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Selected.

From Harper's Magazine.

TOO LATE.

I remember that Corinne was worse that afternoon, and I left her somewhat sadly. I hope that you will not throw aside all interest in my story when you learn that Corinne was my warm woman and a quadroon. You do not understand how it could happen. This illness of hers, and her poor, thin face, and her slow slipping away out of my hands in eternity? That is because you have never lived among these people as I did in that six months at Beaufort. To be sure, you might live among them a thousand years, and your soul, and theirs, never touch at a single point; never take so much as a step of common ground together; never speak the same word to the other of that hidden language which God Almighty has established between soul and soul. I had to live their life with them; to sorrow in their sorrows and weep in their tears, to be glad in their joys, to make all their little hopes, and plans, and fears your hopes, your plans, your fears, to help Chloe contrive a new jacket out of his father's coat, to save Caesar's earnings for him, and go out with him to count the planks just bought for his cabin; to puzzle away with a half-forgotten French over his alphabet, and turn and twist the contents of your own pocket to buy Juno the doll promised as a prize in the spelling-class; this is what makes them dear.

And they were dear to me every one, from Jake down to the funny little coal-black baby born last week. They were my people. Mine whom God has given to me to help over their rough places, my poor, sorrowful people. Was it not a blessing, even for that little time, to see their sad eyes brighten and their cramped souls grow I think it was.

"Perhaps Corinne was my favorite—I do not claim to be infallible—but indeed she had stolen her way down into my heart before I knew it, she was such a pretty, sad-eyed creature. And she had such a story. She used to tell it to me sometimes, her patient head bent low upon her breast, her hands clutching at each other till it made my heart ache to see them. The thought of her followed me into the school-room that night, nor could I shake it off when I sat down among the crowd of upturned, sable faces for the evening lesson.

It was one of those quiet evenings, I remember, when the very air seemed to be asleep. The light that slanted in through the windows, and lay golden on the school-room floor, was fading; lazily away; at the door the scarlet blossoms of a trumpet-vine peeped in and hung motionless; over the sandy slope and the pine barrens the winds were hushed; I could see, as I sat at my desk, the purpling water, and beyond a bit of still, soft sky. A very rough, hard room, I suppose that school-room was, but to me, with the shifting pictures that the beautiful evenings painted beyond the open door, and the low, sweet winds that crept in at the windows, and the rows of happy, quiet faces that had learned to look their "God bless you" when I came in, it had become a very palace for fairness and dearth.

Indeed, something greater, more holy than a palace, a sanctuary, for my humble work among these humble people had brought, I think, richer blessings to me than to them. I used to fancy that certain silent prayers of mine for guidance had consecrated that little wooden step at the door into an altar.

But it is not my story that you want to hear. You suspect there was a story about that going to Beaufort, since women are not prone to go out into life to find a work, and that without a motive. It is possible. As to the title and the particular number of chapters, that is of little consequence to you or to anyone. It is enough that, if I won't, there is full of bitter discords and sharp rebellings, my steps were led straight to a teacher. I claimed to be a teacher—I was I who was taught of this sorrowful people. It was I who stood as a little child, abashed before the mystery of their grief.

But I started to tell you about Corinne and what happened that evening. I had set David and Cesar fairly at work in their new copy-books, observed with quiet despair the third capsizing of Chloe's ink-bottle, and brought Jake triumphantly through his first "ab" when a shadow in the doorway obstructed my light, and I looked up.

It was a tall, erect, and perhaps a specimen of the remarkable sense which usually accompanies such presentations, that when I looked up I expected to see Corinne. She not having left her bed for some weeks the clearness of perception exhibited in this expectation is apparent at once. So far from seeing Corinne I saw a man. He was tall and erect, I think the most massively built man I have ever seen. He had courtly removed his hat, and was looking around the room with a look of inquiry. I hesitated for a moment whether or not to pronounce him a white man. Before I had decided his eyes fell upon me

and he came into the room. I consigned Jake to the depths of his primer, and stepped out to meet him.

