

Golden Words.

Receiving a new truth is adding a new sense.—*Leibniz*.

In moderation, not in satisfying desire, lies peace.—*Heber*.

How can a people be free that has not learned to be just.—*Abbe Sieyes*.

If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—*Quarles*.

The clock of the universe has always somewhere an alarm bell.—*Heber*.

Sympathy with nature is a part of the good man's religion.—*F. F. Hodge, D. D.*

Devote each day to the object then in time and every evening will find something done.—*Goethe*.

The mischiefs that flow from injudicious counsels are not removed by the application of severities.—*Johnson*.

Falseness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.—*Montesquieu*.

The era of Christianity, Peace, Brotherhood, the Golden rule as applied to governmental matters, is yet to come, and when it comes, then, and then only, will the future of nations be sure.—*Rossetti*.

When God will educate a man, he compels him to learn bitter lessons. He sends him to school to the necessities rather than the graces, that by knowing all sufferings he may know also the eternal consolations.—*Celia Burleigh*.

When men are most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken, and have then given views to passion, without the proper deliberation and suspense which alone secure them from the grossest absurdities.—*Hume*.

As the sun when it ariseth in the high heaven, so is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of her house. As the clear light is upon the holy candlestick, so is the beauty of the face in ripe age. As the golden pillars are upon sockets of silver, so are the fair feet with a constant heart.—*Lecky's artifice*.

A Primitive Tribe.

Dr. Hunter describes a peculiar tribe in India, which has preserved an extreme primitiveness. The people are called Leaf Wearers, because they wear the costume of Adam and Eve before the fall; or, more strictly speaking, they did so until the English persuaded them to use cloth.

In 1871, the English officer called together the clan, and after a speech, handed out strips of cotton for the women to put on. They then passed in single file, to the number of 1,900, before the Englishman, and were afterward marked on the forehead with vermilion, as a sign of their entering into civilized society. Finally, they gathered the bunches of leaves, which had formed their costume, into a great heap, and solemnly set fire to it.

This leaf-wearing tribe had no knowledge of the metals till quite lately, when foreigners came among them, and no word existed in their native language for iron or any other metal. But their country abounded in this weapon, so that the Indians formed a remnant to our own day of the stone age.

"Their huts," writes the officer who knows them best, "are among the smallest that human beings ever deliberately constructed as dwellings. They measure about six feet by eight feet. The head of the family and all the females huddle together in this one shell, not much larger than a dog kennel."

The boys, and the young men of the village, live in one large building apart by themselves; and this custom of having a common abode for the whole male youth of the hamlet, is found among many aboriginal tribes in distant parts of India.

Miss Elizabeth Hazard, a very wealthy and philanthropic lady, died at Newport, R. I. She was one of the plaintiffs in the credit mobilier suit brought against Thomas C. Durant by Isaac Hazard and others in 1874. She published volumes of poems in Philadelphia which attracted attention in literary circles.

Rhymes for the season: A little leaf that can't be lost, the window open wide; a little breeze, a little breeze, and you're the doctor's pride, seventeen dollars and twenty-five cents for ten visits.

The crop of cucumbers, cauliflower and other articles used for pickles is very short in all portions of the country.

Ella Bowen's Luck.

"It never rains out it pours!"

Ella Bowen quoted the well worn saying in a very rainy weather sort of voice, and handed a letter to her husband. He had just come in from his day's business, and his face had a shadow on it, too, although he spoke cheerily.

"Don't look so doleful, Nell. We are not any worse off than we were a month ago."

"I know that! But, oh! if we only had five hundred dollars!"

"But we have not! The next best thing is to be contented without it. Who is your correspondent?"

"Aunt Margaret Hooper; she is my mother's aunt, but she has always been very fond of me. The letter is not directly from her, but from her servant, Aunt Smith, who has lived with her for years. Aunt Margaret is very sick and wants to see me."

"But it is distant Magnolia!"

"Yes. It will cost me considerable to go, and yet Aunt seems to think she is very ill. She is ninety-two years old."

"Rich?"

"Oh, my, indeed! She has nothing of her own, unless it may be some clothing and furniture. She lives upon an income from her son's property that goes back to his family when Aunt Margaret dies."

"Then you must go! If she were wealthy there would be plenty of others to comfort her death-bed, but as it is, if she wants you, you had better get ready to start."

"But you?"

"Oh, I'll get along. Jane will give me my meals until you come back."

