higher stations in the Republic than that of the Senator. It suggested the commanding ability and stern integrity of the classic type and besides appealed to the more immediate and sympathetic impulses of national pride and patriotic enthusiasm. The notion that a State should be represented in the Senate by any but her foremost man, or that they should be chosen for any reason but their character and capacity, was not for a moment tolerated. This exalted popular view was shared by those who sought the office. A man of moderate intellectual strength, or of other than the brightest reputation, would not venture to turn his eye toward the Senate Chamber; nor would he hope that any agency of preferment would be effectual but the clean public recognition of rare natural gifts, extraordinary attainments and absolute fidelity. It followed that the most eminent citizens regarded a seat in the Senate as a crowning reward of worthy ambition scarcely lower than the Presidency itself.

It is idle to deny that the Senate has found a lower level. Men inferior, not only to the giants of our earlier history, but to the life-size leaders of our own time, have made their way into the Upper House of Congress, not through accident or as an occasional exception, but rather as a rule. The chamber, instead of an arena of statesmen, has become the maneuvering ground of politicians; and, what is even worse, an exhibition gallery for the vain and ostentatious newly-rich, who have by means of their money obtained a conspicuousness which they never could have gained through even moderate abilities needful for success in politics of the baser sort. It is not surprising that Senators, whose rightful business is the debate of great questions of state, have often become mere brokers of patronage, or have even made their offices a source of personal profit. The decadence of the Senate does not find all of its illustrations on one political side. As the evil is not a party question neither should its cure be regarded from the point of view of party.

What we need most is, not so much to realize the ideal as to idealize the real.

Some neglect their advantages, and then exclaim against their unlucky stars.

Sugar at a Cent a Pound.

By invitation of the New York Chamber of Commerce Dr. Peter Collier, formerly chemist of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington, is to make a public address in New York upon the question of sorghum culture. Dr. Collier will reaffirm his faith that sugar can be made at one cent a pound and in quantities large enough to supply all our home consumption and have a large supply for export. Moreover, the enthusiastic professor expects to live to see all this accomplished and still have a good margin before reaching the average limit of human life. When it is recalled that if this belief is well founded it means the saving of the $100,000,000 annually spent for foreign sugar, it does not appear strange that the subject attracts the attention of the New York Chamber of Commerce. It means reducing the cost of sugar very greatly, which will help the consumers; and it also means putting our sugar money into American pockets instead of into the pockets of foreigners; and it means further the opening of foreign markets for a new trade with this country. This seems chimerical. It is only some four years ago that that great agriculturist, Commissioner Loring, poob-poohed the idea of making any money out of sorghum culture; denounced Dr. Collier's patient scientific work of years as blanked nonsense, and finally exhibited his contempt for the whole business by dismissing the chemist from office. But five years have wrought great changes in Dr. Loring's mental process. He is a warm sorghumist now, and his own specially appointed chemist, who was to upset and explode the Collier business, has proved a second Balaam's ass and is compelled to indorse the correctness of Collier's scientific work.

When Collier began to talk sorghum the whole product in the United States was less than 12,000 pounds annually. The product last year, the direct result of the chemist's work, was 1,500,000 pounds, and as yet the attention of farmers is only just beginning to be attracted to the promise of the crop. If there should be a like increase in production during the next ten years Dr. Collier's predictions will be more than verified. However skeptical any one may be, no one will deny that a subject with such possibilities deserves the consideration of practical business men. The hearing giving to Dr. Collier by the New York Chamber of Commerce will bring his theories before the American public more widely than they could be presented in almost any other way, although for years a few journals throughout the country have followed his work with interest. The *Courant* was one of the pioneers in calling attention to Dr. Collier's discoveries and to their importance if verified, and in this office, some eight or nine years ago, was exhibited a part of the first pound of sorghum sugar made at his laboratory.

The "Fancy Farmer's" Work.

So far as the scientific spirit has infected the great agricultural class, it has developed the species known as the fancy farmer, and the rest have had many little jokes at his expense. But where would agriculture be to-day if it were not for these? They have improved all domestic animals till they only faintly resemble those from which they sprang. The wild hog has become the Berkshire, with its ham quadrupled over that of its sire. The cow's milk has sprung from pints to gallons; the sirloin of the bullock is now what King James never tasted. The horse trots in 2,08, and will soon go in two minutes; and so they have made every animal kept for the science of man more useful and beautiful. They have brought guano from Peru and nirtate of soda from Chili. They have ground up gysum bones and garbage, and treated them with acids and produced fertilizers of peculiar value. A fancy farmer in Vermont a few years ago originated the Early Rose potato, which has added millions of dollars to the wealth of the country.

