

**\$2.00 PER YEAR**

bit would not be prevailed on to touch it again after a lighted match had been applied to some it was drinking. A dog had been beaten while some musk was held to his nose, and even after food whenever it accidentally smelt the drug, and was susceptible that it was used in some physiological experiments to discover whether any portion of musk had been received by the body through the organs of digestion—

and capability of profiting by experience. Strenu of Prague, had a cat on which he wished to make his experiments with an air-pump; but as soon as the creature felt the exhaustion of the air it rapidly placed its foot on the valve, and thus stopped the action. A dog having great antipathy to

the bow and conceal it. Plutarch tells of an artful mule, which, when laden with salt, fell into a stream; and finding its load thereby sensibly lightened, adopted the expedient afterwards, and whenever after it crossed a stream slipped some into the water with its panniers, and to cure it of

**Poem Fifteen Years Outgrown.**

BY JOSEPH TREAT.

Sister, thou wast made to feel for me,  
More than all the others of our band;  
And so my yearning heart sends back to thee,  
It's answering tide—free-given, with lavish [hand]

The glorious wealth of Ophelia's glittering gold,  
Nor sparkling diamonds from Golconda brought,  
Nor hoard for richest rubies ever sold:  
Nor aught of else that men most precious call,  
And more than life or even heaven prize—  
But I have what with thee, outweighs them all,  
So paltry these, and worthless in thy eyes!

As all God's great dominions, and as free:  
That for its aim, can make a world the target—  
Its target to save—that heart I give to thee!

For though that heart this mighty world can save,  
To one—my sister—it must speak—  
Thrice more than all, including in its class—  
Those, deepest, closest, looking in its an-

And I have love—more holy, sacred love,  
Than flame that ever on an altar burned;  
Most like to that fair nature's bright above,  
Or, that in the great heart of God hath yearned.  
A love that will not die—that can not cease  
On earth, till I have ceased on earth to be;  
But only deeper, stronger shall increase.

And I have thanks—Oh! grateful thanks—for all  
Of kind nesses thou hast ever shown to me—  
Fresh thanks, as one by one to mind I call,  
Each word or deed—those thanks I give to thee  
Ah! and I have tears—but what hast thou  
To do with tears? thou who should'st always

Oh! smile, sweet Sister! Yet I weep; e'en now,  
That thus I bid thee laugh, tears start the while  
Tears, a brother's tears, and such as none [chuck  
But brother's know—fast flowing down my  
Yet such as e'en with me, flow but for one. [s. ent  
But to that one, say more than lips could

Tears, happy tears, tears of joy—to think  
That art my Sister, and our hearts are one;  
So close they're intertwined by such a link—  
So like two drops our souls together run:

Tears, tender tears—to link of times gone by,  
Of childhood's days, and infant sports and joys  
Of sunny hours at school, when thou and I,  
Were happy with the happy girls and boys

Regretful tears—to link all this is pain,  
 And we shall see those happy days no more—  
 That these bright moments, all too bright to last  
 Have fled, like clouds by breezes wifted o'er  
 And bitter tears, that in great torrents fall—  
 To think that one day, tears must come to thee  
 To think that of thy checkered life, not all  
 So fair as now thou fondly deem'st, may be :

Yes, tears, such tears, I have—a token sure,  
Of more of love than ever words could be;  
E'en those, to show my heart are all too poor;  
Yet they are this—I give those tears to thee—  
So I've a heart, and love, and thanks, and tears—  
Oh! these, be those the offering I may bring!  
A humble gift, which yet—be still my tears—  
I know that wilt not coldly from thee fling!

Yes, Sister! heart and love and thanks and tears—  
Be these the present thou wilt deign to own:—  
While life shall last—through all the changes—  
My dearest Girl, they're all—they're all—this  
[She sleeps in Jarnale's, whither she went a mile  
away to the blacks.]

**PLUCKY YANKEE GIRLS.**—The day before my arrival, an incident took place here which is now all the talk among the visitors. Two young ladies of Cambridge, who recently graduated from school, who were staying at the village of Jackson, twined

son at four o'clock in the morning, reaching the Glen in four hours, and without stopping commenced the ascent of the mountain. They had proceeded but a short distance when it commenced to rain.

For three long hours they battled the elements, and when they reached the summit, as might have been expected, descended to the skin and complexion.

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