"I do think Harry Bowen, you are the best husband that ever a woman was blessed with," said Nell, putting her arms around his neck.

"Thank you, dear. For a wife of five years' experience that is a charming speech."

"Five years!" Nell thought, as she looked at the clock, "so it is! And Harry is a lover yet. Perhaps if we had children we would not be so fond of each other, but he is all that and more. If only Harry had a hundred dollars, now, to give him."

By which wish, many times made during the month just passing away, it will be understood that the Bowens had not a large bank account. Harry was manager and head clerk in a hardware store, the only one in Creighton, the little town where he lived.

Ella had been the district school teacher till her pretty face had won Harry's love.

They had married on a narrow income, but by economy had saved enough to buy the small house they called home, and furnish it very prettily. But it had taken all they could save in those five years.

Just one month before this story opens one of the partners in the firm where Harry was employed had died, and his widow had moved away from Creighton, taking out the money that had been her husband's share of the business. It was a very desirable opportunity, as the business was settled and prosperous, but Harry was not willing to sell or mortgage his hard-earned home, and the money was not within his reach in any other way. So it came to be the refrain in all Ella's musing, and often spoke aloud, "If we only had five hundred dollars!"

It seemed to work itself into the jog of the train, the puff of the locomotive, the jar of the steamboat machinery, as she sped over the road and river to Magnolia.

It was ten years since Ella had made her last visit there with her mother. Her life until then had been a carefully cherished one, although she had never had possession of money. Her mother had taught music in a large city, spending her summer vacations in Magnolia, and her income had been sufficient to give Ella every advantage of education and to make her childhood and girlhood very happy.

She was eighteen when her mother's death—a very sudden one—threw her upon her own resources for daily bread, and after teaching music for a time, taking her mother's pupils, she had accepted the district school at Creighton for the sake of the country air, loving the life in the country better than in the city.

Always busy, she had not been to Magnolia since her mother died, although frequent letters were exchanged with Aunt Margaret. It was pleasant to recognise all the landmarks familiar in her childhood memo-

ries, when the yearly visit with her mother was the most pleasant part of her life.

But when Anne opened the door of the little cottage home, saying softly: "Oh, Miss Ella, dear, I'm glad you've come. Your aunt's fretted sore to see you," everything else was forgotten in the duty before her.

For the dear old aunt, who had always loved her bright, pretty niece, was ill unto death, with a painful illness that required incessant care. Anne was nearly worn out by months of faithful nursing, and Ella wrote to Harry:

"If you can spare me, dear, I am sorely needed here. Aunt Margaret's children are all dead, and her grandchildren are none of them here. I have written to Gerald Cooper, the oldest of her son's children, to whom her income will return if she dies, but even if he comes he will still need me."

It was hard nursing, incessant care, but Ella felt more than repaid by the invalid's gratitude. Every service was so fully appreciated and met with such warm thanks that it was a pleasure to offer it.

"Dear child," the old lady said one day, "you will soon be released, and your good husband will be no worse for an old woman's most hearty blessing. I cannot pay you, Ella, nor leave him a fortune. I've nothing, dear, but the few chairs and tables in the house, but God will reward you for your love and care to me."

Days slipped into weeks, weeks into months, and it was nearly three months later than the day she left Creighton, when Ella was free to return there. Gerald Cooper had been with his grandmother a week before she died, but no other relative excepting Ella had come to Magnolia.

The funeral was over, and Ella was alone in the little parlor, when Mr. Leigh, the lawyer who had been Mrs. Cooper's friend for years, and had known Ella from her infancy, came in. In spite of the solemnity of the occasion there was a twinkle in his eyes, and he said:

"Have you seen Gerald Cooper since we left the cemetery?"

"No, he has not come home yet."

"Did you know your Aunt Margaret left a will?"

"A will! I thought she had no property."

"She owned nothing but her clothing, and the furniture of this cottage. She has left all that to you."

"So she told me. But it is of no money value, is it?"

"That remains to be seen. Now, Nell, make me a promise. Promise me you will not accept any proposals of Gerald Cooper's without sending him to me."

"Certainly," said Ella, rather bewildered.

"Do you want to sell the furniture?"

"It would cost a great deal to carry it to Creighton, would it not?"

"Yes."

"And our cottage is furnished."

"Then you do not care for the old furniture. Some of it is very fine, more than a hundred year old."

But Ella was not educated up to old furniture, and thought her pretty modern sofas and tables suited her little cottage far better than Aunt Margaret's heavy large piece of mahogany and black oak.