Gladstone's Midnight Walk.

After midnight, when all the newspaper men were excited over the stirring news from the Soudan, a belated reporter was astounded at seeing Mr. Gladstone enjoyably pacing up and down the sidewalk in front of his official residence on Downing street. The Premier was walking slowly with his hands clasped behind him, and with a calm and even serene expression on his rugged features. It was evident that the loss a a few score of soldiers in the Metemneh desert and the anxiety concerning the future of the expedition had no power to disturb his equanimity, despite the diatribes about blood-guiltiness, to which he has been treated by the peace-at-any-price Radicals. The promenade lasted half an hour. At the heels of the great man followed one of the detectives detailed to guard him whenever he goes out of doors. The detective was almost audibly cursing the duty which kept him trotting after the Premier at that unreasonable hour.

Parisian ladies now have landscapes and miniature portraits painted on their fingernails by talented artists.

It is stated that a very extraordinary diamond, weighing no less than 457 carats, has been shipped from South Africa to England. The Koh i noor weighs 106 carats.

Since the inauguration of cheap telegraphy in France the number of telegrams sent in that country has increased enormously. Last year there were 58 telegrams for every 100 of the population.

Members of the Brazilian Parliament are now considering a bill for the liberation of all slaves 60 years old and the emancipation of those younger by the State, at a tariff fixed according to age.

The streets of Alexandria, Egypt, are paved with stone blocks so neatly that horse cars run upon them without rails. The cars are open, and appear like an ordinary article, except that the wheels are twice the usual size.

During 1884 the Helena, Montana, United States Assay Office handled $895,167.57 in gold and $19,747.62 in silver.

Camden and Atlantic Railroad.

Monday, Oct 2nd, 1884.

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At.Ac. p.m.	At Ex a.m.	Mail a.m.	Exp. a.m.	Exp. p.m.	Exp. p.m.	Exp. p.m.	Exp p.m.	Sun'y p.m.	S.Exp. a.m.	Su.Ac. p.m.	S.Exp. p.m.	Su Ac. p.m.
Philadelphia	4 30	.....	8 00	.....	.....	.....	3 30	.....	.....		8 00		4 00
Camden	4 40	.....	8 10	.....	.....	.....	3 40	.....	.....		8 10		4 10
Haddonfield	4 56	.....	8 27	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....		8 28		4 30
Berlin	5 18	.....	8 51	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....		8 49		4 56
Atco	5 25	.....	8 59	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....		8 55		5 03
Waterford	5 33	.....	9 07	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....		9 03		5 10
Winslow	5 42	.....	9 18	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....		9 14		5 22
Hammonton	5 49	.....	9 25	.....	.....	.....	4 20	.....	.....		9 21		5 29
Da Costa	5 53	.....	9 29	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....		9 25		5 33
Elwood	6 01	.....	9 37	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....		9 33		5 41
Egg Harbor City	6 10	.....	9 47	.....	.....	.....	4 42	.....	.....		9 43		5 50
Absecon	6 30	.....	10 09	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....		10 03		6 10
Atlantic City	6 42	.....	10 20	.....	.....	.....	5 10	.....	.....		10 17		6 22

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At.Ac. a.m.	Expr. a.m.	Exp a.m.	Exp. p.m.	Mail p.m.	Exp. p.m.	Exc'n p.m.	Exp p.m.	Su.Ac. a.m.	Sunday Expr p.m.	Sunday Expr p.m.	S Ac p.m.	S Ex p.m.	S Ex p.m.
Philadelphia	9 05	—	9 30		6 05	.....	—	—	10 23			6 50	—	
Camden	8 58	—	9 19		5 55	—	—	—	10 13			6 42	—	
Haddonfield	8 43	—	.....		5 38	—	—	—	9 59			6 24	—	
Berlin	8 23	—	.....		5 18	—	—	—	9 29			6 04	—	
Atco	8 18	—	.....		5 13	—	—	—	9 22			5 57	—	
Waterford	8 10	—	.....		5 05	—	—	—	9 14			5 49	—	
Winslow	8 01	—	.....		4 56	—	—	—	9 01			5 11	—	
Hammonton	7 54	—	8 45		4 49	—	—	—	8 54			5 04	—	
DaCosta	7 50	—	.....		4 45	—	—	—	8 49			4 59	—	
Elwood	7 42	—	.....		4 36	—	—	—	8 41			4 51	—	
Egg Harbor City	7 34	—	8 29		4 24	—	—	—	8 32			4 42	—	
Absecon	7 17	—	8 12		4 04	—	—	—	8 12			4 27	—	
Atlantic City	7 00	—	8 00		3 52	.....	—	—	8 00			4 10	—	

