

# South-Jersey Republican

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### The Troubled Conscience.

MR. EDITOR:—I am glad that the Sabbath question is agitating the mind of at least a few, and that they are not altogether content with the opinions they entertain with regard to it, but wish to know what others think. This shows that their minds are not entirely at rest (My opinion is,—doubtful cases had better be let alone). They have stepped upon doubtful territory, and now they want to know if they were not, under the circumstances, justified in so doing. I infer that what has been said, publicly or privately, has not convinced Sabbath workers of the error of their ways, from the fact that I have not heard of any tears of repentance being shed, or confession being made. I hold that an act publicly done, if it be wrong, requires public confession. How many strange views are expressed in justification of the act of Sabbath breaking. One says, if the Good Being does not want me to take care of my crops, why does he give them to me? and if my crops ripen on Sunday I shall take care of them; hence we find men picking and shipping fruit when they know the thing is mostly done on Sunday, and justifying themselves by such unreasonable opinions.

There are two classes of Sabbath breakers. One class do what they please on that day, and don't care whether it is right or wrong; another class do the same, but think the circumstances make it right. The views I express in this article are for the benefit of the latter class, and I wish especially to give them from a Bible standpoint. The commandment concerning the Sabbath is this:

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thine ox, nor thine ass, nor any of thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates."

This makes it perfectly plain that no work is to be done on the holy Sabbath. This no doubt refers to ordinary work, such as is done in the other six days of the week. I believe it is admitted by all that works of necessity and works of mercy may be done on the Sabbath day; but everything done for pleasure or profit is prohibited.

Why is the berry crop gathered or shipped, or sent on its destination on the Sabbath day? Not a work of mercy, but always for profit, and cannot be justified unless it can be shown to be a work of necessity. Men who want to do that thing make a great many excuses for doing it; but wherein does it become necessary? You say, to save the crop. In some cases this may be true, but you must remember that a great many save their crop without Sunday work. I find where we are indifferent in regard to a thing, how easily we find an excuse for it. Some say I must meet an obligation, and it seems quite proper to use a little of the Sabbath to do it. First show the necessity of the obligation in that particular way, before trying to show the necessity of meeting it in that way. Before you can show the necessity of berry picking or shipping, you must show that it is necessary to be engaged in a business that requires Sabbath labor; and everybody knows this cannot be done. If any of us chance to be engaged in a business requiring Sunday work, don't plead the necessity of it, but get out of it at once. It is an easy matter to keep the Sabbath if we are determined to do it.

I recollect a very easy solution by a man not long since. A man was engaged in maple sugar making. He said,—suppose there should be an unusual flow of sap on Saturday evening, and Sunday morning everything was full and the sap running on the ground; one of two things must be done,—let the sap waste, or secure it (some think it a great wrong to allow property to waste), which would you do? The man replied,—I would make the vessels large enough to hold it. How easy! So in regard to this whole matter. There is an easy way out if we are determined to find it.

Before we conclude these remarks we want to ask a few plain questions, with the fact before us, that our Heavenly Father in his command requires that our horses or beasts rest on the Sabbath; how can we take up our teams and go out riding or visiting, or running to the cars, or permitting others to use our horses for any such purpose? Read the commandment again, and see if all such things are not forbidden. How can such things be done? Wherein lies the necessity of such an act? Some will say, I don't see any harm in it. Well, all there is of it is, the simple fact it is in open violation of a plain command. If you don't see any harm, refrain for the good of others,—those who believe, for good reasons, that it is wrong. A good man said, "If eating meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no more while the world stands." He regarded the views of others.

Answer to "Fruit Grower's" questions:

First, I would not start the train if it must run on the Sabbath.

Second, if no train arrives, there will be no fruit to handle.

Third, if it is necessary to ship to a trans-Atlantic City, I would run it through if it takes a Sabbath to complete it.

The last question I believe I have answered.

ANOTHER FRUIT GROWER.

### From the Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 11, 1883.  
Government receipts to-day—Internal revenue \$306,547.68; customs \$1,027,367.34.

It is customary when printed matter is held at the city post office on account of insufficient postage to notify the party to whom the paper is addressed of the fact. A card containing such a notice was sent to a woman in Iowa, whose reply was received to-day. It said simply: "When pumpkins are ripe I will send you one that has more brains than ever had the man who made this ruling on paper postage."

Postmaster General Gresham has mailed a letter to the director general of posts of Mexico, calling his attention to the railway facilities lately acquired between his country and the United States, and suggesting that hereafter in all cases where practicable mail matter be sent by rail, instead of by steamer, as at present, whereby the detentions of mail matter sent by sea at Vera Cruz in the yellow fever season may be avoided, and quicker communication secured.

According to the temperatures reported at the signal office, it has been cooler in Washington this week, and in fact nearly every day in August, than it has been in Canada. For instance, at 7 o'clock this morning the thermometer stood at 64 degrees in Washington, while it was three degrees higher in Montreal and two higher in Quebec. Our temperature this morning was exactly the same as that at Duluth, two degrees lower than at Portland, Me., and one degree lower than at Block Island, R. I.

The President's appearance is thus described as he started from Green River station on the U. P. road, August 6th: The President appeared in the costume of a veritable ranger, with top boots, slouch hat, and a gray suit with short sack coat, which had evidently been in the family some years. He appeared thoroughly rested and inhaled the morning air vigorously. To those around him he declared he had never experienced such a digestion in his life. Secretary Lincoln's new base ball shoes and mountain costume completely disguised his official identity.

The telegraph war seems to have settled down to a question of endurance of the opposing interests. This is unsatisfactory to the public, and must be ruinous to both the monopoly and the strikers. There ought to be some cool-headed men among the managers of the two interests who could, by a conference, arrange the difficulties on some satisfactory compromise basis.

HOWARD.

### THE LADIES' STORE OF HAMMONTON. TOMLIN & SMITH'S,

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Envelopes, etc., etc.  
Furnished and Printed at the  
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Principal, Trenton, N. J.

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501 N. Fremont St., Baltimore  
During the war I was injured in the stomach by a piece of a shell, and have suffered from it ever since. About four years ago it brought on paralysis, which kept me in bed six months, and the best doctors in the city said I could not live. I suffered fearfully from indigestion, and for over two years could not eat solid food and for a large portion of the time was unable to retain even liquid nourishment. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters and now after taking two bottles I am able to get up and go around and am rapidly improving.  
G. DECKER.

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Business Cards,  
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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
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DISORDERED LIVER,  
and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels constive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Flushing at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand 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 "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, 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 are a perfect

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## Religious Sentiment.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

**A QUAKER'S PHILOSOPHY.**—The following lines, said to have been written by a Quaker, contain the true philosophy of life: I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do, to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again. Let this be my epitaph:

What I spent I had;  
What I saved I lost behind;  
What I gave away I took with me.

**GOOD ADVICE TO PARENTS.**—Always speak in a pleasant voice.

Teach your children how to work; how to obtain a living by their own effort. Teach them the nobility and dignity of labor, that they may respect and honor the worker.

Teach your children the evil of secret vice, and the consequences of the use of tobacco and spirituous liquors; teach them to be temperate, orderly, punctual, truthful, neat, faithful and honest.

Encourage your child to be careful of personal appearance; to return every tool to its place; to always pay debts promptly; to never shrink a duty; to do an equal share, and to always live up to an agreement.

It is an erroneous idea which many farmers have that manure applied in the hill, or directly beneath where a plant is to grow, does more good than the same fertilizer spread broadcast and well-incorporated through the surface soil.

Teach your children to confide in you by conference together. Tell them your plans and sometimes ask them their advice; they will thus open their hearts to you, and will ask your advice. The girl that tells all her heart to her mother, has a shield and a protection about her which can come only with a mother's advice and counsel.

Give the children your confidence in the affairs of your business. They will thus take interest and become co-workers with you. If you enlist their respect, then their sympathy and co-operation, they will quite likely remain to take up your work when you have done, and will go ahead perfecting what you have commenced.

If you are a farmer do not overwork your children, and thus by a hard and dreary life drive them off to the cities. Arise at a reasonable hour in the morning, take an hour's rest after meals, and quit at five or six o'clock in the afternoon. Let the young people in games and other amusements have a happy time the remainder of the day. There is no reason why a farmer's family should be deprived of recreation and amusement any more than others.

**IS IT YOUR INTEREST?**—We take readily to anything we know is to our interest in the business and affairs of life. We exercise no little care to discover what is such. Is it not well to exercise a similar care as to our interest in spiritual things, and discovering what is such, take to it readily and with a purpose?