But for Mr. Leigh's call she would have closed at once with Gerald's careless offer.

"By the way, Nell, my wife has rather set her heart upon grandmother's furniture, and had no idea she would sell it away. You won't want to move all the stuff to Creighton. Suppose I give you a hundred dollars for the lot, as it stands."

Without warning, Nell would have accepted at once, but as it was, she was surprised to see Gerald Cooper's face grow black, as she said:

"Mr. Leigh said he would see about that for me. You can tell him you want the furniture."

An expression more forcible than polite escaped Mr. Cooper, as he strode out of the room, slamming the door after him.

Three days later Ella began to understand the situation. In her quiet country home, occupied by her domestic duties, she had taken little interest in the follies or fashions of fashion, seeing nothing of them and scarcely hearing what she read. The value of old furniture was unknown to her, and the fact that her inheritance was a choice and rare one was something that had not occurred to her.

But Mr. Leigh was well aware of the fact, and having a cordial liking for Ella, had resolved to make the legacy as valuable as possible, understanding that the furniture itself would be of little value to her.

A carefully worded advertisement in the leading papers of the cities nearest to Magnolia, a circular letter to some of the prominent dealers, were as high walls in the little plan Gerald Cooper had made to buy his grandmother's furniture for a trifle. A sale was announced, and Mr. Leigh sent an agent to put the cottage in order.

"Such of the clothing as you can use, pack it up," he told Ella, "and send your trunk to the depot, but let all the old-fashioned stuff go for 'costumes.'"

Magnolia had never seen such a sight as the cottage on the day of the sale. Every train brought crowds of fashionably attired ladies and gentlemen, professional and amateur collectors, till the house and garden were packed and the road in front of the house crowded, when the auctioneer stepped upon a table on the porch and opened the sale.

Ella and Mr. Leigh were at an upper window, looking through closed blinds at the scene. Gerald Cooper, with face darkened by frowns, stood leaning on the fence, ready to make bids for what he had calculated to possess more easily.

It seemed to Ella that she must be in a dream as the bidding grew more animated. Could that old-fashioned table actually be worth fifty dollars? Was the man who gave two hundred dollars for the carved black oak sideboard a maniac? Had she actually heard a bid of one hundred dollars made for the high-post bed that nearly filled the cottage bedroom?

Mr. Leigh chuckled and rubbed his hands; Gerald Cooper fumed and fretted, and Ella's eyes grew large and bright as great possibilities shaped itself to certainty.

The partnership!

Already she could count upon her fingers more than double the sum required. She could go back to Creighton and give Harry the five hundred dollars twice told. It was too good to be true. She must be dreaming.

She told Mr. Leigh about the partnership, as they watched the crowd stream away in the direction of the railway station.

"I received," said the lawyer, with hearty approval and congratulation, "a heavy approval and congratulation. I will see what it really is."

"I stipulated for a ready money sale. You can get away this afternoon, Ella, if you wish."

And Ella did get away, carrying with her twelve hundred dollars, the result of Mr. Leigh's advertising.

"All expenses are paid, and this is your legacy," the kind old gentleman said to Ella. "Mr. Cooper has two tables, three chairs and a cabinet, that cost him double what he offered you for the entire lot."

And Ella did not give one sign of regret over the fact that she had not one piece of that "beautiful old furniture" when she put the money into Harry's hands, and told him the story of her legacy.

But Mrs. Gerald Cooper heartily echoed her husband's words of vituperation lavished on Mr. Leigh, when he would up his story by saying: "Ella knew nothing about old furniture. But for that old lawyer's interference I could have bought the entire lot for a hundred dollars, and Ella's life-long gratitude for my generosity!"

"It's just Ella Bowen's luck," Mrs. Gerald said spitefully. "If I had any idea that our grandmother would make a will, I'd have gone to Magnolia and nursed her myself."

An English Idea.

Speaking of his visit to England last year John T. Raymond recently said that at a London dinner party, the lady he escorted to the table said to him, in a very earnest voice:

"Mr. Raymond, you are not in the least like my idea of one."

"I am an American, but not an aboriginal," responded he.

"An aboriginal! You mean an Indian. That reminds me to ask if you have much trouble with the Indians in New York?"

"No; we have got them pretty well under there," was the reply.

"And they are—do they dress as you do?"

"Oh, yes; in New York City they are great snobs, but at Niagara Falls they run about in the simplicity of nothingness."

