

# South-Jersey Republican

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Five Cents per Copy

## DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup FOR THE CURE OF FEVER and AGUE Or CHILLS and FEVER, AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

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BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,  
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W. D. PACKER.

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TORPID BOWELS,  
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 constipated; Sick Headache; Fatigue after eating; Aversion to exertion of body or mind; Erection of food; Irritability of temper; Low spirits; A feeling of having neglected some duty; Dizziness; Flushing at the Heart; Pain before the eyes; Highly colored urine; CONSTIPATION; and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the liver. As Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the kidneys and skin is also prompt, removing all impurities through these "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 ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

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## Independent of Law!

Mr. Editor:—So we are "dared," while ignoring the very important point given for his consideration! Now sir, the writer reminds me of the bird that hides its head in the sand, under the impression that it is not seen; but "Another Fruit Grower" may take note that he is seen all the same.

I know that great latitude is taken in all such subjects, while under discussion. Formerly it was closer work,—the bite followed the bark in quick succession. Not so now,—the chain has been very much shortened in the past fifty years. We can now afford to remodel what has hitherto been considered unchangeable, unaccountable, and coming from one who could not err! Now man "dares" to undertake to polish and amend that very document, and nobody appears to mourn much. (Now call your "halt!")

If ever there was a time, now, in the face of such things, is the time. But many say it is fitting it should be done! Why the Law-Giver and "Fruit Grower" should take advantage of berry-picking on Sunday, under such circumstances, is more than the writer can see. Why affect surprise at the quoting the New Law giver? Is it not to the point? I make no law in this matter, I refer only to him who said "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Come on Sunday; come on Monday; come anytime; that is the way I keep my Sabbath.

But, I see I am a law-breaker. Thank you, I knew it not before. How cosy it is in the law office of some men to make law breakers! When I commenced my neighbors, I would like to be told of it; claiming always the same privileges they ask for themselves,—no more, no less. My Sunday keeping is not based on might, but right. I never forget the ideas conveyed in the following lines:

Do not stand on the corner of the street,  
With your golden-edged prayer-book looking so neat;  
Nor call on each passing one to see  
The power and pety that's moving thee;  
But, go into thy closet and shut the door;  
The Lord will follow as he has done before.

Now, Mr. Editor, cannot these things be judged without bringing in the person writing, which will add nothing to the truth or falsity of this matter. Nothing that the writer of these lines can do, will add to or take away from its just deductions. My "practices" may or may not be ahead of my teaching; let us not mind that, but follow just and fair history, reason, and give judgment as far as possible. "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

Not wishing too many "Fruit Growers," allow me to remain yours, still amenable to

LAW.

Street begging has become such a nuisance at New Orleans that the police have been ordered to arrest every mendicant they can find. The miserable wretches are sent to the almshouse.

In the cotton establishments of M. Resseleuvre, near Rouen, the system of admitting working men to a share of profits has been applied with much success. M. Resseleuvre does not give his hands a share in the management and risks of his business. He keeps his books to himself and pays them wages, as though they were ordinary laborers. But, in addition to the wages, he has, since 1877, distributed among all workmen an annual bonus proportionate to his own profits, which has amounted on the average to 12 and even 17 per cent of the wages earned by them during the year. Half of the bonus is paid to the men in cash and half is retained to form a sick and pension fund for the families of the workmen.

A full feeling after meals, dyspepsia, heartburn and general ill-health relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

When symptoms of malaria appear in any form, take Ayer's Ague Cure at once, to prevent the development of the disease, and continue until health is restored, as it surely will be by the use of this remedy. A cure is warranted in every instance.

Here is what the Philadelphia Press, a disinterested paper, says of our candidate for Governor. Read it.

The Republican Convention at Trenton Tuesday rose to the level of its own opportunities and the necessities of the party by nominating Jonathan Dixon. He comes from the home of Leon Abbott; like him, he is a lawyer, he has been in public life, and he holds a public post; but, unlike Leon Abbott in every point in his career, he has never stooped to unworthy tricks, never courted popularity, and never played the demagogue. His character is without blemish, his reputation without stain, and his record without blot. An able lawyer, an austere judge, upright in private life and just to severity on the bench, Judge Jonathan Dixon, without being a lawyer in the high sense, although he is a good one, or a judge who has done more than the bench demands of every man who takes a seat upon it, is a man conspicuous for those sterling qualities which are not ordinarily esteemed by politicians in making nominations.

But in this the politicians are wrong and the people wiser than party leaders. The broad average of voters can be trusted to rate at their full value the unyielding integrity of a just judge and to reward it. When the choice is given and the issue fairly made in any large community between the plausible demagogue and the cold man of blameless record, the demagogue goes to the wall, if the constituency is large enough to be unaffected by petty personal contact. The history of our elections is full of this, and the New Jersey election next November will demonstrate with what safety the people can be trusted to know a good man when they see him and are given a chance to a vote for him.

The nomination made Tuesday is, therefore, not only good in itself, but it has in it the politics of success. Every Democrat who knows Leon Abbott's career, who is aware that he is supported by the worst elements of his party and distrusted by its better men, is offered in Jonathan Dixon a man who has been removed from partisan influences on the bench and who had reached the front rank in his profession before his appointment. In Mr. Abbott's own home, among those who know both men, he offers the contrast of a career in which nothing has been sacrificed to expediency and no step taken to win popularity. With the set and current of the day toward the Republican party, success is assured by the nomination of Jonathan Dixon.

The California papers tell this story of Henry Ward Beecher: The great preacher was stepping into his carriage in front of the Coliseum in Oakland, where he had been lecturing, when a lady made a quick advance upon the preacher, and, seizing him by the hand, detained him until she had impressed a large, loud, warm kiss upon his mouth. The delighted spectators shouted a vigorous approval. General Sherman, the boss kisser will be jealous of Henry.

Lewisville, Ind., Rev. J. S. Cane says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for nervous prostration and found it entirely satisfactory."

Joel Parker, of New Jersey, if he has a presidential ambition concealed about his person, will confer a favor upon many Democrats by stepping out in front of the audience and stating so in a loud clear voice.

Omaha spends \$100,000 a year on her public schools, and the larger portion of the money comes from liquor licenses.

A New York lumber dealer recently imported from the Pyrenees Mountains a walnut log which is twelve feet long and nine feet in diameter, and weighs 22,000 pounds. It is estimated to be worth \$2000 as it lies, and when it is sawed into veneering it will yield 65,000 feet, which will be worth \$5000.

Every Saturday afternoon, in a newspaper office, there is the devil to pay.

When a woman wants to be pretty she bangs her hair, and when she wants to be ugly she bangs the door.

One of those nice little boys who make a specialty of always saying just what they ought not to, laboriously lugged a large wooden pail into the presence of his maternal grandmother and respectfully asked her to kick it. "Kick it and why should I kick it?" demanded the old lady. "Papa" said yesterday that he had been waiting a long time for you to kick the bucket, and I thought I would ask you to do it."

To France and China: Your attention is respectfully directed to the fact that I am better than ever prepared to fill promptly all orders for cannon, rifles, cartridges and other munitions of war. Terms cash, or country produce. Business continued at the old stand.—Uncle Sam.

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HAMMONTON.  
TOMLIN & SMITH'S,

Corner of Bellevue & Horton St.

Hamburg Embroideries, Laces, White Goods, Fancy Articles, Toys, and MILLINERY GOODS.

Ladies' Furnishing Goods a Specialty.

Demorest's Spring Fashions have been received.

At STOCKWELL'S

10,000

Grape Baskets

Received and for sale by

Geo. Elvins.

\$5.50 per 100.

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TRENTON.

Fall Term will commence

Monday, Sept. 17th, 1883.

TOTAL COST for Board, Tuition, Books, etc., at the Normal School, \$104 for Ladies, and \$140 for Gentlemen at the Model School, \$22 00 per year. The Model School offers to both young ladies and gentlemen superior advantages in all its departments, viz: Mathematical, Classical, Commercial, Musical, Drawing, and in Penmanship. For Catalogue containing full particulars, address

W. HASBROUCK,

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Great chance to make money. Those who have the advantage of the gold chance for making money are better off generally than those who do not. Improve such chances when they come.

Women, boys and girls work for us right in their own localities. An agreement of the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expense required, nominal. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information, and all that is needed sent free. Address: TAYLOR & CO., Portland, Maine.

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is given by using BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. In the Winter it strengthens and warms the system; in the Spring it enriches the blood and conquers disease; in the Summer it gives tone to the nerves and digestive organs; in the Fall it enables the system to stand the shock of sudden changes.

In no way can disease be so surely prevented as by keeping the system in perfect condition. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS ensures perfect health through the changing seasons, it disarms the danger from impure water and miasmatic air, and it prevents Consumption, Kidney and Liver Disease, &c.

H. S. Berlin, Esq., of the well-known firm of H. S. Berlin & Co., Attorneys, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C., writes, Dec. 5th, 1881:

Gentlemen: I take pleasure in stating that I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for malaria and nervous troubles, caused by overwork, with excellent results.

Beware of imitations. Ask for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and insist on having it. Don't be imposed on with something recommended as "just as good." The genuine is made only by the Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

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(Chartered as "Queen's College" in 1770)

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Scholar Prizes for best (classical) entrance

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Sept. 20th. Full information in catalogue.

For names of the scholars, and for

information, address: H. S. Berlin & Co.,

Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C.

Hammonton, N. J.

Gerry V. ...



## RY ALPHABET.

If you rise, shake blanket and  
be careful than to sit with wet feet.  
If healthy are active not still.  
Belt and dandy clothes will both  
shake you ill.  
Steadily, and always chew the food well.  
When the air in the house where you  
dwell.  
Garments must never be fitted to tight.  
Hemlines should be healthy, airy, and  
light.  
If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no  
doubt.  
Just open the windows before you go out.  
Keep your kitchen and rooms always tidily  
clean.  
Let dust on the furniture never be seen.  
Much illness is caused by want of pure air.  
Now, to open your windows be ever your  
care.  
Old rags and old rubbish should never be  
kept.  
People should see that their floors are well  
swept.  
Quick movements in children are healthy  
and right.  
Remember the young can not thrive without  
light.  
See that the children is clean to the brim.  
Take care that your dress is fit to wear  
and  
is your dress to "there be a bad drain."  
Keep your feet warm, as that come in its  
train.  
Walk as much as you can without feeling  
fatigue.  
Exercise could walk full many a league.  
Your health is your wealth, which your  
wisdom must keep.  
Zest will help against disease, and the good  
will.