Let us here affirm it is to your interest to be a Christian. The truest philosophy, the highest wisdom and the most varied experience of men prove the truth of this assertion. The testimony of the best, most useful and happiest among men in all ages, prove it. Intuition, reason and revelation prove it.

If it is to your interest to be a Christian at all, it is to your interest to be a faithful one. Upon this depends your assurance as to the future and your happiness and usefulness in the present. The more your faithfulness the greater your progress and success in spiritual things. It confirms you in the faith which sin would destroy, it increases that peace which it would disturb, and enlivens that hope which it would blast forever. Your faithfulness is the measure of your Christian usefulness to others. Nothing will afford a better reward, or pay you better, than to be useful in the highest sense to your fellow men. To be a faithful Christian is to be earnest in the worship, and efficient in the service of Christ and his church. What higher, nobler aim for a living man than this? Be persuaded by the strong and thorough considerations presented on every hand, that it is to your interest to be a Christian and a faithful Christian.

ian. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

In the face of such witnesses, you should not doubt for a moment, at least give a respectful, earnest, honest and immediate consideration. You would be convinced of your interest in other matters, and act accordingly, upon half the amount and credibility of testimony. It is to your interest in the future. It will secure to you an "inheritance," a "mansion," a "kingdom," a "crown." You can not cheat yourself, never so willingly into the assurance that death ends your existence, or that living in sin you will receive the reward of heaven in the life to come. Then is longer than now; the interests then are greater—than now; and gain then, compared with now, will make the latter seem but loss. If not a Christian, whatever you may gain in the present you lose the joy and glory of a never-ending habitation among saints, with angels, and in the presence of God in the future. What profit to a man if "he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It is to your interest to be a Christian in the present. The future is not so far from the present. They are closely related, linked together, and the former reaches into the latter. "The kingdom of heaven is at hand," to be realized here, in some measure at least, by all who enter it there. It is true from the true testimony of all Christians, the best men and women that have ever lived. It keeps you from a violation of the laws of life and health, prolonging days and escaping pain. It keeps you from violating the principles of conscience, promoting peace, contentment and comfort. It commands you to the confidence, respect and love of your fellow-men. It guards you against a thousand ills and troubles to which you are subject by sin.

## Fashion.

Satin cords, braided into rather intricate designs, are used as the heading for other trimmings on rich costumes.

Pansies of all colors and sizes on grounds of various colors appear in scarves, cuffs, collars, ribbons and shoes.

Large shawls of white-milk embroidery on the edges and in the corners will be much worn with midsummer toilets.

Mackinaw straw sailor hats, with low crowns and stiff brims, will be much worn by gentlemen in midsummer.

Colored silk mitts are embroidered in self-colors along the hand, the wrist and on the top which reaches to the elbow.

Violet, lilac, pansy, heliotrope, dahlia and many other red tints of purple are fashionable for silk and wool costumes.

Opal-tinted shot silks and the aurora colors of pink with gray, or pink with orange, are among the novelties.

Scotch plaid gait silk of very dark colors are used in combination with surah and cashmere for semi-dress costumes.

Sun umbrellas are to match the color of the dress, and are mounted on thick golden sticks, with handles studded with gold.

The high novelty in walking suits in Paris is a combination of fine black cashmere and white moire on white Ottoman silk.

For children combination dresses will be unusually worn. Plaids of every pattern are imported with plain materials to correspond in color.

In the matter of fancy jewelry the palm may be awarded to spiders. Jet, cut silver and jeweled spiders are seen in masses of lace, in bonnet strings and in bows.

The leading stores have on hand silk of the same dominant color by a maker—figured, changeable or plaid for skirts, plain to correspond for waists, sacques, etc.

For rich silks the palm-leaf design is most popular, and is wrought to imitate cashmere designs. Favorite shades are electric blue, garnet, crushed dark brown, green, black or blue velvet is the most elegant trimming for light-colored cashmere dresses.

Ribbons grow more and more gorgeous, and no color seems too brilliant to be used by itself or in combination with several others as a trimming for bonnet or dress.

## Wit and Humor.

A ninety-year-old Pennsylvanian, who never smoked, never drank, never fell in love, and never went out of his native town, has just started on his first journey. He was in a hearse.

A compositor who was puzzling over one of Horace Greeley's manuscripts, sagely and savagely observed: "If Belshazzar had seen this hand-writing on the wall, he would have been more terrified than he was."

A New York State man who tried a flying machine of his own invention last week had no advice to give to those who crowded around. All he said was: "Work in 'durned fool' somewhere or my tombstone?"

What is the best thing to hold when you get out of temper?—Your tongue.

What kind of essence does a young man like when he pops the question?—Acquiescence.

Mark Twain remarks that all we need to possess the finest navy in the world is ships—for we have plenty of water.

A Western editor alludes to a rival as a person entirely devoid of bigotry in medical affairs, having allopathic feet and a homoeopathic head.

The need of the age is not only a stronger nail, but also a nail that can be driven by a woman. One with a head about the size of a trade dollar.

A great many men remain awake during the sermon until the minister straightens up and says, "But one word more and I am done." Then they start in for a long nap.

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it so fatal as that?" gasped the consumptive.

What brought you to prison my colored friend?" said a Yankee to a darkey. "Two constables, sah." "Yes; but I mean had intertemperance anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah; dey was bof 'em drunk."

"Pa," said a little four-year-old boy, after running in the house the other evening, "are you an old dude?" "No, indeed, I am not. Why did you ask?" "Cause a feller just now come along the pavement and said I was a 'young dude.'"

An old Irish soldier, who prided himself upon his bravery, said he had fought in the battle of Bull Run. When asked if he had retreated and made good his escape, as others did on that famous occasion, he replied: "Those that didn't run are there yet!"

A Parisian lady, who is soon to be remarried, has a little daughter eight or nine years old. One of the little girl's friends invited her to dinner for the following Tuesday. "Oh, I can't on Tuesday," replied the child, with a most important air; "I marry mamma on that day!"

The most gauzy story ever presented to the credulity of the American public, says the San Francisco Post, is that infamously recent robbery in Montana, in which a passenger was robbed of \$1,500 and had \$600 that was not taken. The inside facts are that he had the \$1,500 in the toe of his sock and the \$600 in his mind.

A married woman, who has had some trouble with her female help, sends this recipe to the press: "Put all your old love-letters in a paste-board box in the servant-girl's room. A supply of old love-letters has been known to keep a girl contented in one place for three months at a time."

A French lady, on her arrival in this country, was careful to eat only such dishes as she was acquainted with, and being on one occasion pressed to partake of a dish new to her, she politely replied, thinking she was expressing herself in admirable English: "No, I thank you. I eat only my acquaintances."

**PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.**—The president of a defunct savings bank of Chicago got into a hack and rode to the central depot. Upon arrival at his destination, the driver said: "Fare, please one dollar." As the regular charge is only fifty cents, the indignant passenger at once demanded of the "Jehu," "What do you take me for?" "Fifty centon the dollar, sir," it was afraid to say. Only fifty cents for the ride, for fear you would want to settle with me for only twenty-five cents, that being fifty percent, and the rate at which you settled with your other creditors." The hackman got his dollar, and the ex-hacker got something he had not thought of before.

Western humor will sile and bubble under any and all circumstances. Now, who but a westerner would think of making the track of the awful cyclone the subject of joking comment, but he does it, and very cleverly, too. Here are some of the things which a correspondent of the St. Louis Republic says happened during a recent visitation:

The turning of well worn side out in Mississippi; moving township lines in Nebraska; blowing all the staves out of a whisky-barrel in Iowa and leaving the bung-hole; changing the day of the week in Wisconsin; smatching twelve shirts out of Henry Clay Dean's trunk at Rebel Cove; killing an honest Indian agent in the far West; twisting the tail of a mule in Texas; lifting David Davis off the political fence in Illinois; murdering a man contrary to law in Kentucky; blowing the crack-out-of-a-fence in Dakota; and all the schism out of a church choir in Minnesota.

**Restoring Plants 500 Years Old.**—A curious experiment has recently been tried with wreaths and votive offerings taken from the tomb of an Egyptian king, where they had been drying for 3500 years. Under judicious manipulation in hot water the dry cells swelled into their original plumpness, and the leaves, attached to card board and treated like recent specimens, were sent to Sir Joseph Hooker at Kew and exhibited at the late soiree of the Royal Society. Not only were the form of the leaves so far restored that they could be botanically identified but the intricate venation of the flower petals could be plainly traced; the coloring of lilies, lake-purples and other flowers was displayed, and even the distinctive orders of some specimens were preserved. In general, these old leaves and grasses were the same as of similar species to-day.