"How dreadful!" murmured the lady; "and Dean Stanley wrote so glowingly of the place and never said a word about it!"

Antiquated America.

The Rules of New Mexico Compared with Those of the Old Mexico.

The antiquities of New Mexico, Colorado and Arizona are distinct from those of any other portion of the United States, and the forms peculiar to the two last named are found in New Mexico, and these are the best examples of them I have examined.

The object of these explorations was primarily and prominently to throw some light on the origin of the mysterious mound builders, and to find, if it exists, the analogy between their works and those of the pyramid builders in the valley of Mexico. If that analogy were established it is believed that one important step would be gained in the solution of the problem.

Beginning in Minnesota, I have by personal survey traced the mound builders to the Gulf, and found an unbroken chain of their curious works down the valley of the Mississippi, into colonies on the principal tributaries traversing the states that border on the great stream. It is not necessary to recount the days that were passed in the Mississippi valley, or the work that was done there. It will be enough to say here that mounds were found along the entire route, and on the shores of the Gulf. Crossing into Mexico, we were not long in finding the chain dropped in these at Galveston, but recovered it near Vera Cruz.

On the plain of Cholula is a mound that, if transferred to Cholula, would fit the landscape, and appear in keeping with the general plan of the works. On the other hand, if the work that was done there, it would be enough to say here that mounds were found along the entire route, and on the shores of the Gulf. Crossing into Mexico, we were not long in finding the chain dropped in these at Galveston, but recovered it near Vera Cruz.

The pre-enclosure of an extensive race was early detected, and the comment made that it was impossible for the Aztecs to have been the builders of the pyramids or any of the works of antiquity in that region. This I have demonstrated since, and produce absolute proofs through investigations made in this Territory. The Aztecs were not there, and there are no mound-building races, and there are no mounds in New Mexico from whence they spring.

It will now be seen how necessary it was to investigate the antiquities of this territory in order to throw light on those of Mexico and the states. With the evidence all in, let us recapitulate and see what we have gained. Investigations have established the following as facts:

1. The mounds of the United States were made by the same race that built the mounds of Mexico. Proven by close resemblance between the works; by implements used in common; similar manner of burial, and skulls from the tombs of each locality.

2. The mounds of Mexico antedate Aztec occupation. Proven by records that the Aztecs did not enter the valley until the close of the thirteenth century; by investigation that the mounds contain skulls that are not Aztec; that they contain specimens of the plastic art that could not have come from the hand of an Aztec.

3. The Aztecs were a mound building race. Proven by investigation that there is no temple, sacrificial or burial mounds in the land from which they come; that they build no mounds here and built none in Mexico from the time the Spaniards occupied the country in 1520 until the present, and it was physical impossibility, even though they had the knowledge, to have erected all the mounds and pyramids in Mexico during the space of time that elapsed from their entry into until its occupation by the Spaniards.

One measure in which all civilized nations agree. The church yard.

An Appeal to the Heart.

Is there one heart bowed down with care, that needs some more to break it? Oh, if some word that heart will cheer, Brother, speak it!

Is there one soul pressed to the grave, with death and sin to crave it? Oh, if a helping hand will save, Brother, save it!

Is there one soul hungering for the bread that would relieve it? When out a lost will give success, Brother, give it!

Are there dark hearts now dimmed with tears, that seek some one to cheer them? Does some soul e'er, when preat with fear? Brother, hear them!

Is there some life that bears its cross, and all too weak to bear it? Count not the sharing all a loss, Brother, share it!

Is there reward for kind deeds done, Vouchsafed by Love Infinite? Brother, while it may be won, Brother, win it!

An Old Man's Wife.

"I am afraid I isn't right, Mr. Ridgeland, for me to accept your kind offer, I—"

Somewhat little Diana May was very much confused, and she dropped her sweet flowers away from the old gentlemen who was standing beside her, looking down on her.

"Afraid to marry me because I am such an old man, Diana? Or do you think it impossible for me to love you because I am old? What is the reason, little one?"

Diana looked quickly up, her lovely eyes all piteous in their sweet truthfulness.

"I was only thinking of myself. I am quite sure I am not in love with you. I think I would be wrong to marry you, but I believe you are generous enough and kind enough to want to give me a home and care. There is no other reason why you should want me, sir."

Mr. Ridgeland smiled in her grave eyes.