Parlor Cars on all Express Trains.

The Hammonton accommodation has not been changed—leaves Hammonton at 6:05 a.m. and 12:35 p.m. Leaves Philadelphia at 11:00 a.m. and 6:00 p.m.

On Saturday night, the Atco Accommodation, leaving Philadelphia (Market Street) at 11:30, runs to Hammonton, arriving at 12:55, and runs back to Atco.

Camden & Atlantic Railroad

On and after Nov. 24th, 1884.

Trains will leave as follows for ATLANTIC,—

From Vine and Shackamaxon St. Ferries,—Express on week-days 3 30 p.m.

Accommodation from both ferries, week-day 8.00 am and 4.30 pm. Sunday at 8.00 am and 4 00 p.m.

LOCAL TRAINS.

For Haddonfield from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 7:00, 8:00, 10:00 and 11 00 am., 12 30 2.00, 4:30, 6.00, 6:30 p.m.

From Vine St. only, 7:30, p.m.

Sunday trains leave both ferries at 8 a.m., 1.00 and 4:00 pm

From Pennsylvania Railroad Station, foot of Market St., 7;30 am., 3,00, 5:00 and 10;30 and pm weekdays. Sundays, 9;30 am, 5.30 pm.

For Atco, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8;00, and 11 am, 3;30, 4,30, 6;00 pm. Sundays, 8;00 am, 4,00 pm. From foot of Market St, on week-days, 11;30 pm.

For Hammonton from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8;00, 11 am, 3,30, 4 30, 6;00 pm. Sundays, 8.00 am 4:00 pm. Saturdays only, from foot of Market St., 11;30 pm.

For Marlton, Medford, Mt. Holly and intermediate stations, leave foot of Market Street, week days, 7;30 am, 3 00 and 5;00 pm.—Sundays 5 30 pm. From Vine and Shackamaxon St. ferries, 10 am week days. For Medford only, from foot of Market St, Sundays, 9:30 am.

For Williamstown, from Vine & Shackamaxon ferries, 8;00 and 11.00 am., 4 30 pm.

J. P. CRAWFORD, Superintendent. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass'r Agt.

Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Monday, Dec. 22 1884.

DOWN TRAINS.

	Acc A.M.	Expr. P.M.	Acc P.M.	Sun'y A.M.
Philadelphia	7 50	3 30	4 00	8 00
Camden	8 10	3 50	4 20	8 20
Oakland	8 17	.....	4 27	8 27
Williamstown Junction	8 51	.....	5 01	9 01
Cedar Brook	8 59	.....	5 09	9 09
Winslow	9 10	.....	5 20	9 20
Hammonton	9 18	4 44	5 28	9 28
Da Costa	9 24	.....	5 34	9 34
Elwood	9 33	4 50	5 43	9 43
Egg Harbor	9 43	5 05	5 53	9 53
Pleasantville	10 04	5 23	6 14	10 14
Atlantic City, At	10 18	5 30	6 28	10 28

UP TRAINS.

	Acc.	Expr	Acc. P.M	Sun'y P.M.
Atlantic City	6 00	8 10	4 10	4 00
Pleasantville	6 14	8 23	4 24	4 14
Egg Harbor	6 28	8 41	4 40	4 36
Elwood	6 40	8 50	4 50	4 46
Da Costa	6 54	.....	5 04	4 54
Hammonton	7 01	9 00	5 11	5 01
Winslow	7 10	9 10	5 0	5 10
Cedar Brook	7 21	9 19	5 32	5 22
Williamstown Junction	7 30	9 26	5 42	5 31
Oakland	8 03	9 49	6 17	6 06
Camden	8 16	9 55	6 23	6 12
Philadelphia	8 20	10 15	6 44	6 34