

South-Jersey

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Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, July 11, 1885.

Five Cents per Copy.

SOMETHING NEW!

A Philadelphia
CLOTHING STORE
In HAMMONTON

JOS. REINHEIMER

Has rented a store in
Rutherford's Building.
And will put therein
A general stock of

Clothing

AND
Gents' Furnishing Goods.

He has come to stay, and asks the
people of Hammonton, to call
and see his goods.

Will be open, ready for busi-
ness, July 1st.

A. J. SMITH,

NOTARY PUBLIC

AND
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Bills of Sale,
and other papers executed in a neat, careful
and correct manner.
Hammonton, N. J.

HERMANN FIEDLER,

MANUFACTURER

AND
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
CIGARS,
Hammonton, N. J.

Leave your order at the Re-
publican Office if you want
Calling Cards,
Business Cards,
Wedding Cards,
Invitation Cards.

Head-Quarters

FOR

FERTILIZERS!

We have just received a supply of
Mapes' Complete Manures,
For Special Crops
And General Use.

Potato Manure,
Corn Manure,
Fruit and Vine Manure,
Early Vegetable & Truck Manure
Potash Bone, and
Pure Ground Raw Bone.

We also keep in stock
German Potash Salts (Kainit),
Nitrate of Soda,
Muriate of Potash,
No. 1 Peruvian Guano,
Land Plaster,
And the only STRICTLY PURE
Dried and Ground Fish Guano.
Etc., Etc., Etc.

GEO. ELVINS,

Cor. Main Road and Bellevue Avenue,
ONTON.

It has been decided to formally open
a conference for a revision of the treaty
between Japan and the treaty powers
on the arrival of Ex-Governor Hubbard,
the new American minister to Japan.

M. Sogaro, the missionary, to whom
M. Rochefort attributed the story of the
death in Egypt of Oliver Pain, and the
circumstances attending that event, de-
clares that the story as far as it concerns
him was fabricated.

Mr Bradlaugh was again rejected by
the House of Commons.

HEALTH, WEALTH AND HAPPINESS
are more intimately connected with a
sound stomach and good condition of
the blood than most people suppose.
Thin blood means weakness, languor
and misery. A dyspeptic stomach
means all the horrors you can think of.
Brown's Iron Bitters means enriched
blood, good digestion, healthy appetite,
sweet sleep and vigorous strength. Mr.
Henry Hallam, South 17th street, St.
Louis, says, "Brown's Iron Bitters re-
lieved me of dyspepsia, purified my
blood, and gave me an appetite." Thousands of others testify in the same way.

The Cleveland strikers forced three
rolling mills to shut down and badly
beat the president of one of the com-
panies, on Tuesday.

The London Standard asserts that
the Ameer of Afghanistan is preparing
to fight either Russia or England.
Large bodies of Russian troops are mov-
ing toward Merv and field hospitals are
being sent to Trans-Caspia.

Eight acres of the Delaware and
Hudson mines, in Wilkes-Barre, Pa.,
caved in.

The electric storm of Tuesday did
great damage in and near Philadelphia.
Two persons were killed by lightning.

Louis Reil was brought to Regina
and indicted for levying war against the
Queen, on the oath of Alexander David
Stewart, chief of police of Hamilton.
His trial was set for July 20.

Ex-Governor Noyes, of Ohio, has de-
clined the appointment of Government
inspector of the Northern Pacific Rail-
road tendered him by President Cleve-
land.

To keep the blood pure and the bow-
els well regulated, be careful of your
diet; do not use rum or tobacco, and
take occasional doses of Vinegar Bitters.
Perfect health must follow such a course.
The ranges of diseases that can be re-
lieved by the use of Vinegar Bitters is
literally without limit.

There are between 35,000 and 37,000
Indians on reservations in Arizona.
About 18,000 square miles or 11,620,000
acres of land are set apart for them.