**Rose Perfume.**—The Weekly Nation says: "Gather all the fragrant roses you can—no matter if you are a weak gathering—and when you get a good many, take an iron mortar and pestle, like a druggist has, all the mortar and pound the leaves to a pulp. It will be quite like a lump of dough. Then take your thumb and use it for a measure—fill it full of the mixture, empty out in to your hand, and between your palms roll and roll, until you make a compact little ball your size as a marble. Make up all your rose dough—material this way, place on plates and dry in the sunshine. They will be dark and brown looking, but 'The scent of the roses will cling to them still.' These are to be put in drawers and trunks and hand-boxes, and among your table and bed and towel linen, and they will be just as fragrant for years as when you plucked the short-lived beauties and buried your face lovingly drawn into their glowing red hearts. I have made beads of them by making them a trifle smaller and drying them with pins stuck through the centers. Then they can be strung. Again, I have made them into little thin cakes the size of crackers. They are nice any way, for the great charm remains the same. Instead of petals and mortar you can take your stew kettle and potato-masher in a pinch."

**Home Economies.**—BRUNSWICK BLACK, thinned down with turpentine until it has attained the right tone and color, will, if a little varnish is added—about one-twentieth of the bulk of the black and turpentine—prove a stain for imitating walnut or teak wood. There is no difficulty in getting the mixture to dry hard, and it will take a coat of varnish first-class.

**PINCUSHION.**—An English pincushion will be found a very pretty addition to a toilet table. The cushion should be round, with an open space in the center for the reception of a flower vase or glass, and can be either of simple colored paper muslin, covered with lace or muslin, or it can be provided more elaborately with an embroidered or painted silk cover and deep fringe or bordering to match. The glass supplied with a few fresh flowers is a great improvement to the toilet table.

**WASTE PAPER BASKETS.**—The fashionable color for ornamenting waste paper baskets is a deep rich orange. Scarfs of silk of this hue are drawn carelessly about two sides of square baskets, or draped from the top of those which are round or oval. Orange ribbons are embroidered with daisies or cornflowers, and drawn slantwise over one side of a basket or run in and out of the meshes of the wicker-work in such a way that all the embroidery is fully shown.

**WORTH'S COSTUMES AND HIS CUSTOMERS.**—Mrs. Emma King, an English dress reformer, in a recent speech waxed indignant at Mr. Worth and uttered the wish that he might be drowned in the Seine, and she summed up the greater part of her sex as a pack of incurable dress-maniacs. Whoa, Emma! You do not know Mr. Worth. During a most charming conversation with him on the subject of feminine dress, he gave the information that he approves most decidedly of dress reform. He advocates the Persian costume for women, and would like to invent a sensible dress for them if they would wear it after it was made. But they will not. He tried the plan once and it dimly failed. The convenient, pretty and really graceful dress hangs "a lone ungarthered rose" on Mr. Worth's Parisian walls. Do not blame him. He is not responsible for the follies and tastes of the women whose demands he undertakes to supply. He does the best he can with his customers, and he would not have any if he attempted to wholly carry out his ideas on dress, which are more sensible than any we have heard from the lips of any man or woman. He is only too delighted when he finds a woman who wishes her dress adapted to her style of face, form and occupation, and he can tell at a glance what its make and color should be. He takes more interest in adapting one dress to a woman who understands this secret of good dressing than he does in dozens of the showy kind that are ordered for inappropriate places.

Although where a costly and gorgeous dress is not out of place, no one can rival Worth in producing either bizarre, outre or tasteful effects. He is the Shakespeare of dress. He can do everything with it, as Shakespeare could with language. And he knows a wealthy titled lady of Paris whose taste and inspiration would be his only rivals if she were obliged to use them as her own pecuniary benefit. He obtains many of his effects from nature—more especially in the matter of blending the shades, as seen in the plumage of a bird, the petals of a flower or the tints of sunset clouds. Nature never brings striking contrasts closely together, although she may appear to do so at the first sight of her varied hues. Each one leads up to or recedes from the other in gradually deepening tints until the climax of color is reached; and Worth, who is a keen observer, invariably uses the hints he catches in this way. It is a pity that women as a rule will not support him to a still greater extent than they do, and allow him to use his inventive genius in creating a beautiful, sensible, but pretty dress for them to wear. He would answer for its being a graceful one. If Mrs. King and other radical dress reformers did but know it, Worth could and would benefit women more than any man on the face of the earth.

A certificate of incorporation of the Exchange Telegraph Company was filed in New York. The line is to run from that city to San Francisco, touching at all intermediate points desired. The capital stock is fixed at \$2,000,000 in 20,000 shares of \$100 each, with provision for an increase. The incorporators are S. D. Field, C. H. Hurd, Alex. Thain, J. Bentley Squire and James C. Jewett.

## Floriculture.

**Grasses.**—Just a bank of flowering grasses. Lightly waving to and fro, As the summer south-wind passes In the noon light glow. In their diverse beauty fashioned, Turning often to the sky, Whence a bright light gleam shines, Gaily greeting each wayfarer, Shyly bending to the breeze, Surely earth's wreat'ed garden-bearer Careth much for these.

Ah, the quaintly flowering grasses A design we need them for, Lie in brown and drooping masses, Gathered but to die!

In their murmur a complaining For their day so quickly passed? Do they mourn its fineness—claiming It should ever last? Such a wealth of sweetness granted, As had never graced their bloom, Fills the air till we are haunted By the rich perfume!

In their fragrant stillness lying, Where so lately they counseled "faith, They in every act of duty, Whisper 'Love in Death.'"

**Restoring Plants 500 Years Old.**—A curious experiment has recently been tried with wreaths and votive offerings taken from the tomb of an Egyptian king, where they had been drying for 3500 years. Under judicious manipulation in hot water the dry cells swelled into their original plumpness, and the leaves, attached to card board and treated like recent specimens, were sent to Sir Joseph Hooker at Kew and exhibited at the late soiree of the Royal Society. Not only were the form of the leaves so far restored that they could be botanically identified but the intricate venation of the flower petals could be plainly traced; the coloring of lilies, lake-purples and other flowers was displayed, and even the distinctive orders of some specimens were preserved. In general, these old leaves and grasses were the same as of similar species to-day.

**Rose Perfume.**—The Weekly Nation says: "Gather all the fragrant roses you can—no matter if you are a weak gathering—and when you get a good many, take an iron mortar and pestle, like a druggist has, all the mortar and pound the leaves to a pulp. It will be quite like a lump of dough. Then take your thumb and use it for a measure—fill it full of the mixture, empty out in to your hand, and between your palms roll and roll, until you make a compact little ball your size as a marble. Make up all your rose dough—material this way, place on plates and dry in the sunshine. They will be dark and brown looking, but 'The scent of the roses will cling to them still.' These are to be put in drawers and trunks and hand-boxes, and among your table and bed and towel linen, and they will be just as fragrant for years as when you plucked the short-lived beauties and buried your face lovingly drawn into their glowing red hearts. I have made beads of them by making them a trifle smaller and drying them with pins stuck through the centers. Then they can be strung. Again, I have made them into little thin cakes the size of crackers. They are nice any way, for the great charm remains the same. Instead of petals and mortar you can take your stew kettle and potato-masher in a pinch."

**Home Economies.**—BRUNSWICK BLACK, thinned down with turpentine until it has attained the right tone and color, will, if a little varnish is added—about one-twentieth of the bulk of the black and turpentine—prove a stain for imitating walnut or teak wood. There is no difficulty in getting the mixture to dry hard, and it will take a coat of varnish first-class.

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The best remedy for eyes, weakened by night use, is a fine stream of cold water frequently applied to them.

Children and young people should be made to hold their heads up and shoulder back while standing, sitting or working.

From one to one pound and a half of solid food is sufficient for a person in the ordinary vocations of business. Persons in sedentary employments should drop one-third of their food, and they escape dyspepsia.

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**For Sleeplessness.**—A physician writing to the Christian Union on the subject of sleeplessness, remarks: If neither beef tea or milk can be easily procured, hot water with an infusion of hops or mint may be substituted, or even hot water alone will quiet restlessness and induce sleep. A darkened room, that the moonbeams cannot enter, a little fresh air from an open window or fireplace, are valuable assistants in making the sleep continuous.