## A Great Temptation.

Alice Arnden was not a woman one  
would select for a heroine because of  
her personality. She was neither large  
nor small; she was beautiful, I think  
(beauty is a hard thing to define and  
limit), but it was a beauty of no won-  
derful or unusual type, and was of that  
kind which grows on one gradually as  
his knowledge of the possessor of it  
grows. There was a wealth of sweet-  
ness and purity shining up in her eyes,  
which tears could never wash out; and  
the month indicated firmness and re-  
solution which had its beginning long  
before the night's vigil which had left  
it so sternly agonized.

The trouble which has come to Alice  
Arnden is of no unusual kind. It is a  
sudden sorrow of a kind which has  
crushed out all of hope in life many  
times in the past, and will many times  
in the future as long as men and maid-  
ens are proud and willful. One may  
say, "Only a lover's quarrel," but one  
should remember that there heart  
tragedies in this world, under the tor-  
ture of which men and women may  
drag out long lives without finding  
peace. To Alice Arnden it seemed as  
though everything worth having in life  
was now forever utterly beyond her  
hope.

She arose from the seat she had oc-  
cupied for so long, and moved slowly  
about her humble room. She had not  
known, until she moved, how much  
she was suffering physically; how cold  
it was; how cramped and weary she  
was. There was really little to do.  
Her bed had not been used; her room  
was in order. She had plenty of time  
to prepare herself for the task of cover-  
ing her sorrow from the gaze of her  
friends—  
if she could.

She made a fire, and into the fire she  
remorsefully put all the fragments of the  
paper which she had spooled in her efforts  
to write a simple letter long ago. Last  
night! Happiness given wings of light-  
ness to the parts of sternity (tying about  
our being and so called time, rather  
than eternity) which we roughly meas-  
ure and call minutes and seconds; and  
sorrow weights their noiseless feet with  
lead.

Mr. George Fenby is the next among  
the actors in this little fragment of  
human life.

He sat at his window that morning  
as Alice Arnden sat at hers. His win-  
dow looked in the same direction; from  
it he saw much the same scene she saw.  
The stars faded out for him as for her;  
day brightened for him; the sunlight fell  
across his face.

But he sat there with a cheerful fire  
near him; he was strong from happy  
sleep; his eyes were bright and cheerful  
and looked as though tears had always  
been strangers to them, and his lips  
were smiling.

The joy marshes seemed to him a type  
of his future. Smooth, white, pure,  
the light stretching warmly across the  
land with the ocean outside standing to  
him, as to her, as a type of eternity—  
eternity which he felt would be one  
of strength and happiness.

George Fenby thought of what he had  
in the world to be thankful for this morn-  
ing. A small fortune, enough  
for himself—and other, a fair woman  
for his promised

tenace, position; it was indeed a goodly  
prospect.  
This man was strong and quick;  
good-looking if not handsome. He  
looked like a man who would not do a  
wicked thing, or think it, while he  
might do a weak or foolish one. He  
was a man who would be likely to win  
a woman's heart—and hold it; a man  
whose love a woman might prize, and  
the loss of which she might wisely  
mourn. Weak enough to be a man,  
he was strong enough to be one, hard  
to spare from the life which had once had  
him.

There was a happy smile on his face as  
he heard his little brother knock at the  
door, and he answered "Come in" in a  
cheery voice.

"Here's a letter for you, George."

"Thank you," said George, as he  
took it.

"You are welcome. By the hand-  
writing on the envelope I judge the  
message will be a pleasant one."

A pleasant message: The smile  
depended on the man's face as he  
lovingly handled the letter a little time  
before he broke the seal. A pleasant  
message!

These were the words he read:  
"Mr. George Fenby. I will not con-  
sent to be any longer a hinderer re-  
garding your higher ambition. I  
never wish to speak with you again  
in all my life. I give you back your  
freedom."

So Mr. George Fenby's morning gift  
was the gift of his freedom. What  
should he do with it? His cheeks and  
lips grew cold and whitest the thought.  
Merciful heavens! what could he do  
with it?

The sky seemed darkened, the earth  
seemed dreary and desolate.  
George Fenby and Alice Arnden,  
a mere quarter of a mile apart, could  
not have been more widely sepa-  
rated had an ocean stretched be-  
tween them. And each looked on  
the same landscape, and saw it alike at  
last.

The village of Marsham was a small  
one, and most of it was further from  
the ocean than were the two houses at  
the windows of which we have seen two  
unhappy persons.

It was a relief to both George and  
Alice that there was service in the little  
church that morning, and that every-  
body would be looked for there.  
Secret sorrow finds a certain abatement  
of its intensity in the effort of appea-  
ring unconcerned. Then there was a  
mournful pleasure in seeing again what  
one has lost.

In a place no larger than Marsham  
every one knows everybody else. Every  
one knows the business of everybody  
else, in some degree, or thinks so, and  
says so. So our two friends were known,  
and their relations to each other were  
known also. And so poorly had they  
played their parts that when service  
was finished nearly all their friends had  
concluded that their engagement was  
over, and many were speculating as to  
the reason for it.

Ralph Warder was too shrewd a man  
not to see what every one else saw.

He said but little about it as he spoke  
to one and another after church, but he  
was deeply interested and very much  
puzzled. The time had been when the  
gossip had connected his name with  
that of Alice Arnden, and there were  
those who had shaken their heads when  
it became evident that she had been  
won by George Fenby instead of by  
him.

Ralph had never spoken to Alice of  
love, and we well respect his reserve.  
What he cared for her may remain a  
sealed book.

George Fenby walked home alone.  
Ralph Warder came the same road,  
but a quarter of a mile behind him.  
Some distance out of the village Ralph  
suddenly came upon two papers, rest-  
ing on the snow by the side of the  
road. They had most likely been  
pulled from the pocket of the owner  
in removing his handkerchief. The  
smaller paper had blown apart; it laid  
upon the other, and its contents were  
so brief that Ralph had read it before  
he had taken it in his hand, and before  
he was aware of what he was doing.  
We have seen the paper before. It  
was the brief letter in which Alice  
Arnden had dismissed George Fenby.  
Ralph Warder stood for a long time  
with the letter in his hand.

"I've read it once; it can do no harm  
to read it again," he said.  
And he read it again—not once  
merely, but a dozen times. It seemed  
as if he was trying to draw something

from the bit of paper which he did not  
find there.  
After a time he stopped and picked  
up the other, a long, folded document,  
but the action was merely a mechan-  
ical one. He did not open it to see what  
it was, but with his head bent forward  
on his breast with a very grave face,  
he went his way. He walked more  
slowly than before; he sometimes  
stopped, and he talked to himself from  
time to time.

"If this is final," he commenced  
aloud, and then relapsed into silence.  
"A hinderer." Then, after stand-  
ing and thinking for a while, he went  
on: "She never was that to him. And  
she never was moody and self-disturb-  
ful."

He thought for many minutes now.  
"I don't understand what she means  
by his higher ambition. His highest  
ambition lately seems to have been to  
win her. It has cost her a great deal  
to give him up—any one can see that  
with half an eye. And his freedom is  
not welcome to him; he neither want-  
ed it nor expected it."

Suddenly he stood still, and a hot,  
ferce flush crept into his face.

"I wonder if it is true that heart-  
s are ever caught in the rebound," as  
they sometimes say they are? "I  
will."

And he clenched his hands and hur-  
ried on his way.

He did not stop again until he  
reached his home, where his mother  
and sister were waiting for him, nor  
did he think his thoughts aloud any  
more. With a few words of greeting  
and a few more of excuse, he put his  
mother and sister aside for the present,  
and went up to his own room.

The noontide sun was shining and  
making everything pleasant. There  
was a glow in the wintry air which  
seemed to have a promise of summer  
in it.

He seated himself at his table, placed  
Alice Arnden's letter upon it, and read  
it again. Then for the first time he  
looked at the other paper which he had  
picked up. He turned it over, and saw  
at once what it was—a deed from  
Bertrand Kingsley, conveying certain  
lands and buildings to George Fenby.  
Ralph Warder drew a long breath,  
and the light faded slowly out of his  
face.

In a single moment he had seen  
the whole secret of the misunderstanding.  
It might be necessary to go over it  
all to see the details, but the general  
outline of the unfortunate affair was,  
he felt, as certainly in his possession as  
it could have been if he had been given  
the privilege of looking fully and freely  
into the minds of the two lovers whose  
lives were drifting so far apart.

Down went his head upon his hands  
on the table—the winter sunshine shone  
that day on no nobler head—and from  
his lips came those words of which frail  
humanity has deepest need, "Lead us  
not into temptation."

He thought it all out. Bertrand  
Kingsley owned the finest place in all  
Marsham, or had until the deed was  
made which conveyed it to George  
Fenby. Estella Kingsley, the daughter  
of Bertrand, was a beauty, and some-  
thing of a flirt.

More than one lady in Marsham had  
quarrelled with her lover on Estella  
Kingsley's account. And last night  
there had been a little gathering of the  
young people in the church, and cir-  
cumstances had done their worst—  
seemingly. In the first place, George  
Fenby came with Estella Kingsley; the  
meeting was not of a character to make  
it unkind for him to leave his promised  
wife to come with her father, as she had,  
but this coming with Miss Kingsley had  
been noticed by several. With the deed  
before him, Ralph Warder had no  
difficulty in deciding why George had  
been at Mr. Kingsley's, and conse-  
quently why he had come as he had.

Ralph was well acquainted with a  
young man living where the Kingsley's  
had formerly resided, and through him  
he knew of the engagement of Miss  
Kingsley to a gentleman living there.  
He had known this for a long time; and  
knowing it had thought little of events  
which might otherwise have deeply  
affected him.

Last night, for instance, a laughing  
group of gentlemen had spoken of Miss  
Kingsley. One had said, "She is a  
beauty and an heiress. Whoever wins  
her will have a beautiful home. The  
Kingsley estate is the finest one in  
Marsham."

Now, every gentleman in the group  
knew that the Kingsley estate was for  
sale, and every one had counted at its  
true value the answer which George

Fenby had made. Indeed, his devotion  
to Alice Arnden was so absolute and  
complete that no one, save her own  
modest self, would ever have doubted  
it for a moment.

"It is my highest ambition to be the  
master of that estate," laughed George,  
"and I have made an offer which I  
think will be accepted. I am to have  
in answer to that. If I succeed, I  
shall be supremely happy. If not—  
why, I will do as other men have done  
—falling of what I want, I will take  
what I can get."

Ralph could not remember where  
Alice Arnden had been when these fool-  
ish (possibly) but innocent words had  
been spoken. That she had been near  
enough to hear them was evidenced by  
her letter, which was before him.

