

Haunted Lives.

Faces may smile though the hearts may be aching.

Prose may be sad, though the looks may be merry.

Joy may be a while, while grief is awake.

All this we feel is not shown to the world.

Lives may seem bright, that are haunted by sorrow.

Lips that are gay may be saddest of all.

Brightly for some may dawn promise of morn.

While others rest 'neath the shadows' dark trail.

Haunted forever by passions that rend, Ne'er to be free from their clutch to the end.

Bowed to the earth by the weight of their griefs.

Hopes and hopes these poor haunted lives.

Words that are lightest may bring brightest thinking.

Though their surroundings be somber and sad.

Thoughts that are tender, and lovely, and abiding.

Call back perhaps loving days that were glad.

Yet through the gladness, the pain, and the pleasure.

Come there a mournful and constant refrain—

Where is the gladness we hail without pain?

Where is the life that is lived without pain?

Haunted forever by passions that rend, Ne'er to be free from their clutch to the end.

Bowed to the earth by the weight of their griefs.

Hopes and hopes these poor haunted lives.

SAM'S BOY.

Slit, mister?"

Something in that voice, perhaps the plaintive, appealing tone, of the just perceptible tremble, caught the attention of Kezziah Hicks, the crusty, cross, crabbed old store-keeper and farmer from the Cross Roads, up on Fessum Ridge, and caused him to stop and look down on the little mite of humanity who had addressed him. He saw before him a face, though pinched and lined, still retaining the freshness and innocence of childhood, while the large, brown eyes that looked so steadily into his own recalled memories of the almost forgotten past.

"I don't keep 'em to do 'em a little," Kezziah said, and there was a softness and tenderness in his voice that sounded strange to his own ears.

Down went the little kid on the hard pavement, and down went the little bookbinder on his knees. As the little fellow rubbed and worked patiently at the great rough book, Kezziah watched him with interest, and his thoughts drifted back into the shadows of the past and dwelt on scenes and incidents of the years that had gone by. To his mind there came a picture, the face and form of a little boy with laughing, dancing brown eyes and rosy cheeks. A little head wreathed with curls, and a pair of lips wearing a smile like a ray of light struggling from Heaven. Then came the sound of a childish voice in happy laughter, heard but dimly at first, but growing stronger and more distinct until he recognized it. Then came another picture—a young man with eyes clear, frank, honest and affectionate, and in their gleam he saw reflected a soul of love and gentleness. Then he saw a cloud settle over the picture, and when it had passed he saw the face of his boy, but oh! so sadly altered. The cheeks were thin and pinched, and the dark eyes were sorrowful.

"My poor, my poor lost boy," he murmured.

The little bookbinder looked up and saw the old man draw his rough coat-sleeve across his eyes. He put his box and brush away and came forward, when the old man laid his hand on his head saying:

"Before you go tell me your name."

"Joe," the boy replied.

"What else?" Kezziah asked.

"That's all I know."

A shade of disappointment passed over the aged face.

"Have you no friends, no father or mother?"

The boy shook his head.

"Where do you live, then?" the old man went on.

"Just anywhere. Sometimes I go to the homes," an' sometimes I sleep in boxes and stairways."

For a minute they were both silent. Then the boy said:

"Please pay me and let me go."

"Wait a bit," Kezziah said.

"Wouldn't you like to have a home and friends, an' a place to stay all the time? I need a boy like you on the farm, an' if you can't get any more work to do, an' you'll have warm clothes an' plenty to eat, an' a good warm bed to sleep in."

"Then you can have about gathering apples out of the orchard, and can ride the horses and every thing like that. Don't you want to go along with me?"

"It must be nice," the boy said, reflectively.

"Of course it is," the old man replied. "At least it is a great deal nicer than this sort of life. If you don't don't like it, I'll fetch you back."

Joe assented after that, and a little later he and Kezziah drove away toward the old farm. They rode in silence, and as the horses pulled the creaking old wagon along the narrow lanes, up and down the rugged hills, Joe was busy seeing and enjoying the great open country, with its fields of growing crops, and the big blue grass pastures, and meadows of red clover all in bloom. To his young mind a new world was being opened, a grandly beautiful world, and he doubt he sometimes felt that he must spring out and scamper off over the soft grass and down into the deep, shadowy forest

where the happy birds were singing and the squirrels were basking. The shining sun was glinting the dust on hills with gold and purple, while from far away came the rustic song of some happy farmer trucking home in the glow of his day's labor. The boy had never had the boy seen any thing like it, and he feared to speak lest he disturb the enchanted scene and the marvelous beauties that lay away.