**The Care of Infants in Summer.**—The New York board of health recommends the following rules for the summer in regard to the nursing of infants: Over-feeding does more harm than anything else; nurse an infant a month or two old every two or three hours. Nurse an infant of six months and over five times in twenty-four hours, and no more. If an infant is thirsty, give it pure water, or barley water; no sugar. In relation to the feeding of infants, the board advise: Roll a teaspoonful of powdered barley (ground in coffee grinder) and one-half pint of water, with a little salt, for fifteen minutes, strain, then mix it with white sugar, size of a walnut, and add a little lukewarm from a nursing bottle. Keep breasts and mouths-piece in a bottle of water when not in use, to which a little soda may be added. For infants five or six months old give half barley water and half boiled milk, with salt and a lump of sugar. For older infants give more milk than barley water.

For infants very costive, give oatmeal instead of barley. Cook and strain as before. When the breast-milk is only half enough, change off between breast-milk and this prepared food. Dr. Page says that if infants are fed only three times a day they will escape colic and cholera infantum.

**Variety in Our Food.**—Happiness and bodily comfort depend largely on the food we eat, and how cooked. There is nothing more acceptable to the appetite than a change in diet. A long continuation of the same food, prepared in the same way, is extremely tiresome. It is easy to have a variety, if one chooses to manufacture it out of the very same materials. For instance, one wears of having boiled potatoes continually. They are good, wholesome, but it is easy to mash the potatoes, add a little salt and milk, heat it in the oven, and set the dish on the table in a new form, or cut the potatoes up, when cold, in chips, and stew them in a butter gravy till well scalded. It is a delightful change, and an economical one, too, as it saves the whole potato, which is quite an item in many families at present prices. Slicing and frying cold potatoes in drippings is another good way to cook this vegetable.

In meats, too, different methods of cooking are very desirable, as well as saving. One gets tired of fried meat; it is better occasionally to roast, bake or stew. There are many dainty methods of preparing meats for the table that it really seems as if there is little need of urging the necessity of change in the method of cooking. Still, many families are in the habit of having the same bill of fare all the week. No wonder people who live in this style like to make visits so as to get a change of diet once in a while. Vegetables should form one item of food at every dinner-table. Perhaps farmers cannot obtain most desirable, but proved to be most suitable. A damp and shady spot is selected for the "park," and the prisoners are kept within bounds by the simple contrivance of sawdust and brambles. This does very well in fine weather; but when it rains the farmer's wife and children must be constantly on the alert to turn back the runways. The fattening process goes on until the approach of winter when tufts of moss and bundles of dry leaves are thrown into the park. Into these the snails creep, and then, to increase their comfort, proceed to seal themselves up in their shells. In the case of Burgundy snails, the sealing substance exuded forms a thick calcareous crust. When the creatures have completed their arrangements for hibernating is just the time when they are considered in prime condition for the table. The full grown ones are then used as they are wanted for the market, the young ones being left to swell the next year's crop.

**A Dude in the Wild, Wild West.**—The car was full, and I pre-empted a seat on the rear platform. Inside were miners bound for Carbonate, a drummer, one lady, and a something that we all decided was a dude. Once in a while the train would be lost amid coney pines, and then through a gap in the trees would be caught an Eden-like glimpse of the disappearing park. There were innumerable shades of green beside the track; the brilliancy of grass, and the almost black of the forest. Even the dude showed an interest. "No paintah, aw, could do this thing, ye know, aw." The language of the dude was not particularly florid, but his head was level. However, he got knocked completely out of time further on. The train stopped at a neat cottage painted brown. In the door was a rose-cheeked maiden, leaning in unconscious grace upon her broom. "Aw, me gurhl, don't ye get lonesome, ye know, aw, way up heah?" he ventured, with a smile that trespassed on the back of his neck. The girl seemed astonished for a moment, and then, looking over her shoulder, called: "Pap! pap! the dimes museum monkey is loose! Kill it, and get its clothes!" The dude seemed to shrink, and nothing could induce him to open his mouth from that point to the journey's end.

**RUBBER CAPS.**—One objection to the ingrain carpet is that the high heels which servants delight in wearing on thick soles seem to catch at the threads and drag them out of place, producing a rough surface; another is that the legs of heavy chairs have the same effect. One way of saving these carpets is to cover the ends of the chair legs with rubber caps at a cost of about seventeen cents. The servants' heels are, of course, amenable to no such remedy.

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uriously enough of all the birds pre-  
 by the Levitical law as unclean,  
 only one ever eaten is the cormo-  
 rant, which is certainly one of the least  
 tempting of fowls. It is such a saten-  
 tific bird that the very look of it  
 suggests Milton's legend of its  
 being born the first creature whose  
 name was assumed by the arch-  
 angel, perched on the tree of life, to  
 be croaked with envying, the fair  
 seraphs of Eden, plotting how to  
 work mischief for the blissful pair. The fishy  
 look of this repulsive-looking bird is  
 considerably diminished by burying it  
 for four-and-twenty hours, and  
 skinning it, after which its flesh is  
 to make lobster soup, in flavor  
 amply combining fish and fowl, the  
 former predominating. There is some-  
 thing very weird about these solemn  
 black birds (scats, as they are called),  
 that haunt the dark caves along the  
 coast. In the innermost recesses  
 they heap up a pile of dry seaweed,  
 sitting, with unerring instinct, a spot  
 where the highest spring tide cannot  
 reach them. There they lay their eggs,  
 thus guarding their nests, or the  
 young ones, from the sea. As the  
 ledges, never stirring, till we are  
 inside their cave, when a sudden  
 of dusky wing startles us, and they  
 pass us with piercing cries. Well  
 the seaman recognize the voice  
 these birds of ill-omen, whose shrill  
 cry is invariably herald the coming  
 of a storm.

Telegraphic anecdotes being in order reminds us of a dispatch which some years ago a business man in Boston sent to his correspondent in New York, requesting him to have a room reserved for him at the hotel, as he should come on that afternoon.

Arrived late at night he stood serenely behind the crowd at the old Astor House who were registering their names, even till the clerk began to turn applicants away for lack of room, assured that his dispatch in advance must have secured accommodation, but was surprised and indignant to find that no order for a room had been received, and was obliged to hunt up lodgings for the night elsewhere.

Early next morning, in response to the demand if his dispatch had been

Mr. Grant Allen, in an article in *Knowledge* on the English black-cap, answers this question in the affirmative. Although the old black-caps eat largely of fruits, the young black-caps will eat nothing but insects. Breeders of the canary—a seed-eating bird—are also well aware of the fact that the young must at first be fed on animal food, usually given in the shape of boiled egg. Mr. Allen says that this trait of the black-cap, common to many if not to most fruit-eaters, may be put side by side with the one noted by Mr. A. R. Wallace, that the young humming-birds, which are developed flower-haunting swifts, will eat nothing but spiders

personally, Captain Gronow was a remarkably handsome man, always meticulously dressed, and generally popular in society. But, as we have already remarked, he says little about himself in "Reminiscences," and, beyond the use of a casual allusion to his marvelous pistol-shots, we learn nothing of his accomplishments from his books. Captain Ross, were-by-the-way, unquestionably the two best pistol shots of the world. Captain Ross was intimately acquainted with Gronow, and he gives the following authentic account of a celebrated duel, in the Bois de Boulogne, in which the latter was defeated. Gronow's antagonist was a notorious French bully, famed for his deadly skill with the pistol. "Gronow," says Captain Ross, "told us the story, and he said that the Frenchman stuck his pistol on a tree, and, in a swaggering manner, asked Gronow if he would take it. Gronow said: 'I will not hit the glove, I will hit the man.' Gronow: 'I will serve you the same way.' Captain Hesse, Gronow's second, afterward killed in a duel, said to him: "'You must do something to try and shake that fellow's nerve; so he threw up his hat in the air, and Gronow put his bullet through it, and then, bowing to the Frenchman, said: '*Monseigneur, votre votre destine!*'" After a few minutes the destiny was fulfilled. Gronow was anything but a coward, or a bully, or a person. At-

Ah! Swath of slenderness, dove of tenderness,  
 Jewel of joys arise!  
 The little red lark like a rosy spark  
 Of song to his sunburst days is;  
 But till you are risen, earth is a prison,  
 Full of my captivities;  
 Than a snare and a disconsol to your fond lover  
 The morn of your matchless eyes.

The-dawn is dark to me; hark, oh! hark-to me  
 Pulse of my heart, I pray,  
 And gently gliding out of thy hiding,  
 Dazzle me with thy day!  
 And oh! I'll fly to thee singing and sigh to  
 Passion so sweet and gay.

The dark shall listen and dew-drops glisten,  
 Laughing on every spray.

Geraldine Spencer was the only daughter of the well-known Colonel Hubert Spencer, one of the wealthiest planters of Mississippi. The colonel was a fiery-blooded gentleman of the old school in those days "before the war," of which we are speaking. His grandfather was an intimate and trusted friend of Washington. His father was a brigadier general in the last war with Great Britain, and the colonel himself was a graduate of West Point, and one of the most dashing and daring officers under old "Rough-and-Ready." In the picnic of a war which we had with Mexico a generation ago.

