

# South-Jersey Republican

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Five Cents per Copy

## DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup FOR THE CURE OF FEVER and AGUE Or CHILLS and FEVER, AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY, and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and scrofulous affections—the King of Blood Purifiers.

DR. JOHN BULL'S VEGETABLE WORM DESTROYER is prepared in the form of candy drops, attractive to the sight and pleasant to the taste.

DR. JOHN BULL'S  
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,  
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,  
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,  
The Popular Remedies of the Day.  
Principal Office, 331 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.



We print anything you want  
printed, from a Calling Card to  
a Constitution.

## TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS,  
DISORDERED LIVER,  
and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, flatulency, costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Biting the tongue at the heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored face, CONSTIPATION, and demand for a remedy that acts directly on the liver. A safe medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the kidneys and bowels promptly removing all impurities through three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

IT FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.  
I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and TUTT'S are the first that have done me any good. They have cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is good, food digests readily, and I now have a natural complexion. I feel like a new man." W. D. EDWARDS, Fairport, O.  
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR ON WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.  
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

### A VALENTINE.

As this is Leap Year, if you purpose, my dear,  
To avail yourself of the brief season,  
Ere you step to the altar—which may prove a  
"halter"—  
I make this appeal to your reason.

Don't choose for your "mate" in the conjugal  
state  
Some careless, gay bachelor slaver,  
Who drinks and who "smokes," "cracks" his  
bottles or jokes  
And thinks life begins with his dinner.

For every such man, without object or plan,  
But to cheerfully pass his existence,  
Is sure to attain all he wishes to gain  
Without any wisely assistance.

But if it be true that no woman will do  
Exactly what she is desired;  
But instead, *au contraire*, will do and will dare,  
As if by the D— I inspired.

Then my warning is vain, and my fate is so  
plain  
That mute acquiescence were wiser;  
For you'll see in a trice you must take my  
advice  
Or else you must take—the adviser.  
R. E. B.

### From the Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 16, 1884.  
Government receipts to-day: Internal  
revenue, \$262,945.41; customs,

\$508,395.37.

It is beginning to be very generally  
believed here that this government has  
made a mistake in not taking more active  
measures in connection with the  
construction of a canal through the  
Isthmus of Darien, or in insisting upon  
the recognition of its final right to a  
control over any that might be constructed  
by citizens of any other nation. The  
dilatoriness of the United States was in  
great part caused, probably, by a belief  
that the only scheme entered upon with  
any appearance of earnestness—the De  
Lesseps scheme—was foreordained to  
failure, but already the French Compa-  
ny have enormous vested interests at  
the isthmus. The machinery and stores  
along the canal represent an expenditure  
of \$15,000,000, and the work of exca-  
vation and dyking is progressing rapidly.  
The principal and what was held  
to be the fatal difficulty in the way of  
the canal, namely, the liability to fresh-  
ets in the Chagres river, has been treated  
with skill and is probably surmounted.  
It is now announced that the canal  
will be finished and open for traffic  
in 1888. Whether it will ever be profit-  
able remains to be seen, but that it  
will be built is now almost certain, but  
whether it is or not is of little conse-  
quence. Once opened to traffic, com-  
mercial nations will feel bound to main-  
tain it, and in the necessity for this,  
and for the canal's management by such  
actions, is the difficulty at our govern-  
ment. That is, we cannot safely per-  
mit such control, but the most favor-  
able time seems to have passed in which  
to prevent it.

Nothing is more marked among Con-  
gressmen than the new favor with which  
the National Banks are looked upon.  
Senators and representatives of both the  
great parties unite in supporting legisla-  
tion which seems necessary to the con-  
tinuance of the system. Even Senator  
Reck does not hang back in the work.

A mischievous rumor that some por-  
tions of the coinage of 1883 was badly  
defective, is authoritatively denied.  
The director of the mint has returned  
from the annual assay, held at the Phila-  
delphia mint, to test the weight and  
fineness of the coinage of all the United  
States mints for the last year. He re-  
ports that the commission, of whom a  
number were practical experts, assay-  
ers, metallurgists and business men,  
tested the coinage of each month at  
every mint, and found in all cases the  
coins were within the limits of tolerance,  
and pronounced the work of the year  
satisfactory.

Appeals for additional relief for the  
Ohio valley flood sufferers were read in  
both houses of Congress yesterday. A  
bill appropriating \$200,000 for that purpose  
passed the House early in the day  
and subsequently passed the Senate and  
was sent to the President.

A bill authorizing the Postmaster  
General to stop all registered mail or  
money orders for lottery companies,  
whether declared fraudulent or not, is

to be reported to the House by the  
Post Office committee, and the indica-  
tions are decidedly that it will pass that  
body and the Senate as well.

As being of interest to the numerous  
ex-soldiers among your readers, it may  
be stated almost with certainty that  
the bill now before the Senate and House,  
which provides that no proof shall be  
necessary to establish the fact of sound  
physical condition of the time of his  
muster into the service in the army or  
navy, of any applicant for an invalid  
pension, or any wound or disability con-  
tracted in the army or navy in the late  
war, will pass and become a law.

HOWARD.

### Russian Apple Humbugs, No 3

[Of course we disclaim all responsibility for  
opinions expressed in this or any other com-  
munication. Dr. Potter is well posted on ap-  
ple-culture, as our readers know, hence we pub-  
lish what he writes; allowing our readers to  
draw their own conclusions.—Ed.]

One of the meanest tricks of tree peel-  
ers is selling, at enormous prices, old  
varieties under a new name. Years  
ago an old fraud in Vineland praised a  
variety so highly that I obtained scions  
and grafted two trees, and after years  
of impatient waiting found it identical  
with the trees I had grafted it into.

All I know about W. G. Hunt & Co.  
is, that Mr. Rexford told me they talked  
of coming here to graft Russian apples  
and left a printed card containing a list  
of "our choice Fruit." In the list are  
seven names followed by a capital R.,  
and as two of the seven are well known  
Russian apples, it is plain they intend  
we shall understand the whole seven are  
Russian. What are the facts? Hav-  
ing over a score of authorities to refer  
to, I can speak with reasonable certai-  
nty. Two are Russian, one a seedling of  
the Duchess of Oldenburgh (so at least  
half-Russian parentage), and the other  
four I find not a particle of evidence or  
claim of being Russian. I don't pay a  
fourfold price to have the well known  
Fallwater grafted as a Russian apple,  
under the name of Tulpehock; and if  
these men visit my place, I intend to  
order them off instantly.

Mr. Rexford gave the name of the fol-  
lowing six varieties which he said they  
especially recommended for Hammon-  
ton,—Smith's Cider, Stark, Limber-  
twig, Rawles-genet, Albermarle, Pip-  
pin, and Tewksbury Winter Blush.  
More about these next week.

WM. B. POTTER, M. D.

Congressman William W. Phelps has  
just paid \$80,000 for a plot of land in  
Washington, and will build a palatial  
residence there.

All the life saving stations on the Jer-  
sey coast between Sandy Hook and Bar-  
negat Inlet will shortly be connected  
by telephone.

Greeley, Colorado, rejoices in the dis-  
tinction of being probably the one min-  
ing settlement in the West in which  
there is not at least one liquor saloon.

Wife-beating has increased so rapidly  
of late among the miners in the Mid-  
land collieries that a bill has been in-  
troduced in the English Parliament  
making the penalty flogging.

Switzerland is indignant because the  
French have taken to establishing re-  
cruiting stations along her border, and  
have succeeded in taking off a good  
many of her unemployed young men.

Miss Eva Mackay, daughter of the  
bonanza king, is at the head of a soci-  
ety of young ladies who go about doing  
what good they can among the worthy  
and deserving poor of Paris. It is a  
society that has abundant financial cap-  
ital.

The silk strike at Paterson has ended  
in a combination between manufactur-  
ers, embracing 92 per cent of all the  
producers in the country, to make a new  
schedule of wages as well as a scale of  
production. A most important part of  
the new movement is a systematic at-  
tempt to take apprentices, with a view  
to furnish a regular supply of hands.  
To this the union has always objected,  
as unions generally do,—of all their  
bad features the worst.

### THE SPARROW'S DOOM.

Like the heathen Chinee, the sparrow must  
go:  
The Horticultural Societies pronounced it a  
woe:  
They say it is worthless, dirty, and thieving,  
And that it has caused the farmer much griev-  
ance.

Vagabond, too, and every other bad name  
They call; but it hops and pecks just the same.  
They profess to be ready, and even be glad  
If they could say something not quite so bad  
About this poor sparrow, that's searching for  
grub.

But gets only hard words and often hard rubs.  
They say that a grain of good wheat has been  
found  
Packed away in his crop, that he pecked from  
the ground.

And for that, in their wisdom, they do now  
condemn  
This English sparrow to leave presence of  
men.

And banish it off to some wild desert place,  
As not fit to live longer with our human race.  
The reason is plain,—should we open our store  
We should very soon be most wretchedly  
poor.

And therefore this judgment against it we  
give—  
That it's not fit to die, nor yet fit to live!  
List, all ye good birds; take warning in time,  
And don't you be caught in any such crime.

As pecking and stealing the farmer's good  
grain:  
'Tis high-handed robbery! Isn't that plain?