The prayer cures are endorsed by the
London Lancet, high medical authority,
which looks on them not as miracles,
but as purely the effect of the mind
upon the body, it being the faith that
heals and not the outside source or ob-
ject of the faith.

Italy and Switzerland are about to
undertake the boring of the Simplon
tunnel, which will form, when com-
pleted, the fourth tunnel route through the
Alps.

Two valuable colts were lately poison-
ed in Ohio by white snake root, eupatori-
um acerbatoides. The disease known for-
merly as "the trembles," an affection of
cattle, was caused by this weed. When
eaten by milch cows the poison, to some
extent, passes off with the milk, even
when the cow has not been noticeably
ill, and persons drinking it have sickened
and sometimes died. The weed
ought to be more generally known, so
that it could be shunned or extermin-
ated.

Almost every person has some form
of scrofulous poison latent in his veins.
When this develops in scrofulous sores,
ulcers, or eruptions, or takes the form
of rheumatism, or organic diseases, the
suffering that ensues is terrible beyond
description. Hence the gratitude of
those who discover, as thousands yearly
do, that Ayer's Sarsaparilla will
thoroughly eradicate this evil from the
system.

Secretary Manning says he is "very
much surprised to find so many bright,
capable men in the Treasury Depart-
ment." Colonel Manning overlooks the
monumental fact that the grand old
Republican party has been putting that
sort of offensive partisans into office for
more than twenty years.

Senator McPherson has abandoned
the idea of a European trip, and has
taken up his quarters for the summer on
his farm in Somerset county.

The United States Pension Depart-
ment has removed examiners John
Frellinghuysen, C. A. Reed and W. C.
Libby, Jr., of this State, and appointed
J. R. Elkinton.

Admiral Jouett telegraphs from Col-
on, under date of July 4, that the revo-
lutionary forces in Colombia have gone
sixty miles up the Magdalena River,
where they will probably fight the Gov-
ernment army.

Cholera reports up to midnight Tues-
day in Spain show 628 deaths and 1109
new cases.

Ross and Hamm have challenged
Teemer and Gaudaur to row a double
scull race about September 1. Teemer
and Gaudaur will probably accept.

Cholera, it is rumored, has crossed
the Spanish frontier into the depart-
ment of the Aude, France.

Throughout the Spanish Kingdom
Thursday there were 1453 new cases
and 717 deaths from cholera.

The President has accepted the resig-
nation of P. B. S. Pinchback, as sur-
veyor of customs, at New Orleans.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury
Coon has concurred in the opinion of
the Commissioner of Internal Revenue
that no additional extension of the
bonded whiskey period should be grant-
ed.

The Chicago street-car strike is ended,
the question at issue being submitted to
arbitration.

Posts of observation to prevent the in-
troduction of cholera from Spain have
been ordered upon roads leading into
France.

To most children the bare suggestion
of a dose of castor oil is nauseating.
Why not then, when physic is necessary
for the little ones, use Ayer's Cathartic
Pills? They combine every essential
and valuable point of a cathartic medi-
cine, and being sugar-coated are easily
taken.

With the Choyeunes and 17-year lo-
casts in the West and the cholera in the
East there seems to be a good many
outbreaks to be dreaded this year.

Not even on the high mountains of
history has there been a sublimer and
more touching spectacle than Grant
writing against time a book for the ben-
efit of his widow.

American manufacturers now find
sale for their shoes in England and on
the Continent. A great deal of both
sole and upper leather is sent to Europe
and sold at a profit. American facilities
in machinery and the system of the
production of the solid, everyday qual-
ities of leather are admittedly far supe-
rior to any other in the world.

Ladies may be interested to know
that in order to produce the silk thread-
used in one way and another every year,
the silk reeler is obliged to watch, with
the unaided eye, the unwinding of more
than twenty-five thousand million miles
of cocoon filaments. If these filaments
were stretched end to end so as to form
a continuous line, it would take an ex-
press train running fifty miles an hour,
without stops, over 50,000 years to go
the length of it. No one has under-
taken such a trip as yet.