Colonel Spencer was the leader in some of the most daring exploits south of the Rio Grande. He was complimented more than once in the official dispatches, and a brilliant military career—that is, as the state of the country permitted—was before him, had he chosen to adopt the military profession; but though the colonel would have preferred fighting to eating, he resigned his commission in the army, and went home to his plantation in Mississippi.

Here he knew what a horde of hungry young officers were clambering and clatter-knocking for positions in the army, and he preferred that they should have them, especially as he saw a prospect of a lengthy peace before the country; a period of idleness for the army, which would fret such a high soul as his to death.

He perceived all this, we say, and went back to his plantation on the Mississippi, and devoted himself to his family.

course, after himself was in his second year at West Point; the wife was dead long ago; and Geraldine presided over his household.

One reason why, perhaps, there was such a strong affection between father and daughter was because they were so alike. She was high-spirited, as independent as her proud as he. She was as beautiful as an angel, with her wealth of jet black, waving hair, her brilliant complexion, her marvelous eyes, her matchless figure, her patrician features and her wonderful grace of voice and manner.

Geraldine had numberless admirers and devotees. Many from the North, where she had spent a couple of years, and her own sunny South produced myriads, but she seemed to care for none of them.

gave her callers, without regard to their social position and standing. She would leave them at any time, and go with her father on a tramp through the woods or fishing in the river.

After all, there is nothing so humiliating in a pretty woman—or one, who, for that matter—is an absolute independence of character—an independence which preserves one's self-respect at all times, and humbles the pride of the proudest of the lords of creation. It is just that sort of woman that all are most anxious to secure for a prize.

One summer afternoon Geraldine and her father were sitting in the shade of the long, low porch which extended in front of their house. The colonel was smoking his cigar, and the daughter, who was richly dressed, was gently rocking back and forth, and looking off at the yellow Mississippi, along which a high-decked steamer was laboriously plowing its way.

A close observer would have scent that the beautiful daughter had some sore trouble on her mind. She was uneasy

But the colonel noticed nothing ; for he knew the superb poise of his daughter.

her so well, he did not believe anything short of an earthquake could disturb it.

So he continued peacefully smoking his cigar, while his paper rested idly in his lap, and he looking off toward the Mississippi.

Suddenly he rose up.

"Where is Sydney?" he abruptly asked.

"I left him a while ago, and he has not gone home yet. I thought I would like to sit down a few minutes with you."

"I am glad to have you, daughter; but it does seem to me that you treat some of your callers with rudeness."

"Then, if I were they," said the proud girl, touching the magnolia over her nose, "I wouldn't make callers of myself."

"I should think not," commented the colonel, with a little sniff at the curious expression she flung at him. "I have a very high regard for Sydney, Geraldine."

"Have you?" she asked with indifference, though, in reality, was assumed, though her father did not perceive it.

"Well, is there about him for you to admire?"

"Well, he is the only surviving son of my intimate, deceased friend, Capt. Williams, of the army. The captain was one of the bravest and noblest men who ever trod this foot-stool, and Sydney's looks and manner make me feel sure he is simply another edition of his father. He has a fine education, is many-looking, and is going to make his mark in the world. He has practiced law only two years, and has a reputation as high as any who are double his years. I like Sydney very much."

"More than any one who comes here?" asked the daughter, holding the magnolia again to her nose, while she glanced furtively at her unsuspicious father.

"Well, yes," he returned, "I can say I do. But why isn't he here?" he added, looking sharply around.

"He is waiting for me."

"Didn't I see him dressed up in some outrageous suit, something of a nature to match this high-bred style of your make-up?" asked the father, with an amused but puzzled expression.

"If you saw him at all during the last hour, you did."

"What is the meaning of it?"

"He is to play the part of a gentleman of the old school in a little comedy which he has gotten up, and which is to be given at the private theatricals of Mme. Chteau's, next week, for the benefit of the parish."

"And you and he have been rehearsing?"

"Something like that. He wanted me to criticise his suit and make-up, and to give him some points;" while he volunteered to do all he could for me in the same direction. Our two characters are the most important ones in the piece, and Sydney is anxious that we shall fully sustain them. We rehearsed alone. But, father, such an extraordinary thing took place while we were doing so, that I made up my mind to come and tell you."

"You don't seem to have been in a hurry," said he, looking wondering at her, "for you have been here a half hour."

The lovely daughter hesitated a moment before replying. A very singular thing for her to do.

"He wished me to leave him for a short time."

"Ah, that's it! Very well, I'm satisfied to have you here as long as you will stay."

And the colonel looked with pride upon his beautiful daughter, who recalled so vividly her mother when she was a bride more than a score of years before.

It was just like the proud, young woman, who, without any appearance of excitement or agitation of manner, came to the momentous subject which was really the cause of her being there.

"You say, father, that you admire or rather respect Sydney very much?"

"That is substantially what I said."

"And you say this young gentleman of your acquaintance?"

"Really more."

"How would you like him for a son-in-law?"

The colonel turned, as if struck by a pistol shot, and looked keenly at his daughter, without speaking for a full minute. Geraldine herself seemed to be picking the sprig of magnolia, while she looked unconsciously down at it; but, for all her forced composure the crimson blood crept up under the rich

When her countenance, and, strive as much as she might, she could not hide the fact from her father that her heart was throbbing more tumultuously than ever before.

Suddenly he exclaimed—  
 "What?"

"I think you heard me, father," said Geraldine, in a low voice, without trusting herself to look up.

"Are you in earnest, my daughter?"

This was uttered in the same low, but firm voice.

"Come here, my child!"

The colonel kept his seat, while Geraldine, standing beside him, looked down in his face. He took her hand affectionately, while he asked :—  
 "Has he proposed to you?"  
 "He has."  
 "Have you accepted him?"

"I could not do that until I first received your permission."  
 "Does he love you?"

Geraldine laughed in spite of herself.

"I have a strong impression that he would scarcely ask me to marry him, unless he thought pretty well of me."  
 "Of course—of course; but do you love him?"

"With my whole heart and soul!"

There was a fervency, a depth of feeling in this exclamation, accompanied by the flushed cheeks, the sparkling eye and tremulous hand that rested in the palm of her father, which spoke her soulful earnestness.

"Well, if that's the case," said Col. Spencer, throwing away his cigar, "all I've got to say is you are both convinced simpletons if you don't get married—there!"

This was a consent with considerable emphasis.

Poor Geraldine! the proud, brave girl broke down at last. She knew it would be a terrible sacrifice for her father to yield her to another, and she held the gravest doubts of ever receiving his assent; but he gave it so promptly and willingly, that she could only throw her arms about his neck and murmur between her sobs—  
 "You're the best father that ever lived, and I hate to leave you."

"Never mind about that," he replied, soothingly. "I know it will be your happiness to do so. I could never forgive myself if I stood in your way. I shall fix you in a house to suit myself, then I shall live with you about five-fifths of the time. If either of you undertake to interfere with me, I shall put you both out of the house."

The happy Geraldine gave her father another hug, and seemed loth to leave him, until he said :—  
 "Come, daughter; Sydney, I know, is waiting for your answer. Go and tell him. I hope he will feel better."

"I know he will," was the laughing utterance of Geraldine, as she tripped away.

Sydney Williams was but a short distance off. As the father turned his head to follow his daughter, he saw the man's head, covered with his huge, curly wig, resting upon his arms, as though he were asleep—though that was hardly possible under the circumstances.

As Geraldine passed beyond she caught sight of her lover, and turned abruptly and approached him so softly that he did not hear her.

He had thrown his head forward on his arms, resting on the stand, and he formed a strange figure in his English suit of a former generation.

Geraldine stood a moment, with throbbing heart, looking down upon and admiring him; then, seized by a sudden fancy, she stepped closer, and leaning over, gently touched his hand with the sprig of magnolias, which she still held.

Sydney moved as though it were a fly, and then she laughed in a low, soft, merry way, which caused him to raise his head and look longingly up into the beautiful face.

"Oh, speak!" he gasped, has he consented?"

The poor fellow's whole soul was in the question, and she saw how cruel it was to keep him in suspense.

"He says he thinks we will be simpletons if we don't marry each other."

Sydney caught her in his arms, and it may be said that the contract was sealed then and there.

The young man was always partial to the sweet perfume of the magnolias, but now since it is associated so intimately with his winning the love of his heart, there is nothing in the world of a vegetable nature to which he is so partial as a sprig of magnolia.