He could only dimly imagine how she  
must have suffered in trying to evolve  
the truth (as she believed the truth to  
be) from what she had heard. When a  
human idol falls from the place it has  
filled in the heart not the least of the  
pain comes from what we see, or be-  
lieve we see, of its unworthiness. To  
find our gold but gilded clay is a sor-  
rowful thing. So he sat there, and pitied  
Alice Arnden for the faith in man  
which she had just—well, as for the  
man himself who had been put from  
her.

With what pain beyond that  
which would come to her from a belief  
that her lover would think and do what  
his words seem to imply, must she face  
the added shame of his stooping to tell  
of it; nay, more, to boast of it.

Ralph raised his head. The time had  
not been long since he sat down to  
think. But he knew it all. Two proud  
and obstinate young creatures had been  
parted by fate. And he muttered with  
white, compressed lips, "I alone un-  
derstand it all. I, alone, of all the  
world, can set it right. What a tempta-  
tion!"

The band of sunshine rested on his  
head like a golden crown. His face  
was almost glorified as he raised it to  
the light again. And surely the angels  
made a record of a second gift that day,  
coming to the lot of those whose lives  
fall for a little time within the lines of  
our story, when he said aloud: "I will  
do right! Alice Arnden shall have her  
lover back again!"

Evening service at the little church  
was over. Ralph Warder stood on the  
steps as the congregation came out. He  
looked happy.

If it be true "that coming events  
cast their shadows before," and that  
"virtue is its own reward," he was hap-  
py. He spoke cheerfully to this one  
and that when they passed. He did not  
look like a conspirator. One would not  
have dreamed that he made a plan  
which for audacity would find few  
rivals, while for simplicity it might find  
fewer.

"It's better to have it over as soon as  
possible," he said to himself, "better  
for them and for me."

Alice Arnden was passing him. He  
leaned forward.

"Will you come for a little drive with  
me, Miss Arnden? The night is perfect  
and you look as fit as fresh air would do  
you good."

She accepted at once hoping as she  
did so that George Fenby would see  
her. He was not there to see, how-  
ever, and Ralph had taken good care to  
know that. He was already half-way  
home.

But Miss Arnden was in no mood to  
refuse. She was in a reckless tem-  
per, and Ralph Warder had counted  
on that. One desirous of widen-  
ing the breach between Alice and  
George would have found it a very  
easy task to make a beginning that  
night.

Ralph Warder's lips moved slowly as  
he seated himself beside Alice, but he  
will not try to determine what he said  
to himself in that crisis in more lives  
than one.

"I admire your cloak and hat," ex-  
claimed Ralph, "though the saying it  
may be as much a compliment to my  
sister as to your own taste. Her's are  
like them, are they not?"

"Very nearly; not quite. But I  
didn't know you ever noticed what  
your lady friends wear."

"I don't very often. I did to-day.  
Would the masculine detect the differ-  
ences?"

"I think not. But it is a pity to  
talk of dresses on such a night as this.  
What a strong and helpful sermon we  
had this evening!"

"Yes," said Ralph.  
They made a turn in the road, and  
there was George himself only a few  
yards ahead, Alice put down her

well at once. Surely fate was on the  
side of Ralph Warder's plans that  
night.

"Get in, George. I won't take a  
refusal."

"Who is with you? Your sister?"

"Yes," said Ralph, with a prompt-  
ness which should be admired and  
pardoned. "Sit on this side," said  
Ralph, as George got in; "I will sit  
between you. The night is beautiful,  
isn't it?"

"Very beautiful!" said George,  
who really had not thought of it before.

"You needn't go home at once. I  
will turn here and we will drive over  
toward the shore."

He had turned his horse down the  
road leading in that direction before  
either of his companions could say a  
word.

The two lovers were gazing  
again on the scene they had looked upon  
in the morning. The moonlight may  
have softened the harshness of it a  
little, but the man between them heard  
a sob from the woman at his left, and  
saw the moonlight sparkle suspiciously  
on the eyelashes of the man on his right.

And he thought grimly of himself as  
the image of fate—fate, with the de-  
stinies of two human beings in his  
hands.

"I found a paper of yours this morn-  
ing," said Ralph, slowly, "and here it  
is. I could hardly help seeing what it  
was. I congratulate you on your bar-  
gain. You have bought the finest es-  
tate about here, George. It is remark-  
ably cheap at the price. I believe the  
deed was signed last evening?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Kingsley had not fully decided  
to sell it until then, had he?"

"Not fully. He told me his daugh-  
ter might decide to want it her self  
when she is married. Mr. Kingsley  
will, of course, give her a handsome  
residence somewhere when that event  
takes place, for Mr. Jones, who is to  
marry her has no fortune of his own."

"It has been your highest ambition  
to own that estate, hasn't it?"

"Certainly. I wanted the finest  
place here."

"You ought to be supremely happy.  
You said last night that you would be  
when you owned the place."

"Yes."

The answer was short. Ralph could  
feel the strong man on his right trem-  
ble in spite of his efforts to control him-  
self, and knew that the woman on his  
left was crying softly.

"You said something last night about  
your ambition to be master of that es-  
tate. Do you remember what it was?"

"Yes, I think I do. Something about  
George Fenby was beginning to under-  
stand dimly why he had received the  
letter he had."

"Worse than that. Did you ever in-  
tend to marry her? Not a word of objec-  
tion. You've been led into answering too  
much already to stop now. I demand  
an answer, George. Did you?"

The eyes of the two men met. In  
Ralph's there was the determination to  
know, and, perhaps, something more.  
In George Fenby's there was surprise,  
which changed to satisfaction, and in-  
dignation, which gradually faded out.

"Never on my honor!" he answered.  
Ralph Warder stopped the horse.  
They had driven far to the south, and  
had now turned back toward the village  
again. In front of them was the level  
sweep of frozen marsh, but farther on  
was the peached village with its  
lighted windows, and with its range of  
sheltering wooded hills behind it. On  
their right was the sea calm and bright.  
He stepped into the road and placed  
the reins in George Fenby's unresisting  
hands.

"Bring the horse home when it is  
all right," he said "but take all the  
time you wish. Here is another paper  
of yours which I found this morning.  
Be thankful to-night that so meddle-  
some a man found it. Alice Arnden and  
George Fenby, I give you back your fu-  
ture—and my blessing!"

He spoke to the horse, and obedient to  
his word, he dashed down the road and  
left him alone.

There is no more need of following  
the lovers, to be sure that all came  
right, than there is of following the  
rushing mountain stream to be sure it  
finds the sea.

## GOOD-BYE OR HOWDY-DO.

Say good-bye or howdy-do—  
What's the odds betwixt the two?  
Comin'—goin'—every day—  
But friends first to the friends say—  
Grasp of hands you drollish hold  
Than their weight in silver gold  
Slips their grip with a word in you—  
Say good-bye or howdy-do?

Howdy-do and then good-bye—  
Mixes just like laugh and cry;  
Deaths and births, and worst and best,  
Tangled their contraries;  
Every jinglin' weddin' ball  
Skeerin' up some funeral knell—  
Here's my song and there's your sigh—  
Howdy-do and then good-bye!

Say good-bye or howdy-do—  
Jeer the same to me and you;  
Tain't worth while to make no fuss,  
'Cause the job's put up on us!  
Someone's runnin' this concern  
That's got nothin' else to learn—  
I'll be willin' well pull through;  
Say good-bye or howdy-do?

## Table Fowl.

It is an admitted fact that the ma-  
jority of the American people indulge  
too freely in pork as a meat food. And  
it is equally true that the major num-  
ber of farmers and market poultryers  
are very indifferent as to the quality of  
poultry flesh they send to market. One  
class of our poor people see nothing  
tempting in the poultry line to induce  
them to become lovers of chicken flesh  
and the other do not endeavor to pro-  
duce a fowl that will be universally  
considered excellent for the table.

If we take any of the fancy bred var-  
ieties of poultry there is hardly one  
except the game, which is what may  
be considered a first-class table fowl.  
The Dorking, though having a national  
reputation, is almost tabooed from the  
poultryer's yard on account of being  
tender and difficult to rear in this coun-  
try. The Asiatic, as now bred, carries  
enormous quantities of feathers, while  
their breasts are almost devoid of flesh,  
and present little more than a heap of  
bones when placed on the table, while  
their skins are terribly coarse.

The Plymouth Rock has been bred  
in the past few years about the natural  
size. This alone, if no other, would  
detract from the quality of its flesh.  
The Houdan is fast being changed, by  
those who breed them for exhibition,  
into an ornamental fowl. The Cre-  
vecœur is also becoming a bird of  
plumage, and is difficult to raise.

The Spanish will never answer for a  
table fowl as they are utterly use-  
less for the rough wear and  
tear of the farmyard. The  
Jambourg, Leghorns and Polish are  
too small for the farm market, and do  
not take on fat kindly. Farmers could  
not be induced to breed them for their  
eggs only. We are therefore compelled  
to arrive at the conclusion that among  
the many varieties of poultry we have  
not yet succeeded in breeding one  
which may be considered a prime table  
fowl.—American Poultry Journal.

## Scientific.

Steel nails are the latest novelty.  
The weight of the female cranium is  
about one-seventh less than that of the  
male.

The effort made in the French Cham-  
ber to force the railroad companies to  
adopt cars similar to those used in this  
country was defeated.

According to Eggert, steel made  
from an iron containing so small a pro-  
portion as 0.5 per cent. of copper is  
found to be worthless.

Dr. Sturtevant has made an examina-  
tion of the depth to which the roots of  
the potato-rot. One root was found  
to reach thirty-four inches below the  
surface, which seems to indicate the  
necessity of a deep soil for the success-  
ful growth of the potato.

Dr. Paul Gussfeldt, who had under-  
taken to ascend the Aconcagua, the  
highest peak of the Chili Cordillera  
(19,034 metres), failed to accomplish  
the task owing to the extreme cold, but  
he succeeded in taking some instructive  
photographs of a very remarkable region.

Professor Fritsch has found that the  
electric organs of the torpedo are de-  
veloped from the outer gill muscles of  
the fifth gill arch. These which in rays  
and sharks form the powerful lower  
jaws muscles are absent in the torpedo,  
the electric apparatus taking their place.

A certain fungus (Archorion schoen-  
linii) produces in rodents a fatal out-  
break disease, and Dr. Joseph and  
Crampe propose taking advantage of  
this fact as a means of destroying field  
mice. They would apply the fungus  
to the skin of captured mice, and then

turn the captives loose to spread the in-  
fection.

A very interesting exhibit at the com-  
ing Institute Fair in Boston will be  
made by the Williamite Thread Com-  
pany, who will show the process of  
spinning and spooling cotton and silk,  
the entire process being manipulated by  
women operatives; and even the en-  
gineer, who is to run the engine to  
furnish power, will be a woman.