The Alloway correspondent of the
Salem Standard is noted for discovering
many remarkable freaks of nature. The
following is the latest: The latest re-
markable production in the way of hen
fruit is an egg produced by a hen be-
longing to Mrs. Sarah E. Mulford, which
contained eleven yolks, one of ordinary
size, and ten small ones about the size
of a large pea.

The juice of the Bartlett pear, in some
medical cases, is used in California, both
as food and drink. At first the invalid
grows thin upon the diet, but in a few
weeks gain strength.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS

Are you disturbed at night and broken
of your rest by a sick child suffering and
crying with pain of cutting teeth? If
so, send at once and get a bottle of
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR
CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is in-
calculable. It will relieve the poor little
sufferer immediately. Depend upon it
mothers, there is no mistake about it.
It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regu-
lates the stomach and bowels, cures wind
colic, softens the gums, reduces inflam-
mation, and gives tone and energy to
the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's
Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is
pleasant to the taste, and is the prescrip-
tion of one of the oldest and best female
nurses and physicians in the U. S., and
is for sale by all druggists throughout
the world. Price 25 cts. per bottle.

MY-VERY-BEST.

THE HANSELL BEATEN.

In comparing my own with the Hansell
Red Raspberry, I find mine much the
best. I invite those wishing to pur-
chase plants to come and see the bushes
while fruiting. DAVID FIELDS,
Oak Road, Hammonton.

Plants for sale next Fall.

BROWN'S
IRON
QUALITY
PURITY
NOT QUANTITY
BITTERS
- THE
BEST TONIC.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.
This medicine, combining iron with pure
vegetable tonics, quickly and completely
cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness,
Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers,
and Neuritis.
It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the
Stomach and Liver.
It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to
Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.
It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or
produce constipation—other iron medicines do.
It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates
the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, re-
moves heartburn and belching, and strength-
ens the muscles and nerves.
For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of
Energy, &c., it has no equal.
The genuine has above trade mark and
crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.
Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

HUDSON RIVER R. R.

Conductor Melius Says Something of
Interest to All Travelers.

POCAHONTAS, N. Y., Feb. 22, 1884.

Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.:
DEAR SIR: I have used your medicine, called DR.
KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, for Indigestion
and Ulcer, to which I was subject at times, and
know from experience that it is worthy of all that can
be said of it for disorders of that kind.

Respectfully, W. S. MELIUS.
69 Harrison St.
That Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is exten-
sively used along the line of the Hudson River Rail-
road, is shown by the following from Tarrytown.
The writer is none other than Mr. Devereux, the Station
Agent of the Hudson River Railroad Company at
Tarrytown, a man well known in that community.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 22, 1884.
Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.:
DEAR SIR:—For a long time I was troubled with
a severe attack of Dizziness and Blind Sticks (headaches).
I thought it was due to impure blood and a disordered
state of the system. I was a victim to the Favorite
Remedy. I did not have been completely cured.
It's the best thing I ever heard of for my blood, and
that nature, and I've recommended it to many with
like success.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is not a food, in
the sphere of its usefulness as a state of health, but
is a food and a tonic in every sense, as the
following letter from Mullville, N. J., will show.

MULLVILLE, N. J.:
Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.:
DEAR SIR:—I had been a sufferer from Dyspepsia
from the time I was sixteen years old. I had con-
sulted many physicians, but could find no relief; there-
fore I turned to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and
in a few days my health was restored. I have since
been a well man, and I feel sure have cured
the best medicine I ever knew of, and worthy of
the greatest confidence.

Mrs. S. C. Dougherty.

MALARIA.