"Innocent little girl! But you will believe me when I tell you that, although I could not endure to see such a child as yourself left to battle with the world alone although I certainly do believe you have no warmer feeling for me than friendship and esteem, still, Diana, I love you truly, for there is a difference of nearly fifty years in our ages. I love you for your sweet, gracious ways, that are such a charming combination of girlishness and womanliness. I love you because I see what a noble, lovely woman you will make. You are modest and very beautiful, Diana, and I want you to be my wife, Diana, shall it be so?"

The girl knew that his offer was what the world calls a splendid one, only she did not love him. And it had not been so very long since she had cried night after night, when alone, that she would never marry him.

His legacy was a charming room, the very ideal of what a library should be: a long, narrow room, with walls hung in green velvet and divided from the back drawing-room by sliding glass doors that were draped on both sides with silk.

And the glass doors were just enough ajar for him to hear voices the moment he entered the room—enough ajar to enable him to know that the footman had made a mistake—that Mr. Ridgeland and Mr. Furness were in the lady's own room but in the drawing-room.

The thrill of gratification he experienced did not lessen as he stood in the centre of his library and heard, without listening, first his wife's clear, indignant voice:

"I will not permit you to speak so to me. You shall not forget that I am Mr. Ridgeland's wife." Then Furness's voice, eager, impassioned:

"There is no danger of my forgetting the accused fact, Diana. Notwithstanding, I believe you love me yet, as you once did. I love you, Diana, dearly and you will know it."

"I tell you I will not have such insolence! You shall be corrected of your mistake in supposing I ever loved you, and then you shall leave the house, or I will call the servants to assist you. I never cared for you; I never cared for anyone but my dear husband, the best man ever a woman had to love and care for. I will not have him, or his name, or his house disgraced by such a man as you, who dare speak such words to his wife—the wife who honors and loves him."

Furness laughed.

"Love him—sixty-eight years old! That's likely, Diana! Love him—no you don't!" he sneered.

Then Diana's voice like clear, cold steel, was heard:

"Leave this room, this house, sir, in which you are not fit to be. Leave it instantly, and never dare to enter it again, you ungentlemanly rascal, to presume upon such insulting language to a wife!"

land's friends openly expressed their admiration of his wife.

And one, a crusty old bachelor, who had decided Mr. Ridgeland for assuming the yoke of matrimony, ventured to say that other gentlemen admired Mrs. Diana too, gentlemen who had no special business to.

"You see she is so pretty, and has such a bright, girlish vivacity, that it attracts people, gentlemen, especially those near her own age, who are naturally companionable for her. There's Ned Furness, for instance."

Mr. Ridgeland found himself strangely provoked by his friend's tone.

He looked up quickly.

"Yes, Mr. Furness is a visitor at my house, and an old acquaintance of my wife. Well?"

"It is to be hoped it is well, Ridgeland, but—don't be mad, old fellow—let people do as they like. There too often for Mrs. B.'s good. He's one of your handsome, dashing sort, you know, just the style to captivate a woman, and he was a beau of your wife long before you were."

The stern white brows lowered angrily at this remark.

"If you have anything to say, say it, and don't insinuate it. People talk to me of my wife and Furness? Let me assure you it is my wish that my wife need never see young company, and as you say to her years."

And from the haughty, decided way he used, it was evident Mr. Ridgeland considered the subject dismissed. Dismissed from conversation but not from mind. How could such a subject be dismissed? And Mr. Ridgeland found it intruding with distasteful pertinacity a dozen times that day as he was busy in his private office.

He went home an hour earlier than usual that afternoon, why, he could not have said, certainly not from what his over-zealous friend had said, and yet it struck him with peculiarly startling and unpleasant force when the footman told him, in answer to his customary inquiry if Mrs. Ridgeland was in, that he would find her in her own sitting room with Mr. Furness.

For one moment the temptation was strong upon him to go direct to his wife's room and inform her and her visitor that he must come no more. For one moment it seemed as if jealousy, distrust, and anger had taken complete possession of him; then, with dignity worthy of himself, he passed in and went to the library, far enough away from where the servant had told him his wife and her guest (her admirer, once her lover) were, to prove how effectively he had routed the evil feeling that had possessed him.

His library was a charming room, the very ideal of what a library should be: a long, narrow room, with walls hung in green velvet and divided from the back drawing-room by sliding glass doors that were draped on both sides with silk.

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And Mr. Ridgeland heard his wife's dress rustle rapidly over the carpet and out into the hall and ascending the stairs, and he saw Mr. Furness get his hat, cane and gloves and take himself off very like a whipped cur.