A new electric light regulator has  
been invented by M. Tommasi. Sol-  
entum is the principal agent as the re-  
sistance of that substance varies with  
the intensity of the light. As yet the  
instrument is only adopted for fixing  
the position of the flame on the Jab-  
lockoff candle, but perhaps the inven-  
tor may be able later to fit it for the  
regulation of the other air lights.

M. Margis, of Paris, has succeeded in  
obtaining oxygen directly from the  
atmosphere by dialysis. By forcing air  
through a series of membranous bags  
prepared by immersing taffeta in ether,  
sulphide of carbon or alcohol, and cov-  
ering with a fine layer of caoutchouc, he  
has secured an increase of the per-  
centage of oxygen in respect to nitrogen  
till the fourth bag gives 95 per cent.  
of pure oxygen.

The greenhouses of the Dutch gar-  
deners have been recently infested by a  
myriapod, heretofore unknown, called  
the Fontaine gracie, which has the sin-  
gular faculty of emitting a strong odor  
of prussic acid from the country. M. Gulden-  
steen-Engeling, has ascertained that  
the animal really fabricates and secretes  
hydrocyanic acid. This substance has  
hitherto been regarded as exclusively  
of vegetable origin.

Ferns, of which several thousand  
species have been described, formed a  
very important part of the earth's veg-  
etation in early geological ages, as is  
apparent from remains brought to light  
in the coal fields. They now grow all  
over the world, but especially in the  
warm and moist climates. In the An-  
tilles they comprise about one-tenth of  
the vegetation; in Oceania, about one-  
fourth or one-fifth; in St. Helena, one-  
third; in Juan Fernandez, one-half, and  
in England, one-thirty fifth.

M. Morin's new electric candle can be  
extinguished and relighted at any time.  
This is accomplished by the use of a  
piece of soft iron, which is attracted by  
a flattened solenoid. Fixed on the same  
axis as the piece of iron is a cam, which  
determines the distance at which the  
carbons stand from each other.

The plain dress to be a success requires  
much care in the making. You can  
tell a plain dress made by an artist at a  
glance. Give a true hand a fabric of  
this pattern to make up, and you will  
have it sent home so judiciously mingled  
with a plain silk matching one of the  
dark colors of the plaid, that you would  
never take it for the same dress made  
by an artistic person. Some of the  
most stylish checks are box-plaited from  
—dist down, every three platts or so  
havin' an-platts of silk or satin inserted  
around the lower half of the skirt.  
These plaits are sometimes made of  
velvet or woolen material.

## Cliques.

—11,368 acres in London parks.  
—Wurtemberg, Germany, has over  
8000 breweries.

—Several new comic operas have re-  
cently been brought out in Europe.  
—A "mysterious" disease is reported  
to be killing off a great many horses in  
Utah.

—The Nashville iron furnaces have  
all been making money; many of them  
handsome profits.

—A soda-water fountain in a Brook-  
lyn candy store exploded a few days  
ago and broke the proprietor's arm.

—Silence is golden, and the modern  
philosopher observes three spherical sec-  
tions of it over every pawnbroker's  
door.

—E. and W. Renshaw, who van-  
quished the Messrs. Clark at lawn ten



For Governor,  
**HON. JONATHAN DIXON.**

Judge Dixon brings to the contest for governor many of the qualities and much of the record as Judge Media in 1877, who was nominated while on the bench, grew stronger through the canvass, and was elected by 12,500 majority.—Press.

We had the pleasure of attending the Republican State Convention, at Trenton, on Tuesday last. We have seen many public gatherings, but never saw so large a number of intelligent men in one body. The Convention was called to order by the Chairman of the State Central Committee—Mr. Hobart; Rev. Dr. Studdiford made the opening prayer; Hon. William Walling, was chosen temporary chairman, and made an eloquent address, which was received with hearty applause.

After dinner, at 2:30—Hon. John Taylor of Trenton, was made Permanent President, with twenty-one Vice-Presidents, and a list of Secretaries. Mr. Taylor made a ringing speech. The Committee on Resolutions then reported, as follows:

1. The Republicans of New Jersey, in convention assembled, declare as follows: They reaffirm, as to all questions of Federal policy, the doctrine enunciated by the late Republican National Convention.

2. That we cordially approve the wise and conservative course of President Arthur's administration.

3. That we congratulate the country upon the successful application of the principles of genuine civil service reform in the National Administration, and favor the adoption of the system in all branches of our State Government.

4. We believe that the prosperity and happiness of our people are of paramount importance, and, therefore, we insist upon a tariff so adjusted as to give full protection to home labor and industry, and to develop all resources of the country, and we favor such wise and proper state legislation as will protect honest labor from unfair competition.

5. That we demand such a prudent and economical administration of the affairs of the state as will make needless any direct state tax.

6. That we hold it to be one of the most imperative demands of the time that our system of state taxation should be so exactly equitable as to reach all corporations, as well as all individuals—all property to be taxed, in the language of the Constitution, "under general laws, and by uniform rules, according to its true value." That we are opposed to all encroachments of corporate power upon popular rights, and we demand that all monopolies which oppress the people and unfairly discriminate against their interests shall be curbed and restricted by proper legislation.

7. That we favor legislation looking toward the adequate protection and further development of our fisheries.

8. That we pledge to the candidate of this Convention our earnest, hearty and enthusiastic support.

Applause and cheers punctuated and followed the reading of this, the New Jersey Republican platform of 1883.

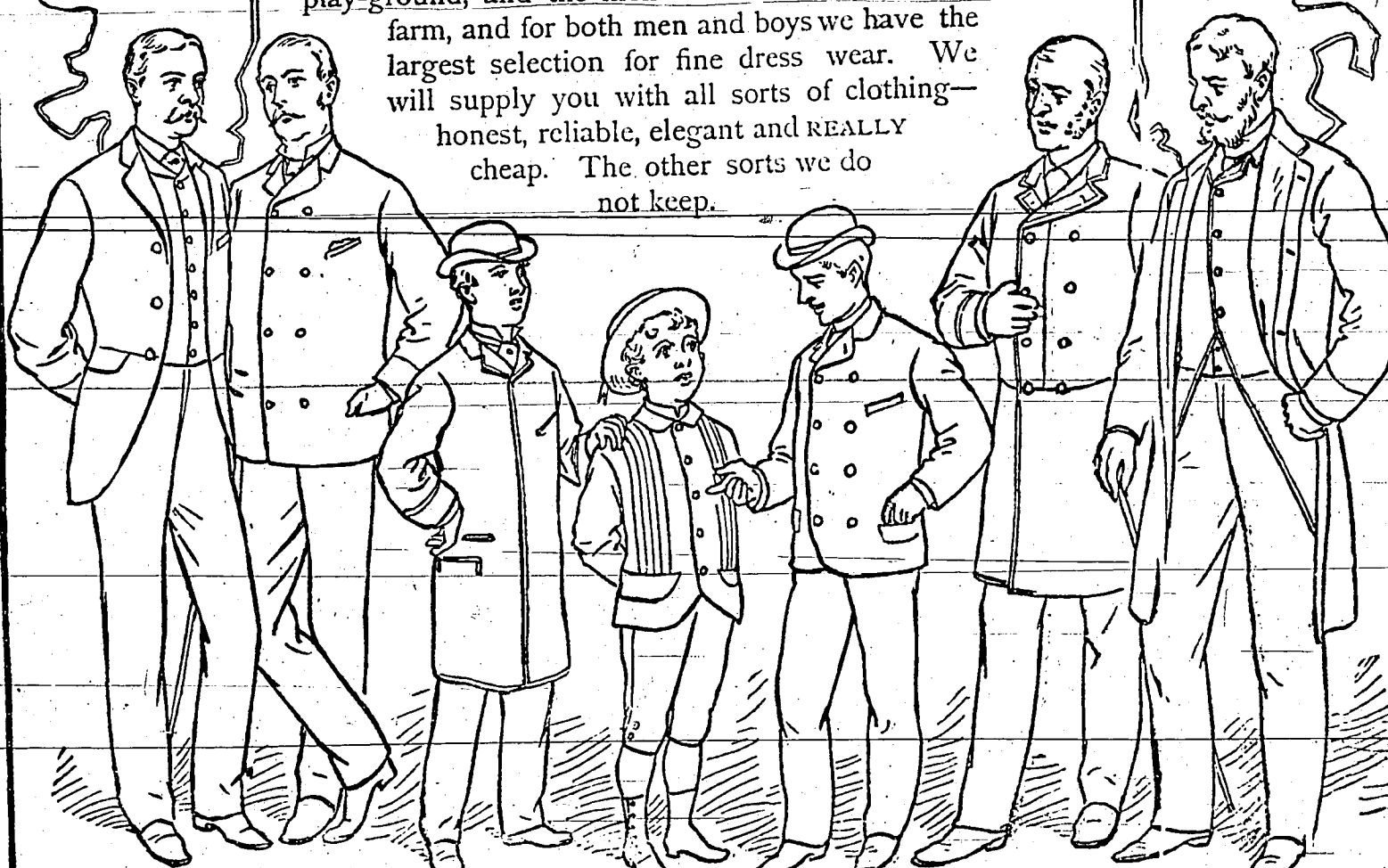
Nominations were then in order. Hon. John J. Gardner for Atlantic County, named Hon. Israel S. Adams, in a short but comprehensive speech. Bergen County named Hon. John Hill. Essex nominated Judge Jonathan Dixon. A majority of counties presented no name, several seconded Bergen; others followed Essex. On first ballot, Hon. I. S. Adams' name was withdrawn, and Atlantic's fourteen votes went for Hill; the counties went first one way then the other until Essex gave 103 for Dixon, one for Hill; Hudson following with its 76 for the Judge; and by the time Warren was reached, Bergen's chairman moved to make Mr. Dixon's nomination unanimous, which was greeted with cheers and carried with good will. The house was in a perfect uproar of good-humored enthusiasm for a few minutes, and could scarcely be quieted to select committees for the ensuing year.

We mingled freely with delegates and visitors, and heard not one word of regret or dissatisfaction. Every one seemed pleased with the nomination, and predicted a lively campaign and a grand Republican majority in New Jersey, this Fall. So mote it be.

Sparta, Tenn., Dr. W. B. Cummings says: "I am strongly convinced of the efficacy of Brown's Iron Bitters and recommend them."

A farmer in Yates County, New York, a few days since lost the child of his joys and sorrows. He buried her in a private cemetery and erected a marble slab to her memory. In a short time he married a second wife. He then ploughed up his first wife's grave and now uses the tombstone for a step in front of his house.