"Good-evening, Madam."

"Good-evening, Sir—you were looking for the teacher?"

"I was looking for the teacher."

"Can I be of service to you?"

"I should like to learn to write," if you please."

"I started. I looked at his soft, curling hair, clear, dark skin, and regular features, also at the massive manliness of his figure, so erect, and towering above me. The hot, indignant blood rushed into my face. He saw it, perhaps, for his own cheek flushed slightly; he changed his hat from hand to hand.

"I came here yesterday, I have just escaped from my master."

"I wish type could convey to you the biting bitterness of that word—a bitterness the more intense from the smooth, low tones in which it was uttered."

"Very well, let it be an empty seat."

"I saw that the laconic, business-like answer suited him. He did not come there to be compassionated. He sat down in silence, and took up a primer that lay upon the desk. I took a chair beside him.

"I know how to read, you see," turning the leaves with a curious smile; a smile that sent the hot blood into my cheeks again. I folded my paper, and took my pen from the desk. I should have been thankful at that moment to any power, natural or supernatural, that would have transported me bodily to some "far island of the sea," any where, out of that Beaufort school-room.

"You would like to—begin?" He took up the paper, gravely.

"I have picked out a few of the letters by myself, perhaps."

"I took the paper from him and wrote a copy somewhat more rapidly than ever copy was written before, I fancy. Do you want to know what I wrote?" For the word will not hold them guiltless." Happening to be the only words that came to me just then.

He looked up at me when he had spelled out the words, then down again upon the paper. In that look I took the full measurement of the man's face. It was a face that I should have singled out in a crowd; finely shrouded, but thin; the eyes deep-set, restless, defiant; lips defiant too, or curling into that curious smile, but never coarse; there was not a shadow of coarseness about him. Neither did the defiance in doing its worst make it an evil face. Nevertheless, hardly the face of a saint.

"I wonder if you know what I felt, sitting there teaching that man to write, his hair had begun to turn gray some years ago. Certainly my equal, possibly my superior, in such gifts as God has given him. A man, a man who had never owned his manhood; and the manhood was made in the image of the Creator and mine. You spoke of property? One would never expect to teaching one's horse or one's parlor chairs to write? A rattle of marbles, in the corner where Plato and Cato were dog-eared, one spelling-book together, called me away presently.

"I will come back to you again," I said.

"Your name, if you please?"

"Hershel Du Bois," sprawling the D over his chest. Absently, I pardoned him a faint flash of his restless eye. It was something to own a name. How he came by it mattered not. It was his in Beaufort.

The lazy light was dimming fast upon the floor, before I had gone my round among the dusky faces, and came back to him. I observed that every instant of the time had been diligently occupied; also, that his page was unblotted. He handed it to me with a certain proud humility that fitted his face.

"You like it?" I said.

He answered, with his curious smile: "I want to learn. I used to be hungry for learning, once—hungry." Checking himself then into a sudden reserve.

"You will not need my teaching long, Mr. Du Bois."

"Must I beg pardon for such a mistake?"

I assure you that it was instinctive, unconsciousness, spoken quite as I should speak the word to other men. Being naturally absent-minded, perhaps you will excuse me that I did not remember he was black? Be comforted, he had not forgotten it.

His eyes caught mine quickly, his face flushing all over, then he turned it away. We understood one another then. I pushed away the papers.

"I wish you would tell me all about it."

He turned back, the defiance gone from his mouth, a certain tremor in it.

"You—you are very good. But you hear so many of these stories."

"I wish you would tell me all about it."

The people had begun to disperse, breaking up in merry groups; they left us quiet alone in that corner of the room, before he spoke. Then slowly.

"I haven't any thing new to tell. I have lived forty-five years with my master, Colonel Du Bois; you know they often call us by our master's names. You won't be

interested to know how many times I went to the whipping house; how many spelling books and Bibles he took away from me. It's just like all the rest. I'm black."