The moral is this; If it can't bring us help  
It's as worthless to us as any poor whelp.  
And the sooner it's gone the better we'll feel.  
For it's taking our money and wasting our  
meal.  
And after this sentence, if it still pecks around,  
Our shot-guns are ready to bring to the ground  
The daring vile sparrow, for it's ever a steal-  
ing;  
Always ready, our grain in its crop it's con-  
cealing.  
D. F.

Six residents of Wheeling, W. Va.,  
lost their lives by railroad accidents  
Tuesday.

Delegations are working to have the  
National Democratic Convention meet  
at Chicago or St. Louis.

Mr. Bradlaugh, Radical, was elected  
for the fourth time to Parliament, from  
Northampton.

A severe cyclone Tuesday destroyed  
much property and caused several  
deaths in Georgia.

The sufferers by floods in the Ohio  
and Mississippi valleys are receiving  
efficient aid from Washington.

The President gave a card reception  
Tuesday evening in honor of the mem-  
bers of the Senate and House of Repre-  
sentatives.

It is ascertained that naturalized  
German-American citizens who return  
to Germany are again being rigorously  
subjected to military duty.

It is now positively affirmed that  
Bismarck has returned the Lasker reso-  
lutions passed by the United States Con-  
gress, and that his reasons for so doing  
will shortly be published.

On Tuesday last, the election for city  
officers was held in Philadelphia. The  
Republican candidates were elected by  
neat majorities, notwithstanding the  
Democracy did everything in their pow-  
er to win.

Additional testimony has been ad-  
duced before the Senate Investigating  
Committee regarding the political  
crimes at Danville, Virginia, and in  
Copiah County, Mississippi.

In the National House a motion to  
suspend the rules and adopt a resolution  
making a bill for the retirement of the  
trade dollar a special order for Tuesday  
March 11, was agreed to.

Sandy Hook, it is said, is fast being  
washed away by the waves. With each  
recurring Winter the water makes fur-  
ther inroads, and the last Leavy surt  
cut a deep channel in toward the fort  
wall, undermined the concrete jetties  
built last Summer and washed away the  
fog signal station building.

No Southern State has made greater  
progress in manufacturing, for the past  
three years than Virginia, and, if we  
are to accept the authority of the Balti-  
more Manufacturing Record, she stands  
second in the list. Kentucky coming  
first. In a recent issue of that journal  
it is stated that the value of Virginia's  
manufactures increased from \$51,810,  
692 in 1880, to \$103,622,384 in 1883,  
while Kentucky manufactured \$75,483,  
377 worth of goods.

OH, MY!

LOOK!

AT THAT

Handsome

Wall

Paper

AT

Stockwell's,

Bellevue, Avenue,

Hammonton, New Jersey,

## NOTED MEN!

DR. JOHN F. HANCOCK,  
late President of the National Phar-  
maceutical Association of the United  
States, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters has a  
heavy base, is needed to be a fine  
tonic; the character of the manu-  
facturers is a voucher for its purity  
and medicinal excellence."

DR. JOSEPH ROBERTS,  
President Baltimore Pharmaceutical  
College, says:

"I endorse it as a fine medicine,  
reliable as a strengthening tonic,  
free from alcoholic poisons."

DR. J. FARIS MOORE, PH.  
D., Professor of Pharmacy, Balti-  
more Pharmaceutical College, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is a safe  
and reliable medicine, positively  
free from alcoholic poisons, and can  
be recommended as a tonic for use  
among those who oppose alcohol."

DR. EDWARD FARICKSON,  
Secretary Baltimore College of Phar-  
macy, says:

"I endorse it as an excellent  
medicine, a good digestive agent,  
and a non-intoxicant in the fullest  
sense."

DR. RICHARD SAMPINGTON,  
one of Baltimore's oldest and most  
reliable physicians, says:

"All who have used it praise its  
standard virtues, and the well-  
known character of the house which  
makes it a sufficient guarantee  
of its being all that is claimed for  
it by the men who could not be in-  
duced to offer anything else but a  
reliable medicine for public use."

A Druggist Cured.

Boonsboro, Md., Oct. 12, 1883.  
Gentlemen: Brown's Iron Bi-  
tters cured me of a bad attack of  
indigestion and fullness in the stom-  
ach. Having tested it, I take pleas-  
ure in recommending it to my cus-  
tomers, and am glad to say it gives  
entire satisfaction to all.  
Geo. W. HORTMAN, Druggist.

Ask your Druggist for BROWN'S  
IRON BITTERS, and take no other.  
One trial will convince you that it  
is just what you need.



# A GENTLE WORD.

A gentle word hath a magical power  
The weary heart to beguile;  
It gladdens the eye, it brightens the brow,  
And changes the tear to a smile.  
In the gentle sunshine it abides around,  
The shadows of care depart;  
And we feel in its soothing and friendly tone  
There's a balm for the wounded heart.

Oh I watch then, that thy lips never  
Breathe  
A bitter-sweet word,  
For that which is lightly and idly said  
Is often too deeply heard.  
And though the moment it leaves no trace,  
For pride will its words conceal,  
Remember the spirit that's calm and still—  
It is always the first to feel.

It may not be in thy power, perchance,  
To rescue a lofty name,  
And blazen thy name upon history's page,  
As a friend of the human race;  
But oft in the daily tasks of life,  
Through the world behold the not,  
Thy gentle and kindly words may soothe  
A depending brother's lot.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,  
Wherever our fortune calls;  
With a friendly glance and an open hand,  
And a gentle word for all.  
Since life is a weary and difficult path,  
Where toil is the portion of man,  
We all should endeavor, while passing along,  
To make it as smooth as we can.

THE WAY IT HAPPENED.  
I was sitting in my study, reading  
Moliere's when she entered the room  
unannounced at that.

I looked and saw an angel in white  
nun's veiling, jaunty little blue hat,  
about the size of a saucer, tipped to  
one side in a most bewitchingly heart-  
rending manner; and she wore cream-  
colored kids, and carried a white  
pongee—taken in all, a fairy!

She smiled at me, and held out her  
hand.  
I took it mechanically. What did  
this mean?  
She pouted—ah! those cherry lips—  
and stamped her little No. 2 impatient-  
ly on the floor.

"You don't seem very glad to see  
me," she said pettishly.  
I murmured that I was delighted—  
entranced. So I was—such visions were  
not of everyday occurrence with me.

"Well," said she, gleefully, that's a  
comfort! Now, they told me that you  
wouldn't receive me—that I would be  
turned out of doors."  
"Reptiles!" said I.  
"But I came—and you're not angry?"  
"Angry!"  
I could say no more.  
Then she walked up and down the  
room.

"How do you like my dress?" she  
asked, revolving before me as if on a  
pivot.  
I murmured something about the  
"angelic sublimity!"  
"Did I get," she said, half doubt-  
fully, "to get a dress of gray cashmere,  
with underskirt trimmed with deep  
plaiting—the space to be filled in with  
bias folds above the plaits in a band  
of silk—the overskirt cut in a band  
the side gorges rounded up four inches and  
finished with a bow—the back breadth  
12 inches longer, and looped up into a  
tournure. That, with a pretty little  
sash with open sleeves, trimmed to  
match the under dress, would be nice,  
wouldn't it?"

aising a cloud of dust, in which I sat  
gazing on the vision. What did all this  
mean? I consulted Moliere, my stand-  
ing authority, but Moliere could give no  
explanation. Could she be an angel,  
sent to cast a ray of light over my  
dismal path of life? Perhaps, but did  
angels wear white nun's veiling, and  
did angels wear cashmere and tournures?

Impossible! It must be a dream.  
Suddenly she paused and came to me  
through the cloud, and held out her  
arms, and said:  
"Roll up my sleeves, please. I can  
work better with them up."

I did roll the white sleeves up, and  
then immediately scouted the idea of  
its being a dream. Could I dream of  
such arms, with such a beautiful  
dimple in each elbow?

Certainly not! They were real! I  
did think that a sculptor would have  
been proud to have them for a model,  
because I was morally certain that any  
sculptor would have been distracted by  
the sight, and have dropped his  
chisel, despairing of ever doing them  
justice.

And then she dusted, and while she  
dusted she sang, what a voice! Don't  
mention Nilsson—I won't hear of it!  
And then she drew up a chair, and  
sat down beside me, having first re-  
moved the handkerchief and the impro-  
vised apron. Then she shook her curls  
and addressed me.

"My dear-uncle, let us have a talk."  
"My uncle! My heart had suddenly  
changed to a lump of lead, it couldn't  
have sunk quicker," she continued, "that  
you wrote me a letter saying that you  
considered it best for me to stay on the  
farm until you wrote again. But, then,  
I don't want to stay; I felt so  
lonely away out there, hardly seeing a  
new face once in a month, for the 12  
years I have been there—forever, you  
know, I left me when I was six years old.  
Well, I thought I would come up to  
the city, so I took \$50 and bought this  
suit. Mrs. Marsh picked it out for me.  
You know she has been in the city,  
and so I came; and you're not angry,  
are you? Because, if you are, I'll  
go back again—indeed I will!"

"My feelings during this brief speech  
had been very painful. I gradually  
awoke to the fact that it was all a  
blunder—that the visit of this angel  
was not intended for me—and I felt  
very bitter over the discovery but my  
duty was plain.

"My dear child," said I, humbly,  
"will you have the kindness to inform  
me what your name is?"  
She opened her eyes and then laugh-  
ed.  
"Why," she said, you cannot have  
forgotten me? Little Bess you know."  
"Little Bess?" I repeated.  
"Bessie Ludlow," she said gravely.  
"Your name."