**Wanamaker & Brown**  
S.E. CORNER SIXTH & MARKET STREETS PHILADELPHIA  
OAK HALL  
Autumn 1883  
One Million Dollars Stock to Select from  
Oak Hall grows old only in experience. In all else it is younger this Autumn season of 1883 than ever before. The old ways of dealing with our friends—and we are friends with everybody—make trading at Oak Hall simplicity and safety itself, and the creation of the latest styles with the best workmanship makes Oak Hall the final authority on all questions of fashion in Men's and Boys' dress. Oak Hall is the natural trading place for all retail clothing buyers in and about Philadelphia. The boys will find just the stuff for the school-room and the play-ground, and the men for the mill, the shop, or the farm, and for both men and boys we have the largest selection for fine dress wear. We will supply you with all sorts of clothing—honest, reliable, elegant and REALLY cheap. The other sorts we do not keep.



Mr. L. Trumbull has sold his home, on Fairview, to Mr. Nelson, the "fish-scale jewelry" manufacturer. Mr. T. arranged to start for New York State yesterday, where he will reside with his relatives. Day his journey be safe and pleasant, and his declining years be made happy.

**FAIR!**  
Oct. 10, 11, 12, 1883.  
Offer \$12,000 in Premiums.  
For the most extensive display of goods, jewelry, and fine arts, the finest collection of paintings, and the most complete variety of attractions, shown at any Agricultural Fair.  
New Half-Mile Regulation Track.  
Special Cheap Excursion Rates on all Roads.  
For Premium List, send to  
H. I. BURT,  
Cor. 5th & 6th Sts., New York, N. Y.

**Special Notices.**  
The building and repairs of the old stand. All work in this line—both new and repairing—will be done in the best possible style, and satisfaction given.  
Mina L. W. Cooley.  
Hammonton, N. J., Sept. 1, 1883.

**NOTICE.** The building and repairs of the old stand. All work in this line—both new and repairing—will be done in the best possible style, and satisfaction given.  
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Hammonton, N. J., Sept. 1, 1883.

**"Ladies' Tonic."**—The GREAT REMEDY FOR ALL THE ills of the Women's Medical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., and is their favorite prescription for ladies who are suffering from any weakness or complaint common to the sex. It is sold by druggists at \$1 per bottle. Ladies can obtain advice from Send stamp for names of those who have been cured.

The Twenty-Second ANNUAL FAIR!  
The EGG HARBOR City Agricultural Society,  
Sept. 22, 23, 24, 25, 1883.  
At the Fair Grounds, St. Louis Avenue and Cass Street, Egg Harbor City.  
For space and other particulars, inquire of V. P. HOFMANN, Sec'y.

**COAL!**  
We now prepared to receive orders for coal to be delivered at any time through the Fall and Winter, at lowest prices. We deliver coal when desired, in 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 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# Our Youth.

## BATHRIPE AND GREEN.

Apple green,  
Boy names,  
Eating some,  
Watch some.  
Carbide lower,  
Pain immense,  
On the floor,  
Frostrate, Jensen.  
Papa coughs,  
Caneb berries,  
Mamma runneth,  
For a toy.  
Telephone call,  
For Doctor Sewer,  
Doctor cometh,  
P. D. Q.  
Briek confiration,  
Urchin hollers,  
Eke application,  
Fox, three dollars.

For the children, Heaven sent these,  
Fruit's ripe, ripe penitence.  
They'll be happy, dummies,  
If you eat 'em, dummies.  
Buy them ripe fruit as you order,  
Peaches, all ripe, three quarts for a quarter.

Little Harry had been told not to bathe in the mill-pond; but as he was climbing over the fence back of his house he saw other boys in bathing, and the temptation was too much for him.

He was careful however, to keep his head dry, so as not to arouse suspicion when he returned to his mother. But he immediately taxed him with having disobeyed her. "Why, mother," said he, taking off his hat, "look at my hair; it would be wet if I had been swimming!" "Yes, my son, but how comes your shirt worn out out?" "Oh! why,"—alternating then gleefully—"Oh, I turned that getting over the fence."

ESOP REVISED—HOW THE CANINE AND THE ROOSTER SECURED THE BURGE ON REYNARD.—A dog and a rooster who worked the Damon and Phyllis racket were traveling together one summer, and finding no wayside inn en route wherein to rest at night, took up their abode on the soft side of a tree. The fowl flew readily to a leafy branch near the top, but the dog, remarking that "it was a heathen climb up there," leaped down and slept the sleep of dormancy.

At early dawn the rooster waked and noted his calliope as only a rooster can. By his noise, which indeed was louder than the bark of the dog—or the tree for that matter—he attracted the attention of a fox, who was in search of his morning meal, and who viewed with delight the prospect of rooster on toast.

"Ah, my pretty bird," said he, "how useful you are. Will you come down and live with me, and be my own little alarm clock? Come down; it is raining; you'll get wet."

"Does it rain hard?" smiled the fowl.

"Don't move," said the fox. "A bird that will make such tough puns must, according to the proverb 'toughs from the tough,' be unfit for my purposes. Why, I believe you're so tough that if you were a hen you'd lay hard-boiled eggs. You're a—"

Just then the dog awoke, and striking the fox on the collar-button, sent him to his halo, thereby deducing the moral that it don't pay to vituperate a rooster.

"OLD RATTLEBONES."—A writer in the Cottage Herald tells the following story of a boy who thoughtless boy was punished for calling names:

A number of us school children were playing by the roadside one Saturday afternoon, when the stage-coach drew up to a neighboring tavern, and the passengers alighted. As usual, we gathered around to observe them.

Among the number was an elderly man, with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked in the most curious contortions and queer variations of gait. His feet turned one way, his knees another, and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself.

I unthinkingly shouted, "Look at old rattlebones!" while the poor man turned his head with an expression of

# Recent Legal Decisions.

## SHIPPING—DELAY TO DELIVER FREIGHT—"PERILS OF THE SEA."

A. & Co. owned a cargo of barley in France, and shipped it by B. & C.'s schooner to London, and the bill of lading provided for safe delivery, "the perils of the sea" excepted. The vessel, in sailing up the Thames, collided with a steamship and was sunk; the collision resulted from the schooner's helm being put to starboard, but not from any negligence on her part, and there was no finding whether or not the steamship was at fault. An action was brought for the loss of the barley, and the plaintiffs recovered, on the ground that the collision was one of "the perils of the sea." An appeal was taken to the Court of Appeal, where the judgment in the case—Woody vs. Mitchell—was given in favor of the defendants. Brett, L. J. in the judgment, said: "In a case like this it was only necessary for the plaintiffs to prove non-delivery of the cargo, and the defendants could only answer in one way—showing that this non-delivery was caused by something excepted in the bill of lading. This bill of lading excepted only 'the perils of the sea.' But unless a collision occurs without the fault of either vessel it is not 'a peril of the sea' within the meaning of these words in a bill of lading."

## Experiment in Feeding Pigs.

Last spring, at the Iowa Agricultural College, was tried an experiment which developed some points of interest. Six shoats were fed in two lots, one lot receiving only shelled corn, fifteen pounds per day, the other the same weight of corn meal moistened with water. After continuing the ration four weeks two pounds were taken from each ration and the place supplied with the same weight of oil meal. When whole corn and corn meal were fed alone the cost of pork per pound was 245 cents and 31-10 cents when the oil meal was added the cost was reduced to 2 cents and 21-5 cents in the corresponding lots. Corn is here valued at 35 cents, corn meal at 41 cents per bushel, and oil meal at 14 cents per pound. It was observed that the pigs would eat their mess of moistened meal in eight minutes, while it took the others twenty-two minutes to eat the shelled corn. In this experiment, with pork at \$6.55, corn meal fed to pigs returned \$1 per bushel and whole corn 93 cents.

This experiment points in the same direction as the one reported some weeks ago, that about feeding ensilage to fattening steers. It will be remembered that in this case the steers that were fed ensilage gained sixty-four pounds more than those fed hay. It is not to be inferred that this increased result is due to greater nutritive value of ensilage, but rather that the succulent ensilage had the effect of increasing the digestibility of the corn fed with it. It is a well-known fact that two animals will sometimes eat the same amount of grain, and the one will gain in weight and the other not. In certain conditions of digestive organs the power to assimilate nutriment is so impaired that no more is used than just what is sufficient to keep up the ordinary operations of life. It seems highly probable that the increased gain in the pigs fed a small quantity of oil meal with their corn was due to the superior digestibility of the mixture over corn or corn meal alone.

## Scrap.

An advocate of corporal punishment for children said: "The child when once started in a course of evil conduct, is like a locomotive on the wrong track—it takes a switch to get it off."

A colored girl in Atlanta, Ga., was knocked over by an engine, and in a few minutes got up as if nothing unusual had happened, and looking after the engine, said: "You've got a heap ob politeness for to serve a lady that way!"

THE SUPERFLUOUS NEGRO.—For the past few days the blasts on the Union street excavations have been discharged by electricity, wires running some two hundred feet off. It will be remembered that the holes are drilled by a steam drill. A negro man stood watching the operation yesterday, and as the blast was discharged by a young lady, with the greatest ease, he shook his head sadly, saying, "No use for de nigger anyhow now; dey drill de holes wid a steam engine and shoot off de blast wid a 'lectric light. Nigger no good, 'cept to load de holes."

The Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, commonly known in England as Fat Mary, set the example of riding the tricycle. Now Victoria has ordered two machines for her young granddaughters, the Princesses of Hesse; the Princess of Wales gave her daughter one for her birthday present; the Princess Louis rides, and hundreds of ladies have followed the

# What Mrs. Newman Saw in a Harem.

## THE GATES OF THE 'ABODE OF BILLAS.'

"The gates of the 'Abode of Billas,' said Mrs. Newman, "closed instantly after I had entered the building. A long corridor opened into the main apartment of the harem. It was furnished with gorgeous tapestry hangings and sumptuous satin furniture of curious design. The curtained windows looked down upon blooming gardens. Ranged about the chamber in various attitudes were a score of women. Some were seated on divans and some were kneeling. Thirteen of them were the wives of the Pasha. A cloud of negro servants attended to their wants. I could speak but a few words of Arabic, but we were at home on the subject of dress, which has a universal language of its own among women. All the women had large, long-lashed and lustrous eyes, and dark, finely-chiselled features. Their customs were magnificent, and strangely fashioned of rich satins and loaded with ornaments of gold and jewels and garlands of pearls. Their head dresses were of silken gauze, held by bands of gold and surmounted by graceful ostrich feathers. They wore silk trousers and silver slippers, and their finger nails were tinged with yellow. To an elderly lady, very frequently in her movements, implicit obedience was yielded by the others. The air of the apartment was heavy with the perfume of sandal wood. A crowd of colored servants brought in cigarettes and sweetmeats and coffee, and of the delicacies I was pressed to partake. The eating of these dainties and gossiping with each other is the sole occupation of these women of the harem. They live in luxurious bondage, in blissful ignorance of the outside world. I longed to reveal its beauties and possibilities to them, but could converse only by gestures. Before I left a baby Pasha was shown to me. Its mother looked like a veritable 'Sleeping Beauty.' The interest shown in the baby and the mother by the other women of the harem was to me a beautiful evidence of the universal sisterhood of women."