Kezziah saw nothing of the things about him, for his mind had wandered back to the days long passed, and again he was living over the times when his boy was with him, and as he recalled the time when he drove his son out of his home and life, and remembered his harsh words, his heart grew heavy and a sigh escaped him, and again he drew his rough coat-sleeve across his eyes.

Just as the twilight was deepening and the night birds began their mournful cry, the old horses stopped in front of the farm house at the cross roads, and Kezziah awoke to his surroundings.

"Here we are, Joe," he said, very kindly. "Climb down an' come out with Mandy," he said to his wife, "this little fellow I picked up down to the city an' brought along with me, seem' he hasn't got no friends nor home."

Amama opened her eyes in wonder, for it was the first time she had ever heard Kezziah talk that way. He was the quiet, the cross, gruff old man who had been all these past years, and his voice was so gentle and soft. Kezziah saw her astonishment and understood the cause, and to hide his own confusion, he said:

"Give us some supper, Mandy, for I guess the boy's hungry."

Amama, kind-hearted, generous, patient soul, needed no urging to comply with her husband's request, nor did Joe need any dressing when Kezziah said:

"Come, fall to an' eat a bit."

That night after Joe had been snugly tucked away in the soft bed upstairs, Amama came and sat with Kezziah on the long porch. For a long time they sat thus and gazed silently out into the night, each busy with thoughts, half sad, half sweet. At last, with a sigh, Kezziah turned and laying his hand on Amama's arm, said:

"Mandy, don't you think he's like him? The little fellow up there, don't you think he's like Sam was when he was a little boy?"

"Yes, he reminds me of Sam," Amama said, and her voice trembled and grew husky. "I've been thinkin' of poor Sammy ever since that boy came. He's so like him."

"Mandy," Kezziah went on in a low tone, "there's something about that boy that I can't understand. I don't know why it was, but when I heard his voice and saw his face, it was as if I had seen him. I was sure I was thinking of our own boy, an' somehow I felt drawn to the little fellow, an' it seemed as if I wanted to do something for him. I've been thinkin' of him all what happened back there, an' I feel how wrong I was in driving Sam away because he hadn't my way of thinkin', an' didn't marry as I wanted him to. I've made life a burden to you, an' made people hate me by bein' so cross and selfish, an' besides I've been miserable myself. I never see it so till to-day, an' somehow that boy's touched my heart an' thawed the ice out o' my nature. I see it all now, an' I'd give every thing to have Sam back, an' have him all to me over again."

Amama arose, and going softly up the stairs came to Sam's little room. Bending over the sleeping boy she scanned his features well.

"It is so like Sammie," she thought, "so like he used to be when I came of nights to look at him when he slept."

Then noticing a string about his neck, she pulled it gently and a little locket came from his bosom.

"That is it," she gasped, and springing the lid, she held it down close to the dim light and read:

"God is my friend. He will protect and keep me."

After awhile Amama came back, and going up to Kezziah she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"He is Sam's boy, Kezziah," she said. "I know it by this," and she held out the locket.

Kezziah raised his head from his hands, and for a moment gazed at his wife in silence.

"He is Sam's boy," Amama repeated.

"Sam's boy," Kezziah said, "our Sam's boy, an' I left without friends or home. I've been a brute, Mandy, not to hear. But it shall be different now, an' I'll make up to the boy what I ought to have done for Sammy."

From this day Kezziah was a changed man, and people often wondered at it. Though he could not allow to be seen with his wife, he was as kind and gentle as the sun, and his cruel treatment of his boy lived in his memory and haunted him. He could not but feel that his sorrow was sweetened with the knowledge of the good he was doing to Sam's boy.

Joe missed his chance to lead a happy life. Kezziah sometimes said, "by refusing kindness to them as needed it, but I am thankful that I came to see myself, and that it was too late to change my course and try to do something to amend my wrong ways. It's all owing to the little boy, an' I thank God for sending him to us."

Kezziah was never more the cross, harsh old man the children feared, but instead, he was their friend, and often Joe came to his store to talk with him, or to play with him in search of flowers.

A California association of trotting horse breeders has been organized at San Francisco with J. H. White, President; N. T. Smith, Treasurer, and Wilfred Pass Secretary.

The Way Silk is Made.

I wonder if the ladies who read this JOURNAL know how the silk is made, which is in their dresses. How busy they are in the great morn'g, and how the silk must go through before it is transformed into the silk fabric, of which we make our dresses.

The silk-moth (*bombyx mori*) which produces most of the silk of commerce, like nearly all other insects, undergoes around the world a long and a hard journey through four distinct stages of existence—egg, larva, pupa, and imago. The larva is the worm-like stage and may be called a "caterpillar." The pupa stage is that in which it wraps itself in a cocoon, or case, and remains apparently dead until new organs are developed, when it escapes a perfect winged insect, or imago.

The silk-moth is about an inch long, whitish, with brown stripes, and lays at the close of summer numerous eggs about the size of a pin's head. These eggs are of itself a great business. Each moth lays from 400 to 700 eggs. It takes 600,000 eggs to make a pound, and the cocoons of the silkworms are a natural heat; in others, artificial warmth is necessary. In obtaining eggs for breeding, the grower usually places the silkworms in a warm room, where they contentedly lay their eggs and die. The moth feeds chiefly upon the leaves of the mulberry-tree, but it can feed in whole or in part upon other leaves as those of the osage orange.

The tiny worm immediately after it is hatched feeds upon finely chopped mulberry leaves, and has to be fed and prepared by the careful grower. It grows rapidly and never attempts to move from its place until it is time to begin spinning. When it begins to spin, it comes out of its place and begins to spin. The silkworm is a creature of habit, and its head and looking about for a good sign of the silkworm. The silkworm has been furnished by the cocoon grower in arches of twigs or lattice-work. The worm carefully adjusts his body in the best position for the cocoon, and commences to throw the fluid that forms its outer coating. The material of the silk is a gummy secretion of two large glands along each side of the body, termed the "spinning glands." Under microscopic examination each fibre of the thread is found to be double, one strand coming from each spinning gland. The cocoon is formed by the silkworm spinning itself in tighter and tighter, the inner thread being the finer; he fixes his body in place with his hooked feet, and then spins the cocoon. The cocoon is a mass of fine threads, and is made of two layers, the outer being of a coarser material. The cocoon is made of two layers, the outer being of a coarser material. The cocoon is made of two layers, the outer being of a coarser material.

had underneath all her sweetness and gentleness a great deal of the spirit and pride of character, of which few believed her capable.

Allen loved Belle, though he loved himself a great deal more, and he felt that he was a great deal more than a competitor, though he had no realizing sense of the worth of the heart that it was his.

He trusted her, too, after his own fashion; but it was less faith in her than in his own sagacity, and because she had, as yet, given no cause for even his suspicious mind to doubt her truth and constancy.

Belle had, apparently, no thought or wish for any love or devotion save that to wish the best and legitimate claim, and she did this, not because she supposed he would have exacted it from her, but because it was her free choice to do so.

One morning, a few days after the above conversation, as Allen was walking along the street, he saw a horse and sleigh approaching, in which Belle was seated. The sleigh was driven by a stranger to him.

She did not see him, her face being turned from him and toward her companion, to whom she was talking with great animation.

Suddenly checking his horse, the strange gentleman spoke to a lad well-known to Allen.

The latter quickening his step, overtook him.

"Who is the man that just spoke to you?"

"Mr. Duval."

Allen waited for no more, but hurried home with a feeling of astonishment intermingled with displeasure in his heart, altogether very far from being agreeable.

Who was this man that was making an individual appropriation of his beauty? And what did she mean by such conduct? He would not go near her again until she had volunteered an explanation.

When evening came, too restless and ill at ease to carry out his programme, Allen sallied out on an investigating expedition.

On walking slowly by the house, on the other side, he saw that the parlor was lighted.

Belle evidently had company and it was a gentleman, as he could see by a shadow on the curtain.

As he was meditating whether he had best cross over and go in, the door opened and the gentleman he had seen in the morning came out, recognized him distinctly by the clear light of the moon.

Belle came with him to the door.

She placed both hands upon his shoulder, saying something to which he replied with a nod and a laugh.

Then stooping, he kissed her on the lips and ran lightly down the steps.

Allen went home in a state of mind that defied description. He had been so badly deceived, however, was the predominant feeling.

The next morning he took all Belle's letters, and the original of the golden hair, together with various other tender mementoes which lovers delight to cherish and keep of the one beloved, and doing this he wrote a letter, and directed them to her name.

He then quitted in his own mind whether he should send it or deliver it in person.

He finally decided that he would hand her the package himself, letting her know in a few brief, cutting words his knowledge of her perfidy, and then leave her to regret.