"No," said I, readily, "not my  
name. I have no nieces. There is  
some error. My name is Floyd."  
"Then said she, 'you are my uncle—  
Mr. Richard Floyd. I saw the name  
on the door, so I came in. Now you  
remember me, don't you?"  
"Sorry to disappoint you, Miss  
Ludlow," said I calmly, "but I am not  
your uncle. You saw the name 'R.  
Floyd' on the door; my name is  
Robert."

"Then," she said hopelessly, "where  
is my uncle?"  
I felt bound to confess my ignorance,  
whereas she looked incredulous. I ex-  
plained that strange as it may seem, I  
did not know every person who  
happened to rejoice in the same surname  
as myself.  
"But, I said cheerfully, seeing her  
look blank, 'we can soon find out.  
Here is a directory, your uncle's name  
is Richard Floyd?"  
"Yes."

came only to see me once—I suppose  
because I am a poor relation."  
Here she laughed, as if being a poor  
relation was something funny—which  
it isn't.  
Then we tried the second Mr. Floyd;  
he was the uncle. We found him  
reading a book of sermons.

"I accented him, introduced myself  
and his niece. Then I explained every-  
thing and turned to go."  
He stopped me and inquired if I  
would do him a favor.  
I answered I would.

"Then," said he, calmly, "take this  
young lady and put her in the cars. I  
desire her to return to Cedar farm."  
I answered I would.

"Uncle," said he, "Do as I bid  
you—I am your only friend. Don't  
make me your enemy by foolishness.  
Stay at Cedar farm, and I am your  
friend; leave the Cedar farm and you  
may regret it. Go!"

We went.  
She sobbed. (Looked prettier than  
ever).  
"I can't go back," she wailed.  
"They don't know I left. I'm afraid  
to go back."

"Then," said I, "what will you do?"  
"I don't know," she said, defiantly.  
"But I won't go back!"  
I found myself in a nice predicament—  
young lady, set. 18, on my hands,  
a bachelor, set. 39. What was  
I to do?

A sudden thought, I would!  
"My dear," said I, "I will take care  
of you."  
"You!" (Astonished and prettier.)  
"Yes, I." "Marry me! Instead of my  
niece, be my wife! Will you?"

She could not give an answer im-  
mediately. Such important questions  
require deliberation. She was silent  
for about two minutes, and then said:  
"I like you."  
"Bless you," said I.  
"And you want some one to care for  
you?"  
"I do!"

"I will marry you for that room isn't  
half-dusted!"  
She was angelic! She was an angel! I  
embraced the angel.  
"And that room is such a cunning  
little one!"  
Words fail to express how handsome  
she was!

We were married!  
And that's the way it happened!

# Artists' Models.

In London the model can be, and very  
often is an extremely respectable mem-  
ber of society; and this of her work well  
done, the pay is not bad, as wages go.  
In England, seven and sixpence a day,  
or a shilling an hour, is the price paid  
a costume model, while those in the  
life classes or posing as figure models  
earn half as much again. Some men  
and women have grown old in the pro-  
fession, know every artist and his or  
her works; are well versed in studio  
ways, understand costumes, and even  
something of periods in costumes and  
not frequently contribute valuable sug-  
gestions. Others, who may be invalua-  
ble so far as lines go, are, after years  
of work, hopelessly dull, stiff and un-  
interested; indeed, we have known of an  
instance where a young woman has sat  
three years for a well-known artist  
without having acquired the faintest  
idea of what he was doing, or what spe-  
cial style he worked in, and would as  
placidity pose for an escaping slave as  
for a lady of fashion, without taking the  
smallest interest in the work or its suc-  
cess. Others, however, enter with very  
deliberate zeal into their work, and  
where they are not too knowing they  
are valuable assistants. Naturally the  
specialties of the model are so much  
capital in his favor. Some are noted  
for hands, others for the pose of the  
head, others for some peculiarity of col-  
oring, while the "classical" is looked  
for in certain instances, and the grotes-  
que in others. One of the most per-  
fect models we ever knew was a man  
who had not a single absolutely good  
feature, but whose tottleness was  
excellent, and whose entire willingness  
to sink personal prejudice and devote  
himself to the cause was really noble.

This spirited person has posed on a  
broiling July day, with heavy wraps,  
and over a candle which illuminated  
his heated face, to represent a Chris-  
mas traveller covering over the fire,  
and that no mean escaped him is to be  
recorded in his credit; and on a fine  
day in June he "posed" in bed, as a  
very sick person, in an elaborate night-  
gown, wearing an expression of patient  
anguish, which perhaps toward sundown  
ceased to be entirely simulated. This  
man had been, as it is called, "a sport  
ground," otherwise a sporting character,  
and being converted by some trav-  
elling preacher, he abandoned a career  
of money-making and exciting career for  
the life of artists' model, and years  
proved his patience and dignity; an in-  
born modesty, however, though cheer-  
fully independent of his, he had a queer  
streak of fun in him which asserted it  
self oddly, and under no circumstances  
required the aid of a smile. He had a  
grave way of telling imitatively funny  
things, which illumined many a foggy  
afternoon, and his staid endurance of  
the most hopeless couch we ever heard  
added to the impression of strength he  
gave. How he sat for a certain "queer  
old gent on the Brunswick road" who  
"did the classical," and how the old gent  
"basked" in his lap, and then never  
took it, sir, don't you know, and how  
he went to a florid artist of the hour,  
who kept him posing as a Turk six hours  
at a time, while he was "a painting of  
his background in half the bloom of  
time I was a planted there, sir," with  
the details of both incidents are heard  
to be appreciated should be heard  
from those grave pale lips, while his  
eyes were full of suppressed glee.

When such a faithful follower of the  
arts falls ill his employers usually con-  
tribute toward his support; but at best  
it is a hard life, and old age rarely finds  
such a one with any resource, the life as  
model having entirely destroyed other  
aims and powers of activity, so that un-  
til a "Models' Fund" be formed there  
must always be the sad spectacle of the  
old and decrepit model going from studio  
to studio seeking the only employ-  
ment he understands but finding it not.

Good Advice.  
Take your meals with great regular-  
ity, and avoid eating too much at once,  
regulating the amount of food taken  
by the quantity of work—especially  
outdoor work—done; for if you eat the  
same quantity of food when indoors  
that you do when engaged in full open-  
air exercise, you will eat too much  
sometimes, the result being that a lot of  
useless nutriment will be lying about  
the system, which, having no good work  
to do, very soon becomes harmful.

Let your food be plain and substan-  
tial. Do not eat meat in excess, and  
let it be rather under than over done.  
Fats and starchy foods are particularly  
suited to cold weather, tending to sus-  
tain the body heat by their combustion  
in the system. Scotch oatmeal porridge  
and new milk are capital things to start  
the day with, and you will better be  
prepared for breakfast by first rousing  
the stomach by a propitious walk in  
the open air. Chocolate and cocoa made  
with new milk are highly nutritious,  
and the regulation country breakfast of  
ham or bacon with eggs is a sign that

they know how to take care of them-  
selves in the country, and have found  
out what is the best food to work on. Once  
a day is quite often enough for ten or  
coffee, and then they should be well di-  
luted with new milk.

Avoid pastry, the fatty particles of  
which collect in the stomach, never  
thoroughly digesting, and only destroy-  
ing the efficiency of that organ and the  
comfort of the system. Older folk can  
often get on better with pastry than  
younger ones; and for children pastry  
and sweetmeats are particularly harm-  
ful, affecting the stomach, and through  
that the teeth, and developing a taste  
for such things that can rarely be checked  
before permanent harm has resulted, and  
the happiness of the child endan-  
gered for life. Children cannot have  
too much milk food—such as milk pud-  
dings well made with plenty of eggs  
and good milk being the best possible  
food for them. Baked milk and bread,  
porridge and milk, brown bread and  
stewed fruits, would be a diet calculated  
to bring health and comfort to every last  
family where the children are overcast-  
ingly in the doctor's hands owing to  
courses of pills and powders. I have  
little sympathy for the whims and fancies  
people give way to, the whims and fancies  
of childhood, and thus prepare  
much future wretchedness for them-  
selves and their children. It is dis-  
tasteful to see, as one does too often, child-  
ren of tender years given meat two or  
three times a day, and filled with sauces  
and seasonings. Parents have them-  
selves to blame who are worried with  
constant juvenile squabbling and fight-  
ing, followed by tears and sick head-  
ache. You find a house in confusion  
and wonder what is the matter. "Oh,  
it is only one of Master Johnny's bilious  
attacks," and you probably find the  
young gentleman lying on a sofa, sulky  
and mooping, with sore lips and yel-  
low eyes, scowling at the mother who  
attends him so assiduously when ill be-  
cause she has not had the moral courage  
to discharge her duty to God and her  
child when he is well. "I cannot un-  
derstand my children," many a poor  
lady will say; "those next door are al-  
ways well, while mine are always ill."

The reason is simple enough; those  
next door are given simple food, and  
have to eat it, which they never have,  
because, forsooth, they won't. But if  
we would have our children temperate  
we must be so ourselves, and not lecture  
them on indiscretions in diet between  
the mouthfuls of lemon cheesecake.