## Amber in the Baltic Province.

Some very interesting researches have recently been made on the flora of the amber-bearing formations of East Prussia by Messrs. Goepfert and Menz. In ancient times there must have been in this part of Europe a group of conifers comprising specimens from almost all parts of the world. Among the splendid specimens of the alga confere were the redwood, the sugar pine and the Douglas spruce; and of the example of the Eastern States were the bald cypress, red cedar, thuja and the pinus rigida; from the eastern coasts of Asia were the Chilian cense cedar, the parasol fir, the arbutus, the ginkgo, and the thuja; and the cypress of Europe and the callitris of Southern Africa. It appears that the deposits of amber for which the Baltic is noted are the product of generations of these resin-bearing trees. The richest deposits are situated along a strip of coast between Memel and Dantzig, though the real home of amber has been supposed to lie in the bed of the Baltic, between Bornholm and the main land. It rests upon cretaceous rocks, and consists chiefly of their debris, forming a popular mixture known as blue earth, which appears to exist throughout the province of Samland at a depth of 80 to 100 feet, and to contain an almost inexhaustible supply of amber. Immense quantities of amber are washed out by sea from the coast or brought down by rivulets and cast up again during storms or in certain winds. The actual yield by quarrying is 250,000 to 300,000 pounds a year, or five times the quantity estimated to be cast up by the waves on the strip of coast above mentioned.

## The Amazons of Kurdistan.

The women of Kurdistan are stated to be strongly opposed to the census, and even disposed to resist the curiosity of the enumerators with their lives. According to intelligence published in the Indian papers they have for the moment entirely frustrated an attempt to take a census among them in Rizan, although the census officers were supported by the military. The women of several villages, "five hundred and forty," marched out in a body and attacked the troops, who, whether actuated by fear or gallantry, turned and fled. It is added that the Turkish authorities will find it no easy task to overcome the resistance to an imperial visitation of their homes by the Kurdish women, who are rather famous for their Amazonian prowess. Those who are familiar with the details of the Turco Russian war of 1855 will remember the Kurdish lady who went to Constantinople at the head of 1000 horsemen of her own raising in support of the national cause, and paraded and handled these troops with much effect before the Turkish military authorities.

## The Price of Gas in English and Irish Cities.

The price of gas in English and Irish cities, per 1000 feet, is as follows: Dublin, 90 cents; Belfast, 90 cents; Plymouth, 60 cents; Leeds, 44 cents; Carlisle, 60 cents; Manchester, 64 cents; Birmingham, 50 cents.

# YESTERDAY.

## ARTHUR DENISON.

'Twas but a brief twelve hours ago: The flower you wore can scarce be faded— The daisies rose that blushed, you know, Among your dark locks brightly braided. (My own have got a touch of gray, But I forgot it yesterday.)

Twelve short hours back (in fact, last night) I passed with you, on my arm, smiling. Out of the ballroom's glare and light, Into the cool veranda, screening Us both from sight, your gloved hand lay A space within mine yesterday.

Use for the time, 'twas but unpleasant, And now—'tis one like last night's tapers. The hand which then clasped yours at present Is tying tape and sealing papers. The face of your parchments frowns to-day That smiled beside yours yesterday.

Sic transit gloria si te fade. The magic moments we have known; The girls we loved, the friends we made, Living or dead, from us are gone; And nothing left us but a gaze Cast sadly on life's yesterdays.

Ah the little love of yesterday! There beat not hearts so kind and true, No eyes (even yours) so bright and blue. As those in vanished hours we knew. The earth hath no such maidens to-day. No lips so rosy, no laughter so gay. As when Placius was Consul—yesterday.

## Chameleon Like.

"At your service, Sir Wilfred." From the gay wordsters she was sorting, she looked up with a mischievous expression, her words, yet underying it a goodly measure of the rare tenderness that only a woman's face can wear.

Hers seemed a strange face for a lover to frown upon; but frown he did—unhappily, emphatically. "I am in no mood for jesting, Saldee," he continued, glumly, "nor probably will you be when I tell you that what we have so long debated must be decided between us now."

The sunny smile died from her countenance; the rare tenderness seemed but the rarer for its gravity. "I am so sorry, Wilfred," she answered softly; "I so hoped you would see its impossibility and agree with me."

He could but read how she loved him, but he read something else now in look and tone—something that momentarily banished the frown and paled his handsome face. With a passionate impulse he arose, and, crossing over to where she sat, took her hands in his, and gazed down into her brown eyes long and steadily.

"Saldee, do you care at all for me?" he asked, finally. "Do I care for you, Wilfred?" she murmured, reproachfully, yet with the rapture of his touch reflected in her face. "Do I care for you? Oh, how can you ask me that, when you know that there is only you—only you in the whole wide world for me!"

His hands fell; he turned away from her impatiently, with a bitter smile. "If I am all the world to you, Saldee, you certainly have a strange way of showing it. Your words are pretty, but they do not weigh at all with me. If you would have me believe you, come and promise to obey me as a woman should the man she loves."

He extended his arms toward her as he spoke; there was a look on his face she could not mistake. She knew it would be the last time but still she took no step forward; she simply stood stertified, appealingly gazing up at him. "Wilfred—"

He was frowning again, now deeper than before. "I know what you would say, Saldee," he interrupted, "and it is only a waste of words. As I said before, your words have no weight on me; it is enough for me that you are ready to have me go to-morrow, we might as well say good-by."

# go, but I can never say good-by to you."

That was what she said, brokenly, tenderly, yet with the gleam of firmness that had so startled him just now. "If you so will you must go."

A moment he stood regarding her, shaking with pain and disappointment; a momentary passion swayed him; a fleeting, wavering impulse, but he quickly crushed them down.

"I will do so, Saldee," he replied, with scornful emphasis; "and since you object to good-by, let us make it good-afternoon."

This was her parting so he left her, striding out and past the widow by which she sat.

"And this is the end of it all," she murmured; "when he knew how I loved him, when he knew how I would die for him. Oh Wilfred I my love, my dearest, how could you leave me so!"

It was not strange that that other time should rise vividly before her; that day six months ago, when, in this very room, in the first blindest realization of their mutual passion, he had fallen on his knees before her, and solemnly affirmed that, come what would, no power on earth should ever separate him from her.

"If ever a woman was sure of a man, Saldee, you are sure of me!" What music the words were, though neither of them could foresee and the sore test that awaited them. All seemed bright ahead; they were to be married in six months' time, and she was to go away with him to Brazil, where he had secured a government appointment.

There seemed no need of the passionate protestations, the solemn oath of this fond lover; their truth was to be tried. In the fifth month of their engagement, Aunt Ruth—of whom Saldee was a special pet and protégé—was thrown from her carriage and received injuries which, though it was not believed they would prove fatal, left her in a very critical and apprehensive state.

True, the wedding day was named, and Wilfred must go; true, there were loving hearts besides Saldee to care for poor Aunt Ruth, but it seemed to her tender nature most a crime to leave her, at least, until danger was positively past. And when, one morning, the old lady drew down the fair face to hers, and whispered, imploringly, "You will not leave me, pet, while there is a doubt of my getting well?" she promised unhesitatingly that she would not.

Perhaps if she had known Wilfred Hare better, she could not have promised so readily. But she knew him only as the tender lover, the man who had sworn that, come what would, no power on earth should ever separate him from her. It could be easily settled, she thought; he, as she, would feel very sad and disappointed, but he, as she, must see the impossibility of her going now. They could be married, and as soon as Aunt Ruth was out of danger, she would go to him.

All this in full trust and faith she confided to Wilfred Hare. She was ill prepared for the reception her words met, the imperious workings of that man's will. What right had she, without consulting him even, to make a promise to any one that conflicted with her own to him? His love gave him the right to command her; if she loved him she would obey. She must marry him and go away with him, else their present relations must cease.

"I am not so glad," she said softly, "that I am not one of those who think a perfect object is necessary for loving; I do not think a perfect object is a test of love. I am not blind; Wilfred is very tyrannical, selfish, very, very unkind, but, as never till to-day have I fully realized it, so never has he been so dear to me."

This realization awoke a tender resolve. "I can never let him go away so; I must prove to him how dear he is and must prove to be to me."

From this came the tender note that found its way next morning to Wilfred Hare: "I cannot let you go away, dear, without one little word. I know you are angry with me, and I am very, very unhappy, for never since our engagement have I loved you as to-day. My little word is that I must always, always love you, and that I will never marry any man but Wilfred Hare."

# perhaps some day you will understand and forgive me, and then you will be glad to think of this."

Very sadly she dropped the tender little note in the mail-box, very drearily she went back the familiar road to her home.

So absorbed was Saldee, that she did not see the man walking ahead, who suddenly turned and paused, as if awaiting her. She started as she drew closer and perceived him, her first impulse was to flee; she shrank from the sad face that she felt now was so like hers.

But it was to late. He had retraced his steps to meet her and was now walking at her side.

"Saldee," he said softly, "there are not many days now. Do not send me away from you."

He made no effort to cloak his tenderness, either in word or look. He had loved her from the happy time when as children, they had walked this road together; she knew it, and it had once been the great sorrow of her life that she could not return this love.

Despite the sting of his words, there awoke in her heart a pity for him, such as she had never known before; a wild, regretful longing that she could not have loved him; a sudden, strange realization that she had wasted her affection, that this man's stanch, loyal heart was worth a hundred such as Wilfred Hare's.

This last she battled quickly down not so the pity or the longing. Strangely moved, scarcely knowing what she did, she placed her hand on his arm, and answered, gently— "There will be many, many days for us to walk together, Mark!"

He could but have a presentment of her meaning; so sadly earnest was her tone. "What do you say, Saldee?" he asked, with pity for her, and a joy he could not repress mingling oddly in his look and tone.

"That I am not going to be married, Mark—that is, not yet awhile. Wilfred is angry with me; but I must not tell you—I do not know why I so forgot myself. It is only that I am to stay with Aunt Ruth for the present—that is all, Mark."