The darkness black, the wind in high,  
Dense, black clouds fill the western sky;  
The storm will soon begin to blow,  
And the rain will come in a deluge.  
Hear the great, round rain-drops dash—  
Are all the children in?

They're coming soon to my side—  
Their forms within my arms I hide—  
And the rain-drops are no longer so  
Unwelcome as they once were so.

The storm may rage with fury wild,  
With lightning flash each little child  
With mother fast and safe is hid—  
With mother fast and safe is hid.

But future days are drawing near,  
When the storm will be no more so  
Out in the world's wild rain;  
The rain will fall, the cold winds blow,  
I'll shield them from the cold wind's blow,  
Are all the children in?

Will they have shelter then secure,  
Where hearts are waiting strong and sure  
And love is true when tried?  
Will they be safe when the storm is  
When the strength of heart they so much need  
To help them brave the tide?

God knows it all; his will is best,  
I'll shield them now and yield the rest  
To him who rules righteously and true,  
Whom the souls he loves are true.

By tempest wild and thus are driven  
Nearer the better land.

If he should call us home before  
The children, on that blessed shore  
Where their souls are at rest,  
I know that I shall watch and wait  
Till he, the Keeper of the gate,

Abiel Grimes was an old bachelor. Some people called him an old cut-mudgong, and some people called him an old hunka, and these titles were really more truthful than flattering.

The fact is, as the world goes—a world goes hard enough with some—Abiel Grimes was a pretty hard man—hard and cold, selfish to the core when his interests were at stake; apparently had no more feeling than lamp-post, no more charity than a baccaro sign; seemed ever grasping everything, never yielding anything; living only for Abiel Grimes, and doing for nothing beyond himself.

When he was twenty Abiel Grimes went to see a young lady—a very young lady, everybody called her—a young lady at last rumored that they were going to be married.

But one day, being caught out in rain, she allowed another young man to hold her umbrella over her while she took home by his side.

Abiel Grimes chanced to witness transaction, and became furiously storming, raving and tearing pass to takers.

He did more. He left Mr Albr with a curse, and never visited again.

She wept and sobbed, and was disconsolate for a time, and then married the kind young man—who held the umbrella over her.

From that time forward nobody heard Abiel Grimes laugh.

In fact, it is doubtful if he c laugh.

He drew into himself like a t into his shell, and to the world presented an exterior as hard as shell.

He bent his whole energies to m money. And he made it.

He earned houses and lands which rented to the rich and to the poor. But he was to the luckless wight as a wort on pay day.

He b a money on mortgages, he never missed an opportunity t close.

He seemed devoid of pity, and showed mercy.

Into the street went a sick father, mother or starving children if he to get his lawful due.

He was no hypocrite, however was consistent with himself.

He gave nothing to churches cause, as he averred, religion a sham.

He gave nothing to hospitals cause people had no business t sick.

He gave nothing to charitable ties, because the poor ought to for their bread.

In short, he gave nothing to any except Abiel Grimes.

And Abiel Grimes he pam There was nothing too good for Grimes.

He bought a splendid mansion rounded himself with luxuries, and servants who were no better t many slaves in his regard.

His sister kept house for him, poor, quiet, timid, childish widow no other home, nor any means without labor.

Of all days in the year, Abiel hated Sundays and holidays.

Why?

Because he could not vex people business transactions on those day

because poor people were tall, and seemingly happy, and jaded, hated to see people happy.

"I could have shut them all up in black pits and kept them to work there all their lives for his gain and comfort, he would have done so.

"And of all the holidays, Abiel Grimes hated Christmas, and its rejoicing and festivities.

"And in this state of mind, without ever having a day's illness—going on prosperously in worldly gain and amassing riches—Abiel Grimes reached the age of forty-five, hale and hearty—with a sharp face, iron frame, cold grey eyes, thin hair and a bald head.

"Now it so happened that one day Christmas night Abiel Grimes returned to his elegant mansion at the hour of eleven:

"It was snowing fast and the streets were mostly deserted.

"The mansion looked grim, and dark, and cold, for there had been no rejoicing there that day, and the servants had all gone to bed.

"Only the poor housekeeper was sitting up for her brother, to keep the fire water and his slippers warm, and his feet hot for his punch, and to act as his slave and minister to his every whim.

"Abiel Grimes ascended the high marble steps in no pleasant frame of mind.

"It had been a long, disagreeable day to him, because everybody had been too happy to feel the venom of hate with which he regarded them.

"On the upper step he paused in astonishment, which soon merged into rage.

"Somebody had left a basket on that step—a basket with a handle to it; a basket filled with something, which was fast-falling snow had already covered with a thin, pure mantle of white.

"The infernal carelessness or impudence of some servant or beggar," muttered Abiel Grimes through his shut teeth, as he raised his foot and gave that basket a vigorous kick.

"He intended to kick it clear from his cold, hard marble step—no colder and harder than his own marble heart—into the middle of the street. But his design miscarried.

"The basket struck against the iron rail, bounded back, fell over, and a small bundle rolled out.

"Then—from the small bundle came feeble wail, a human wail, a cry of innocence appealing to Heaven against the cruel neglect and abuse of man kind.

"*"A living child!"* exclaimed the astonished and somewhat horrified Abiel Grimes. "*And if I've killed it there be the deed to pay."*

"Yes, Abiel Grimes, and the Lord settle with besides.

"For a few moments an almost paralyzing terror had possession of this man of iron, while another pitiful wail came up to him from that living bundle of suffering.

"What should he do?

"Leave the little thing to perish; and have a murder on his conscience, a coroner at his door?

"Call a policeman and have it removed and a report reach the press in such garbled way as to mix him up in a ridiculous scandal?

"Then—starting thought—wondering that he had already been fearfully injured by a similar kick.

"It might be not even at that awful moment be dying!

"It was a cold night, but great beams of perspiration came and stood out of the thin, hard face of Abiel Grimes.

"At that moment a rollicking party of young men turned the corner of the street, and came singing, laughing and shouting forward.

"In another minute they would be at his door.

"Fievels!" they have already said him, and what if they should bear the seed, and find it dying from brutality.

There were courts where men were tried for murder, and Abiel Grimes was not like even to fancy himself stand in the felon's dock.

Never did the trembling fingers that man work faster than in applying the key, turning of the bolt and for open the door of that paternal mansion.

Then he started the child and the key, sprung into the marble vestibule, and the world, out of its merry young bloods went singing, laughing, shouting, reeling and rollicking past the dark frowning windows of bucheolr abode.

Hastening to his own elegant sitting room, where his sister sat waiting

the Abel Grimes fairly burst into the apartment, white and trembling, with the living and walking bundle in one hand and the basket in the other.

"Here, Griselda," cried he, as the surprised sister started up in alarm, "here's some beggar's child that I've just stumbled over on my step, and I want you to see if I killed it."

"He did not dare to say he had kicked it over even to her.

The poor sister had a kind heart—she had been a wife and mother, and had lost both mother and child—and she tenderly took the poor little waif, unrolled it, examined it, and then soothed, and kissed, and hugged, and fondled it, till it opened its sweet little blue eyes, and fairly laughed in her face.

"Oh, you dear little darling!" she cried, completely oblivious in her absorbed delight to the presence of her ogreish brother.

"Well," she snapped out at length, "the child-bird?"

"Oh, no; she does not appear to be, Abiel."

"Then throw the she into the fire!" he cried, with a savage stamp of his foot.

Of course he did not mean to have his sister literally obey his murderous order, but only to understand that the child must be put out of his way, and that he would have nothing more to do with it.

"Oh, Abiel, brother, let me keep it, and rear it, and call it mine," pleaded the lone-hearted sister. "I want something to love in my declining years. Let me have this. See, dear Abiel, how sweet the darling looks, and how it smiles even now upon you."

And the little baby did at that moment chance to throw out its little hands toward the iron man, and seem to smile at him, just as babies have before now been known to smile upon their murderers.

"Bah!" grunted Abiel Grimes, as he turned away.

But he did not escape scathless.

A beam from that baby's eyes had darted into his, and that beam had carried a ray of God's sunshine from that pure innocent soul right down into his warming one; tiny little spot, and exciting one of the strongest sensations of his life.

Abiel hurried off to bed, without putting on his slippers or making his prayer, leaving his sister Griselda alone with the child.

She found and prepared some milk for it, and secretly avowed it should never leave her.

That night Abiel Grimes dreamed of the little blue baby eyes looking at him, and he got up and hurried at the next morning, as if to escape from the little one and himself.

As he made no further protest, his sister kept the child in the mansion, and he was not to be troubled with his sight, and told the servants it was an unexpected Christmas present, which she prized more highly than gold.