Then he followed his true-hearted little wife to her room where he found her pale, excited and still indignant.

"My little darling! I never loved you so in all your life! Diana, I heard it all, every word, Diana, my little love!"

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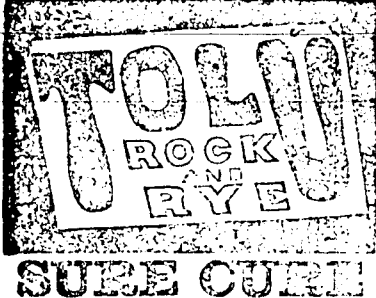
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Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Time-table of May 7, 1881.

	M. & A.	Acc.	Acc.	Sund'y
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Philadelphia	7:12	10:45	3:35	8:00
Camden	7:43	11:16	4:06	8:32
Oakland	8:14	11:47	4:37	9:03
Williamstown Junction	8:45	12:18	5:08	9:34
Oakland Brook	9:16	12:49	5:39	10:05
Windsor	9:47	1:20	6:10	10:36
Hammononton	10:18	1:51	6:41	11:07
Da Costa	10:49	2:22	7:12	11:38
Elwood	11:20	2:53	7:43	12:09
Egg Harbor	11:51	3:24	8:14	12:40
Atlantic City	12:22	3:55	8:45	1:11

	Acc.	M. & A.	Acc.	Sund'y
	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Atlantic City	7:12	10:45	3:35	8:00
Camden	7:43	11:16	4:06	8:32
Oakland	8:14	11:47	4:37	9:03
Williamstown Junction	8:45	12:18	5:08	9:34
Oakland Brook	9:16	12:49	5:39	10:05
Windsor	9:47	1:20	6:10	10:36
Hammononton	10:18	1:51	6:41	11:07
Da Costa	10:49	2:22	7:12	11:38
Elwood	11:20	2:53	7:43	12:09
Egg Harbor	11:51	3:24	8:14	12:40
Atlantic City	12:22	3:55	8:45	1:11

Camden & Atlantic City

DOWN TRAINS.

	H. A.	A. A.	M.	S. A.
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Philadelphia	6:08	12:30	8:10	8:00
Cooper's Point	6:39	1:01	8:41	8:32
Penn. R. R. June	6:10	12:32	8:12	8:18
Hadfield	6:41	1:03	8:43	8:39
Ashland	6:12	12:34	8:14	8:45
Kirkwood	6:43	1:05	8:45	8:51
Berlin	6:14	12:36	8:16	9:02
Atco	6:45	1:07	8:47	9:11
Waterford	6:16	12:38	8:18	9:18
Ancora	6:47	1:09	8:49	9:22
Windsor June	6:18	12:40	8:20	9:29
Hammononton	6:49	1:11	8:51	9:33
Da Costa	6:20	12:42	8:22	9:42
Elwood	6:51	1:13	8:53	9:48
Egg Harbor	6:22	12:44	8:24	9:52
Pomona	6:53	1:15	8:55	10:02
Absecon	6:24	12:46	8:26	10:12
Atlantic	6:55	1:17	8:57	10:25
May's Landing	6:26	12:48	8:28	10:35

UP TRAINS.

	H. A.	A. A.	M.	F. S.
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Philadelphia	7:35	9:20	5:50	6:20
Cooper's Point	7:26	9:11	5:41	6:12
Penn. R. R. June	7:23	9:08	5:38	6:07
Hadfield	7:07	8:52	5:24	5:53
Ashland	6:57	8:42	5:14	5:47
Kirkwood	6:52	8:37	5:09	5:42
Berlin	6:52	8:37	5:09	5:42
Atco	6:52	8:37	5:09	5:42
Waterford	6:52	8:37	5:09	5:42
Ancora	6:52	8:37	5:09	5:42
Windsor June	6:52	8:37	5:09	5:42
Hammononton	6:52	8:37	5:09	5:42
Da Costa	6:52	8:37	5:09	5:42
Elwood	6:52	8:37	5:09	5:42
Egg Harbor	6:52	8:37	5:09	5:42
Pomona	6:52	8:37	5:09	5:42
Absecon	6:52	8:37	5:09	5:42
Atlantic	6:52	8:37	5:09	5:42
May's Landing	6:52	8:37	5:09	5:42

Up express stops at Hammononton 8:48 A. M.

Philadelphia 9:50. Down express leave city at

3:30 p.m., Hammononton, 4:29. Atlantic 5:15

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