She truly said she did not know why; she felt a very traitress, thus openly to blame Wilfred Hare. He did not realize, poor Saldee! how pleasant Mark Vale's devotion had suddenly become to her—how plain she was making this.

But he could not see. He walked on beside her silently, little dreaming what he was doing to her. He had been before he had been before. Never had he seemed so dreary, so morose, when he thought that she was to marry Wilfred Hare. Then his selfish soul found solace in the thought that she was happy; now he stood in presence of her misery—he, who, had he the power, would have permitted the winds to blow roughly on her—and could not save her his least pang.

He understood Wilfred Hare better than she; it would have been easier, perhaps, to resign her to another man. It was not strange, that in this hour, realizing his own loyalty and tenderness, he should rail at justice as the veriest of myths.

The days passed slowly, drearily, to Saldee; with each, her love for Wilfred Hare, growing deeper, her grief sharper—more unendurable. "Come what will, no power on earth shall separate me from you."

Morn, noon and night these words came back to her, and with them a hope to feed upon. Surely all would be right, she thought. He could not give her up; he was only angry with her; he would come to understand and forgive her, and then all would be well again.

# slight of the familiar writing she could not repress a rapturous cry, despite the presence of the new servant, who knew nothing of Wilfred Hare; her trembling fingers could scarcely break the seal.

And when she did— Only a wedding-card, the little note she had written him, and the line—"It is but right I should restore to you your pledge."

Wilfred Hare had proven himself. She read it, she broke into a fit of hysterical laughter, and then, not knowing what she did, she dropped it, and went down and out over the lawn, far into the maple grove. Looking about and dreamily, she saw Mark Vale coming toward her. He had heard of this; he was coming vaguely, and then, not knowing what she did, she dropped it, and went down and out over the lawn, far into the maple grove.

She waited for him, she stretched out the hand which still held the card with a dreamy smile. "Mark," she said, "did you know Wilfred was married? Did you know—"

She could say no more, the full reality had broke. He had endured much, he could not endure the look on her face. With a sudden, uncontrollable impulse, he threw his arms around her and drew her to his breast.

"Oh, Saldee, I forgive me, forgive me, but I cannot see you so!" So cried Mark Vale quite terrified at his act, striving vainly to loose his arms. "To his surprise she did not resist him. He even fancied she clung to him.

"Do not sent me away!" a voice floated up to him. "I have only got you to love me, and I know you love me very much."

Was this a delusion, or was she mocking him in her despair? "Saldee," he murmured, bewilderedly, "do you mean that—that you could marry me?"

He was all she had. Hers was a nature to crave a prop; it seemed to her that moment, that never a love was so sweet to woman as Mark Vale's was to her.

"I loved Wilfred," she answered, brokenly. "But I have lost love, and I must have love or my heart will break. Dear Mark if you can love me so, I will be a good wife to you."

"Saldee!" With the one word wherein lay his soul, he drew her gently, almost reverentially, closer to his madly-beating heart.

And so he married her, and he is content. For she never repulses him, his love seems always—sweet to her, and sometimes, of her own will, she comes and, twining her arms about his neck kisses him tenderly.

## A Father Hubbard.

The other day when old Major Solomon announced his readiness to proceed in the direction of church, his wife appeared wearing a mother Hubbard dress. The old man intently regarded her for a few moments, and asked: "Mary, what sort of a coat do you call that?"

"It's a mother Hubbard, Jeems."

"Air you going to wear it to church?" "Why, certainly, Jeems. The mother Hubbard is all the fashion now."

# As yet capital and improved machinery are necessary in making sugar from sorghum, and the methods of manufacture differ; but individuals can manufacture sugar with but little expense.

The difficulty is in crystallizing the sugar, for until that takes place the results are isony sugar. Leaving out sugar, farmers can easily and cheaply grow sorghum, either for sirup or fodder, and, with the yield of seed, will no doubt find it as profitable as any other crop on the farm.—Philadelphia Record.

—In Virginia they are making four of peanuts, and it is praised. It is customary in Georgia to plant the nuts for a corn crop.

—The Swiss railroad companies now cover a portion of their carriages with a phosphoreous preparation which makes them visible at night.

—The price of gas in English and Irish cities, per 1000 feet, is as follows: Dublin, 90 cents; Belfast, 90 cents; Plymouth, 60 cents; Leeds, 44 cents; Carlisle, 60 cents; Manchester, 64 cents; Birmingham, 50 cents.

—The sweeping of Paris' streets, according to the latest official returns, costs 5,234,000 francs. The number of persons employed in the work is 3016, including 820 sweepers, 2010 "auxiliary sweepers" and 186 foremen. The sweepers receive 100 francs a month, and the auxiliary sweepers 30 cents per hour. The total cost of maintaining, cleansing and repairing the roadways is 8,402,000 francs a year, and of the pavements and crossings 1,205,000 francs, or 9,607,000 francs altogether.

—A Hot Springs man, who could never afford to take a newspaper, mortgaged his house to buy two more dogs.

# Agrioult

## Sorghum.

Sorghum is rapidly growing in the West, and this crop will yield a large area devoted to it. It possesses several advantages over other yielding crops, and is better than corn, not drying and crumbling so readily. The seed is very valuable also, being excellent for poultry as well as for fattening stock, and the yield of good soil is very heavy. Although the agricultural department has been ridiculed for its expensive experiments in making sugar from sorghum, yet it is feared, and encouraged the production of sugar with such persistence from which to procure firmly established in States, the final result of a doubt be our independence of other tropical countries supply, not excepting even the sugar of the South.

During the war the South grew large crops of sorghum, but the quality was of a poor quality, but the art of cry was not known at that time. Recent discoveries and improvements of crushing and transporting the longer and difficulty in the West. Minnesota Amber has been successfully grown wherever corn can be produced, and so extensive has sorghum become that glucose is destined to come an unimportant competitor. Unlike corn, in some respects, how sorghum is specially adapted to sandy soils, stands draught much better, and can be grown closer and more compactly. The best results are obtained when the crop is put in the ground early, and for making sugar the stalk should be cut and worked up the same day, or within twenty-four; but it is best to co-operate, and thus have time labor and expense in manufacture, which is the plan adopted in many places.

Although the production of sugar from sorghum has been established, there are many experiments being tried in different localities—for much is yet to be discovered that will be of valuable assistance. During the conversion of the juice into sugar rapid chemical changes take place, and experience is required in order to be successful; but sanguine growers and manufacturers are confident of overcoming all obstacles in a few more seasons, and the industry will then be one of the most important in the country.

According to the reports of the Agricultural Department, cane sugar in sorghum is associated with one-tenth of its weight of grape sugar (glucose), and not far from one-fifth its weight of solids not sugar, such as ash, gum, albumen, wax and a few other substances, but the cane sugar varies from 14 to 16 per cent. of the expressed juice. The product of seed is equal to from two to four bushels per ton of cane. About 40 per cent. of the juice is lost in the bagasse (refuse), but the same proportion is lost in the juice of the tropical cane, though it is believed that investigation will result in discovering a method of saving one-half of this loss. The bagasse is used for making paper, and, treated as a fertilizer, returns a portion of that which was taken from the soil. It is also used with advantage as fuel where that article is scarce. Ever the scum and sediment are used in some manner, no portion of the cane being wasted.

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This was her parting so he left her, striding out and past the widow by which she sat.



# JACKSON

IS SELLING



**FRESH BEEF.**  
MUTTON, VEAL & PORK  
Cured Beef, Sugar-Cured Ham,  
Lard, Salt Pork, &c.  
Also,  
**YORK STATE BUTTER**  
Order, a Pure Order Vinegar

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.  
**VEGETABLES IN SEASON.**  
through Town every Wednesday and Saturday

Little Ha...  
bathe in the coal will find it to their interest to order early,  
climbing in warm weather is better prepared than it possi-  
house be a cold weather. September is the best month to  
and their coal.

him, understand that I am not to be undersold. The best  
keep h...e furnished at short notice, and at the lowest cash  
mother's orders by mail, or left at Anderson's Feed Store, will  
him...mpt attention.  
"Wh...ton, N. J., Aug. 15, 1883. JOHN SCULLIN.

**GEORGE ELVINS**  
DEALER IN

**Flour, Feed, Fertilizers,**  
**gricultural Implements, etc., etc.**  
N. B.—Superior Family Flour a Specialty.

**H. Carpenter,**  
Hammononton, N. J.

**BOOTS & SHOES,**  
S, CAPS, LADIES' AND  
GENTS' FURNISHING

**FOODS.**  
Blank and School Books,  
Stationery, Sewing Machine Needles,  
Silks, Cotton, Notions, Fancy  
Articles, Etc.  
At the lowest cash prices.

Leave all orders for Printing  
of any kind at the "South  
Jersey Republican" office.



**MRS. VAN BUREN'S**

**LADIES' TONIC.**  
The Great Female Remedy.

The Favorite Prescription of the  
**Women's Medical Institute,**  
BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.  
For Leucorrhoea, or Whites; Inflammation and  
Ulceration of the Womb; Protrusion or Falling of  
the Womb; Irregularities, Flooding, Sick Head-  
ache, Kidney Complaints, Barrenness, Painful  
and Irregular Menstruation and Amenorrhoea.  
For making labor easy, as a tonic for mothers  
when nursing children, or through change of life.  
This preparation has NO EQUAL in the WORLD.  
If you have tried other remedies without suc-  
cess, do not be discouraged, but give "Ladies'  
Tonic" a single trial. It never fails to give quick  
and permanent relief.  
If you are troubled with any weakness or com-  
plaint common to our sex, lay aside the doctor's  
prescription for once, and try "Ladies' Tonic,"  
which we guarantee will positively cure you.  
\$5.00 will be given for any case of Female  
Weakness or Inability which "Ladies' Tonic" will  
not cure. This is a bona fide offer, made by  
responsible ladies, who know from experience  
that "Ladies' Tonic" can do.  
Sold by Druggists. PRICE, \$1.00.  
The Women's Medical Institute is an associa-  
tion of prominent ladies, who have  
succeeded in curing thousands of cases of Female  
Weakness, etc., by the use of "Ladies' Tonic."

Special Accommodations for Ladies.  
Fall Session begins September 31.  
Headmaster's Circular and College  
an application to  
Principal C. C. C. C.,  
Trenton, N. J.

The tenacity with which people abide  
by their early faith in Ayer's Sarsapa-  
rilla can only be explained by the fact  
that it is the best blood medicine ever  
used, and is not approached in excellence  
by any new candidate for public favor.