One day, seven or eight months into Abiel's absence unexpectedly into his own sister's room, and found the bright as playing little one tied in a chair, having its little chubby fists on the cushion before it, and talking to its in the unknown language of babies.

"Hello!" said Abiel Grimes, halting in front of it; "you there yet, no name?"

"Ja! ja! go, go!" answered the baby, both hands cast swiftly up and down as it attached to springs.

Again something shot from that poor little soul into the dark, hard soul of Abiel Grimes.

"Confound it!" he muttered, "I leave you to witch!"

"Ja! ja! go! go! ja-goo!" laughed the baby all full of springs.

The next moment she was upon the strong arms, and her little velvet cheeks were softly pressed against his lips.

"I am glad I didn't kill you!" said.

At that moment his sister crept hurrying into the room, but pausing with right and astonishment on seeing her brother present and baby in arms.

"The only child I ever saw that could bear to handle," he observed to the kind of a sheepshead who as he plucked the little one in her arms.

"Oh, Abiel, she is an angel from heaven for the comfort of both!" cried Griselda with a warm enthusiasm.

The brother did not answer, and sister felt happy that he did not stop and rave.

The secret work of heaven had begun.

From that time forward there was a change in Abiel Grimes.

The iron began to melt, the stone began to soften, the soul began to humanize, and people who had known Abiel Grimes for years began to wonder.

One day a poor man came to plead for a little more time in which to pay his rent.

"My little girl's very sick," he said in a voice of distress; "with tearful eyes, 'and I've been obliged to lose time, and take the money which I'd saved for you to buy medicine with for her."

"You owe me a month's rent!" said Abiel, taking up his pen and beginning to write.

"And if you give me time—"

"I will—my never-pay-me!" interrupted Abiel, at the same time handing the poor fellow a receipt in full for the amount, and a five pound note.

"Take that, and go home and nurse your darling; and, if not enough for your distress, come back again!"

"God bless you!" cried the poor man, bursting into tears.

"He has already!" murmured Abiel to himself. "He did it one Christmas night, when He sent me a little angel."

"How could you tell you that my husband is dead, and that I cannot, at present, satisfy the mortgage you hold," said a weeping widow to him at another time.

"Take the mortgage itself down to the recorder of deeds, madam, and let him write 'satisfied' on it," was the reply of the once hard-hearted man, as he handed the document, together with an order for satisfaction, to his astonished visitor.

Like to the penitents' waters of a stream when the obstructions give way, so flowed forth the charities of Abiel Grimes, and all who knew him marvelled and said.

"Behold a miracle!"

Years rolled on, and a thousand places felt the secret influence of that baby-darling who had come so mysteriously on that cold Christmas night to the then hard, cheerless home of Abiel Grimes.

As his heart softened under her gentle smiles, the now-humanized bachelor named her Mary Albright, in memory of his first and only love, whom he fancied she resembled.

And as she grew in years, the once gloomy mansion was made cheerful for her sad and every Christmas there became a happy day of rejoicing.

Ten years had passed, and the thick hair of Abiel Grimes was becoming flecked with silver; but his face looked fresher and his heart felt younger, and his soul was far happier.

Into his presence one day came a lady in black, deeply veiled, and to his utter amazement, related the incident of finding a baby on her steps.

"I put that baby there," she went on. "It was not my child, but my daughter, child, I married, and my husband died leaving me a daughter. She married, he husband died leaving her a daughter, and she died. I was poor and you were rich, and I hoped to interest you with the little link. I did not desert to child, nor put it there by chance for I knew you were coming home and I watched from my hiding place till you took the little blessing in."

"Unknown to you I have had an answer to it ever since. You have cared for it tenderly; Abiel Grimes, and therefore that in turn I have cared for you so. You have called it Mary Albright. Yes. Well, the name is auspicious enough. You have seen a resemblance to one you once knew, and once loved, but to whom you did a grievous wrong!"

"I did!" burst from the white lips of Abiel Grimes.

"She forgave you then—forgive you still—and has come to say to you you can have her grandchild for your own."

"Oh, give me herself also," cried Abiel Grimes with powerful emotion, and he seized the lady's hand and drew away the veil from the calm sweet face of old love, Mary Albright.

Need we go on with the sequel?

They were married on the next Christmas, and have ever since been counted among the happiest mortals.

And now, instead of curses, Abiel Grimes heaps blessings on every Christmas, and all the poor around bear

**An Italian in America.**

Landing at New York by a ferry-boat is the first impression I get of Americans. "To us, who have no estimate of hurry, and live longer than these people of the North, the scene is very attractive—in one sense! The ferry-boat is crossing the river in the morning and is full of business men—that proud term of a nationality that recognizes the dignity of labor and condemns our *polce per niente*!—No one waits for the chain to be lowered; these chain offshoots protects a free people from going overboard. They all jump off it, and frequently before the boat touches the wharf. That is progressive young America!—And from that early hour until the evening, when they go back on this boat, they are jumping over endless chains of commerce and coins. The great nation of jumpers! The republic of hurry! Young men in the prime of life hurry into graves; middle-aged men hurry into coffins! I live on, a type of retrogressive Italy! Oh, progress, progress! On thy altar are the sacrifices of millions of lives, millions of luxuries, and millions of happinesses!—I am invited off the ferry-boat and hurried into a cab; I am hurried into a hotel, a bath, a dining-room where a dinner is hurried into me, and then told that this is progress. I am hurried in and out of bedrooms and down Broadway, the veriest gully stream of all hurry. Yes, it is progress! So is a locomotive on the Hudson River Railroad at eighty miles an hour. So is a cable car crossing the daily drenches over the Atlantic, when the messages are worth cable! So is lobbying at Albany on appropriation bills! Progress here is to me a paradox, because I have not yet lost my Italian peculiarities. The American girl is champagne. She is glittering, foamy bubbly, sweet, dry, tart—in a word, fizzy! She has not that dreamy, magisterial, murmury loveliness of our Italian girl. And yet there is a cosmopolitan combination in the American girl that makes her a most attractive coquette in her frankness, in her pardonable frivolity, in her being a phenomenon of verbal intrigue! You may lose your head easily with her in a week, and not the way of recollecting what you have said to her yesterday, for she is gifted with memory, but your heart—jamaica! It takes a longer time for that! But I am sure she will have both sooner or later. I don't believe she is half as mercurial as she talks, in the vein of what female heart can gold despise. Yet she gives you a strong impression that the Alps and meags of life, is a modest and millionaire. My impression of the American girl is one never to be forgotten. She is bright, brisk and businesslike. To be contented with the American girl is a sort of social acquiescence!—In answer to questions and answers in many instances she omits the answer and sometimes an intricate question I never expected such a pleasurable witness-box position in all my life. *Rome Letter.*

**An Old Story, but Still True.**

Timothy Ruggles was six feet, six inches in height and had a fine aristocratic bearing, and was a man of "finite size." It is related through the oldest sources that the coming into the Supreme Court of Judicature at Barnstable, about the year 1742, headed by Chief Justice Lyne, an old woman came in the Court House as a witness, and seeing a seat at hand she immediately took it, and so she innocently took the Court, in all the province of pomp and circumstance, entered with the accompanied officers and announced "The Court;" whereupon the Chief Justice, with no small degree of indignation, inquired of the old lady if she was there. She then immediately pointed to Ruggles and said: "My man told me to take this seat." "Chief Justice ordered her to leave," turning to Ruggles with a proper degree of indignation and firmness, said: "Ruggles, why did you give this woman my seat?" Ruggles replied: "I thought it a good place for old women."

Polka dots are now no longer of color, but are variegated or fringed; or if self-colored are placed in alternation in contrasting tones, in tripartite black, crimson, white, etc.

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Contains the freshest, briefest, and most reliable Compendium of the News.

THE TIMES is a member of the Associated Press, and receives all its news from the most reliable sources in all parts of the State, and never lets an item of news of any sort escape.

During the coming session of the Legislature, it will contain the most complete and reliable account of the proceedings ever given.

As a special inducement, THE TIMES will be sent from the present date until April 1, 1893, including the Legislative Session and the exposure of the State Seal, FOR TWO DOLLARS IN ADVANCE.

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Don't fill the system with quinine in the effort to prevent or cure Fever and Ague. Ayer's Ague cure is a far more potent preventive and remedy, with the advantage of leaving the body no poisons to produce dizziness, deafness, headache, and other disorders. The proprietors warrant it.