As an anti-malarial medicine

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S

FAVORITE REMEDY

has won golden opinions. No traveler should con-
sider his outfit complete unless it includes a bottle of
this medicine. If you are exposed to frequent
changes of climate, food and water, Favorite Remedy
should always be within your reach. It cures malarial
poison, and is the best preventative of chills
and malarial fever in the world. It is especially
valued as a trustworthy specific for the cure of Kidney
and Liver complaints, Gonorrhea and all disorders
arising from an impure state of the blood. To women
who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex
Favorite Remedy is constantly proving itself an un-
failing friend—a real blessing. Address the proprie-
tor, Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. \$1 bottle, 6 for
\$5, by all druggists.

The REPUBLICAN con-
tains more than twenty-five
columns of entertaining reading
each week. Thus, in a year
we furnish you 1300 columns
of fresh news items, stories,
etc., all for \$1.25.

CALL AT
E. Stockwell's
Store

And examine
his new stock of
Dry Goods
And Notions,

Just received, including
Sateens,
Buntings,
Summer
Cashmeres,
White Goods,
Ginghams,

Also, White and Colored Laces
Buttons, Corsets, Mitts,
Gloves, Fans, etc., etc.

Prices to suit all customers.

E. Stockwell,

Bellevue Avenue,
Hammonton, New Jersey.

D. W. JACOBS
REPAIRS

Sewing Machines & Organs.

Orders sent by mail (Hammonton Post
Office) or left at Stockwell's store,
will receive prompt attention.

BUY YOUR
Bread and Cakes

Pies, Rolls, Buns,
Etc., Etc.,
Baked Fresh Every Day,

At Packer's

"Old Reliable" Hammon-
ton Bakery.

Patronize home industry, and encourage
home enterprise. By so doing you
will the better enable us to serve
you, and thus deserve your patronage.

Baker's Liquid Yeast

Which most people prefer, made fresh
every day.

Fruits and Confections

As usual.

Wm. D. PACKER.

CHOICE BUILDING
LOTS FOR SALE

Close to SCHOOLS, CHURCHES,
POST-OFFICES, and R. R. DEPOTS,
in the CENTRE of the Town of Ham-
monton.

Prices Reasonable, Terms Easy.

Call on, or address,
A. J. SMITH, Hammonton, N. J.

P. O. Box 209.

Established 1842.
R. W. Woodruff & Co.,
Commission Merchants in
FRUIT, VEGETABLES
POULTRY, Etc.,
43 & 44 Fulton Pier & 45 Merchants Row,
West Washington Market, New York.

Shipping Cards and Blanks, and information
furnished by Wm. B. Forrester, M.D., who says
of this firm: "I ship all my produce to them
in preference to any other house in New York."

I picked for the best of the
And were it on a hill
And there, too, I saw
Its desert breath was sweet
Than palace rose could be,
Sweeter than all Glaston's blossoms are,
But that thou gavest to me.
I kissed its leaves in fond desire,
Of lips that failed mine own,
And Love recalled that sacred night
His blushing flower was blown;
I vowed no rose should rival mine,
Though withered now and pale,
Still those are plucked, whose white buds
twine
Above thy bridal veil.
From the bosom of ocean I seek thee,
Thou lamp of my spirit's life,
As the seagull, sailing in the darkness,
Looks up from the beam of his star;
And when on the moonlight water
The spirit of solitude sleep,
My soul, in the light of thy beauty,
Lies hushed as the ways of the deep.
As the shafts of the sunrise are broken
Far over the glittering sea,
Thou hast dawned on the ways of my
dreaming
And each thought has a sparkle of thee!
And though with the white sail distended,
I sped from the ranching shore,
Thou wilt give to the silence of ocean
The spell of thy beauty the more!

MISS SARAH.

"No, not a single cent do they get from me," said Miss Sarah Jenkins, with a peculiar expression of her thin lips, as she took her spectacles from her nose and slowly replaced in its envelope the letter she had been reading to her friend, Miss Hepzibah Lackey.

"I think I know my duty as well as most folks," an' givin' help to Susan Bayard and her children don't come under that head."

"But bein' as they are your own kin," said Miss Hepzibah, deprecatingly. "It's only natural for 'em to look to you."

"Let 'em look. They'll take it out in lookin'." I told Tom when he married Susan Bayard that the day'd come when he'd rue it. She was allers spindlin' an' sort o' helpless. But Tom was that headstrong he wouldn't listen to nobody. He spent his last cent in buyin' that farm over to Milford, an' then had to mortgage it 'fore he could start his crops."

"It was unfortunate his dyin' so soon," said Miss Hepzibah, who was a kindly old soul. "He'd a lived a couple o' years more he'd paid for the place and left Susan comfortable. I shouldn't wonder but she's had a hard pull these two years to get along with those three children."

"Most likely she has. But I don't see as I'm called upon to shoulder her. Goodness knows I've enough already without lookin' for any more."

"Yes, your hands are pretty full—that's a fact," said Miss Hepzibah. "I hear folks sayin' every day that they don't know what the minister would do without you."

"I reckon I've labored pretty faithful in the Master's vineyard," said Miss Sarah, "if I do say it, as shouldn't."

"And you'll get your reward, Miss Jenkins," said Miss Hepzibah, as she rose to go. "You can allers take comfort in thinkin' that. But I do wish you could see your way to help Susan a bit."

"She don't deserve help," and Miss Sarah's tone was decidedly cold. "She'd oughter have took my advice in the first place. I told 'em how it would be, an' it comes out pretty much as I said. I told Tom she was too evarlastin' delicate, and would break down in less'n five years. But he would have his own way, an' marry her, an' now she is laid up, just as I said she'd be."

"Pity they didn't listen to you," said Miss Hepzibah, as she went out. "But you know young folks is generally mortal headstrong."

Miss Jenkins often boasted that she never spent an idle minute; and there was always work of one kind or another for her to do; but after her visitor had gone she sat for some time with her hands in her lap, thinking over the contents of the letter she had just received.

Tom's marriage with Susan Bayard, the orphan daughter of a man who, to use the expression of his neighbors, had never been "forbanded," had not pleased his sister, who thought Susan far too delicate and dainty to prove of much help as the wife of a farmer of slender means.

Tom, however, had been very happy in his wedded life, and had never regretted his choice, as he took pains to say to his sister whenever he wrote her. And Miss Sarah, who wasn't as good a Christian as she thought herself, and did not fancy being called a false prophet, resented his happiness, and allowed a feeling of enmity to grow up in her heart against Susan.

Tom's death, seven years after his marriage, was a terrible blow to his wife and children, who were left almost penniless.

But Susan, knowing the way in which

she was treated by her sister-in-law, and the treatment calling upon Miss Sarah for help.

Through the influence of a friend the young widow secured the position of teacher in a district school, and for two years, on a very slender salary, had managed to keep the wolf from the door.

Then the mortgage on her home was foreclosed, and a long illness followed her removal from the farm to a small room in the village of Milford, made it necessary for the trustees of the school to provide another teacher in her place.

The sale of the furniture of the farmhouse provided Susan with money to defray her expenses during her illness; but she found herself when convalescent utterly powerless, and with three small children looking to her for support.

It was then that, with a heavy heart, she wrote to her sister-in-law, and it was a letter which ought to have called forth only sympathy and pity from the recipient, but which gave Miss Sarah only a strange sort of pleasure, being able at last to say, "I told you so."

As she sat in her kitchen that warm July afternoon, the clock broken only by the ticking of the large eight-day clock and the purring of the cat by the stove, she was thinking what she would write in reply; in what words she would remind Susan of Tom's declaration that "neither he nor his wife should ever ask for a favor or a cent at his sister's hands."

The clock struck with a loud, whirling noise, which aroused Miss Jenkins with a start from her reverie, and she sprang up surprised and shocked to find how long she had been idle.

"I'll let her wait awhile for my answer," she thought. "It'll do her good to be in suspense a bit. And I reckon it ain't too late to go after them blackberries in the meadow-look. First thing I know, them pesky boys will be after 'em, and I won't get none for 'em."

She put on her sun-bonnet, and taking a large tin pail from the pantry, went out. She paused on the path which led to the meadow, to look back at the house, thinking it was very likely Susan had calculated on being asked to take up her abode there.

It was a large, old-fashioned house with roomy chambers, wide fire-place, and plenty of windows. The grounds surrounding it were shaded, and an abundance of flowers bloomed in the front garden. It would have been a grand place for children to play, but none had ever played there since Tom had been grown. The place had been left to Miss Sarah by an aunt, and Tom had had no share in it. Miss Sarah, however, had cared for and supported her brother, who was very much her junior, until he was able to strike out for himself; and she had made him a present of \$500 when he attained his majority. She thought she had done more than her duty by him, and she desired that he should pay her some consideration in the matter of his marriage. She had never felt the same toward him since, though she tried to feel the old motto, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," whenever she spoke to him.

The blackberries in the meadow were very ripe and large, and so plenteous that Miss Sarah had no difficulty in filling her pail in a very short time. It occurred to her; as she walked homeward that perhaps the minister's wife would want to make jam, too, and would appreciate the gift of a few quarts of berries such as these. So, on reaching home, Miss Sarah started a small pail with the fruit, and filled out again, turned her steps toward the village.

"I looked such a sight in this sunbonnet, I reckon I'd best go in the back way," she thought, as she approached the neat frame dwelling in which her pastor lived. "Like as not they've got company to tea."

The heat, combined with the long walk to the village, had caused Miss Sarah to feel very tired, and as she entered the minister's garden, and her eyes fell on a delightfully shaded arbor, she concluded to rest a few minutes until she was cooler.

"My face must be as red as a beet," she thought, as she seated herself on one of the rustic chairs. "I wish to goodness I'd brought my umbrella."

She had just concluded that the sun was sufficiently cooled off to permit herself at the house, when she heard voices, and peering out through the vines, with which the arbor was well screened, she saw Mr. Lawton, accompanied by a lady, coming down the path.

Miss Sarah drew back, and wished very sincerely that she had not thought of bringing the berries, or had stopped at home long enough to put on a nice dress; for the lady was a stranger, and looked so exquisitely neat and cool that

Miss Sarah felt herself by contrast decidedly untidy.

She had no doubt that the minister was about to show his companion the way to the arbor, and her heart-bank at the thought of being found in such a plight. But suddenly the stranger paused, and bent to pick a rose of great beauty.

"If I only could be like this rose," she said, "as fair without as without."

"You forget," said Mr. Lawton, "how often we see worms eating into the very heart of the most beautiful roses!"

"Is nothing true, then? Are we never to be able to put faith in the outward seeming of any thing or any one?"

"Those who make the loudest professions are often the most corrupt," said the minister; "and as I was saying a moment ago, there are so many, who think themselves Christians because they go regularly to church, teach in the Sunday School, use no profane language, and give liberally to the missions. But they do not think it necessary to guard their thoughts, to fill their daily lives with little acts of kindness. Now, you, are a stranger here and are to leave us to-morrow, so I can speak to you as I could not to one familiar with the people who make up my congregation. I will give you a case in point. I have in my church a woman of middle age, who lives alone on a farm a couple of miles from the village. She is very active in church affairs, is always ready to visit the sick, go among the poor or give to a charity. She has provided for the education of several heathens in Africa, and has taught a class in the penitentiary, visited the jail and made herself generally useful. But nevertheless, she is selfish, narrow and sordid to a plicable degree. She does nothing without making a show about it, so as to be well regarded among men. For years she cherished feelings of enmity toward an only brother, because, forsooth, he did not marry to please her, and I was told not an hour ago that she declared her intention not to help that brother's sick and penniless widow and children. She speaks of them with bitterness, and even seems to rejoice that at last they were forced to appeal to her for aid. I was asked to speak to her on the subject, but she would be highly insulted. I know, if I ventured to call her to account for her want of charity and natural affection. She thinks herself a Christian, but in my opinion she is very far from being anything of the kind. She will come into church next Thursday night and pray, earnestly for the forgiveness of her sins, and for help to walk in the right way. But she prays only with her lips; her heart has nothing to do with it. She thinks and cares only for the outside seeming, and—"

At this moment little Lulu Lawton interrupted the conversation by running down the path with the announcement that tea was ready; and the minister said no more.

But Miss Sarah has heard enough. She was pale and trembling, and so greatly disturbed that when she hurried from the arbor as soon as she could without being perceived she left her pail of berries behind her.

She met several of her friends on her way home, but she did not even bow to them, so absorbed was she in the recollection of what the minister had said.

Reaching home she sat down in the big rocking chair by the kitchen stove, and leaning her chin on her hand stared before her with eyes from which the scales had fallen. And she was looking inward—for the first time in her life.

"Only this outward seeming," she murmured over and over again under her breath, as if the sound of the words frightened her; "and after all these years I've only just found out that I haven't been a Christian."

Contrary to the expectations of Mr. Lawton, Miss Sarah did not appear at prayer meeting on Thursday night; and when he called to see her on Friday, he was much surprised to find three curly-headed children making mud pies in the front yard which informed him in a loud chorus that he had "come to live with Aunt Sarah forever."

Miss Sarah greeted him very cordially, and though she looked tired and warm after her journey from Milford, she seemed as happy as possible.

"This is a great surprise Miss Jenkins," said the minister as he followed her into the parlor and took a seat.

"Yes I reckon it'll be a surprise to most folks. But I ain't afraid but they'll live through it."

"I think you will be well rewarded for bringing your sister and her children here. Your life has been a very lonely one," said Mr. Lawton.

"Yes, I reckon I'll take considerable satisfaction out of it, and it does seem sort o' pleasant to have 'em round. There're well-mannered children. Susan's been mighty particular about

them. Did you notice the boy as you came in? He's the very moral o' Tom."

As Mr. Lawton walked back to the village he wondered what had waked Miss Jenkins up to a sense of her duty. But he never knew.

Early in the following winter Miss Jenkins invited her pastor and his wife to tea. The table was well supplied with cake, pickles and preserves, a glass dish of blackberry jam occupied a position just before Mrs. Lawton.

"I am so fond of blackberry jam," said that lady, as she helped herself to the article. "I put up more this year than ever, and I had real good luck; but the best that I made was from some splendid berries that Lulu found in a tin pail in the arbor, that we always supposed were left for us by some one who didn't care to make himself known."

And the pastor and his wife never did know who left them.

The Specter.

When I first took orders, I went to serve a curacy of one of my friends in a wild and remote part of Donegal. The village was not far from the sea, and the church stood half-way between them, in a dismal place, which even in summer was exceedingly dreary; but in winter it was bleak and deserted.

In the village lodged a medical student, who pretended to possess the faculty of foretelling the death of his neighbors. He often exercised his powers of divination for revenge; but he carried on his practices with so much skill and cunning that the simple villagers feared as much as they hated him. His predictions sometimes happened to be true, but they might have been very safely made without the intervention of any supernatural agency. The rogue thought fit to call in the aid of a superstitious tradition, and for this purpose used to pass Allhallow's Eve alone in the church porch, where, he said, he beheld the shadowy forms of those who were doomed to die passing in weird procession along the churchyard path.

Among others, he declared he had seen the spectre of a young man who was serving with his regiment in South Africa; and he declared that to his belief and certain knowledge the young lieutenant would die in the course of the year. This mischievous prediction was likely to have very serious consequences. Lieutenant Nevill was betrothed to a beautiful and innocent girl who lived in the village, and they were to be married on his return. Eleven days before the marriage, the young lieutenant was at this time about eighteen years of age, lovely, accomplished and refined; she had borne up for a long time against the apprehensions and anxieties which Musgrave's dreadful prophecies had aroused; but now her health rapidly declined, her spirits failed, and it seemed but too probable that she would form one of the grim "troop who, on Allhallow's Eve, were to make their terrible journey through the church gates."

The cause of her illness was well known. The matter was talked of everywhere, and had spread a panic through the place, which had greatly vexed my friend, Lord O'Grady. He told that Harold Musgrave entertained for Eileen Verschoyle a love as violent as it was hopeless, and he had been heard to swear that if not his, she should be no other man's.

Lord O'Grady now visited me, to consult as to what could be done to put a stop to this daring imposture, and to restore peace to the mind of the unhappy girl. He might have compelled Musgrave to leave the place; but this would have remedied the past evil, and he wished first to convince the people that the pretended vision was false. He therefore proposed to me that I should pass the fatal eve in the church porch, and that I should publicly proclaim the result of my observations during this terrible hour to my credulous parishioners.

Allhallow's Eve arrived. I dined with Lord O'Grady, and spent a delightful evening with him and his family until within half an hour of midnight, when I left them, with great reluctance, I confess; and, protected by a warm and capacious great-coat, I walked rapidly towards the church.

I took my seat in the porch of the ancient building, the appearance of which, in the moonlight, was at least as strange as the times in which it was erected. The wind moaned and blew with mournful force from the sea across the flat highlands which lay between. It shrieked through the old church tower with wild and fitful sounds, and rushed round the corners of the building with swift and hurrying blasts.

I had not set there long before I began to wish with an exceeding great desire that the hour of my lonely watch had expired. I was chilled to the very bone by the keen wind, and I could no longer control a painful shudder which occasionally ran through my overstrained

nerves. I began to feel that I was unable to stay.

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I turned instantly towards the place whence the sound proceeded, and looking down I saw in the moonlight a figure advancing on the path that ran through the churchyard.

At this moment I remembered that terror got the better of reason, and that my shivering imagination with alarming violence as I continued to gaze on the approaching object. "I could imagine no natural cause for which it was possible that any one could be traversing that path at such an hour."

The figure suddenly stopped, and I stood with its back towards me. I saw that it was dressed in a soldier's uniform. The scarlet clothes showed in the moonlight; the glittering buttons, and the sword hanging from the belt, all convinced me that the apparition wore the dress of an officer in the army.

Musgrave's prediction rushed back to my mind, and in the confusion of the moment I was almost inclined to admit its truth. It is true that I had never seen the young soldier who had been the subject of it, but the confidence was so strong as to stagger me. Moonlight always gives a strange pallor to the human face, and this, aided perhaps by my excited fancy, gave to that of the silent figure before me a pallid, death-like appearance.

I suddenly remembered the duty which I had consented to perform, and, subduing with a strong effort the panic which had seized me, I stepped forward and called out, "Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied the figure, in a hoarse but certainly natural voice.

"What do you seek here at this hour of the night?" I asked.

"Before I answer you," replied the apparition, "let me ask what right you have to question me?"

"I am," I said, "the curate of this place."

"Well, sir," it replied, with a cheery laugh, "my name is Nevill, and I am a lieutenant in the army. You are probably acquainted with my mother, who lives in the village yonder; and I am now on my way to surprise her with a visit, as my regiment has been ordered home so suddenly that I arrived almost as soon as a letter would have done."

I was so overcome with surprise that for a few moments I could not answer. At last I found voice to explain to the young officer the reason of my strange vigil, and the critical condition of his lovely and interesting betrothed.

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A Great Library.

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