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DISORDERED LIVER,
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From these sources arise three-fourths of
the diseases of the human race. These
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of food, Irritability of temper, Low
spirits, A feeling of having neglected
some duty, Dizziness, Flushing at the
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ored 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 these three "scav-
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tite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear
skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS
cause no nausea or griping nor interfere
with daily work and exertion.

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
HE 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."
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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed in-
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Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Bills of Sale,
and other papers executed in a neat, careful
and correct manner.
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Gerry Valentine,
UNDEUTAKEN,
Is prepared to furnish Coffins, Caskets (with
handles and plates), Shrouds, Robes, of any
quality wanted. Funerals promptly attended to.
2d Chances resided, and Furniture rep. and
renovated.
SHOP on Egg Harbor Road, next to Aiken's
Carriage Factory, Hammonton.

From the Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 28, 1883.
Government receipts to-day were,
from internal revenue, \$425,596.29;
customs, \$686,742.07.

If two hundred and fifty persons were
dying daily in this District, the mortal-
ity would be about equal to that reported
from Cairo.

In the death of Montgomery Blair the
public lose an excellent citizen and a
public man of exceptional purity of
character and nobility of purpose. He
was, in fact, much too honest and con-
scientious to succeed in the methods of
modern machine politics.

There was no change in the state of
affairs existing between the telegraphers
and the companies yesterday. The
Government still continues to be a suf-
ferer from the delay of the telegraph.
It is claimed that the Attorney-General
has been asked for an opinion as to the
proper method of proceeding against the
Western Union to recover the penalty
for delay in forwarding Government
messages. General sympathy for the
strikers is felt in the department.

One of the great drawbacks to the
happiness of Mr. Arthur as President
is, it is said, that the enchanting music
of "Hail to the Chief" is dinned in his
ears from six to a dozen times a day.
Enthusiastic office seekers whistle it as
they enter the Executive mansion.
When the President leaves that estab-
lishment the small boy strikes it up on
Pennsylvania avenue. At the theater
the orchestra sends it triumphantly up
from the footlights. Negro delegations
play it to him on the banjo and the
Marine Band greets him with it when
he visits the navy yard. The other
morning when he stepped off the Des-
patch at Cape May, there it was again,
and before he leaves New York he will
be treated to it at least a score of times.
On his trip across the continent it will
roll up from every station where the
train stops. He may escape it in the
Yellowstone Park, but it is not improb-
able that some musical bugler will meet
him with its notes at the first military
fort. The President should sue out an
injunction against his tormentors.

HOWARD.

Codorus, Pa., Rev. J. D. Zehring
says: "I was paralyzed in my right
side. The use of Brown's Iron Bitters
enabled me to walk."

What class of men have the most
patience? Physicians, of course.

He who says a "pair of stairs," means
only one stairs. He who speaks of a lad-
der might just as consistently say a
"pair of ladders." It is only when you
tumble down stairs that the steps double
on you.

"Is that about the right length, sir?"
asked the skillful barber, as he finished
cutting his customer's hair. "I like the
sides and back," was the response;
"but I wish you would make it a little
longer on the top."

"What influence has the moon on the
tide?" the teacher asked John Henry.
And John Henry said it depended on
what was tied; if it was a dog it made
him howl, and if it was a gate, it untied
it, just as soon as a cow or the young man
came along. It is such things as this
that make school teachers want to lie
down and die every day at 4 o'clock.

We have heard of young ladies mak-
ing Roman quilts out of pieces cut from
scarves of their gentleman friends, but
now we have a case of an East Yonkers
damsel who is building one out of
patches taken from her male admirers'
pantalons. Whenever a young gentle-
man calls is so indiscreet as to tarry
after the clock strikes ten, the amazon's
parent lets loose the dog, and he is
always sure to return with a large-sized
addition to the quilt.

The reduction of the telegraph rate
to sixpence in England has enormously
increased the volume of telegraphic
business. A celebrated firm of soap-
makers sent out 50,000 telegrams by
way of advertisement on the day that
the cheap rate went into effect.

The London Crystal Palace is in de-
cay. The great building, still a marvel
of construction and convenience, still
singularly impressive and curious, can-
not much longer hold its place among
the sights and wonders of the city. It
has never paid since it was bought to be
used as a place for popular entertain-
ment.

The most deadly foe to all malarial
diseases is Ayer's Ague Cure, a com-
bination of vegetable ingredients only, of
which the most valuable is used in no
other known preparation. This reme-
dy is absolute and certain, specific, and
succeeds when all other methods fail.
A cure is warranted.

An observing person says: "Some
men are like an umbrella with a crook-
handle. They are always hanging
around in out-of-the-way places, and
are never to be found when they are
wanted."

If there is a man who can eat his
bread at peace with heaven and man,
it is he who has brought that bread out
of earth by honest industry. It is can-
kered by no fraud—it is wet with no tear
—it is stained by no blood.

Home is not a name, nor a form, nor
a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a
principle. Material and method will
not and cannot make it. It must get
its light and sweetness from those who
inhabit it, from flowers and sunshine.

William E. Gladstone, during the
War for the Union, invested £20,000 in
Confederate bonds. Aside from this,
Mr. Gladstone's public record is about
as free from criminal blundering as that
of any statesman in Europe.

The census of missions to be taken
next year will, it is said, show an in-
crease of 200,000 native Christians in
India, Ceylon and Burmah for the last
ten years.

He who does his best, however little,
is always to be distinguished from him
who does nothing.

He who, with good health, has a true
friend, may laugh adversity to scorn and
defy the world.

A false friend is like the shadow on
the sun-dial—appearing in sunshine,
and vanishing in shade.

Have the courage to face a difficulty
even though it should kick you harder
than you bargained for. Difficulties,
like thieves, often disappear at a glance.

The *Athenaeum* states that the trus-
tees of the British Museum have lately
received from Pekin some typographic
curiosities, in the shape of eight volumes
containing portions of two Chinese
works printed during the thirteenth
century. These books are printed from
wooden blocks, and display a marked
inequality in the skill of the type-cut-
ters. The paper, which is the ordinary
Chinese paper, is in the case of one
work much discolored by age. The
volumes have evidently been carefully
preserved, and at one time belonged to
the library of a Chinese prince, who, in
consequence of a political intrigue, was
in 1860 condemned to die by a "silk
cord." Hence the dispersion of his li-
brary.

RUTGERS COLLEGE

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New Brunswick, N. J., one hour from New York
on Penna. R.R. Year begins (examination
for admission) Sept. 20, 1883.

Sloan Prizes for best (classical) extra
examinations: 1st, \$400 (\$100 cash);
2nd, \$350 (\$50 cash).

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12 Professors, no Tutor. Classical
course thorough. Ample provision for Elec-
tives, Junior and Senior years.

Scientific Department.

The New Jersey State College to Pro-
mote Agriculture and the
Mechanic Arts.

A practical Scientific School of high grade.
Two courses of four years each—"Engineering
and Mechanics," and "Agriculture and Chem-
istry."

Thorough work with constant field practice
in Engineering and Surveying. Careful labo-
ratory work in Chemistry, with full apparatus
for each student. A well equipped Astronomi-
cal Observatory, for students' use. Full course
in Draughting.

Increased Facilities for the Study of
French and German, with a
view to practical use.

Forty State Scholarships Free:
Eight of them now vacant, to be filled before
Sept. 20th. Full information in Catalogue.
Graduates who wish them, uniformly secure
profitable positions. For catalogue, or any
information, address "Sec'y Rutgers College."

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Ph. D., LL. D., President.

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Fall Term will commence
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TOTAL COST for Board, Tuition, Books,
etc., at the Normal School, \$164 for
Ladies, and \$180 for Gentlemen; at the
Model School, \$200 per year. The Model
School offers to both young Ladies and Gen-
tlemen superior advantages in all its departments
viz. Mathematical, Classical, Commercial, Musi-
cal, Drawing, and in Holles Lectures. For
Catalogue containing full particulars, address
W. HASBROUCK,
Principal, Trenton, N. J.

Choice Winter Wheat Bran

\$1.00 per cwt.
\$19.00 per ton.

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In the way of Fertilizers, at

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Mapes' Complete Manures.

Corn Manure,

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Early Vegetable and Truck
Manure,

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Top-Dressing,

Together with a supply of Pe-
ruvian Guano, Land Plaster,
German Kainit, and Ground
Bone.

Also, the celebrated STOCK-
BRIDGE MANURES, origi-
nated by Hon. Levi Stock-
bridge, President of the Mas-
sachusetts Agricultural Col-
lege, and Professor of Agri-
culture.

T. Hartshorn,
Painter and Paper Hanger,
Hammonton, N. J.

Orders left in P. O. Box 24 will receive
prompt attention.

SEEK

health and avoid sickness.
Instead of feeling tired and
worn out, instead of aches
and pains, wouldn't you
rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling
miserable and good for no-
thing, and no one but your-
self can find fault, but if you
are tired of that kind of life,
you can change it if you
choose.

How? By getting one
bottle of BROWN'S IRON BIT-
TERS, and taking it regularly
according to directions.

Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1881.

Gentlemen:—I have suffered with
pain in my side and back, and great
soreness on my breast, with shoot-
ing pains all through my body, at-
tended with great weakness, depres-
sion of spirits, and loss of appe-
tite. I have taken several different
medicines, and was treated by promi-
nent physicians for my liver, kid-
neys, and spleen, but I got no relief.
I thought I would try Brown's Iron
Bitters; I have now taken one bottle
and a half and am about well—pain
in side and back all gone—soreness
all out of my breast, and I have a
good appetite, and am gaining in
strength and flesh. It can justly be
called the king of medicines.

JOHN K. ALLENDEE.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is
composed of Iron in soluble
form; Cinchona the great
tonic, together with other
standard remedies, making
a remarkable non-alcoholic
tonic, which will cure Dys-
pepsia, Indigestion, Malaria,
Weakness, and relieve all
Lung and Kidney diseases.

Dr. GEORGE A. SHIDLE, DENTIST.

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Goods, Fancy Articles, Toys, and
MILLINERY GOODS.

Ladies' Furnishing Goods a Specialty.

Demorest's Spring Fashions have been
received.

TEETH. Life-like sets, \$5 to \$10. Perfect
Plates. No guarantee. New Suction
Plates. Difficult cases solicited. No sets are
allowed to leave the office that persons cannot
eat with. Old sets removed. Repairing and
filling. Gas, 25 cents. Extra 25 cents.

M. V. CHAPMAN, Dentist,
212 S. Eighth St., Philadelphia, removed from
Pine Street.

N. B.—The bearer of this advertisement is
entitled to a reduction of 25c. from the bill.

C. F. Jahnccke, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office at his residence, corner of

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for coal to be delivered at any time
through the Fall and Winter at lowest
prices. We deliver coal when desired.
Our factors stock and best qualities of
coal constantly on hand at 32nd and
Railroad Avenue, opposite the railroad
shed shed. Coal furnished direct from
cars, monthly. Orders by mail promptly
attended to. Give us your orders
early.

G. F. SAXTON.

HAMMONTON, N. J.

A Chinese Funeral.

I was disturbed one day during my mid-day meal at Hong Kong by a commotion in a street adjoining the one in which I was residing, caused by a Chinese funeral of more than the usual pretensions. As a very little is known among foreigners, even those residing in China, in regard to "celestial" obsequies and their meanings, I took some trouble to gather information regarding the strange pageantry which I that day witnessed.

It is the general custom in China, when a man is about to die, for the eldest son to remove him from the bed to the floor of the principal room of the house, where he is laid with his feet to the door. The inhabitants of the province of Fukien are in the habit of placing a piece of silver in the mouth of the dying person—with which he may pay his fare into the next world—and carefully stopping up his nose and ears. In certain cases they make a hole in the roof to facilitate the exit of the spirits proceeding from the body, their belief being that each person possesses seven animal senses, which die with him, and three souls, one of which enters Elysium and receives judgment; another abides with the tablet which is prepared to commemorate the deceased, and the third dwells in his tomb.

Whether all these practices are observed in Hong Kong I am unable to say; probably the setting out of the windows and doors is regarded as a preferable proceeding to making a hole in the roof, more especially when the death happens to occur in the lowest room of a three-storyed house. Here, however, as elsewhere, the intelligence of the death of the head of a family is communicated as speedily as possible to all his relatives, and the household is dressed in white—the mourning color of China. Priests and women hired to mourn are sent for at the same time, and on their arrival a table is set out with meats, fruits, lighted candles and joss-sticks, for the delectation of the souls of the deceased and the wailing and weeping by the mourning women is relieved at intervals by the intoned prayers of the priests or the discordant "tom-tomming" of "musicians" who have also been called to assist in the ceremonies. The women weep and lament with an energy and dolefulness which, if genuine, would be highly commendable; but, ungenerous "barbarians" of extensive acquaintance with the Chinese assert that this apparently overwhelming grief is at least in the majority of cases, merely a device to regard to the nearest relatives of the deceased it would be uncharitable to presume of regret grief beneath all this weeping and wailing; but hired mourners, who are usually the most demonstrative on these occasions, can hardly be expected to launch every other day into convulsive lamentations of a genuine nature over the death of individuals they hardly know by name. As it is, the priest usually directs these emotional demonstrations much in the same way as a conductor controls the performance of a band of musicians; now there are a few irregular wails; then a burst of them, relieved in turn by a few nasal notes from the priest, the intervals being filled up by the "tom-toms" and an occasional titter from the latest comers.

One of the strangest features in the obsequies is witnessed in the erection of a structure in front of the house in which the death occurred, to enable the coffin to be brought down to the roadway from the room in which it was lying. The house being a three-storyed one, and the body lying in one of the topmost rooms, which furnished sloping footways of planks from the room to the road, and a landing at the top, had necessarily not only to be lofty but substantial. Communication was, of course, had with the room through the window. These structures are, I believe, erected for two reasons—first, because strange families in a house object, on superstitious grounds, to a corpse being taken through their rooms; and secondly, because it is almost impracticable to get a heavy Chinese coffin down the narrow, tortuous stairs of many of the native houses. For a similar reason no body in course of transportation from one part of China to another for the purpose of interment is allowed to pass through any walled town. No corpse, either, is ever allowed to be carried across a landing-place or to pass through a gateway which can in any way be

constructed as pertaining to the死者. The Chinese are in fact so superstitious in regard to death, and so much of this world, that they will not take refuge in a circumlocution, for instance, as "having become immortal."

What may be particularized as the public obsequies of the deceased, on the special occasion I refer to, were commenced by a procession issuing from the house on the mission known as "buying the water" wherewith to wash the body of the deceased. First came the "musicians" (save the word); then a priest, wearing a long robe of a dark color and a sort of college cap, and, lastly, the white-clad mourners. On the mainland the procession would probably have repaired to the nearest river, well or even the wet ditch of the city for the water; but these antiquated conventions being scarce in Hong Kong the sorrowful cortege on this occasion was compelled to wend its steps to the Government hydrant at the end of the street. The leading actor in this ceremony of "buying the water" was, as usual, the eldest son of the deceased, a boy about seven or eight years of age. Notwithstanding his youth, however, his part was performed with an exactness that must have resulted from a considerable amount of previous instruction. Bearing in his hand a wand covered with white indented paper, supported on each side by a female relative, and bending nearly double in token of his intense grief, this young son of the deceased proceeded slowly and gravely in the direction of the hydrant, the "band" meanwhile doing their best with the tom-toms and that close imitation of the Scotch bagpipes, the Chinese pipe. Arrived at the hydrant the party knelt around that useful apparatus; the "musicians" redoubled their exertions, and the priest his prayer; more incense was burned, and a tremendous burst of wailing and lamentation went up from the mourners. While these performances were in operation, the youth to whom I have just referred drew, with the requisite precautions and solemnity, a basin of water from the hydrant, and then scattered a few coins on the ground by way of payment. It is essential in this ceremony that the water should be paid for. The procession thereafter returned to the house, where, doubtless, the body of the deceased was washed by the boy, in compliance with the custom of his country.

After the body of the deceased is washed in this manner it is dressed in the best clothes which belonged to the man in his lifetime, a hat being placed on his head, a fan in his hand and shoes on his feet, the idea being that he will be clothed in these habiliments in Elysium, and consequently that he must appear there as a respectable and superior member of society. At intervals during these and subsequent ceremonies gifts and silvered paper in the shape of coins and sycee bars is burned, in the belief that it will also pass into the invisible world, where it will be received, into solid cash; and clothes, seductions, furniture, buffaloes and horses, made of paper, are transferred on the same principle to the "better land" for the benefit of the dead.

The body was now brought through the window and placed in the coffin on the top of the temporary wooden structure. It is the practice with the richer Chinese to keep the coffin bodies of their relatives in their houses for long periods, sometimes for years. This custom was not followed on this occasion, for the funeral took place immediately after the ceremony of "buying the water." Large sums of money are expended on coffins by the "celestials," and a dutiful son will see that his parents are provided with these melancholy receptacles some times many years before their death. They are made of heavy boards, four or five inches in thickness, and rounded at the outer joints, and appear to invariably take the form, in this colony, of the polished trunk of a tree. Inside they appear to be lined with a sort of mortar; the joints are all carefully closed with a similar substance; but a small hole is drilled through the coffin over the face of the deceased, so as to leave a channel of escape and entrance for the spirits.

It was a work of some difficulty to bring the coffin body down the steep footway from the window to the road, but the task was finally accomplished without mishap, amidst the repeated wailings of the mourning women, the shrieks of the pipe and the belaboring of the tom-toms. Awaiting the arrival

of the coffin in the street, the crowd, twenty elaborately-dressed and lavishly-attired sedan chairs, constructed especially for use on such occasions. These chairs contained meats, fruits and cakes—read and artificial—in profusion. Among other articles displayed were two excellently clothed syce-men. Two or three altar-pieces, emblazoned with the name and age of the deceased, were also carried in the procession; photographs, the deceased's tablet and photograph, and other articles—the bearers all being dressed more or less in mourning costume. Before the procession started for the burial ground at Mount Davis there was some wailing, more incense burned, more shrieks from the "gusty pipe," and more prayers from the priest. One of the last acts of the mourners was to wash round the coffin, and the procession moved off, the coffin taking the last place in the cortege.

At Mount Davis the body was consigned to the earth with much lamentation, incense-burning and prayer. There was, however, apparently, little difference between the ceremonies engaged in at the grave, so far as the priest, the mourners, and especially the "musicians" were concerned, and those earlier in the day. The deceased's tablet is carried back in procession to the house, and there set up in a room specially reserved for such purposes, with other tablets of the family. Before these tablets incense is daily burned and prayers offered. The food carried in the procession is, we believe, commonly distributed among the poor; sometimes, however, a portion of it is consumed in the house.

The burial places are sometimes selected by necromancers, and if the family be rich this selection is often made a matter of considerable difficulty and expense. A good view for the entombed spirit is one of the chief requirements for a grave. The side of a hill overlooking water, a cove or a ravine near a hilltop are highly favored spots. About the 31st of April in each year the population of the country may be seen trooping out to their tombs to repair and sweep them and make offerings. A Chinese tomb in the South of China seems invariably, so far as the outline on the ground is concerned, to take the form of the Greek letter Omega; and when raised to any height it usually much resembles a huge arm chair with a round back, the coffin being placed in the seat.

Mrs. Langtry on American Beauty.

The *Herald* has a column interview with Mrs. Langtry respecting her American tour, her plans for the future, and her impressions of the ladies of this country. Not much interest will be felt by our readers in Mrs. Langtry's experience or purposes, but the ladies, who doubt, will be pleased to read what the foreign beauty has to say of their personal appearance and taste in dress. This part of the interview is given as follows:

"In the first place, I think American women have very pretty faces, so bright and winning. One sees more pretty faces here than in England. Then I think they have beautiful hair and very pretty hands and feet." "And their figures?" "Well, I must take the liberty to say that I think their figures are generally bad. The American standard of figure is altogether too plump to please me."

"Whom do you consider the most beautiful American woman you have seen?" "Mary Anderson, decidedly." "Mary Anderson is not over plump." "She is not. I should have said that the over plumpness I spoke of refers principally to the married beauties I have seen." "In which town did you see the prettiest woman?" "In Baltimore. It struck me that every woman there was a beauty. And I think that Baltimore was the only town that did not boast of its native beauties." "Do you admire the dress of American women?" "I cannot say candidly that I do; on the whole, I think they dress too smartly on the street and too simply for theater. I think they mix their colors badly and have too many bows and ends on their dresses. To my taste a woman cannot be too simply dressed for the street. A dress of simple, neutral tints pleases me best. I saw a woman on the street the other day wearing a grey ulster, a blue dress and scarlet kid gloves. Just think of that!" And Mrs. Langtry almost shuddered at the thought of scarlet gloves, and also she had a *bouquet* of corvaise of daffodils. That was rather a gay mixture of colors, was it not?"

The Medical Value of Vegetables.

On the authority of the *Medical Record*, asparagus is a strong diuretic, and forms part of the cure for rheumatic patients at such health resorts as Aix-les-Bains. Sorrel is cooling, and forms the staple of that "souple aux herbes" which a French lady will order for herself after a long and trying journey.

Carrots, as containing a quantity of sugar, are avoided by some people, while others complain of them as indigestible. With regard to the latter accusation, it may be remarked, in passing, that it is the yellow core of the carrot that is difficult of digestion, the outer, a red layer, is tender enough.

In Savoy, the peasants have recourse to an infusion of carrots as a specific for jaundice. The large sweet onion is very rich in those alkaline elements which counteract the poison of rheumatic gout. It slowly stewed in weak broth, and eaten with a little Nepaul pepper, it will be found to be an admirable article of diet for patients of studious and sedentary habits. The stalks of cauliflower have the same sort of value, only too often the stalk of a cauliflower is so ill-boiled and unpalatable that few persons would thank you for proposing to them to make part of their meal consist of so uninviting an article.

Turnips, in the same way, are often thought to be indigestible, and better suited for cows and sheep than for delicate people; but here the fault lies with the cook quite as much as with the root. The cook boils the turnips badly, and then pours some butter over it, and the eater of such a dish is sure to be the worse for it. Try a better way. What shall be said about the lettuce? The plant has a slight narcotic action, of which a French old woman, like a French doctor, well knows the value, and when properly cooked is really very easy of digestion. —*Scientific American*.

Here and There a Gem.

We walk upon the verge of two worlds; at our feet lies the very grave that awaits us.

The power of a man's virtue should not be measured by his special efforts, but by his ordinary doing. —*Pascal*. Be noble! and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping, but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

"He is faithful that hath promised; He'll surely come again; He'll keep his word, if he, at what hour I dinna ken; But he bids me still to watch, and ready to go at any moment to my in countree."

The secret of Mr. Wm. E. Dodge's power lay in the first hour of every morning. That hour he gave to God with his Bible, and on his knees; and if he came down among business men with his face shining with cheerfulness and loving kindness, it was because he had been up in the mount in communion with his Master. —*Cuyler*.

"Work for the night is coming; Work through the morning hours; Work while the dew is sparkling; Work when the day grows brighter; Work in the glowing sun; Work for the night is coming, when man's work is done."

Knowledge is, indeed, that which next to virtue truly and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one-half of the human soul. It makes being pleasant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and administers to it a perpetual series of gratifications. It gives ease to solitude, and gracefulness to retirement. —*Adrian*.

Breaking the Old Man's Will.

Old man Gubbett died only last week. He willed all his goods, chattels and effects to his housekeeper, leaving Jim, his nephew and next of kin, only his blessing.

Jim consulted a lawyer about the possibility of success in contesting the will of his uncle.

"Counselor, I've come to see you

about busting my uncle's will," explained Jim.

"On what ground?" asked the lawyer. "Did he have two witnesses and explain that the paper was his last will, and request them to sign?"

"Yes, sir, he did; but hang me if I'd signed it! I'd a-knewed that he was going to leave me out in the cold. Not me!"

"You did not have to know that; it seems we can't work against the formality, or in other words, was he so peculiar that a jury of twelve sensible men would regard him as incapable of making a will?"

"I think he was," answered Jim, feeling reassured. "Now tell me what makes you think so. Try and recollect any thing he did that would warrant us in regarding him as crazy."

"In the first place, he altered his will right up to the hands. Never disputed the bills when he knewed they was right and gave a dollar here and there. I think that ought to be against a man, don't you?"

"Yes, it shows a want of foresight. We might call it business-like and rash. I'll put that down. Give me a few more instances like that and you'll have your uncle's money."

"Well, let's see. What would you say to a man that bought a paper every mornin' when he could have borrowed Dime's on the top floor just for walkin' up for it? It strikes me that a man that'd sooner buy than borrow is clean gone."

"I fully agree with you. So would my judge or jury. Mr. Gubbett, you are sure to be a lawyer."

"I don't expect you'd say a man that was a ridin' on a Third Avenue car and the conductor forgot to collect his fare and blamely in gettin' out him it over to the conductor. I don't expect you'd say such a man was a born statesman, would you?"

"Who would be guilty of such a crazy act?"

"Why, my uncle done that very thing. I was a lookin' in at him doin' it."

"Mr. Gubbett, since the beginning of the world there hasn't been such an other foolish man as your uncle. He was a spendthrift. He should have had a committee to take charge of his estate. Now tell, had he strange religious opinions such as would render him incapable of making a valid will?"

"Yes, he had. Though he was one of the richest men in the church, I never heard him makin' long prayers. He never tried to run the preacher or the congregation. But the foolishest thing he done was to refuse to have his name on a stain-glass window that he gave to the church. Refused point blank."

"That will do, Mr. Gubbett. Tis as plain as day your uncle was a lunatic. Not try to run the pastor, refuse to parade his name before the whole congregation. Yes, sir, your uncle was looney."

"Counselor, let me tell you another thing he done just before he died. It seems he once borrowed ten dollars from a man in Vermont twenty years ago, I think. Well, he forgot all about it until after his will was made, and hang me if he didn't say that the wanted that man paid the ten dollars with legal interest. He had forgot or he'd paid it himself."

"Enough, enough, Mr. Gubbett. A man that would pay an outlawed debt has not the shadow of a chance of having his will upheld. I never yet heard of a man so crazy in all my professional life. That'll do. Come on Monday, and I'll file allegations against his will."

"Good day, Counselor?"

"Good day, Mr. Gubbett." —*N. Y. World*.

Fish and Thirst.

Mr. M. D. Conway, writing from London to the *Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette* about the Fisheries Exhibition, says: "I judge by the appearance of the 'American' that the United States understand the close connection between fish and thirst. A large framed poster gives in detail the names of ninety-four different kinds of American drinks. The fact that the war is ended and the Union restored is delightfully shown in the three 18 penny 'long drinks,' respectively called 'Stonewall Jackson,' 'President Lincoln' and 'General Grant,' placed side by side. It will be interesting, perhaps, to your teetotal readers to know that small placards are widely distributed with the names of these ninety-four drinks printed on a brilliant background of stars and stripes.

"What is the use of this impetuous haste? And is it certain that I shall take my time, and have the vital force that we want? Before our day has reached its golden prime."

What is the use of rushing with pent-up breath, to hurry to the furrows in white hair? Why need we hurry so to welcome Death? Or go half way, with hands stretched out, and say: 'There is no more. Dear heart, if we but wait. All things will find us. Let us pause, I say. We cannot go beyond the silent gate. This life is a short day's journey down the road. So let us take our time in youth's fair bowers. The summer season is so brief at best; Let us look on the stars and pluck the flowers. And when our feet grow weary, let us rest. Let us take time for love and its delights. It is the only sweet thing that pays for all. The bitterness of life, for sorrow's blight. For pain, despair, and death's funeral dirge."

In this life when the world was new, Love was made first pursuit and life's excuse. Now man has come back to me and said: 'Why should we seek for more? What is the use?'

The Dear Aunt.

"Good gracious, ma, do come to the window, and see who this is," exclaimed Sarah Belinda. "Did ever any one see such a specimen of humblity?" "Just look at the huge poke-bonnet," and that queer-looking clock that comes nearly to the heels. The coachman is taking off an old hat. I do believe she is coming here!"

Roused from a comfortable moose in which she always indulged in after dinner, by these exclamations, Mrs. Mushroom left the sofa and came to the window.

The subject of these remarks, a queer-looking old lady, very oddly dressed, stood on the sidewalk in front of the door. She held an umbrella and a bandbox in her hand, and had a reticule on either arm.

She was talking loudly and gesticulating violently with her umbrella to the driver, who was taking out of the coach any number of parcels and bundles, and who evidently did not know what to make of her. The look of languid contentment and then dismay.

"It can't be!—yes, it is—as true as I'm alive, it's Aunt Sally Hooker!"

"Why, ma, I thought Aunt Sally was dead!"

"So she is; and she could buy two or three houses such as this, and live in the first style. Grandfather left her a large property, and so did her husband."

"I wonder what possessed her to come here? There's she's thumping on the door with her umbrella!—Doesn't she know enough to ring the bell? Do, ma, go to the door before the servants hear her! Goodness! there is Mrs. Morton opposite putting her head out of the window to see what is the matter."

Mrs. Mushroom hurried to the door, but John got there before her, and had roused the old lady's ire by asking her with a contemptuous stare, "Why didn't you go to the other door?"

"What do you mean, you young jackanapes, by telling me to go around to the kitchen door?" she exclaimed, with an indignant flourish of her blue cotton umbrella.

Mortified as Mrs. Mushroom was at the exposure, she was too anxious to stand well in the graces of her wealthy relative not to dissemble it, as well as the vexation she felt at her unexpected appearance. And she succeeded admirably.

She came forward with a beaming smile.

"My dear aunt, how delighted I am to see you! John, take that trunk and those parcels up to the room over the parlor."

The abashed and astonished footman, who had no idea that the new comer was in any way related to his fashionable mistress, obeyed; and Mrs. Mushroom led the way to the parlor with many polite expressions of her delight at the visit, which she inwardly styled "a most awkward and annoying circumstance."

"What did you say, child?" said Aunt Sally, as, after divesting herself of her cloak and bonnet, she sank down into the stuffed chair that Mrs. Mushroom wheeled up to the fire for her accommodation. "Speak a little louder; I'm dreadful deaf—can't hear a word of ordinary conversation."

"Delighted to see me, they?" added

the old lady, as Mrs. Mushroom made this announcement with an exclamation of huge delight that made her turn red in the face. "Knew you would be. I've been talking about coming these dozen years. So I sent word, through Hub-bub, Brother Sam's widder—she that was Dugthy Jones—if she would come and keep house for me. I wouldn't wait no longer. So here I am, bag and baggage."

In the meantime, Sarah Belinda—she was christened plain Sarah, but had found it to be too commonplace for a young lady of her pretensions—stood back by the window, regarding with a stare of curiosity the aunt of whose wealth and eccentricity she had so often heard, but whom she had never seen until now.

"I suppose that is your daughter," continued the old lady, as she turned her eyes in that direction. "She that was named for me. Dear me! She looks the very picture of me when I was a girl."

"I'd sworn myself if I thought so!" was the young lady's indignant comment, as she came forward, at her mother's bidding, to receive the sound kisses that Aunt Sally gave her. "The horrid looking trick!"

"What did she say?" said Aunt Sally, looking from one to the other.

"She said," screamed Mrs. Mushroom, putting her mouth close to the old lady's ear, "that she considers it a high compliment, for you must have been very handsome when a girl."

"It's fortunate that she's deaf," said Sarah Belinda, smothering a laugh at her mother's adroitness. "We can free our minds about the troublesome old thing, and she not be a bit the wiser."

"Well, I dun know as I was ever called much of a beauty," said Aunt Sally, a little dubiously; "but there ain't many gals now-a-days that can hold up a candle to me as to work. I didn't get up about noon, as most gals do now, dawdling through the rest of the day doing bits of fancy work an' sich nonsense. No; I was up with the sun and happy and busy as a bee all the day long. Father had one of the largest farms in the country; but help was scarce, an' if there was plenty to eat, there was plenty of work too—which ain't by no manner of means the worst thing that can happen to a boy or to a gal either. I hope that you've brought up your daughter, an' my namesake to work, niece Eliza."

Mrs. Mushroom was spared the perplexity of framing a reply to this, which would account for her aunt's rather antiquated ideas as to the education of youth, by the conversation being suddenly turned into a different direction.

The sharp, black eyes that were wandering around the apartment soon spied a pretty, modest looking girl in a remote corner of the room sewing.

"Who is that? One of the Dut-ton's, I should say; or else her looks belie her."

"It's cousin William's girl," replied Mrs. Mushroom. "She hasn't any home, so I took her out of charity." "Cousin William's gal; come to help you out of charity?" said Aunt Sarah, smiling benevolently on the blushing girl. "Very kind of her, I'm sure."

"Just like her father," added Aunt Sarah, turning to Mrs. Mushroom. "I've heard your husband say, often and often, that he didn't know what he would have done when he first went to business if it had not been for Cousin William."

Mrs. Mushroom colored at this allusion to what she gladly would have forgotten, but her friendless dependent cast a grateful glance at the good old lady for this kindly mention of the father she loved and mourned.

Aunt Sally made no secret of the object in making this unexpected visit, which was to get acquainted with her namesake and expected heiress.

"Be sure and do all you can to please her," said Mrs. Mushroom to her daughter. "We are the nearest relatives she has, and if you play your cards well you will be likely to leave you the greater part of her property. I don't know what we shall do if she doesn't, for we have been going beyond our income ever since you came out."

So Sarah Belinda did her best to secure the good opinion of Aunt Sally, consoling herself for this forced complaisance by ridiculing her peevishness of word and manner to her face, which

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So Sarah Belinda did her best to secure the good opinion of Aunt Sally, consoling herself for this forced complaisance by ridiculing her peevishness of word and manner to her face, which

the old lady's deafness enabled her to do with impunity.

This exhibition of wit and good breeding, while it often brought a smile to the lips of the mother, aroused the secret indignation of Ellen Dutton, who grew daily more interested in the kind-hearted though eccentric old lady.

One day Mrs. Mushroom and her daughter went out to make calls, leaving Aunt Sally in the care of Ellen.

On their return they were surprised to find Mr. Morton in the parlor, a young man of wealth and position, for whom Sarah Belinda had been angling unsuccessfully for some months.

"Dear me, ma!" whispered that young lady, "what will Mr. Morton think to find we have such vulgar relations. And he is so fastidious and exclusive."

In the meantime Mr. Morton, who seemed to have a very pleasant chat with Aunt Sally and Ellen, rose to take his leave.

Mrs. Mushroom followed him to the door.

"I am afraid that you have been sadly annoyed," she said in a low, confidential voice. "Aunt Sally, as we call her, is a distant relation. She is a good old soul, but so old, and is quite unuseful to the society that we frequent."

"No apology is needed, madam," returned the young man with a look of surprise. "I've often heard my father speak of Mrs. Hooker, who was very kind to him when he had an attack of fever. I am very glad to meet her."

"A fine young man," said Aunt Sally, as Mrs. Mushroom returned to the other end of the room, "and very like his father, who he comes to see."

she added, with a sly look at Ellen.

This observation counted the sum of Sarah Belinda's ill nature, especially as she was conscious that Ellen was looking unusually pretty, the bright color of her naturally pale cheeks and sea-green giving to her a new beauty.

"Bold-faced thing!" she muttered. "She and Aunt Sally are just of a piece. I do wish the old thing would go home. I haven't taken a bit of comfort since she came."

Apparently quite oblivious to this benevolent wish, Aunt Sally began to admire some lace and white satin ribbon she had been buying.

"I mean to get some like this; just what I've been wanting for a cap."

"Just think of her yellow face

This image is a vertical strip of a document page, likely a ledger or a table. It is heavily degraded with significant noise and a dark vertical band on the right side. The visible content includes a grid of cells, with some text and numbers faintly visible in the leftmost column. The rightmost column is mostly obscured by the dark band. The overall quality is poor, making it difficult to read the specific data entries.

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A Mormon temple was destroyed by fire in Utah last week. This was a burning shame—and we hope there will be more like it.

A year ago the population of Ireland was estimated at 5,097,730, but in the interim emigration has left very few remaining of the ninety odd thousand.

It is reported that a woman in Milan, Tenn., was stung on the nose by a bee recently and died from the effects in a few minutes, although having been otherwise in apparent good health.

Owenton, Ky., Rev. J. N. Beck says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters, and consider it one of the best tonics sold."

An Altoona man claims to have seen a veritable hoop snake near that place. It is strongly suspected that he devoted considerable time to inspecting the contents of the barrel before he saw the "hoop."

Two books formed with sheet iron leaves have been sent to the Amsterdam exhibition by English firm as an illustration of the perfection to which the progress of rolling sheets of iron has been brought. The leaves are said to be no thicker than good-toned paper.

The Secretary of Treasury has instructed the American Consuls in England to carefully inspect the sanitary condition of vessels leaving ports there for the United States, and to inform by cable the health authorities in this country of all such vessels having disease on board or being liable to develop disease on the voyage. This action was taken in consequence of the rumor which has reached here that cholera had appeared in the London docks.

The curative power of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is too well known to require the specious aid of any exaggerated or fictitious certificate. Witnesses of its marvelous cures are to-day living in every city and hamlet of the land. Write for names if you want home evidence.

SCROFULA

and all scrofulous diseases, Sores, Erysipelas, Eczema, Blisters, Ringworm, Tumors, Carbuncles, Boils, and Eruptions of the Skin, are the direct result of an impure state of the blood.

To cure these diseases the blood must be purified, and restored to a healthy and natural condition. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has for over forty years been recognized by eminent medical authorities as the most powerful blood purifier in existence. It frees the system from all foul humors, enriches and strengthens the blood, removes all traces of mercurial treatment, and proves itself a complete master of all scrofulous diseases.

A Recent Cure of Scrofulous Sores. "Some months ago I was troubled with scrofulous sores (ulcers) on my legs. The limbs were badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy I tried failed, until I used AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, of which I have now taken three bottles, with the result that the sores are healed, and my general health greatly improved. I feel very grateful for the good your medicine has done me."
 Yours respectfully, Mrs. ANN O'BRIEN,
 148 Sullivan St., New York, June 24, 1882.

All persons interested are invited to call on Mrs. O'Brien at the Rev. Z. P. Wilds of 78 East 54th Street, New York City, who will take pleasure in testifying to the wonderful efficacy of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, not only in the cure of this lady, but in the cure of many others within his knowledge.

The well-known writer on the Boston Herald, B. W. BALL, of Rochester, N.H., writes, June 7, 1882:
 "Having suffered severely for some years with Eczema, and having failed to find relief from other remedies, I have made use, during the past three months, of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which has effected a complete cure. I consider it a magnificent remedy for all blood diseases."

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It is incomparably the cheapest blood medicine, on account of its concentrated strength, and great power over disease.

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I have a few village homes and farms placed in my hands for sale, on the most reasonable terms.

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 Real Estate and Insurance Agent,
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Camden & Atlantic Railroad

Summer Arrangement—June 30, 1883.
 UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At Ac.	Exp.	Mall	Sn. Ac.	Exp.
Philadelphia	8 20	9 45	10 20	10 20	6 40
Camden	9 15	10 40	11 15	11 15	6 40
Penn. R.R. Junction	9 25	10 50	11 25	11 25	6 40
Haddonfield	9 35	11 00	11 35	11 35	6 40
Berlin	9 45	11 10	11 45	11 45	6 40
Atco	9 55	11 20	11 55	11 55	6 40
Winslow	10 05	11 30	12 05	12 05	6 40
Hammononton	10 15	11 40	12 15	12 15	6 40
Da Costa	10 25	11 50	12 25	12 25	6 40
Elwood	10 35	12 00	12 35	12 35	6 40
Egg Harbor City	10 45	12 10	12 45	12 45	6 40
Absecon	10 55	12 20	12 55	12 55	6 40
Atlantic City	11 05	12 30	13 05	13 05	6 40

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At Ac.	Mall	Exp.	Sn. Ac.	Exp.
Philadelphia	4 30	5 00	5 45	5 00	4 30
Camden	4 40	5 10	5 55	5 10	4 40
Penn. R.R. Junction	4 50	5 20	6 05	5 20	4 50
Haddonfield	5 00	5 30	6 15	5 30	4 50
Berlin	5 10	5 40	6 25	5 40	4 50
Atco	5 20	5 50	6 35	5 50	4 50
Winslow	5 30	6 00	6 45	6 00	4 50
Hammononton	5 40	6 10	6 55	6 10	4 50
Da Costa	5 50	6 20	7 05	6 20	4 50
Elwood	6 00	6 30	7 15	6 30	4 50
Egg Harbor City	6 10	6 40	7 25	6 40	4 50
Absecon	6 20	6 50	7 35	6 50	4 50
Atlantic City	6 30	7 00	7 45	7 00	4 50

Camden & Atlantic Railroad

On and after July 15th, 1883.
 Trains will leave as follows for ATLANTIC—
 From Vine St. Ferry—Express on week-days, 9.45 a.m., 3.15, 4.00, and 5.45 p.m. Saturday only, 2.00 p.m. Sunday, 7.30 and 8.30 a.m.
 From Shackamaxon St. Ferry—Express week-days, 9.30 a.m., 3.00, 4.00, 5.30 p.m. Saturdays only, 2.00 p.m. Sunday, 7.30 and 8.30 a.m.
 Accommodation Train will leave above ferries week-days at 8.00 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and Sunday at 8.00 a.m. and 4.30 p.m.
 Parlor Cars attached to all express trains.
 Excursion Trains will leave above ferries daily at 6.30 a.m.

LOCAL TRAINS.
 For Haddonfield from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00 and 11.00 a.m., 12 m., 2.00, 4.00, 6.00, 8.00 p.m.
 From Vine St. only, 5.45, 7.30, 9.30 p.m. From Shackamaxon St. only, 5.30 p.m.
 Sunday trains leave both ferries at 8 a.m., and 4.30 p.m.
 From Pennsylvania Railroad Station, foot of Market St., 7.30 a.m., 2.50, 5.00 and 11.30 p.m. week-days. Sundays, 9.30 a.m., 6.30 p.m.
 For Atco, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8.00 a.m., and 12.00 noon, 4.00, 4.30, 6.00 p.m. Sundays, 8.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m. From foot of Market St., 11.30 p.m.
 For Hammononton, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8.00 a.m., 4.30, 6.30, 6.00 p.m. Sundays 8.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m. Saturdays only, from foot of Market St., 11.30 p.m.
 For Elwood, 11.00 a.m. and 2 p.m.
 For Marlton, Medford, Mt. Holly and Intermediate stations, leave foot of Market Street, week days, 7.30 a.m., 2.50 and 5.00 p.m. Sundays, 9.30 a.m., 6.30 p.m. From Vine St. and Shackamaxon ferries, 10.00 a.m. and 6.00 p.m. week days.
 For Williamstown, from Vine & Shackamaxon ferries, 8.00 a.m., 12.00 m., 4.30 and 6.00 p.m.
W. N. BARNARD, Superintendent.
J. B. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

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Marine & Fire Ins. Co.
 This Company have disposed entirely of all its **STOCK PLAN BUSINESS**, and having been **RE-ORGANIZED**, has decided to in the future do a

Strictly Mutual Home Business.
 Having succeeded in paying ALL ITS LIABILITIES, and securing an

Actual Net Available Surplus

of Over \$30,000,

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

ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT

and a **Careful Supervision of the business**

and will continue in the future, as in the past, to act on the principle of

PROMPT PAYMENT

OF **HONEST LOSSES**

without seeking to EVADE them on technical grounds.

Hereafter, no notes will be subject to assessment, until they are a year old.

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

Any information cheerfully given by the officers of the company or its Agents,
F. L. MULFORD, Pres.
R. J. HOWELL, Sec'y.
 Dec. 3d, 1883.

Philadelphia & Atlantic City

July 7th, 1883.
 DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At Ac.	Exp.	Mall	Sn. Ac.	Exp.
Philadelphia	4 45	5 20	5 55	5 20	4 45
Camden	4 55	5 30	6 05	5 30	4 55
Oakland	5 05	5 40	6 15	5 40	4 55
Williamstown Junction	5 15	5 50	6 25	5 50	4 55
Oak Brook	5 25	6 00	6 35	6 00	4 55
Winslow	5 35	6 10	6 45	6 10	4 55
Hammononton	5 45	6 20	6 55	6 20	4 55
Da Costa	5 55	6 30	7 05	6 30	4 55
Elwood	6 05	6 40	7 15	6 40	4 55
Egg Harbor	6 15	6 50	7 25	6 50	4 55
Absecon	6 25	7 00	7 35	7 00	4 55
Atlantic City	6 35	7 10	7 45	7 10	4 55

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At Ac.	Mall	Exp.	Sn. Ac.	Exp.
Atlantic City	6 40	7 15	7 50	7 15	6 40
Absecon	6 50	7 25	8 00	7 25	6 40
Egg Harbor	7 00	7 35	8 10	7 35	6 40
Winslow	7 10	7 45	8 20	7 45	6 40
Hammononton	7 20	7 55	8 30	7 55	6 40
Da Costa	7 30	8 05	8 40	8 05	6 40
Oak Brook	7 40	8 15	8 50	8 15	6 40
Williamstown Junction	7 50	8 25	9 00	8 25	6 40
Camden	8 00	8 35	9 10	8 35	6 40
Philadelphia	8 10	8 45	9 20	8 45	6 40

The Express leaves foot of Walnut St., Philadelphia, at 6.45 a.m., reaches Hammononton at 5.45, Pleasantville at 6.45, Atlantic City at 7.00. Going up, leaves Atlantic at 7.00 a.m., Pleasantville at 7.45, Elwood 7.45, Hammononton 7.55, reaches Philadelphia at 9.00. The afternoon express stops at Hammononton 5.47.

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 By Edward Eggleston—the historical feature of the year; to consist of a number of papers, on such topics as "The Beginning of a Nation," "Social Life in the Colonies," etc., the whole forming a complete history of early life in the United States. A special attention will be paid to accuracy of illustrations.

A Novelle of Mining Life.
 By Mary Halleck Foote, entitled "The Led-Horse Claim," to be illustrated by the author.

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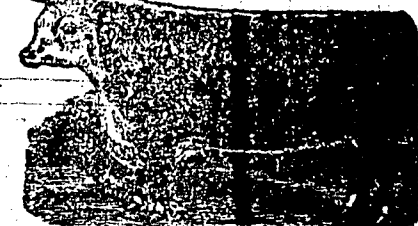
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