When he was shown into the parlor, he found on the sofa beside Belle the same gentleman he had seen the previous evening, which did not tend to weaken his resolution.

Belle did not look at all confused; there was a bright smile upon her face as she asked to meet him.

"Mr. Jarvis," she introduced to him Francis Duval."

Allen did not give her time to conclude her sentence.

"Thank you, Mr. Jarvis, I think I have seen the gentleman before on the door step last evening. I beg leave to congratulate both you and him, as there are as few as I can hold longer of any value to me, and which you may prefer, under the circumstances, to have in your own possession."

Without waiting for a reply, Allen placed the package in the hands of the astonished girl, and left the house.

He went out with the next morning, and was gone some months, going to various places, and mingling in the gayeties of many a festive scene, in the vain attempt to forget her who had taken a far stronger hold upon his heart than he had supposed. One day, as Allen was sauntering along Broadway, arm and arm with a friend, a gentleman he had seen in the morning, and was gone some months, going to various places, and mingling in the gayeties of many a festive scene, in the vain attempt to forget her who had taken a far stronger hold upon his heart than he had supposed. One day, as Allen was sauntering along Broadway, arm and arm with a friend, a gentleman he had seen in the morning, and was gone some months, going to various places, and mingling in the gayeties of many a festive scene, in the vain attempt to forget her who had taken a far stronger hold upon his heart than he had supposed. 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to the creditors of the said Marianne
Kelly to bring in their debts, demands,
and claims against the estate of the said
deceased, under oath, within nine months
from this date, or they will be forever
barred of any action therefor against the
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G. R. UNDERHILL,
J. E. WATKINS,
Executors.

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FROM ELWOOD.

Mr. Editor:—Thinking that you
dare presume that this place has, or is
about to go the way of all the earth, I
propose to give you two cent's worth to
the contrary. Some suddenly or other-
wise benevolent ones, took it into their
wonderfully originate brain, several
weeks ago, to form this place into a
borough. Some twenty-five turned out,
and it was voted to see what could be
done about it. At the last meeting a
committee was appointed to try to com-
plete the arrangement. Notices are up
for this evening, for a grand rally, it
may be called. The future will tell of
the wisdom of such folly. I predict
that if the project is carried, it will be
done by those who will have to pay lit-
tle or nothing towards it.

On Saturday evening, those long in
the "two made one," and those in pros-
pect of such an event, were reminded of
frequent festivities attending such occa-
sions, by the anniversary of the union of
our townsman J. N. Wunder and wife.
Several sent in their "I pray thee have
me excused," for various, etc., reasons.
For all that a goodly number were pre-
sent, and a very agreeable time was
enjoyed by all. Everything was in the
best of order and condition. The re-
freshments were ample and more than
abundant. The anniversary cake was a
splendid affair, especially the decora-
tions; and the interior was of corre-
sponding quality, as the two highest of-
ficials who attended to the dissecting and
distribution, also to the sampling, can
testify. The hostess and host were in
spirits, corresponding with the guests.
With kind regards and hopes of many
returns of the occasion to our enter-
tainers, at a seasonable hour the com-
pany bade them farewell.

For variety, we have an occasional
call at the Magistrate's office; but no
comparison to what is had in your little
town!

Suppose your people are beginning to
think of spring work. Seeing we are on
that track—being an inch and a half or
so, nearer sunrise—we expect to be
ahead. Well, we are capable of leading,
not having so many justices, doctors or
lawyers to look after.

To thee and thine, farewell,
Wednesday, April 25, '89.

If the Treasury Department collects
duty on all Canadian cars entering the
United States it will only do an act of
justice. Canada imposes duties on
American cars while Canadian cars
have escaped the payment of any duty
on this side. It is time that our Gov-
ernment ceased to build up Canadian
industries and aid Canadian railroads
at the expense of those of the United
States. If it were not for the business
furnished them on this side the prin-
cipal railroad lines in Canada would soon
go into bankruptcy. Why should this
country make an exception in its Pro-
tective policy to aid Canadian railroads?
It ought to be stopped.

The name of Sir Julian Pauncfote,
the new British minister to this country,
is pronounced as if it were spelled
"Pantsfote." The question is whether
Pauncfote can daunce.

Brace Up.

You are feeling depressed, your appetite
is poor, you are bothered with headache,
you are fidgety, nervous, and generally
out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace
up, but not with stimulants, spring medi-
cines, or bitters which have for basis very
cheap bad whiskey, which stimulate you
for an hour and then leave you in worse
condition than before. What you want is
an alternative that will purify your blood,
start healthy action of liver and kidneys,
restore your vitality, and give renewed
health and strength. Such a medicine you
will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50
cents a bottle at Cochran's drug store. 3

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Nice Home for Sale.—Two
town lots, good location; neat 9-room
house, heated throughout by Noxety
furnace, large well-lighted cellar, with
coal-room. On first floor, pleasant par-
lor, large sunny bed-room (might be used
for sitting and sewing-room), very large
dining-room with closet and clothes-
room, pleasant kitchen and pantry with
dresser and sink, coal and wood-room
conveniently arranged. Second floor
contains large hall and closet, four nice
sleeping-rooms each with closet, attic
for storage. Large side veranda, good
well, barn and poultry-yard, many fruit
trees, grapes vines, and berry plants,
lots of roses and flowers of various
kinds. Particulars at the REPUBLICAN
office.

Camden and Atlantic Railroad.

Thursday, April 21, 1889.

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac.	At. Ex.	Exp.	Acco.	Exp.	S. Exp.	Su. Ac.	Su. Ex.	Su. Ac.
Philadelphia.....	8 00	3 00	4 30	5 10	8 00	8 45	4 00
Camden.....	8 10	3 10	4 40	5 20	8 10	8 55	4 10
Haddonfield.....	8 20	3 20	4 50	5 30	8 20	9 05	4 20
Berlin.....	8 30	3 30	5 00	5 40	8 30	9 15	4 30
Ato.....	8 40	3 40	5 10	5 50	8 40	9 25	4 40
Waterford.....	8 50	3 50	5 20	6 00	8 50	9 35	4 50
Winslow.....	9 00	4 00	5 30	6 10	9 00	9 45	5 00
Hammononton.....	9 10	4 10	5 40	6 20	9 10	9 55	5 10
Da Costa.....	9 20	4 20	5 50	6 30	9 20	10 05	5 20
Elwood.....	9 30	4 30	6 00	6 40	9 30	10 15	5 30
Egg Harbor City.....	9 40	4 40	6 10	6 50	9 40	10 25	5 40
Absecon.....	9 50	4 50	6 20	7 00	9 50	10 35	5 50
Atlantic City.....	10 10	4 30	6 30	7 10	10 20	10 55	6 00

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	Exp.	At. Ac.	Exp.	Acco.	Su. Ac.	Su. Ex.	Sunday Exp.
Philadelphia.....	9 05	11 50	6 10	5 50	10 05	9 20	9 45
Camden.....	9 15	12 00	6 20	6 00	10 15	9 30	9 55
Haddonfield.....	9 25	12 10	6 30	6 10	10 25	9 40	10 05
Berlin.....	9 35	12 20	6 40	6 20	10 35	9 50	10 15
Ato.....	9 45	12 30	6 50	6 30	10 45	10 00	10 25
Waterford.....	9 55	12 40	7 00	6 40	10 55	10 10	10 35
Winslow.....	10 05	12 50	7 10	6 50	11 05	10 20	10 45
Hammononton.....	10 15	13 00	7 20	7 00	11 15	10 30	10 55
Da Costa.....	10 25	13 10	7 30	7 10	11 25	10 40	11 05
Elwood.....	10 35	13 20	7 40	7 20	11 35	10 50	11 15
Egg Harbor City.....	10 45	13 30	7 50	7 30	11 45	11 00	11 25
Absecon.....	10 55	13 40	8 00	7 40	11 55	11 10	11 35
Atlantic City.....	11 05	13 50	8 10	7 50	12 05	11 20	11 45

THOS. HARTSHORN,

Hammononton, N. J.

PaperHanger, HousePainter.

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S. D. HOFFMAN,
Attorney - at - Law,

Master in Chancery, Notary Public,
Commissioner of Deeds, Supreme
Court Commissioner.

City Hall. Atlantic City, N. J.

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A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All Female Diseases.

Every lady can treat herself.

The famous specific "Orange Blossom" is
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most delicate, at any and all times. Simple
and circular giving particular can be had of

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Hoblet P. O., Penna.

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or Lady Agents wanted.

One Month's Treatment, \$1.

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The Best Light

For the least money (from
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Agent for Atlantic & Camden Counties.

A sample Lamp will be shown you by the
Agent, who will give you prices.
Sold on Instalments!

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TEACHER OF
Piano and Organ,
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Apply at the residence of C. E. HALL.



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