The other day we happened in a swell furnishing goods store, and seeing in the show-case some underwear that looked pretty good we asked the price of it. The clerk, with an air that said "I'll make you gasp," replied, "That silk pair? It costs \$75 a set." We simply said, "Let's see it." He took it out and we examined it, tossed it back contemptuously and asked, "Haven't you something better?" The clerk was the one to look abashed. He said he didn't think anything better was made. "Well," we growled, "we don't like that," and we walked out, leaving that clerk almost a worshipper of ours. And it hadn't cost us a cent.

A disappointed-looking gentleman with a wild glance in his eye entered the Patent Office at Washington the other day, laid a card down on the counter, and went away without saying a word. On the card was written: "God hath made men upright, but they have sought out many inventions."

A vigorous old fellow in Maine who had lately buried his fourth wife was accosted by an acquaintance, who, unaware of his bereavement, asked: "How is your wife, Cap'n Ploverjogger?" To which the cap'n replied with a perfectly grave face: "Waal, to tell yethetweth, I am kinder out of wives just naow."

How is it that trees can put on a new dress without opening their trunks? Because they leave out their summer clothing.

A child, being asked what were the three great feasts of the Jews, promptly, but naturally, replied: "Breakfast, dinner, and supper."

A girl of the period—A female compositor.

"Yes," said the captain of the ocean steamship, "we had a very expensive trip this time. Very little sea-sickness; passengers ate frantically."

"Remember," says one of the social philosophers of the Lime Club, "that you can't judge of the home happiness of a man and wife by seeing them at a Sunday-skule picnic."

Among the first of many communications that a new member of Parliament receives are printed circulars from the various dealers in waste paper, offering the highest current price for his blue-books and other parliamentary lumber. And these books on the average cost the people about \$1.25, \$1.00 per annum. So that America is not alone burdened with costly public printing.

Wrightsville, Pa., Rev. Elijah Wilson says: "Brown's Iron Bitters have permanently cured me of chills and fever."

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, Catarrh, and all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood; expelling the blood-poisons from the system, enriching and renewing the blood, and restoring its vitalizing power.

During a long period of unparalleled usefulness, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has proven its perfect adaptation to the cure of all diseases originating in poor blood and weakened vitality. It is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier and blood-food that can be used.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured. "AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years."  
W. H. MOORE.

Durham, Ia., March 2, 1892.  
"Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. By the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. I have not been troubled with the Rheumatism since. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public."  
E. F. HARRIS.

River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1892.  
"Last March I was so weak from general debility that I could not walk without help. Following the advice of a friend, I commenced taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and before I had used three bottles I felt as well as I ever did in my life. I have been at work now for two months, and think your SARSAPARILLA the greatest blood medicine in the world."  
JAMES MAYNARD.

120 West 42d St., New York, July 19, 1892.  
AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists; price \$1.00 per bottle, \$5.00 per dozen.

85 Outfit in the know, and it still retains its popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public.

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## Camden & Atlantic Railroad

Summer Arrangements—June 30, 1893.

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At A.M.	Exp. A.M.	Mail P.M.	Su. A.M.	Exp. P.M.
Philadelphia	9:20	9:55	6:20	10:20	6:50
Camden	9:15	9:42	6:15	10:15	6:40
Penn. R.R. Junction	9:10	9:37	6:10	10:10	6:35
Haddonfield	9:05	9:32	6:05	10:05	6:30
Berlin	9:00	9:27	6:00	10:00	6:25
Atco	8:55	9:22	5:55	9:55	6:20
Waterford	8:50	9:17	5:50	9:50	6:15
Winslow	8:45	9:12	5:45	9:45	6:10
Hammononton	8:40	9:07	5:40	9:40	6:05
Da Costa	8:35	9:02	5:35	9:35	6:00
Elwood	8:30	8:57	5:30	9:30	5:55
Elmwood City	8:25	8:52	5:25	9:25	5:50
Absecon	8:20	8:47	5:20	9:20	5:45
Atlantic City	8:15	8:42	5:15	9:15	5:40

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At A.M.	Mail P.M.	Exp. A.M.	Su. A.M.	Exp. P.M.
Philadelphia	4:30	8:00	9:45	8:00	4:40
Camden	4:40	8:10	9:55	8:10	4:50
Penn. R.R. Junction	4:45	8:15	10:00	8:15	5:00
Haddonfield	4:50	8:20	10:05	8:20	5:05
Berlin	4:55	8:25	10:10	8:25	5:10
Atco	5:00	8:30	10:15	8:30	5:15
Waterford	5:05	8:35	10:20	8:35	5:20
Winslow	5:10	8:40	10:25	8:40	5:25
Hammononton	5:15	8:45	10:30	8:45	5:30
Da Costa	5:20	8:50	10:35	8:50	5:35
Elwood	5:25	8:55	10:40	8:55	5:40
Elmwood City	5:30	9:00	10:45	9:00	5:45
Absecon	5:35	9:05	10:50	9:05	5:50
Atlantic City	5:40	9:10	10:55	9:10	5:55

On and after July 15th, 1893.

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 Shactamaxon 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 am and 4:30 pm, and Sunday at 8:00 am and 4:30 pm.

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 Shactamaxon ferries, 7:00, 8:00, 10:00 and 11:00 a.m., 12 m., 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:30 p.m.

From Vine St. only, 5:45, 7:30, 9:30 p.m.—From Shactamaxon 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 Shactamaxon 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 Shactamaxon ferries, 8:00 a.m., 4:30, 5:30, 6:00 p.m. Sundays 8:00 a.m., 4:30 p.m. Saturdays only, from foot of Market St., 11:40 p.m.

For Lakeside, 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 Shactamaxon ferries, 10:00 a.m. and 6:00 p.m. week days.

For Williamstown, from Vine & Shactamaxon ferries, 8:00 a.m., 12:00 m., 4:30 and 6:00 p.m. W. N. BARNARD, Superintendent. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

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MILLVILLE  
MUTUAL  
Marine & Fire Ins. Co.

This Company have disposed entirely of all STOCK PLAN BUSINESS, and having been RE-ORGANIZED, has decided to be the future to 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 insure not only as 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, our LOW RATES and FAVORABLE FORM OF POLICIES.

Any information cheerfully given by the Office, A. L. Company or its Agents, F. L. MULFORD, Pres. R. J. HOWELL, Sec'y.

## Philadelphia & Atlantic City

July 7th, 1893.

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At A.M.	Exp. A.M.	Mail P.M.	Su. A.M.	Exp. P.M.
Philadelphia	4:40	8:20	9:50	8:20	4:50
Camden	4:45	8:25	9:55	8:25	5:00
Penn. R.R. Junction	4:50	8:30	10:00	8:30	5:05
Haddonfield	4:55	8:35	10:05	8:35	5:10
Berlin	5:00	8:40	10:10	8:40	5:15
Atco	5:05	8:45	10:15	8:45	5:20
Waterford	5:10	8:50	10:20	8:50	5:25
Winslow	5:15	8:55	10:25	8:55	5:30
Hammononton	5:20	9:00	10:30	9:00	5:35
Da Costa	5:25	9:05	10:35	9:05	5:40
Elwood	5:30	9:10	10:40	9:10	5:45
Elmwood City	5:35	9:15	10:45	9:15	5:50
Absecon	5:40	9:20	10:50	9:20	5:55
Atlantic City	5:45	9:25	10:55	9:25	6:00

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At A.M.	Mail P.M.	Exp. A.M.	Su. A.M.	Exp. P.M.
Atlantic City	6:00	10:45	3:30	4:00	6:10
Pleasantville	6:05	10:50	3:35	4:05	6:15
Elmwood City	6:10	11:00	3:40	4:10	6:20
Elwood	6:15	11:05	3:45	4:15	6:25
Da Costa	6:20	11:10	3:50	4:20	6:30
Hammononton	6:25	11:15	3:55	4:25	6:35
Winslow	6:30	11:20	4:00	4:30	6:40
Waterford	6:35	11:25	4:05	4:35	6:45
Atco	6:40	11:30	4:10	4:40	6:50
Berlin	6:45	11:35	4:15	4:45	6:55
Haddonfield	6:50	11:40	4:20	4:50	7:00
Penn. R.R. Junction	6:55	11:45	4:25	4:55	7:05
Camden	7:00	11:50	4:30	5:00	7:10
Philadelphia	7:05	11:55	4:35	5:05	7:15

On and after July 15th, 1893.

Trains will leave as follows for ATLANTIC—

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From Shactamaxon 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 am and 4:30 pm, and Sunday at 8:00 am and 4:30 pm.

Parlor Cars attached to all express trains. Excursion Trains will leave above ferries daily at 6:30 a.m.

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For Haddonfield from Vine and Shactamaxon ferries, 7:00, 8:00, 10:00 and 11: