

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. It is a remedy for the entire Western and Southern country to bear his 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 Scrophulous affections—the King of Blood Purifiers.

DR. JOHN BULL'S VEGETABLE WORK 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.

Philadelphia Office, 531 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John wrote the Gospel, to show how Jesus redeemed, and would save us from woe. How he set up His kingdom, we next have the facts narrated by Luke, in the book called the Acts. Then, next to Acts—Romans—an epistle of Paul. To prove that the Gospel is meant for us all. First and second Corinthians—then—make it appear. Paul wrote God's own words: so sublime! yet so clear!

Next—Galatians—reveals what no one inherits Salvation by grace: and not through our own merits. Ephesians—as the glad strain to prolong—Then breaks forth exultant in rapturous song! Philippians—Colossians—both, echoing the strain: With Thessalonians, first, second—Gospel doctrines explain. When in Timothy, first, second—if the Clergy will search, They will find—as in Titus—how to govern God's church.

Next, in Philemon—we see that a runaway slave, May when changed by grace become honored and brave. Then Hebrews—the last of Paul's letters sublime—Proves Christ to be God: and the Gospel Divine.

Now let us should think we have nothing to do, Since we're saved by grace—next James comes in view: To teach us that grace, living power doth impart, To make us more active and loving of heart. Then Peter, first, second—like a voice from the skies—Bid us gird up our strength and push on for the prize: Not with strife and with envy, but with meekness and love: As John, in three letters—and Jude—do next prove. And show through the visions Revelation last shows. A bright world awaiting our race at its close.

Not the Only Instance.

MR. EDITOR:—I see in the last issue of the REPUBLICAN that you have the same trouble near the Station that I have, far away—namely, that of disputed lines or boundaries. Your correspondent says that in certain locations all the surveys have led to confusion. The lines, not the surveys, are causing or making a good deal of bad feeling around me. I think, here, it is from want of some better occupation, something to make them useful. The memory of my old Sunday school days are reviewed, where I learned old Dr. Watts' lines:

"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

I think the idea is still correct, judging from what I see. How I do wish Spring, and with it fair weather, would come, so that better work might be found for the hangers-on.

I can assure you, Mr. Editor, it is no light matter to have a neighbor shake his fist at me, in the threatening attitude of madness, and command me to obey his dictation! I have not yet learned to obey such commands; and in that, I may say, I am a little obstinate.

Now sir, it is a little singular, that men can be so kind to their own shortcomings. This same neighbor has been trespassing on these premises for the last 38 years; hunting, traveling, making use of it for storage, etc., and now that I am moving up to what he (they—these are more than one of them) call the line, I am ordered off, and told not to go onto their property, notwithstanding (they) be had given me his consent to do so. I find sir, it is not for want of correct lines, so much as a correct line of action! I have, south of me, lines in dispute, which the disputers have had surveyed, and stakes can be shown any five minutes in the day. Still, they want to wrangle about them.

Now sir, this I will say; if I had called in a surveyor, and he had fixed a correct line (which has not been called in question), I would abide by it, let the cost be what it might. No ringing, no meanness, should prevent my accepting the result. I, of course ought, and would, call it binding. Now, while all this bad feeling is being worked up, the front and rear starting point is clear in view, and yet, they want to be in hot water about it; yes, insist on it.

For the Publican.

Down among the pines in Jersey, 1884. &c.
MR. PRINTER:—More than a right smart ago I seed a kumunkation in your exalted paper from these parts, at least dat d hereaway. It had a sort of muchness of a good many things; as the yankees say &c.

How I shall make out on his track a follein him, is in the far distant present. As you tipe seters say "we," when you want to count in yourselves and prospective "olive plants," as the good book calls the younguns of nice people; (don't spect it means such ungodly old sinners, as them as was tried for remating, over in Cumberland not so long ago.) But such as are said to belong to you; and your friend has, who rites this ere piece: as I was about to remark, whether we can give a sin opis of all the transpirances since that chap, (for I guess the riter wore trousers), writ you.

Suppose I best take 1 thing at a time. That presiding elder, who was so all-fired sharp as he thought, else he would not made a fool of himself, to go so strong for the man of such a necessary name to every well regulated farmers kitchen; (that name they call her, if she is ditch,

who raises the "inions" and such like) all because he belonged like your honor and himself to the same party; as yours most graciously, helped to organise—Now that same poltisher who eyed it so faithfully for offis, is a friend of mine. What I want to no is, where is that jewel of consistency gone to;—if a man cant or wont stick to his principles, and talk to that fine old spinner, POLLY TICKS, right at her place, as he talks about her, when he lectures agin that imp of hell, Rum; when he attempts to speak to the Great Spirit:—I guess his prayers dont get right high, only high enough for the sinners in the congregation to here; else they wouldnt disremember so much, or all of the good, and retain the foolish or anti-jewell part. If a man makes wire sives fine enough to catch all who can count a bland, or punish a tody, his friends who know, or at least pretend to have lots of book and religious learning, need not make themselves, know nothings, to help the rumies elect their man—so there—Is all now ill swear.

Then again there is them as pretend to be temperance; cause they were in bad odor in their party, and could not get offis they wanted, suddenly a light shone on their path.

I hear it was more of an amber than a clear white, at least him and the other one who tried to turn our folks town bottom upwards, to elect a high officer, (who is a friend,) was not on the right track, for by their efforts to get votes, some 25 votes were lost in one little township. As I liked the man, I con sold my feller feelings, over his defeat—with that old say, about the dog-pups, being in bad company. I wonder if that amber colored name, and the one whose name I cant now put down, sufficient to say co is always wrong, generally so considered, by those who know him best—suspect he has some who think well of him, I reckon the Divine is in the same fix.

One ought to suppose that evidence that would bind young criminals to courtin time; would be enough to get a bit from the Jury Grand; but it proved a fizzle, and is allowed, so said, in a non-confidence style, as agin the peace in justice. How can you reckon to keep the young americas out of scrapes, when those who who know of windows being done gon to pieces wont tell, cause they are afraid they will have to come before Judge Alfred, who is considered a nice man. Now would you blame the property owners for cussin those who thus silently, or by silence, call the little dibbles good enough to have sweat cake to eat—let along having the state to pay for it, specially when they can steal it.

How much better, Mr printer, (for we pincers think a man who has brass brains brains I mean, enough to get up a paper, must know right smart); than stealing, is it for a man who talks

preachin, to make no effort to pay for what his younguns have to eat. If I believed in toatin, and such a man as I knows, was to preach in favor of it—I mite go to hear him, so as to say I had seed him do it—but should want him to take the text: "Let him as steals, steal more"; and so his beloved be-thing could shout AMEN, when he aded; as I does.

Then finally, How you got over them bans, for one who is a meeting man and tries to ask the good Lord to save them as tangle their legs or full at the corner drug store, and the store where they sell calico, and wine, to make the colors fast.

Or again finally, What about them nice young girls, who chalk their countenances, so kisses of their tipling lovers will not stick—and still make lots of them when they call at paps house. The same remedy that applies to the small boy about rum and tobacco; the only safe way is, to let it and them alone—so should those who wish for an easy yoke with a feller say—no more of your company; so long as you think more of rum than of your dulcinea; say good by to him—and so say I to you.

as ever,
pine not.

Sealed Proposals.

Office of the Shipping Department, Fruit Growers' Union and Co-operative Society.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of C. P. Hill, on or before Saturday, March 22nd, 1884, at 2 p. m., for furnishing material and labor for the erection of a building on grounds Thirtieth and Washington streets, Hammonton, as follows:

(1st) To furnish, by the perch, forty-five perches, more or less, of good building stone, to be measured in the wall (22 cubic feet to constitute a perch). All the stone to be delivered on the ground on or before April 15th, 1884.

(2nd) The price per perch (of 22 cubic feet) for laying the same in a good and workmanlike manner, the walls and piers to be completed on or before the 25th of April, 1884.

(3rd) An estimate for the labor necessary for the erection of a frame building, size 48 by 84 feet, two stories high; to be finished complete by the first day of June, 1884.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of C. P. Hill on and after the 15th inst. The committee reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

Contracting parties to give bonds to the satisfaction of the committee, for the faithful performance of their contracts.

THOS. RUSSBY,
E. ADAMS,
H. G. NEWTON,
Hammonton, N. J., March 10, 1884.

Sale for Taxes of 1882.

Town of Hammonton.

Return of taxes laid on unimproved, and un-tenanted land, and on land tenanted by persons not the lawful proprietors, who are unable to pay taxes, and on other real estate, in the town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic for the year 1882.

List of delinquent taxes returned to the Town Council, Jan. 26, 1884, with description of property by block and lot, as laid down on the assessment map of the Town of Hammonton, which map is to be found at Town Clerk's office, also on file in the clerk's office of Atlantic County, at May's Landing, N. J.

Names.	Block No.	Lot	Acres	Tax.
Brown, L. W.	19	12 and 16	20	\$2.85
Cochran, Benj.	9	29	10	2.40
Croft, Matthew	17	—	10	.87
Glasdon Estate	13	Part of 65	14	1.51
Miller, Alfred	8	—	25	3.25
Page, Chas.	3	Part of 65	43	1.13
Vineyard, Wm.	19	33	100	9.50
Walker, Mrs. Sam.	1	49	20	1.50
Weymouth Farm	No. 835	1	464	20 2.25
Wharton, James	16	2	16	1.50

Interest, cost and back taxes, if any, will be made known at time of sale.

State of New Jersey, s. s.
Atlantic County.

Lewis Hoyt on his oath deposes that he was Collector of the Town of Hammonton for the year 1882, that the taxes accompanying this list have been assessed on the respective lands for the year 1882 are unpaid, that he had used every legal diligence for the Collection of the same, and returns said delinquent taxes to the Council of said town, as by law he is required to do.

(Signed) LEWIS HOYT, Collector.
Sworn and subscribed before
A. J. SMITH, Notary Public.
Jan. 8, A. D. 1884.

Pursuant to the act to facilitate the Collection of taxes in the Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic.

The Chairman of the Town Council will, on Tuesday, April 15th, 1884, at TWO O'CLOCK in the afternoon, at the TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE, sell the above described lands, tenements and hereditaments, taxed to the above named persons, or so much thereof as will be sufficient to pay the tax, interests and costs thereon.

Q. F. SEXTON,
President of Town Council.
Attest,
A. J. SMITH, Town Clerk.
Hammonton, Feb. 25, 1884.

Large Line of spring goods,

Prints,
Cambrics,
Foulards,
Cheviots,
Fichus,
Collars,
Handkerchiefs,
Etc., Etc.

Just Arrived

Stockwell's,

Bellevue, Avenue,
Hammonton, New Jersey,

Wm. Bernshouse, CONTRACTOR & BUILDER

[Of 32 years' Experience.]

Steam Saw and Planing Mill Lumber Yard.

Doors, Sash, Moldings,
and Scroll-work.
Window-Glass,
Odd sizes cut to order.
Lime, Cement, and
Calced Plaster.

Manufacturer of FRUIT PACKAGES Berry Chests CRATES

Cranberry and Peach
Old Sizes of Fruit Crates
made to order.

CEDAR SHINGLES

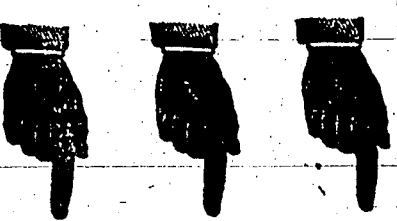
A Specialty—odd sizes cut to order.
Oak and Pine Wood for Sale,
Cut and Split to order.

A large quantity of Pine and Cedar
Cuttings, for Summer and kindling.
\$2.50 per cord. CEDAR PICKETS
five and a-half feet long, for chicken
yard fence.

Two first-class two-horse
wagons for sale.

PATENTS

BEHN & CO. of the PATENT OFFICE, con-
tinue to act as Solicitors for Patents in
Great Britain, France, Germany, etc. and
in the United States. They have a long
experience in the preparation of
specifications and drawings, and in
the prosecution of applications for
patents. They also act as Agents for
the sale of Patents. Address: 11, Abchurch
Lane, London, E.C. 4, and 31, Broadway,
New York.



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

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From those who feel three-fourths of the
time afflicted with these troubles. These
symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of
Appetite, Bowels constipated, Black
stools, fullness after eating, aversion to
exercise of body, or mental exertion,
of food, Irritability of temper, Low
spirits, A feeling of having neglected
some duty, Bloating of the bowels, and
the face before the eyes, highly colored
urine, CONSTIPATION, and de-
mand the use of a remedy that acts directly
on the liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S
PILLS have no equal. Their action on the
Kidneys and Skin is also prompt, removing
all impurities through the three excre-
tory organs of the system, producing
splendid, firm, 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.

THE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.
"I have had Dyspepsia with Constipa-
tion, two years, and have tried ten different
kinds of pills, and TUTT'S are the first
that have done me any good. They have
cleansed me out nicely. My appetite is
splendid, food digests readily, and I now
have natural passages. I feel like a new
man." W. D. EDWARDS, Palmyra, N. Y.
Sole Importers, 255, Office, 44 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed in-
stantly to a Glossy Black by a single ap-
plication 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.

DISCONTENT.

One was in love with the harbor;
One was in love with the sea.
The one that loved the harbor
The grinds of fate outside,
But the other, the sea,
Forever against the shore.
The one that roils on the river,
In the shadow of fear and tree,
With water eyes looks over
To the safe far out at sea.
To one that rides the billow,
The moon sailing fair and free,
Looks back to the peaceful river,
To the harbor safe and sweet.
One frets against the quiet
Of the moon-grown shaded shore,
O'er sighs that it is quiet,
That harbor nevermore.
One wears of the dangers
Of the tempest's rage and wall;
One dreams, and the lilies,
Of a far-off spawny sail.
Of all that life can teach us
There's naught so true as this:
The winds of fate blow ever,
But ever blow amiss.

A MOTHER'S REMORSE.

A girl sat just outside the kitchen door of the old Stonybrook farm upon a lovely spring day. The air was soft and wooing, and it lifted the yellow curls that clustered around her white brow caressingly. The songs of birds could be heard in the fields that stretched far away clothed in their new dress of emerald, started thickly near and there with the golden-eyed daisies and buttercups. But Phyllis Trevor never heeded these beauties that surrounded her. Her head was drooped low over the potatoes she was turning, and from time to time the golden head was lifted, when one could see that her mournful-looking brown eyes were swimming in tears. Then she would raise her hand quickly to brush them away, with a suppressed sigh glancing into the kitchen, where a tall, hard-featured woman was going to and fro between the wash-tub and the boiler on the stove.

As Mrs. Trevor went backward and forward she cast dark glances at the figure sitting, clad in an old print dress, so silent and yet so busily working at the potatoes. It was evident that the mother was in a spiteful humor and wanted some one to vent it upon; so at last she stopped in her progress across the stove, and placing her arms "akimbo," she delivered the following in a complaining, high-strung voice:

"Phyllis Trevor! I would be ashamed to ask you to sit there like the lazy hulk you are growing to be, and me a-washing here like a Trojan, I never have to sit down when I peel potatoes; I have never time, but you, forsooth! You are too much a lady of leisure to go about your work as your mother has to. You must take care of your own ease! And there, Phyllis Trevor, you've spilled that dirty water all over you! I would be ashamed to be such a baby as you show yourself when a body happens to speak a crooked word to you—crying—a great baby like you, 18 years old!

All the morning since she had risen at 3 o'clock with violent headache, in order to milk the cows, she had heard nothing but a running stream of complaints and family of eight children, and all of them, except herself, boys, it seemed as if Mrs. Trevor never could get over the disappointment she felt at her eldest child's advent into the world because she was not a boy. "Girls isn't worth their keep," she complained to the neighbors, when they admired the delicate, white bit of humanity that lay, almost neglected, all day long in the rocker beside the kitchen window, never crying nor making the usual "coo-coo" of babies, in general, but lying quiet, gazing at the objects around it, and in pulling at the bottle of milk which lay beside it. It seemed as if the child knew it was not wanted by its mother, for it never stretched out its puny arms to her to be taken, but merely smiled and jump whenever its father came near, for the patient, good-natured farmer loved the child more than all the boys in the world put together.

But he could not shield her from her mother's fault-finding during the day, for then he was absent in the fields, and she grew up in her delicate beauty, and other babies came, she was made a slave to their every whim, and made to carry them about in her thin arms until her back ached painfully, and her head and heart ached.

Phyllis arose, now still trembling nervously under the undesired reprimand, and without returning a word, continued peeling the potatoes in a standing position; her silence only inflamed her mother's wrath.

"You think to aggravate me by your fine lady airs, do you? I'll teach you to answer me when I speak to you. You shall not sit and step to the Sunday-school picnic to-morrow; and you will stay to home and keep house while your brothers and I go, you hateful stubborn thing!" Now, this picnic was a pleasure upon which the girl had set her

heart. She had few pleasures in her young life, and her father had bought her a new dress and promised her that she would have one pleasant day at least. And now it was all spoiled. She said, some tears silently, but did not answer. Phyllis never rebelled openly; hers was one of those gentle, sensitive natures which are easily hurt, but never complain. While her mother's angry voice was still raised high, the doorway was suddenly shadowed. Both the women looked up; it was Mr. Trevor, who had returned from the fields, and he stood, gazing upon the dark face of his scolding wife. There was an expression about his gray eyes and his usually kindly mouth which was new to them; an angry, determined look. He had been in time to hear her declaration Phyllis should not go to the picnic, and this rest of her reproaches. He remained silent for a moment; at last he exclaimed:

"What! Scolding Phyllis again? You never give that girl a pleasant word, mother! She works hard for any little pleasure she gets, and you never give her any credit for it. I say she shall go to the picnic to-morrow!" and a still more determined look wreathed itself around his lips, giving to his pleasant features a harsh expression. Hitherto his wife's word had been law in the house; never had he, weak man that he was, dared to interfere with her decisions, and now she was taken by surprise. She stared, open-mouthed, at the impudence of her spouse, and took away her breath for a minute. At last, however, she found her tongue and broke forth, her black eyes snapping with anger:

"And I say she shall! Do you hear, Bill Trevor? I say she shall!" she cried, shaking her tiny fist at her husband's nose. He stood there calmly. "She shall!" he said composedly, growing more cool and determined as his wife waxed more excited. "Phyllis is 18 years of age, and old enough to have some voice in such matters herself. She is not a baby now, to be ordered about and sent to the Sunday-school upon the pleasure of the boys, whose slave you have made her."

He delivered this with folded arms, looking right into the exasperated woman's blazing eyes. She almost went into a fit, she was so angry. Her face grew livid as she shrieked out:

"If she goes, she'll never dare to call me mother again! I'll never speak one word to her till the day of my death! How dare you come in here interfering? Your place is in the fields!"

"My place is beside my daughter, since she is to be put upon in this manner. And as to your not speaking to her, I guess it won't be great loss for while you are weak, it is to be said, and with this shot the farmer walked out of the house and back to his work, leaving the woman foaming with rage, which she poured out in torrents upon the defenseless Phyllis, who, trembling and with streaming eyes, went about preparing dinner.

The morning of the picnic rose bright and glorious; and when Phyllis looked forth upon it from her chamber window, she almost forgot the unpleasantness of yesterday in the anticipated pleasure before her. The broad, sloping fields that surrounded her father's farm lay cool and green in the early morning, with dark, pleasant shadows underneath the grand old hemlocks. The sun was just gilding the tops of these trees, the birds among their boughs were twittering, and far away in "the purpling distance the woods showed dark against the cloudless sky."

All that afternoon poor Phyllis had to suffer and her eyes were red and swollen when her father came in to supper. He stroked her hair with a loving smile when Mrs. Trevor was out of the room, saying, with tenderness in his voice and eyes:

"Has she been tormenting you again, Phyl? But don't cry, dearie, and spoil your pretty eyes for to-morrow, for you are going to wear your pink dress, which matches the faint roses in these cleeks so well, and go to the picnic as gay as any of them!" and the kindly man sat down to his evening meal with a face as tranquil as though nothing had occurred during the day to disturb its serenity.

Her husband paused and looked back, with his hand on the latch of the door. "Not going?" he echoed. "Why not, mother?" Mrs. Trevor looked up with an angry toss of her head. "If you are a goin' to encourage Phyllis to go when I said she should not, then I won't!" she said, emphasizing her words by a decided nod.

"Very well. As you please, Helen, I presume you will not prevent the boys from going!" They can go, or not for all I care!" she returned, angry that he did not seem put out at her refusal to go.

"Very well. Go and get ready, boys; I will have the wagon at the door soon, which was new to them; an angry, determined look. He had been in time to hear her declaration Phyllis should not go to the picnic, and this rest of her reproaches. He remained silent for a moment; at last he exclaimed:

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stood until she came to an old log which lay felled across her path, and here she sat down, resting her aching head against the trunk of a tree.

"Oh, can it be true, can it be true, that she wishes I never had been born? That she does not love me? Mother, mother, you were always stern to me, but I never dreamed this!" she moaned, hiding her face in her hand and sobbing convulsively. The violence of her grief at length exhausted itself, and her hands fell from her tear-stained face, her head dropped—she was fast asleep. How long she lay there she never knew. When she awoke it was with a violent start of terror. The woods reverberated with peals of thunder. She started up, at that instant a flash of lightning almost blinded her, and was succeeded by another peal of thunder. The rain came down in torrents and drenched her to the skin.

A great tree, another peal, and another tree, the very ones against which she had been leaning, cracked, groaned, and then, before the terrified girl could make an effort to escape, it fell forward, bearing her frail young figure before it. She had not time to cry out, even. There she lay in all her innocent beauty, crushed like a bud before its time.

When, after the storm had spent itself, some of the pleasure seekers came to search for the missing girl, they almost stumbled across the body, which lay crushed beneath the giant tree. Her sweet face was turned upward, and her great dark eyes, now glazed and fixed in death, were wide open, with a look of despair and horror frozen in them. The men raised the trunk of the tree with logs for levers, and, lifted the body from its place among the fallen leaves and branches and carried it, with its wet golden hair and waxen face, to a wagon, where the young Trevors waited with averted, frightened faces and they drove gently home with their silent burden.

Three days afterward a funeral took its solemn way from Stonybrook farm to the little church which stood in the midst of the weeping-willows. Mr. Trevor came very near being killed by the shock of his favorite child's death, and his wife—? For a while she also became insane with remorse and grief; she found when too late that her child was dead to her; she has never been the same woman since, and in her bent form and snow-white hair it is hard to recognize the Mrs. Trevor of other days. The country people for miles around know the story and pity the anguished woman, but they know not what a terrible thing it is that mother's remorse.

The Formal Call.

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Normal and Model Schools,
TRENTON.
Fall Term will commence
Monday, Sept. 17th, 1883.

TOTAL COST for Board, Tuition, Books, etc., at the Normal School, \$154 for Ladies, and \$160 for Gentlemen; at the Model School, \$220 per year. The Model School offers to both young Ladies and Gentlemen superior advantages in all its departments viz., Mathematical, Classical, Commercial, Musical, Drawing, and in Belles Lettres. For Catalogue containing full particulars, address

W. HASBROUCK,
Principal, Trenton, N. J.

Pure Indian Tea.

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

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

We have found it equal in every way to the statements contained in his personal guarantee which is placed over his initials upon every cask sold, and we can personally recommend a pure, unadulterated black tea of a high quality which meets all that has been claimed for its introduction, Mr. Hollinsworth, now of

SIGNED:
Mason, ex-Mayor, T. W. Brindwood,
el Gage, Rev. Jas. Walden,
F. Ladd, W. Herbert Crozier,
J. T. Craven, Alexander Smith,
C. Beckwith, U. S. N. J. H. Cunningham,
Oliver D. Graves, W. G. Worden. [ham.
(and many others.)

This tea is sold at a fixed price, the quality 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. Ho-n. Post Office.
" I. G. Newton. Auction Rooms.
South Vineland, William Russell.
Bridgeton, C. Corry, Confectionery, Com merce Street.
Millville, J. W. Newlin.
Newfield, Post Office.
Winnow, W. Riemer.
Hammon-ton, W. Rutherford.

A Few Facts Concerning the 4 C's, or

TRENTON Business College.

It has the most practical and complete course of study. It omits nothing necessary to a thorough business education, yet can be accomplished in a remarkably short space of time. It has novel and original methods of teaching, which are attended by astonishing results. The student is interested from the start, and never fails to make satisfactory progress. It has the largest 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 liveliest, most thorough and complete institution in the country. It has been established 18 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, or L. B. C. A., with reciprocal scholarships, etc., all the advantages of intercommunication so indispensable to a course of modern business training. No person contemplating a course at a Business College, or desiring a practical education, can afford to decide upon a school without investigating the claims of it. Special accommodations for ladies. Fall Session begins September 3d. A handsome Illustrated Catalogue and College Paper sent on application to

A. J. RIDER, Principal C. C. C. C.,
Trenton, N. J.

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. F. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"On E. 5th St., New York, May 15, 1882. MRS. J. C. AYER & Co., Gentlemen: Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and asthmatic cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use for some years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were stayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until I am now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good."

Yours respectfully,
F. P. WILDS.

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all Scrofulous Diseases; Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

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The Trenton Times for 1884.

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Camden & Atlantic Railroad

Feb. 9th, 1884.
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	6 20
Camden.....	9 13	9 33	5 40	10 15	6 10
Penna. R.R. Junction.....	9 08	9 28	5 31	10 10	6 02
Haddonfield.....	8 51	9 11	5 18	9 59	5 53
Berlin.....	8 30	8 50	5 02	9 38	5 32
Atco.....	8 24	8 44	4 52	9 30	5 25
Waterford.....	8 16	8 36	4 44	9 11	5 16
Winslow.....	8 07	8 27	4 34	9 02	5 06
Hammon-ton.....	8 00	8 20	4 26	8 54	4 58
Elwood.....	7 55	8 15	4 18	8 49	4 53
Da Costa.....	7 47	8 07	4 10	8 41	4 45
Egg Harbor City.....	7 30	7 50	4 04	8 24	4 38
Absecon.....	7 19	7 39	3 53	8 09	4 15
Atlantic City.....	7 05	7 25	3 38	7 55	4 00

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac.	Mail	Exp.	Su. Ac.	Su. Ac.
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Philadelphia.....	4 30	8 00	3 30	8 00	4 00
Camden.....	4 40	8 10	3 40	8 12	4 10
Penna. R.R. Junction.....	4 58	8 28	3 58	8 30	4 20
Haddonfield.....	5 25	8 51	4 25	8 56	4 56
Berlin.....	5 25	8 59	4 25	9 01	5 03
Atco.....	5 38	9 07	4 38	9 10	5 15
Waterford.....	5 42	9 18	4 42	9 21	5 28
Winslow.....	5 49	9 25	4 49	9 28	5 35
Hammon-ton.....	5 53	9 29	4 53	9 32	5 40
Elwood.....	6 01	9 37	5 01	9 42	5 49
Da Costa.....	6 10	9 45	5 10	9 52	5 58
Egg Harbor City.....	6 30	10 07	5 30	10 12	6 18
Absecon.....	6 40	10 20	5 40	10 25	6 30
Atlantic City.....					

Camden & Atlantic Railroad

On and after Feb. 28th, 1884.
Trains will leave as follows for ATLANTIC: From Vine and Shackamaxon St. Ferries.—Express on week-days, 3:30 p.m.—Parlor Cars on Saturdays.
Accommodation Train will leave above ferries week days at 8:05 am and 4:30 pm. Sunday at 8:00 am parlor car, and 4:00 pm.

LOCAL TRAINS.

For Haddonfield from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 7:00, 8:00, 10:00 and 11:00 am., 12:30 m., 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 am. 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, 8:30, 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 Hammon-ton from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8:00, 11 am, 3:30, 4:30, 6:00 pm. Sundays, 5:00 am, 4:00 pm. Saturdays only, from foot of Market St., 11:30 pm.
For Marlton, Medford, Mt. Holly and intermediate stations, leave foot of Market Street, week days, 7:30 am, 3:00 and 5:00 pm. Sundays, 9:30 am, 5:30 pm. From Vine St. and Shackamaxon ferries, 10:00 am. week-days.
For Willamstown, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8:00 am, 12:30 m, and 4:30 pm.
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Superintendent. Gen. Pass. Agt.

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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 grounds.

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Any information cheerfully given by the officers 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 40	8 20	4 00	8 00	4 00
Camden.....	4 50	8 30	4 10	8 10	4 10
Williamstown Junction.....	5 00	8 40	4 20	8 20	4 20
Da Costa.....	5 10	8 50	4 30	8 30	4 30
Winslow.....	5 20	9 00	4 40	8 40	4 40
Hammon-ton.....	5 30	9 10	4 50	8 50	4 50
Elwood.....	5 40	9 20	5 00	9 00	5 00
Da Costa.....	5 50	9 30	5 10	9 10	5 10
Egg Harbor City.....	6 00	9 40	5 20	9 20	5 20
Absecon.....	6 10	9 50	5 30	9 30	5 30
Atlantic City, Ar.....	6 20	10 00	5 40	9 40	5 40

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac.	Exp.	Mail	Su. Ac.	Su. Ac.
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Atlantic City.....	6 00	10 40	4 00	4 00	
Pleasantville.....	6 10	11 10	4 10	4 10	
Egg Harbor.....	6 20	11 40	4 20	4 20	
Elwood.....	6 30	12 10	4 30	4 30	
Camden.....	6 40	12 20	4 40	4 40	
Hammon-ton.....	6 50	12 30	4 50	4 50	
Winslow.....	7 00	12 40	5 00	5 00	
Ocean Brook.....	7 10	12 50	5 10	5 10	
Williamstown Junction.....	7 20	1 00	5 20	5 20	
Da Costa.....	7 30	1 10	5 30	5 30	
Oakland.....	7 40	1 20	5 40	5 40	
Philadelphia.....	7 50	1 30	5 50	5 50	

The Express leaves foot of Walnut St., Philadelphia, at 4:00 P. M., reaches Hammon-ton at 6:30, Pleasantville at 5:47, Atlantic City at 6:00. Going up, leaves Atlantic at 7:30 A. M., Pleasantville at 7:44, Elwood 8:13, Hammon-ton 8:23, reaches Philadelphia at 9:30.

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