Influence of Wholesome Food.  
There is little doubt that savory  
dishes, serving to vary the monotony of  
the poor, hard-working man's ordinary  
fare, afford considerable moral, as well  
as physical advantage. An instructive  
experience of my own illustrates this.  
When wandering alone through Nor-  
way, in 1866, I lost the track in crossing  
the "Kjolen" fiord, straggled on for  
twenty-four hours without food or rest,  
and arrived in a sorry plight at Loo-  
se, "did the classical," and how the old gent  
"basked" in his lap, and then never  
took it, sir, don't you know, and how  
he went to a florid artist of the hour,  
who kept him posing as a Turk six hours  
at a time, while he was "a painting of  
his background in half the bloom of  
time I was a planted there, sir," with  
the details of both incidents are heard  
to be appreciated should be heard  
from those grave pale lips, while his  
eyes were full of suppressed glee.

While Marcella, not very well  
pleased, was pondering over her diti-  
culties Ernest came to her. Never had  
he looked so masly, so noble, never  
had his keen eyes flashed out such in-  
telligence, and never had Marcella felt  
so deeply and truly in love with him.  
"She has come," he said, while a  
perplexed expression settled on his  
face.

"Who has come?" asked Marcella.  
"How do you know?"  
"I have your bag that you did  
not leave the carriage? I have come to  
take you to her. Now, I suppose, we  
shall be overwhelmed with sentiment!  
Don't let her lead you into the same  
trap, Marcella, for my sake."

While Ernest was speaking a bright  
face was peering through the tangled  
vines above his head and a pair of de-  
litate arms were drinking in every word  
uttered. If there ever was determina-  
tion in a pair of eyes, those eyes were  
now showing it. Ernest's words, and  
the class that he was speaking of, were  
privately. I do not say that this is the  
only source of such depraved appetites.  
It may also be engendered by luxurious  
pandering to general sensuality. The  
practical inference suggested by this ex-  
perience and these observations, is, that  
speech-making and pledge-signing, can  
only effect temporary results, unless  
supplemented by satisfying the natural  
appetite of hungry people by supplies  
of food that is not only nutritious, but  
savory and varied. Such food need be  
no more expensive than that which is  
commonly eaten by the poorest laboring  
man, but it must be far better cooked.

In answer to his remark that he had  
ventured from home on a bad day, she  
said: "It does look like rain, but I  
brought my gossamer with me, and I  
ordered John to meet me at the sta-  
tion with the phaeton." By the way,  
have you seen my silver-mountain  
moss that I bought last week?

THREE PRAYERS.  
Done at a cross, beyond the town,  
Before a shrine for sermons made,  
One simple maiden knelt there down,  
And from their hearts devoutly prayed.

One, dreaming of created things—  
The purple sea, the perfect sky,  
Bright, happy birds, with painted wings,  
Glad buds that on the boughs did die.  
The waving wheat—the scented air—  
Clung to her heart, and through her sighs  
Was heard the gentle murmur: "Pray!"  
"Oh give me strength for my prize!"

A hidden furnace seemed to glow  
Within the maiden's breast:  
She heard the strident trumpet blow,  
She saw the warrior's plume and crest.  
Ambition darted in her soul,  
That life's reward—a deathless name;  
Then from her heart came stifled cries:  
"If I may live, oh give me faith!"

THE THIRD FAITH.  
The third maid knelt there down,  
Her eyes—her heaven started with tears.  
Her white arms folded on her heart,  
She made a mystery of years.  
A sudden rapture came to her,  
Her soul was lifted to the stars;  
"The mine," she prayed, "this priceless gift:  
Let me be loved by one I love!"

REVIEWED BY A FLIRT.  
"Yes, there was no denying it; Mar-  
cella Hamilton was dependent over a  
letter she had just received from Leonie  
Summers. She was coming to West-  
field, the coming to see her, and the  
things she might make the acquaint-  
ance of that serious Ernest Forrester,  
so soon to become her cousin. There was  
little doubt of it. Although Ernest  
had not seen Leonie for some years, she  
knew she was faultlessly beautiful.  
Bred in the school of fashionable life,  
elegant in appearance and endowed with  
an indomitable spirit of direction that  
was never at rest, she was a woman of  
sedate and irresistible fascinations; there-  
fore, was it any wonder this plain little  
country lass feared to have her lover  
exposed to the wickerwork of this cap-  
tivating woman?"

Marcella could not be called beauti-  
ful, yet when one caught a glance from  
Ernest's great blue eyes of hers it was  
next to impossible not to wish for an  
other. When she laughed there was  
such a cluster of dimples around her  
eyes, and her hair, and her face, and her  
full lips that the observer could not  
find the slightest fault with her charm-  
ing face. Some figures that she  
lacked repose, that her figure was not  
perfect, but her color, her eyes, her man-  
ners, her smile, her voice, her whole  
being, she had won the love of the  
disgraced Ernest Forrester, and was  
soon to become his wife.

Marcella had passed her seventeenth  
summer. What a life she had accom-  
plished! She could sing, for she loved  
music and her voice rivaled the night-  
ingale's; she could dance all night and  
feel no fatigue, she could row a boat  
or pony Brown Bess who could ride  
Marcella could mount, besides, she was  
a skilled little housekeeper. These  
constituted all her requirements.

Ernest Forrester was an honest pre-  
serving man, without the slightest  
touch of romance about him. He pos-  
sessed a large fortune. Innumerable  
were the traps laid by scheming un-  
dramas for his capture, but he only laugh-  
ed at the machinations of his beseggers  
and went on his way unmoved. Every-  
body said that his motives were  
mercenary when it was known that she  
was the recipient of Ernest's smiles.  
Even she could not tell how it came  
over her to love him. Every day she  
had a little more of him. After a few hours'  
rest I pushed on to a still wider region  
and still rougher quarters, and continu-  
ed thus to the great Jostedal tableland,  
an unbroken glacier of five hundred  
square miles, then descended the Jostedal  
itself to its opening on the Sogne  
fiord—five days of extreme hardship,  
no other food than flatbread (very  
coarse oatcake), and bilberries gathered  
on the way, varied on one occasion with  
the luxury of two raw turnips. Then I  
reached a comparatively luxurious sta-  
tion, Bonnel, where ham and eggs and  
claret were obtainable. The first glass  
of claret produced an effect that alarm-  
ed me—a craving for more and for  
stronger drink, that was most irresisti-  
ble. I finished a bottle of the wine,  
and nothing but a violent effort of will  
prevented me from then ordering some  
brandey. I attribute this to the excessive  
work, and insufficient, unsavory food of  
the previous five days. I have made many  
subsequent observations on the victims  
of alcohol, and have no doubt that over-  
work, and scanty, tasteless food, are  
the primary causes of craving for  
strong drink. The most exposed prevail  
with such deplorable results, and the  
class that is the most exposed to such  
privation. I do not say that this is the  
only source of such depraved appetites.  
It may also be engendered by luxurious  
pandering to general sensuality. The  
practical inference suggested by this ex-  
perience and these observations, is, that  
speech-making and pledge-signing, can  
only effect temporary results, unless  
supplemented by satisfying the natural  
appetite of hungry people by supplies  
of food that is not only nutritious, but  
savory and varied. Such food need be  
no more expensive than that which is  
commonly eaten by the poorest laboring  
man, but it must be far better cooked.

While Ernest was speaking a bright  
face was peering through the tangled  
vines above his head and a pair of de-  
litate arms were drinking in every word  
uttered. If there ever was determina-  
tion in a pair of eyes, those eyes were  
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no more expensive than that which is  
commonly eaten by the poorest laboring  
man, but it must be far better cooked.

was making himself ridiculous enough  
to please her. Many subjects were  
discussed during the evening, among them  
literature, history, science and the  
classics, on all of which Leonie was  
well informed. She even ventured at  
times to try Ernest right as to some  
name or date that had escaped his  
memory. Leonie was clever. Keen  
wisdom had taught her that men  
would look for a choice of a wife, and  
she knew better than to leave a single  
stone unturned that could avail her in  
her search after a handsome settle-  
ment.

Ernest Forrester despised her as a  
silly flirt, he hated her as a learned  
woman. What right had she, whose  
waist he could crush with a grasp of  
his hand, to set up for a class  
scholar, and even to correct him with  
thought of being on an equality? "She  
is a walking encyclopedia," he said to  
Marcella the next day, "an imperi-  
ous, egotistical little thing. Don't ask  
her a question. Another evening like  
the last would kill me!"

"Do you ride, Mr. Forrester?" in-  
quired a soft voice at his side, coming  
so unexpectedly upon him that he for-  
got his dignity and gave a great  
start.

"Ride? Why—yes—I ride, of course;  
but I fear my horses are too spirited  
for you."  
As he said this he glanced with con-  
tempt at her delicate hands and  
wrists.

"I should like to try them, although  
I am not a very good rider," rejoined  
Leonie.  
"For my sake, gratify her," whis-  
pered Marcella, imploringly, in her  
lover's ear.

"Well, then, dearest, for your sake I  
will," returned Ernest, also in a whis-  
per, but there was an expression on his  
face that told of no great willingness  
to comply with Marcella's request.  
Leonie looked splendidly in her rid-  
ing habit, and as she stood there in the  
fading sunlight, drawing on a pair of  
tight gloves and glancing at her watch,  
Ernest began to conclude she had  
better not throw her lover too  
much into the company of her beautiful  
cousin.

"Why, what kind of grooming do  
you call this, Marcella?" said Leonie  
as she pointed to the head of Brown  
Bess, whose mane had been braided  
into a band. Holding her whip under  
her arm, she proceeded, with the air  
of a jockey, to examine the points of  
the mane, and to brush about the  
neck.

"You will find her a little frisky at  
the start," said Ernest, as he  
arranged the bit at Leonie's sug-  
gestion to give her a tighter rein.  
If there was anything in Mar-  
cella's excellent it was riding, but as  
there was no horse in the stable she  
would ride except her own Brown  
Bess, she remained at home, and Er-  
nest had the little equestrian to his-  
tory, and the fair figure so  
gracefully sitting in the saddle. The  
exercise of the ride had sent a glow to  
the girl's cheek and a sparkle to her  
eye; she seemed to be mutely supple-  
menting her own beauty with the  
favor of her horse.

Leonie reined up her horse beneath  
the shadow of a grove that skirted the  
road, and sat gazing at the sunset that  
was filling the heavens with golden  
glow.

"What a placid scene!" she exclaimed.  
"I don't like it. I never could be  
reconciled to its monotony!"  
"What then would you have, Miss  
Summers?"  
"Storm! wildness, strength—strength  
both in man and the elements!" As she  
spoke, her glance, as if unconsciously,  
rested on Mr. Forrester's massive form.  
Catching his eye, her face flushed, and  
she exclaimed: "There is a sensation within me that was with  
the calm phases of nature!"  
Leonie sat half reclining on the pom-  
el of her saddle, gazing absently upon  
the landscape, and unconsciously  
giving further glances cast at her from  
the eyes of her companion. She was  
the first to break silence. With a light  
laugh she cried:  
"How strange it must seem to you to  
hear me talk in this wild way; you  
have become so sick of the world."  
"You!" "No wonder Ernest smiled.  
"You smile! but what can you know  
of life, living here, as you do, in qui-  
etude, where friendship is more than  
love, where love begins and ends  
in the heart and not in the pocket? I  
have spent years seeking an object  
worthy of my love, and now when I  
find it, I must walk away and losing my self-  
control, I forget myself!"

Tremor he was in, to be sure, and how  
carefully he conducted her home and  
carried her into the house, her eyes  
on the white blossoms on him, and  
such loving and beautiful Marcella  
met them at the door, but it was not  
until Leonie was cozily nestling among  
the sofa pillows that Ernest found time  
for an explanation.

"If you know you always are, dearest,"  
exclaimed Marcella, placing her arms  
around his neck as she was accustomed  
to do. He rudely withdrew from her  
caress and in a quick, angry voice ex-  
claimed:  
"Don't be so stupid, Marcella!"

Poor girl! The threatening shadow so  
dimly visible to her on the reception of  
her cousin's letter had fallen and dis-  
closed her in its somber embrace. For  
a whole week Marcella's heart was  
torn with conflicting emotions.  
She knew if her affianced husband was  
lost to her, no other life's disasters  
could bring her more suffering.  
For the witness of Leonie's time, she  
could bring her lover's lover listened  
to every word that fell from her ri-  
val's lips, to know that the warm af-  
fection and fond caresses that of  
right belonged to her were lavished  
upon another heart to swell the num-  
ber of her victories was more than she  
could bear. One evening, feeling par-  
ticularly unhappy, Marcella sought  
refuge in an arbor, and there, seated  
under the shade of a tree, she wept  
the place was so thickly covered with  
weeping vines that the moon's rays  
could not penetrate it, and she felt safe  
in her solitude. She threw herself  
prostrate on the seat and was weeping  
bitterly when she was startled by the  
sounds of footsteps. Rising from her  
recumbent position, she had scarcely  
time to shrink into a dark corner,  
when Ernest and Leonie came, and  
seated themselves almost at her side.

"To think I could ever have disliked  
you, darling!" were the first words that  
Ernest spoke. "Do you know that your  
arrival here was quite indignant at  
your intrusion!"  
"And now?" said Leonie.  
"Ah! now I feel that I am beginning  
to live."  
"Sometimes I fear I have wronged  
Marcella."

"Marcella never loved me; you see  
yourself how poorly she resigns her  
claim upon me!"  
The wretched Marcella shrank trem-  
blingly away in the darkness, while every  
word she uttered was burning itself  
into her brain.

"I should have been glad to know  
she regretted me," said Ernest; "but I  
have often thought her undemonstra-  
tive affection could not satisfy my  
craving for exclusive love, which I feel  
now more than ever."

Marcella grew fainter and fainter,  
and while these cruel words were yet  
on Ernest's lips, she fell headlong into  
his arms. Rousing herself and spring-  
ing from them as her clasped was  
his station, she exclaimed:  
"Don't touch me! Go—both of you!  
Go, I say!"

Was this the undemonstrative Mar-  
cella whose passive Ernest had just  
despised? Standing forth in the light  
of her own beauty, and in the light  
of her own beauty, she appeared like a young  
lioness robbed of her prey.  
Ernest's face was of an ashy pallor,  
he attempted to approach her, but she  
motioned him away, as he exclaimed:  
"And now, Ernest, there is not a man on  
earth I despise so much as you! Now,  
leave me!"

He obeyed without a word and left  
the rivals together.  
"You silly girl!" cried Leonie.  
Marcella turned her white face upon  
her cousin.  
"Do you think," Leonie continued,  
"that your lover cares for me beyond  
the whimsical affection of a month can  
efface the affection of a month can  
efface the love of years?"  
"He was all I had!" cried Marcella.  
"You knew it and you could not spare  
me his heart when it would lose all its  
value to you when you were to be  
to do it, how it bores you to keep  
up the farce of affection? That I do  
not know you are even now scheming  
to free yourself from the net your own  
hands have spread? You have been  
cruel, and you were so happy!"  
"You will be happy again," said  
Leonie.

"Never," answered Marcella.  
"You amuse me, fair cousin. I have  
the best of reasons for knowing that  
Ernest's affection will never stray from  
you. You are right in saying I am  
unworthy of him. He is a good sort of  
a man, though a little out of his ele-  
ment just now, I grant you. I over-  
heard him say to Ernest, 'I have been  
scattered his wife for him in re-  
venge. As for me, I am to be married  
soon. Every day I am expecting my  
lover, and if you will,







Each city has its own style. The Venetian is noted for its whine. The Florentine has quite as great staying qualities, with a more artistic whine and more eloquence in its tone, and more than the other. The Florentine is an artistic vagabond who begs by rule. He makes no mistakes. He is got up with special reference to begging, and he is as keen as at a Wall Street broker. He is at his best when he is hungry, he acts hungry, he shivers as naturally as though he was perishing with cold, and when you pass by without responding to his appeal he looks at you with reproachful eyes half full of tears, as though you had committed the unpardonable sin of which he was the victim.

The young Roman beggar attempts wheedle and flatter, and a copper by sheer good-natured impudence. He will commence with a whine of famine, but, being looked squarely in the face will abandon the role of the starving sufferer and take on that of the buffoon. He will then jump and dance for a minute and then burst out into a laugh and turn a handspring. He follows you as long as either of the others, and is quite as annoying, but he does it in a different way.

The Roman beggar has, it must be confessed, a certain financial ability which cannot be too much admired. He never begs of an Italian, for he knows it will avail him nothing; the etiquette being that the Italian, as a highway robber in England, the highwayman never stopping one of his own profession. The farthest they go in this with each other is, the beggar will come into a restaurant, where an Italian is taking an economical breakfast on coffee and bread, and modestly ask for what sugar he does not use in his coffee. In restaurants so many lumps of sugar are given for each portion of coffee, and it is the regular thing to put any surplus there may be in the pocket. As this is inconvenient the good-natured man will give the extra lumps to the fortunate beggar who may happen to be at the table. Two or three lumps of sugar is quite a find for these pickers-up of unconsidered trifles, and by haunting the cafes all the morning, and from 4 in the afternoon a very fair living is obtained.

That Picture.  
Mrs. Mackay has refused to pay for a portrait painted by her by Meissonier, who is suing her for 75,000 francs. When Mr. Mackay was last on the Comstock he spoke about this portrait. He said that, while it might be of some value as a picture, it was not of the slightest value as a portrait. While friends might have been able to see something of Mrs. Mackay in the first sketch, thereafter less any less of her was seen, and she had been so painted out that the only bit left for it would have been, Portrait of a Lady, by Meissonier. Mr. Mackay advised his wife not to take the picture as a portrait of herself. Mr. Mackay feels well toward Meissonier, and has paid high prices for some of his paintings, but says he cannot paint a portrait of any one, and least of all of a woman. He says Cabot is the best painter of the portraits of women now in Paris. He is also a good painter of the portraits of men, and painted a very fine one of Mr. Mackay. It is a pretty sure thing that Mrs. Mackay, or rather Mr. Mackay, will come out winner in the present suit, as the picture must be a very poor one. Meissonier is an admirer of Meissonier, and has always felt toward him, therefore, if he could detect any defect in the picture as a portrait he would take it. No doubt Meissonier made a good picture of a woman, but he himself well pleased with it, as he placed it on exhibition in the best salon, but he rambled from his subject, and Mr. Mackay is just hard-headed enough not to stand that sort of thing from Meissonier, or any one else in anything of that kind. Of course, in his genre pictures Meissonier is at liberty to choose his models and paint them in and paint them out to a dozen times, but in a portrait, where the subject is a real person, there is to-day in Paris plenty of third or fourth-rate painters who would have been glad to have painted the pictures for one-fourth the price, and who would have pronounced a good likeness.

Romance From the Dust.  
Representative Cassidy, of Nevada, recites the following interesting romance which was dug from the dusty files of the Pension Office: A short time ago Mr. Cassidy received a communication from El Johnson, of Luning, Esmeralda county, Nevada, making application for a pension and arrears. The letter stated that he was a private in Company C, First California Cavalry. Upon inquiry at the Pension Office El Johnson was reported dead, and his widow, until recently, had been pensioned. Cassidy, however, had been told that Mrs. Johnson, believing her husband dead, had married again and was living in Florida, Henry county, Ohio, as Mrs. Gill. A careful investigation was made, which proved that El Johnson was still alive, and that he had been pensioned. Cassidy, thinking herself a widow, made application and was granted a pension, which she continued to draw until she married Mr. Gill. In the meantime her first husband, believing his wife dead, went to Europe and remained several years. Returning to America, he discovered that his wife was still living, and immediately made application for it through Mr. Cassidy. Cassidy has shown that the marriage of Mr. Gill was illegal, and the pension for Mrs. Johnson and El Johnson's pension after being separated over fifteen years.

It could listen to a lecture of reason and then repeat it word for word as it had been originally delivered. "I have not met with the success I deserve," he said, "as everybody thinks I'm drunk. I find difficulty in obtaining a hearing in the schools long enough to explain the situation. I visited three here the morning I was here, and met out before I got fairly inside the yard."

"This must necessarily cause you a great deal of trouble," ventured the reporter.

"Well, I should say it does. Just as likely as not I venture out on the streets some policeman will arrest me for drunkenness. I was taken up once in Cincinnati and put in the station-house to sober up. When I was brought before Court in the morning I was told to go to the jail to sober up. This was repeated every morning for five days. They even put a guard over me in the station-house to see that I did not get up and drink before they would believe my story. I never touched a drop of intoxicating liquor in my life, and even do not drink coffee or tea."

February.  
February was one of the two months—January being the other—introduced into the Roman Calendar by Numa Pompilius when he extended the year to twelve of these periods. Its name (February, to expiate, to purify) arose from the practice of religious expiation and purification which took place among the Romans at the beginning of this month. He arranged that it should have twenty-nine days, excepting in leap years, when, by the intercalation of a day between the 23d and 24th it was to have thirty. But a time came when Augustus chose to add a thirty-first day to August, in order that the month named after him might not lack the dignity enjoyed by six other months of the year. He took it from February, which could least spare it, thus reducing it to twenty-eight days in all ordinary years.

This month has pieces or the fishes of its Zodiacal sign. The Saxons called it *Symonstide*, because this species of the cabbage tribe sprouted freely at this ungenial season. The name of *Symonstide* was afterwards conferred upon it in consequence of the return of the sun from the low course in the heavens, which for some time he had been running. Others say that "soe" signified "food" or "cakes," and that it meant "pan-cake month," because cakes were offered by the pagan Saxons to the sun. In "The Months," by Leigh Hunt, he remarks that "if February were not the precursor of spring, it would be the least pleasant month of the year, November not excepted." What can be more delicately beautiful than the spectacle which sometimes salutes the eye at the breakfast-room window occasionally in the hour-frost? If a Jeweller had come to dress every plant over night to surprise an Eastern Sultan, he could not produce anything like the "pearly drops" or the "silvery plumage." An ordinary bed of greens seems corrugated with emeralds and powdered with diamonds to those who are not at the mercy of their own vulgar associations.

An Eccentric Funeral.  
An old woman named Mary Robinson, who is said to have been well known through London as "the queen of the costermongers," was buried recently in Finchley cemetery. She at one time used to have a stall in Somers-town, and of late years had been a vendor of cats' meat. It is stated that she amassed a fortune of £20,000. It was her custom to lend costermongers money on Fridays and Saturdays to go to market with, they paying her for the loan a shilling in the pound. She was a most eccentric woman. She paid, twenty years ago, to Mr. Sharman of Calcedonia road, £20 for her funeral expenses. Owing to the rumor that she deceased in her will had ordered that her remains should be carried to the grave by four men wearing white smocks, and that twenty-four young women should follow wearing violet or purple dresses, Paisley shawls, hats with white feathers in them and white aprons; that some money was to be spent in drink for costermongers at certain public houses she named, and that there was to be a band of music in attendance, so the usual of persons congregated in the Calcedonia street, where she lived, along the Calcedonia road, and along the Finchley cemetery. The concourse of people blocked the streets for a time, and a number of persons paid for wine and food to see the procession. The coffin was of a handsome polished oak, bore a brass plate, with the inscription: "Mary Robinson, aged 71, died Jan. 1, 1884." It was reported that the corpse was shrouded in white satin, and that round the head was a white wreath. The funeral car was covered with expensive wreaths and crosses. There were in the procession, besides the relatives and friends of the deceased, a great number of pony-carts, donkey-carts and cabs, all being overladen with costermongers. The deceased, it is said, left a sum of £10 to be spent in drink and 10 shillings for pipes and tobacco after this funeral.

Breakfast and Oyster Pie.—Take a tureen that will hold a quart of water, beat them gently with a circular steak beater or rolling pin, season with pepper, salt and a little shallot, mixing very fine. Fill your dish with alternate layers of steak and oysters. Slice the oysters and beards of butter with a bit of lemon-pest, mace and sprig of parsley. When the pie is baked boil with the above three spoonfuls of cream and one ounce of butter rubbed in flour. Stir it and put in the dish.

FRUIT CAKE.—Five eggs, one-half cup of milk, five cups of flour, flavoring to taste, three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one-half pound of raisins, one-half pound of currants. Work butter and sugar together, add the raisins well beaten, the flour, and mix the flour, stirring thoroughly, flour the raisins and currants and stir in last. Bake slowly in a moderate oven, two hours.

A NICE way to cook salt codfish is as follows: Soak a pound over night, and in the morning simmer in fresh water for two hours, chop finely and place in a saucepan, with over a pint of milk, two teaspoonful of butter and a little flour mixed well with milk. Let the whole come to a boil, beat an egg up, add to the fish, stir well, then serve. While hot this is a palatable dish, especially for luncheon.

BREAKFAST CAKE.—One egg and a half cups of Indian meal, one and a half cups of flour, half cup of sugar, butter, teaspoonful of soda, milk, one egg. Mix the meal and flour together thoroughly, then butter, sugar and egg; stir cream of tartar in the flour, and dissolve the soda in a little cold water; mix all this quite soft with milk; bake in shallow pans. To be eaten hot with butter, and is very nice.

JOKE.—One cup of white sugar, one egg (white only). Put the sugar into water just sufficient to dissolve it; set it on the stove and boil until it is thick. Beat the white of the egg with a whisk until it is stiff, and mix it in steadily and swiftly all the time until quite cool. Ice the cake when it is cold, and the icing nearly so.

THESE pretty designs, for the heads of those dainty little lace pins that are used to decorate and fasten jabots and frills of lace are tiny leaves of the rose, in various colors, on one side of which is a diamond dust, and on the other a delicate shell, with a pearl or diamond dropped on its iridescent top.

A LAWYER across the Hudson received a call the other day from a man who wanted to begin a suit against a railroad company. He claimed to have been beaten down by a hand-car, and those questioning revealed the fact that this car was in possession of a gang of boys, "I'm afraid we could not hold the company responsible," said the lawyer, "but the company owns the track and the hand-car," protested the man. "Yes, but that won't do you any good. Are you anxious for a suit?" "Well, I've rather set my heart on one." "Let's see. Did you go to war?" "No." "Have you any relatives there?" "I had a brother living in Virginia when the war broke out." "Good! He owned a farm, and the Union troops occupied it and damaged him to the extent of \$15,000. We consequently file a claim against the Government for that sum and interest. Don't say anything about suing a railroad company; we've got a better thing." "What is that?" "The fact that your brother isn't dead." "You go and worked in green silks, and the small white five-petal flowers and buds with the glistening scales of the perch. Each scale was sewn on with the needle and the center of the flower was filled in with little knobs of yellow silk. The second panel was of pale peacock-blue satin sheening, with a towering, graceful branch of myrtle, the stalks being of silk, a few flowers of white silk, and a few leaves of green silk, with a small white five-petal flower and buds with the glistening scales of the perch. A close scale was sewn on with the needle and the center of the flower was filled in with little knobs of yellow silk. The second panel was of pale peacock-blue satin sheening, with a towering, graceful branch of myrtle, the stalks being of silk, a few flowers of white silk, and a few leaves of green silk, with a small white five-petal flower and buds with the glistening scales of the perch. 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NEW JERSEY STATE  
Normal and Model Schools,  
TRENTON.  
Fall Term will commence  
Monday, Sept. 17th, 1883.

TOTAL COST for Board, Tuition, Books,  
etc., at the Normal School, \$104 for  
Ladies, and \$140 for Gentlemen; at the  
Model School, \$210 per year. The Model  
School offers to both young Ladies and Gen-  
tlemen superior advantages in all its departments  
viz., Mathematical, Classical, Commercial, Mu-  
sical, Drawing, and in Belles Lettres. For  
Catalogue containing full particulars, address  
W. H. ASBROUCK,  
Principal, Trenton, N. J.