His finely-moulded profile, the cheek and forehead almost as fair as mine, was turned toward me.

"Well?"

"That's pretty much all; only—"

He turned abruptly from me, his eyes looking off through the window, some struggle in his face. Whatever was written in the dark places of this man's life, there was that in it which only he and God should ever know. The mere story he might tell me, as he did, his voice smothered, intense.

"I loved her—my wife."

Some birds chirped to each other in their nest in the eaves of the window; the faint twitter filled the silence. Then—

"She was all I had—all. And Colonel Du Bois had a son."

He turned sharply around. His eyes started me. You have seen eyes, perhaps, burned to a white heat?

"Colonel Du Bois had a son—Pierre Du Bois. For some reason he always hated me. I found him alone one day by the cotton-field. I don't know what I said. He struck me, and—Well, they sent me to the calaboose then. My master threatened to kill me. I wish he had. That was too good for me. He sold her. He sold my wife. I have never seen her since. I suppose I never shall. That's all."

If I had dared to say one word! I only looked at him; and then I hid my face on the desk to hide the quick tears. At last I said:

"You shall find her. God can do it. He won't forget you."

"I suppose he has remembered me for forty-five years; so Colonel Du Bois's minister says. I hope he will forget me a while now. I should like to try it!"

The still white heat in his eyes, when he flashed.

I did not tell him that when he will He set me up, and whom He will He brought low; neither did I assure him that it was good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth; nor did I comfort him by the eternal predestination of the African race to fall into the keeping of benevolent South-

fractions. I only said:

"I do not understand about that. I do not know any more about that than you do. But I know He loves you."

His face softened, possibly.

"And now he has given you your freedom."

"What do I care for freedom?" breaking into sudden vehemence. "What use is my freedom to me without her? Great God! if it had come five years ago!"

The faint, sweet sound of a distant hymn the people were chanting floated in just then through the open window:

"Along de darksome journey,

I'm walking all alone,

Along de darksome journey,

He turned around presently, his face quite grave and still.

"You are very good. I have troubled you."

I was so sorry for him I could have cried. I wonder if I am foolish and tender-hearted—it hurts me so to see these lonely lives.

The room was quite empty and nearly dark. He stood on the steps while I looked the door. Just then Chloe and her husband—the happiest of lovers they were since their freedom—passed by, and in at their cabin door, nodding and smiling at me.

The man's face paled.

"I'll hunt the earth over but I'll find her?" his breath coming fiercely.

(To be Continued.)

A St. John (New Brunswick) paper tells his story of vigilance on the part of a custom-house officer on the frontier. Meeting a woman crossing a bridge with a bundle in her arms, he asked: "What have you there?" She hesitated, stammered, and then said, "Nothing dutiable." He insisted upon seeing it, she resisted, a struggle ensued, and at last she placed the bundle in his arms, saying, "Take it then, and much good may it do you." Then she returned to St. Stephens, while he examined his treasure, which proved to be an infant a few days old. The mother has not been discovered; the poor-house officials refuse to take the child and the energetic officer is all set to enjoy it.

LICE ON CATTLE.—A correspondent of the American Agriculturist says that "knowing larkspur seed would destroy lice on human beings, he collected a quart of seed, ground it fine, soaked it a week in one gallon of strong vinegar, and then applied it with a sponge to all parts of the animals; has never seen louse or nit since." On the same subject T. F. Haynes, Hartford, Conn., writes to the Agriculturist: "I keep lice off my cattle by keeping sulphur and salt in winter where they can lick it when they choose; my cattle have had none since I practised this."

Original.

(For the Republican.)

LETTERS.

NUMBER III.

Dear Sir,

In reply to the promised subject of this letter, I am aware that I am handling a delicate matter, and exposing myself to the charge of being egotistical or partial, but I intend to "nothing extenuate, nor anything set down in malice." I shall devote myself to a statement of facts, leaving it for others to censure or praise as they seem to them fitting.

Our people here are eminently social, intelligent and cultivated. I do not mean that kind of cultivation which is gained in the drawing-room, the public assembly, or in strictly fashionable society, but that which is acquired by thought, study and contact with the earnest educated minds of the age. They have with comparatively few exceptions come here from large towns and cities, and enjoyed the social and intellectual advantages which such places afford, and while they are not disposed to ignore the conventionalities of society, are prepared to estimate them at their true worth.

Emigrating from different sections of the country, they are more or less tainted with local prejudices and wedded to local customs. Our early habits and associations have all been different, our modes of education in many respects were, unlike, and of course our opinions on many points are dissimilar. These influences of course operating upon us produce a very different order of things socially, from the stereotyped routine of other rural districts, whose inhabitants contentedly live and die in their ancestral homes, which have never been disturbed by the breath of innovation, or the rumbling of the car of social progress. Society composed of such heterogeneous elements as ours, cannot readily be fused and blended into a mass of uniformity, or the individuals composing it be made to view things about them from the same standpoint.

Consequently we recognize no leaders in fashion—no dictators in religion—no wire pullers in politics. Sensation writers would find here poor materials for romance, as we have no "village belle" who breaks the hearts of the other sex by wholesale, and drives her own beside themselves with envy at her display of finery and coquetry. The "great man of the country" who figures so largely in modern novels as Sir Oracle, has not yet "come to town" and in the meantime we take the liberty of doing our own thinking, and carrying the result thereof into practical operation.

Some time since in the earliest period of the settlement, a stranger in search of information in regard to it, dropped into one of our stores and made several inquiries of the proprietor relative to the matter, and among other things asked, "Who are your leading men?" "Sir," replied Mr. "we are all leading men," and this same remark still holds true. We may as individuals be extremely tenacious of our own opinions, and prize them highly, but they are not worth a straw to our neighbor, who in his turn nurses some pet thing which is about as valuable to us as a last year's almanac or a dilapidated crown nest. Mushroom aristocracy does not thrive well in this climate, and I would advise all persons ambitious of social distinction to give Hammonton "a wide berth." When such persons come among us with any assumptions of superiority, or pretensions to exclusiveness, we just indulge in a quiet laugh in our sleeves at their expense, and "leave them out in the cold" until they learn sufficient wisdom to adapt themselves to the democratic element in which they are placed.

I am aware that this independence of thought, this marked individuality has its disadvantages, and some here object to it on the ground that it obstructs a harmonious union of interest and prevents concert of action, on matters pertaining to the public welfare. In this respect we differ, I am told, from our neighbors in Vineland, who are singularly unanimous upon all points of public interest. And yet with all of our variety of opinion, I believe that there are few communities where there is more kind feeling, and real harmony and less actual discord or meddlesome scandal, than is found here.

There are here three organized evangelical societies who hold stated meetings upon the Sabbath. Two years since the Baptist built a commodious church and have a large and increasing congregation. Dr. Kempton of Philadelphia, supplies the pulpit, to the universal acceptance of his congregation. The Presbyterians with Mr. Braco as pastor, are building a neat edifice for public worship, which will be a credit to the society, and an ornament to the place. The Methodist hold regular

meetings in Elvin's Hall, but it is said that they too are making arrangements for building. The Universalists have no preaching, but have organized a Sabbath school with a good library. The Spiritualists, of which there is a large number, hold meetings every Sabbath in Ellis' Hall, and have excellent speakers. We have four school houses in which excellent schools are kept, but they are insufficient to supply the needs of our increasing population, and this numbers will be increased at an early day, as we are a progressive people, and mean to keep pace with the popular demands.

Yours, C—

Reported for the Republican.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

Pursuant to publication, the friends of Temperance in Atlantic County met in M. H. Church at Absecon on the 21st day of Feb. 1866, at 2 o'clock P. M., and organized a County Temperance Society auxiliary to the State Society. The following is a report of the proceedings:

House called to order, and Simon Lake elected President.

Dr. T. B. Waters, elected Secretary.

Objects of convention stated by Rev. G. R. Snyder.

Form of constitution read and explained by Rev. G. R. Snyder.

Moved by H. L. Norris that an Auxiliary County Temperance Association be formed. Seconded by W. Wright, M. D., carried.

Morand and seconded the following constitution be adopted by the article—carried.

Form of Constitution for County Auxiliary Association. Recommended by N. J. State Temperance Association.

Art. 1. This organization shall be called "the Atlantic County Temperance Association, auxiliary to the New Jersey State Temperance Association."

Art. 2. Its object shall be to promote the cause of temperance by all lawful and moral means—such as sermons, lectures, circulation of documents, &c., thus creating a healthful public sentiment—a laudable aim, the following:

1. We, whose names are under-

signed, do pledge ourselves to abstain entirely from the manufacture, sale, and use of all intoxicating liquors, as a beverage.

Art. 3. Its officers shall consist of a President, one Vice-President for each Township, Secretary, Treasurer and five Managers, who shall hold office one year, and until others are elected in their places. The President, Vice-Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer, shall be, ex-officio, members of the Board of Managers.

Art. 4. The Managers, three of whom shall constitute a quorum, shall have the supervision of the affairs of the Association in the interim of the stated meetings; having power to fill vacancies.

Art. 5. The officers shall perform the duties usually belonging to their respective offices, the Vice-Presidents, being especially charged with the work of organizing adults and children's auxiliaries in their general townships, on the basis of State Association. The Secretary to make a quarterly report to the Corresponding Secretary of the State Association.

Art. 6. Persons may become members of this Association, and thereby also of the State Association, by signing the Constitution and paying one dollar annually, or five members, by signing the Constitution, and paying five dollars at one time. The funds thus raised to be remitted to the Treasurer of the State Association.

Art. 7. Local Societies, organized as auxiliaries to this Association, shall be entitled to one Annual Membership for each dollar remitted to the Treasurer of this Association accompanied by the names.

Art. 8. This Association shall hold stated meetings semi-annually on the day of the week in the months of the meeting held in the month of being the Annual Meeting. Special meetings may be held when deemed expedient.

Art. 9. This Constitution may be altered or amended at any stated meeting, by the vote of a majority of the members present; provided such alteration or amendment does not conflict with any law or regulation of the State Association.

Moved and seconded, that the Association hold its semi-annual convention on Tuesday, in the second week of July and January, and the annual convention be held at Atlantic City on Tuesday, in the second week of July, 1866.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

Simon Lake, President.

Lardner Clark, Vice President for Galloway Township.

Rev. N. Smith, Vice President for Egg Harbor Township.

Hon. C. E. P. Mayhew, Vice President for Hamilton Township.

Rev. Mr. Braco, Vice President for Malco Township.

John Godfrey, Vice President for Weymouth Township.

Robt. Everett, Vice President for Atlantic City.

T. P. Waters, M. D. Secretary.

Richard Smith, Treasurer.

Board of Managers.

Lemuel O'Connor,

Daniel McGooglie,

D. B. Snow,

Josh Booy,

Hon. Wm. Moore.

Moved and seconded, that the proceedings of the Convention be published in the South Jersey Republican, carried unanimously.

T. P. Waters, M. D. Sec.

Miscellaneous.

"THE WOODEN END OF THE BOARD."—Gen. Banks, in a recent speech delivered at Washington in favor of negro suffrage, told this anecdote:

"When I was younger than I am now, in the State of New Hampshire, at the town of Nashua, where I obtained my education at a University with a belfry at the top and a water wheel under the lower stages (laughter,) looking out with my fellow students, upon the smooth and glassy surface of the Merrimac river, that stream of perpetual beauty and perpetual life, saw a colored boy intimately known to me, upon the surface, engaged in the pleasant exercise of skating, for it was winter. While we looked upon the beautiful Merrimac, the little negro boy went in. You may never have seen a negro under such circumstances. (Laughter.)

"We went down to him with all the speed possible. Going out to the middle of the river, we took up a plank and handed it to the negro boy, he grasped it with as much alacrity as any one of them will take a ballot when we give it to him. Just as we had got him out of the hole into which he had fallen, he fell off the plank and went in again. The second time he came up he wore an expression I shall never forget. You may never have seen a negro under such circumstances. (Laughter.)

"He was speechless, his emotions suppressed all rhetoric; he did not indulge in any eloquence at all. He grasped the plank this time not with alacrity but with ferocity, and we brought him again to the surface. We thought he was a negro saved from the jaws of death; but off the plank he slipped and went down. You may never have seen a negro under such circumstances. (Laughter.) We handed him the plank again, but he did not touch it this time. You may never have seen a negro refuse a plank under such circumstances. (Laughter.) He addressed us a speech, and I never heard a speech that contained so much touching eloquence as was embodied in that little negro's speech. Please give this nigger de wooden end ob dat board. (Laughter.) You see the end we had given him was the icy end. It was the same icy end that the Southern people have been holding out to him for two hundred years. He was entirely satisfied that the wooden end was the best.

"Now, sir, what we propose for the negro in this country is, to give him the wooden end of the board. He has had the icy end for more than two centuries. The desolation of more than moral retribution has come upon the men who extended to him the icy end of the board. He will rejoice from that act of justice the same joy which the little negro experienced. (Great applause.)

WHIPPING YOUNG LADIES.—A very curious discussion is going on in the columns of a London periodical, called the "Queen," on the subject of whipping young ladies in English schools. A correspondent of that paper wrote to inquire of the editors if it is true that young ladies are thus "birched," the same as boys. This brought out a number of letters, in which it appears that the practice does prevail in many of the most fashionable boarding schools for girls, and that the girls are "birched" in a degrading style, sometimes in their rooms and sometimes before the whole school. The particulars would hardly bear repetition in these columns. A culprit who is to be punished in this way is also made to pay for it in money; she has to pay for the "rod," she has to pay the servant who robs her for punishment, she has to pay the governess who whips her, and then, when it is all over, she is compelled to kiss the rod and thank her tormentors. Young ladies of the aristocratic classes, sixteen and seventeen years old, have recently gone through this degradation, and the facts are vouched for by the names of their relatives. It would seem to be incredible, but there is no room for doubt about it. This is the civilization of our English ladies, who are so much shocked by the imaginary barbarism of American society. (Laughter.)

That was not an empty remark of the old woman from the country who, while on a visit to her city daughter, saw a waterfall for the first time. "What do you call that great stuffed bag, Mary?" "That's a waterfall, ma." "It looks more like a land-slide."

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 219

State Appellate
Commissioner
Salem, Mass.
Walter E. Gurnea
Boston, Mass.
Wife and only
child deceased.
Indolently Deceased. Gurnea
resides in Salem,
Mass.
\$7,500.
JAMES W. HARTING
Salem, Mass.
Wife deceased. No
children. He has
been a member of the
Salem Chamber of
Commerce for many
years.
D.
SUNDROG,
Salem, Mass.
Wife, about 18, still
expected to attend to
father's home, or at
least, will be promptly
married.
All visits within a
few hours of
Salem, Mass.
SUNDROG,
Salem, Mass.
Wife, about 18, still
expected to attend to
father's home, or at
least, will be promptly
married.
All visits within a
few hours of
Salem, Mass.

[illegible]

(7) **James M. Thompson**, Secretary of the
his career standing
was established by Thomas
above such an
the line of
self-claim. Above
any corner of a
corner, it is
above such a
great big
himself
the several
of beginning.
Constitutional
the
forward trial of
night-tight
Jediah W. Moore
of Indiana W. Moore
bank of
and to be sold by
ANDERSON.
Shore.

[illegible]