## Pure Indian Tea.

TRENTON, N. J., 30th June, 1883.

We, the undersigned inhabitants of Vineland  
certify that we have used during the past year  
of the **Indian Tea**, introduced into this town  
by V. M. Hollisworth, and certified by him to  
have been grown, and manufactured in, and  
imported direct from the plantations by him-  
self.

We have found it equal in every way to the  
statements contained in his personal guaran-  
tee which is placed over his initials upon every  
packet sold, and we can personally recommend  
a pure, unsulphurated black tea of a high  
quality meets all that has been claimed for  
its introduction. Mr. Hollisworth, now of  
N. J.

SIGNED:  
Moses, ex-Mayor, T. W. Braidwood,  
el Gage, Rev. Jas. Walden,  
F. Ladd, W. Herbert Crocker,  
J. T. Craven, Alexander Smith,  
C. E. Cook, U. S. N., J. H. Cunn-  
ing, Oliver D. Graves, W. G. Worden, [ham.  
(and many others.)

This tea is sold at a fixed price, the qual-  
ity never varies, and its strength is more  
than double that of other teas. Procure  
it in packets from the following Agents ONLY  
Vineland, T. B. Ross, Post Office.  
I. G. Newton, Auction Rooms.  
South Vineland, William Russell.  
Bridgeton, C. Corry, Confectionery, Com-  
merce Street.  
Millville, J. W. Newlin.  
Kewfield, Post Office.  
Winslow, W. Simpler.  
Hammononton, W. Rutherford.

## A Few Facts Concerning the C. C. C. or

## TRENTON Business College.

It has the most practical and complete course  
of study. It is a thing necessary to a  
thorough business education, yet can be accom-  
plished in a remarkably short space of time.  
It has a novel and original method of teach-  
ing, which is attended by astonishing results.  
The student is interested from the start, and  
never fails to make satisfactory progress.  
It has the large and best appointed rooms,  
the most expensive and perfect appliances.  
It employs the best teachers, and pays the  
most liberal salaries. In fact, it is the best,  
most thorough and complete institution in the  
country.  
It has been established 16 years, and sent  
out thousands of young men and women whose  
success attests its efficiency.  
It is a member of the Bryant & Stratton  
Chain of Colleges, and is a C. C. C. with rec-  
ognition of scholarship, etc., all the advantages  
of intercommunication so indispensable to a  
course of modern business training.  
No person contemplating a course at a Busi-  
ness College, or desiring a practical education,  
can afford to decide upon a school without in-  
vestigating the claims of this.  
Special accommodations for ladies.  
Fall Session begins September 2d.  
A handsome illustrated Catalogue and College  
Paper sent on application to  
A. J. RIDER, Principal C. C. C. C.,  
Trenton, N. J.

## AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their  
attack as those affecting the throat and lungs;  
none so trifling with the majority of suffer-  
ers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting  
perhaps from a trifling or unseasonable ex-  
posure, is often but the beginning of a fatal  
sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has  
well proven its efficacy in a few years' fight  
with throat and lung diseases, and should be  
taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.  
"In 1867 I took a severe cold, which affected  
my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed  
nights after night without sleep. The doctors  
gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,  
which relieved my lungs, and induced  
sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary  
for the recovery of my strength. By the  
continued use of the PECTORAL, a perma-  
nent cure was effected. I am now 62 years  
old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied that your  
CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."  
HORACE FAIRBANKS, M.D.,  
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.  
"While in the country last winter, my little  
son, three years old, was taken ill with croup;  
it seemed as if he would die from a bronchi-  
tis. One of the family suggested the use  
of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of  
which was always kept in the house. By the  
use of it, the child recovered, and we were  
delighted in less than half an hour the  
little patient was breathing easily. The doc-  
tor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had  
saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at  
my gratitude? Sincerely yours,  
MRS. EMMA GEDNEY,  
125 West 125th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL  
in my family for several years, and do not  
hesitate to pronounce it the most effective  
remedy for coughs and colds we have ever  
tried."  
L. A. J. CRANE,  
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis,  
and after trying many remedies with no suc-  
cess, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY  
PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN,  
Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S  
CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that  
but for its use I should long since have died  
from lung troubles."  
E. BRADON,  
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or  
lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved  
by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,  
and it will always cure when the disease is  
not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists.

## The Trenton Times for 1884.

It would take too long to tell what  
The Times has done for the people of this  
State in its fourteen months of existence.  
Suffice it to say that from the start  
it has attacked abuses of all sorts,  
political, municipal, national and finan-  
cial. It has been fearlessly indepen-  
dent and independently fearless. Cor-  
ruption is its bitter enemy. Extrava-  
gance in State expenditures has been  
persistently fought. The Times has  
secured, for one thing, the passage of a  
Printing Contract Bill through the Leg-  
islature that will save the taxpayers of  
the State at least \$35,000 a year. It  
has kept bad men out of office and put  
good men in.

The Times for 1884 will continue its  
independent, consistent course. It will  
ventilate every bill introduced into the  
Legislature. It will ventilate every  
piece of jobbery, whether that jobbery  
be the work of corporations or individ-  
uals. It will fight to the death every at-  
tempt to add to the taxation of the peo-  
ple. It will not be suppressed by pol-  
itician or corporations. Monopolies will  
be viewed with suspicion. The people  
and the people's interests will be the  
special care of The Times.

All the news, all the views and all the  
truths of the day will be given in The  
Times. Therefore every citizen of the  
State of New Jersey will need the pa-  
per. Those who have been without it  
in 1883 cannot afford to be without it  
in 1884.

The Daily Times is five dollars a year  
or \$1.50 for the session of the Leg-  
islature. Send subscriptions always to  
THE TIMES,  
Trenton, N. J.

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This is what any one will receive who subscribes for  
The Independent of New York.

It occupies two fields. First, as a religious journal  
it is unimpeachable and broader than any sect. Its  
aim is to strengthen and extend Evangelical religion  
and to defend it against the attacks of Materialism,  
Atheism and unbelief. It is free to approve or criticize  
in any of the denominations whatever it believes  
designed to advance or hinder the progress of the Gos-  
pel of Christ.

Among the religious writers are Leonard W. Bacon,  
D. D., S. C. Bartlett, D. D., Pres. John Bacon, Bishop  
Clark, M. Clark, Rev. Jos. Cook, Bishop A. C. Cox,  
Geo. R. Crooks, D. D., Howard Crosby, D. D., Theo. L.  
Cuyler, D. D., Rev. Samuel Dike, Geo. P. Fisher, D. D.,  
Prof. Norman Fox, Washington Gladden, D. D., Bishop  
F. D. Huntington, Bishop J. F. Hurst, M. D. Morris, D.  
D., Pres. Noah Porter, Francis L. Patton, D. D., Philip  
Schaff, D. D., R. S. Storrs, D. D., Wm. Taylor, D. D.,  
Wm. C. Wilkinson, D. D., Pres. T. M. Woolsey.

Second, as a literary journal it stands without a  
peer among the weekly press. During the past year  
it has published articles and poems by more than  
three hundred of the most talented writers in this  
country and Europe.

Among them Amelia A. Barr, Mary Clemmer, Rose  
Terry Cooke, Kate Folger, Dora Read Goodale, Rev. W.  
E. Griffis, "Grace Greenwood," Thomas Hill, D. D.,  
William D. Howells, "H. E.," Sidney Lanier, Rose  
Hawthorne Lathrop, Louise Chandler Moulton, Jo-  
seph Miller, R. A. Oakes, S. M. B. Platt, Joseph-  
ine Pollard, Richard Henry Stoddard, Edmund Clar-  
ance Steadman, Mrs. Launt Thompson, J. T. Trowbridge,  
Celia Thaxter, John Greenleaf Whitier, Sarah C.  
Wentworth, Susan E. Wallace, Wm. C. Ward and Prof.  
Charles A. Young.

The Independent will, within the next few  
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W. E. Norris, author of "McClure," "No New  
Thing," etc.; J. B. of Dale, author of "Gundale";  
Edward Everett Hale, author of "The Times One in  
Ten," etc.; Julia Schayer, author of "Tiger Lily," and  
Other Stories; Rebecca Harding Davis, Sarah Orne  
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## Camden & Atlantic Railroad

Monday, Oct. 1st, 1883.  
UP-TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac.	Exp.	Mail	Su. Ac.	Su. Ac.
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Philadelphia	9 20	9 35	5 50	10 20	10 20
Camden	9 15	9 30	5 40	10 15	10 15
Penn. R.R. Junction	9 05	9 20	5 30	10 05	10 05
Haddonfield	8 55	9 10	5 20	9 55	9 55
Berlin	8 45	9 00	5 10	9 45	9 45
Atco	8 35	8 50	5 00	9 35	9 35
Waterford	8 25	8 40	4 50	9 25	9 25
Winslow	8 15	8 30	4 40	9 15	9 15
Hammononton	8 05	8 20	4 30	9 05	9 05
De Costa	7 55	8 10	4 20	8 55	8 55
Elwood	7 45	8 00	4 10	8 45	8 45
Egg Harbor City	7 35	7 50	4 00	8 35	8 35
Absecon	7 25	7 40	3 50	8 25	8 25
Atlantic City	7 15	7 30	3 40	8 15	8 15

DOWN-TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac.	Mail	Exp.	Su. Ac.	Su. Ac.
	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Philadelphia	4 30	8 00	3 30	8 00	4 00
Camden	4 20	7 50	3 20	7 50	3 50
Penn. R.R. Junction	4 10	7 40	3 10	7 40	3 40
Haddonfield	4 00	7 30	3 00	7 30	3 30
Berlin	3 50	7 20	2 50	7 20	3 20
Atco	3 40	7 10	2 40	7 10	3 10
Waterford	3 30	7 00	2 30	7 00	3 00
Winslow	3 20	6 50	2 20	6 50	2 50
Hammononton	3 10	6 40	2 10	6 40	2 40
De Costa	3 00	6 30	2 00	6 30	2 30
Elwood	2 50	6 20	1 50	6 20	2 20
Egg Harbor City	2 40	6 10	1 40	6 10	2 10
Absecon	2 30	6 00	1 30	6 00	2 00
Atlantic City	2 20	5 50	1 20	5 50	1 50

## Camden & Atlantic Railroad

On and after Feb. 9th, 1884.  
Trains will leave as follows for ATLANTIC.—  
From Vine and Shackamaxon St. Ferries.—Ex-  
press on week-days, 3.30 p.m. Parlor Cars  
on Saturdays.  
Accommodation Train will leave above ferries  
week days at 8.00 am and 4.30 pm, and Sun-  
day at 8.00 am and 4.00 pm.

## LOCAL TRAINS.

For Haddonfield from Vine and Shackamaxon  
ferries, 7:30, 8:00, 10:00 and 11:00 am, 12:30  
am, 2:00, 4:30, 6:00, 6:30 p.m.  
From Vine St. only, 7:30, 9:00, 10:30 p.m.  
Sunday trains leave both ferries at 8 a.m. and  
4:00 pm.  
From Pennsylvania Railroad Station, foot of  
Market St., 7:30 am, 3:00, 5:00 and 11:30 pm  
week-days. Sundays, 9:30 am, 5:30 pm.  
For Atco, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries  
8:00, 11 am, and 12:30 noon, 4:30, 6:00 pm.  
Sundays, 8:00 am, 4:00 pm. From foot of  
Market St. on week-days, 11:30 pm.  
For Hammononton 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 interme-  
diate stations, leave foot of Market Street,  
week days, 7:30 am, 3:30 and 5:00 pm. Sun-  
days, 9:30 am, 5:30 pm. From Vine St. and  
Shackamaxon ferries, 10:00 am. Week-days.  
For Williamstown, from Vine & Shackamaxon  
ferries, 8:00 am, 12:30 pm, and 4:30 pm.

W. N. BARNARD, J. R. WOOD,  
Superintendent. Gen. Pass. Agt.

## GOLD.

Great chance to make money. Those  
who always take advantage of the  
good chances for making money  
that are offered, generally become  
wealthy, while those who do not  
improve such chances remain in  
poverty. We want many men,  
women, boys and girls to work for us right in their  
own localities. An one can do the work properly  
from the first start. The business will pay more than  
ten times ordinary wages. Expenses paid furnished  
free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly.  
You can devote your whole time to the work, or  
only your spare moments. Full information and all  
that is needed sent free. Address TAYLOR & CO., Port-  
land, Maine.

## ESTABLISHED HOWARD A. SNOW, Washington, D. C.

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Patents procured upon the same plan which was  
originated and successfully practiced by the above-  
named firms. Pamphlet of sixty pages sent upon re-  
ceipt of stamp.

## MILLVILLE MUTUAL Marine & Fire Ins. Co.

This Company have disposed entirely of all  
the STOCK PLAN BUSINESS, and having  
been RE-ORGANIZED, has decided to  
in the future do a

Strictly Mutual Home Business.  
Having succeeded in paying ALL ITS LI-  
ABILITIES, and securing an  
Actual Net Available Surplus  
of Over \$30,000,

The Directors feel that they can offer to all who  
desire insurance not only as LOW RATES and  
UNQUESTIONABLE SECURITY, but much  
greater probability of immunity from assess-  
ment for years to come, than other Companies  
since this surplus is large enough to pay all  
probable losses on the policies now in force,  
until their expiration, without any dependence  
on receipts from new business—a condition of  
things that can be shown by but very few com-  
panies in the State. The present Directors  
pledge to the Policy Holder an

## ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT and a Careful Supervision of the business

and will continue in the future, as in the  
past, to act on the principle of  
PROMPT PAYMENT  
OF  
HONEST LOSSES

without seeking to EVADE them on technical  
quandaries.  
Hereafter, no notes will be subject to assess-  
ment, until they are a year old.

We would call special attention to our  
Marine Department,  
our LOW RATES and FAVORABLE FORM  
OF POLICIES.

Any information cheerfully given by the  
offices of the Company or its Agents,  
F. L. MULFORD, Pres.  
R. J. HOWELL, Sec'y.

## Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Monday, October 1st, 1883.  
DOWN-TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac.	Exp.	Mail	Su. Ac.	Su. Ac.
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Philadelphia	4 45	8 10	4 00	8 00	4 00
Oakland	4 35	8 00	3 50	7 50	3 50
Williamstown Junction	4 25	7 50	3 40	7 40	3 40
Oak Brook	4 15	7 40	3 30	7 30	3 30
Winslow	4 05	7 30	3 20	7 20	3 20
Hammononton	3 55	7 20	3 10	7 10	3 10
De Costa	3 45	7 10	3 00	7 00	3 00
Elwood	3 35	7 00	2 50	6 50	2 50
Egg Harbor	3 25	6 50	2 40	6 40	2 40
Atlantic City	3 15	6 40	2 30	6 30	2 30

UP-TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac.	Exp.	Mail	Su. Ac.	Su. Ac.
	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Atlantic City	10 00	10 45	4 05	4 00	10 00
Pleasantville	9 50	10 35	3 55	3 50	9 50
Egg Harbor	9 40	10 25	3 45	3 40	9 40
Elwood	9 30	10 15	3 35	3 30	9 30
De Costa	9 20	10 05	3 25	3 20	9 20
Hammononton	9 10	9 55	3 15	3 10	9 10
Winslow	9 00	9 45	3 05	3 00	9 00
Oak Brook	8 50	9 35	2 55	2 50	8 50
Williamstown Junction	8 40	9 25	2 45	2 40	8 40
Oakland	8 30	9 15	2 35	2 30	8 30
Camden	8 20	9 05	2 25	2 20	8 20
Philadelphia	8 10	8 55	2 15	2 10	8 10

The Express leaves foot of Walnut St.,  
Philadelphia, at 4:00 P. M., reaches Hammon-  
ton at 5:05, Pleasantville at 5:47, Atlantic City  
at 6:30. Going up, leaves Atlantic at 7:30 A. M.,  
Pleasantville at 7:44, Elwood at 8:15, Hammon-  
ton at 8:23, reaches Philadelphia at 9:30.

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Yourselves by making money where  
golden chance is offered, thereby  
always keeping poverty from your  
door. Those who always take ad-  
vantage of the good chances for  
making money that are offered, gen-  
erally become wealthy, while those  
who do not improve such chances remain in poverty.  
We want many men, women, boys and girls to work  
for us right in their own localities. The business will  
pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish  
an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No  
one who engages fails to make money very rapidly.  
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your spare moments. Full information and all that  
is needed sent free. Address TAYLOR & CO., Port-  
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we can't afford it. We ask "A  
fair day's pay for a fair day's  
work."

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheuma-  
tic Gout, General Debility, Catarrh, and  
all disorders caused by a thin and impover-  
ished, or corrupted, condition of the blood;  
expelling the blood-poisons from the system,  
enriching and renewing the blood, and  
restoring its vitalizing power.

During a long period of unparalleled suc-  
cess, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has proven  
its perfect adaptation to the cure of all dis-  
eases originating in poor blood and weakened  
vitality. It is a highly concentrated ex-  
tract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-  
purifying roots, combined with Iodide  
of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest,  
most reliable, and most economical blood-  
purifier and blood-food that can be used.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.  
"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of  
the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which  
I have suffered for many years."  
Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

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Rheumatism so severe that I could not  
move from the bed, or dress, without help.  
I tried several remedies without much re-  
lief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA,  
by the use of two bottles of which I  
was completely cured. I have not been  
troubled with the Rheumatism since.  
Have sold large quantities of your  
SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains the  
wonderful popularity. The many notable  
cures it has effected in this vicinity con-  
vince me that it is the best blood medicine  
ever offered to the public."  
E. F. HARRIS,  
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

"Last March I was so weak from gen-  
eral debility that I could not walk without  
help. Following the advice of a friend, I  
commenced taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA,  
and before I had used three bottles I felt  
as well as I ever did in my life. I have  
been at work now for two months, and  
think your SARSAPARILLA the greatest  
blood medicine in the world."  
JAMES MAYNARD,  
520 West 42d St., New York, July 19, 1882.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula  
and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysip-  
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Scars, Bolls, Tumors, and Eruptions of  
the Skin. It clears the blood of all im-  
purities, discharges the action of the  
bowels, and thus restores vitality and  
strengthens the whole system.

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\$10 a day and  
staying away from  
what we want to  
do. Mary is making  
Ladies make as much  
girls make great pay.  
We will make more money  
in a week at any ordinary  
place at once with  
none. H. HARRIS & Co., Port-  
land, Maine.