It is some satisfaction to know upon  
good authority that our enemies, the  
flies, are having a bad time of it this  
year. They are afflicted with parasites  
in the brain, which result in making  
them mad. If they were ants they  
would at once establish hospitals in  
every settlement, but as they are only  
flies they take it out in buzzing and  
making themselves a greater nuisance  
than ever. They have developed the  
sticking period unusually early, and,  
possibly owing to the madness in their  
brains, they are dying on every hand,  
and seeking burial places in soup plates,  
coffee cups, and beer glasses with great  
persistency.

New York women "stitch, stitch" on  
machine-made shirts for four cents  
each, and get from twelve to fifteen  
cents for those made nearly all by hand.  
They talk of striking for an increase of  
10 per cent.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the only  
brother of Queen Victoria's husband, is  
about to publish his private memoirs.  
The Duke is known for his literary and  
artistic attainments. Many dis-  
tinguished German authors, such as Gus-  
tave Freytag and Paul Lindau, have en-  
joyed his immediate patronage, while  
his musical acquisitions were exemplified  
by an opera, performed some years ago  
at Kroll's Theatre in Berlin.

"Yes, we find a great many things,"  
said the conductor, as he looked over the  
contents of a lady's purse which he had  
found on a seat in the next car.  
"What do you do with them?"  
"Turn them over to the chief baggage-  
man at the end of the trip. There is  
always a fuss kicked up, and he always  
finds owners for things. Yes, many  
people are very careless when traveling.  
They leave all sorts of things in the  
cars—cans and umbrellas, for instance."

"I suppose you've heard the old yarn  
of the old man who got on the train and  
felt as if he'd forgotten something."  
"I don't think I have."  
"After the train had started, you re-  
member, he happened to think he'd left  
his wife standing in the depot waiting-  
room. Well, I had a real case about  
as bad as that last spring. A man and  
woman put their baby to sleep on the  
seat behind them, and when they reached  
their destination a lot of friends met  
them and carried off their bundles and  
straps, and everybody forgot the baby.  
A telegram caught us at the next sta-  
tion and the agent took care of the little  
chap until the careless father came with  
a buggy."

A garden 'waul'—A cat on the fence.  
The young man in Pennsylvania who  
was sweet on an oil king's daughter,  
said he thought petroleum-yum was  
very nice.

"There's nothing like leather." Per-  
haps not; but a tried claim is an imita-  
tion that is well calculated to deceive.

Before the city directory man takes a  
census of St. Louis, watermelons are  
always sent there from Chicago to  
double up the population. After that  
an official count is made showing how  
unreliable St. Louis figures are.

**AYER'S**  
**Cherry Pectoral.**

No other complaints are so insidious in their  
attack as those affecting the throat and lungs:  
none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers.  
The ordinary cough or cold, resulting  
perhaps from a trifling or unconscious ex-  
posure, is often but the beginning of a fatal  
sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has  
well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight  
with throat and lung diseases, and should be  
taken in all cases without delay.

**A Terrible Cough Cured.**  
"In 1871 I took a severe cold, which affected  
my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed  
nearly all night without sleep. The doctors  
gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,  
which relieved my lungs, induced  
sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary  
for the recovery of my strength. By the  
continued use of the PECTORAL a perma-  
nent cure was effected. I am now 62 years  
old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your  
CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."  
HON. FAIRBROTHER.  
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

**Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.**  
"While in the country last winter my little  
boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup;  
it seemed as if he would die from strangu-  
lation. One of the family suggested the use  
of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of  
which was always kept in the house. This  
was tried in small and frequent doses, and  
to our delight in less than half an hour the  
little patient was breathing easily. The doc-  
tor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had  
saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at  
our gratitude? Sincerely yours,  
MRS. EMMA GEDNEY.  
169 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL  
in my family for several years, and do not  
hesitate to pronounce it the most effective  
remedy for coughs and colds we have ever  
tried."  
A. J. CHANE.  
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis,  
and after trying many remedies with no suc-  
cess, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY  
PECTORAL."  
BYNALL, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S  
CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that  
but for its use I should long since have died  
from lung troubles."  
E. BLANDON.  
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or  
lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved  
by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,  
and it will always cure when the disease is  
not already beyond the control of medicine.

Prepared by  
**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**  
Sold by all Druggists.

## Camden & Atlantic Railroad

Summer Arrangement—June 30, 1883.

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	A. A. C.	Exp.	Mail	Su. A. C.	Exp.
Philadelphia	8:20	8:55	9:20	10:20	6:50
Camden	9:13	9:42	9:16	10:16	6:40
Penna. R. R. Junction	9:08	9:38	9:10	10:10	6:30
Haddonfield	8:58	9:28	9:05	10:05	6:20
Berlin	8:58	9:28	9:05	10:05	6:20
Atco	8:58	9:28	9:05	10:05	6:20
Waterford	8:58	9:28	9:05	10:05	6:20
Winslow	8:58	9:28	9:05	10:05	6:20
Hammononton	7:52	8:40	9:04	10:53	6:10
Da Costa	7:47	8:35	8:58	10:48	6:00
Elwood	7:39	8:27	8:50	10:40	5:50
Elk Harbor City	7:30	8:18	8:41	10:31	5:40
Abscon	7:04	7:52	8:15	10:05	5:10
Atlantic City	6:50	7:38	8:01	9:50	5:00

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	A. A. C.	Mail	Exp.	Su. A. C.	Su. A. C.
Philadelphia	4:30	8:00	9:45	8:00	4:30
Camden	4:40	8:10	9:55	8:12	4:40
Penna. R. R. Junction	4:35	8:05	9:50	8:07	4:35
Haddonfield	4:25	7:55	9:40	7:57	4:25
Berlin	4:25	7:55	9:40	7:57	4:25
Atco	4:25	7:55	9:40	7:57	4:25
Winslow	4:25	7:55	9:40	7:57	4:25
Hammononton	5:42	9:22	10:00	9:37	5:42
Da Costa	5:47	9:27	10:05	9:42	5:47
Elwood	5:58	9:38	10:16	9:53	5:58
Elk Harbor City	6:08	9:48	10:26	10:03	6:08
Abscon	6:28	10:07	10:45	10:22	6:28
Atlantic City	6:40	10:20	11:25	10:35	7:18

## Camden & Atlantic Railroad

On and after September 3, 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. 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. 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 Sun-  
day 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 am.

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, 6:30 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 8.3  
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,  
8:40 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, 5:30, 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 Lakeside, 11:00 a.m. and 2 p.m.  
For Marlton, Medford, Mt. Holly and interme-  
diate stations, leave foot of Market Street,  
week days, 7:30 a.m., 2:50 and 5:00 p.m. Sun-  
days, 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. BANNARD. J. R. WOOD,  
Superintendent. Gen. Pass. Agt.

## ESTABLISHED

**HOWARD A. SNOW,**  
Washington, D. C.

**AMERICAN and FOREIGN**  
**PATENTS,**

Successor to GILMORE, SMITH &  
CO., and CHIPMAN, HOSMER & CO.

Patents procured upon the same plan which was  
originated and successfully practiced by the above-  
named firms. Pamphlet of sixty pages sent upon re-  
ceipt of stamp.

## MILLVILLE

**MUTUAL**  
**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 a

**Actual Net Available Surplus**  
**of Over \$30,000,**

the Directors feel that they can offer to all who  
desire insurance not only as LOW RATES and  
UNQUESTIONABLE SECURITY, but much  
greater probability of immunity from assess-  
ment 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 com-  
panies 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  
rounds.

Hereafter, no notes will be subject to assess-  
ment, 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  
officer of the company or its Agents,

**F. L. MULFORD, Pres.**  
**R. J. HOWELL, Sec'y.**

## Philadelphia & Atlantic City

July 7th, 1883.

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	A. A. C.	Exp.	Mail	Su. A. C.	Exp.
Philadelphia	8:20	8:55	9:20	10:20	6:50
Camden	9:13	9:42	9:16	10:16	6:40
Penna. R. R. Junction	9:08	9:38	9:10	10:10	6:30
Haddonfield	8:58	9:28	9:05	10:05	6:20
Berlin	8:58	9:28	9:05	10:05	6:20
Atco	8:58	9:28	9:05	10:05	6:20
Waterford	8:58	9:28	9:05	10:05	6:20
Winslow	8:58	9:28	9:05	10:05	6:20
Hammononton	7:52	8:40	9:04	10:53	6:10
Da Costa	7:47	8:35	8:58	10:48	6:00
Elwood	7:39	8:27	8:50	10:40	5:50
Elk Harbor City	7:30	8:18	8:41	10:31	5:40
Abscon	7:04	7:52	8:15	10:05	5:10
Atlantic City	6:50	7:38	8:01	9:50	5:00

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	A. A. C.	Exp.	Mail	Su. A. C.	Exp.
Philadelphia	4:30	8:00	9:45	8:00	4:30
Camden	4:40	8:10	9:55	8:12	4:40
Penna. R. R. Junction	4:35	8:05	9:50	8:07	4:35
Haddonfield	4:25	7:55	9:40	7:57	4:25
Berlin	4:25	7:55	9:40	7:57	4:25
Atco	4:25	7:55	9:40	7:57	4:25
Winslow	4:25	7:55	9:40	7:57	4:25
Hammononton	5:42	9:22	10:00	9:37	5:42
Da Costa	5:47	9:27	10:05	9:42	5:47
Elwood	5:58	9:38	10:16	9:53	5:58
Elk Harbor City	6:08	9:48	10:26	10:03	6:08
Abscon	6:28	10:07	10:45	10:22	6:28
Atlantic City	6:40	10:20	11:25	10:35	7:18

The Express leaves foot of Walnut St.,  
Philadelphia, at 4:00 P. M., reaches Hammon-  
ton at 5:58, Pleasantville at 6:47, Atlantic City  
at 7:44. Going up, leaves Atlantic City at 7:00 P.  
M., Pleasantville at 7:14, Elwood 7:33, Hammon-  
ton 7:54, reaches Philadelphia at 9:00. The  
afternoon express stops at Hammononton 5:47.

## HELP

Yourselves by making money when  
golden chance is offered, thereby  
always keeping poverty from your  
door. Those who always take ad-  
vantage of the good chances for  
making money that are offered, gen-  
erally become wealthy, while those  
who do not improve such chances remain in poverty.  
We want many men, women, boys and girls to work  
for us right in their own localities. The business will  
be more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish  
an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No  
one who engages fails to make money very rapidly.  
You can devote your whole time to the work or only  
your spare moments. Full information and all that  
is needed sent free. Address STIMSON & CO., Port-  
land, Maine.

## SCROFULA

and all scrofulous diseases, Sores, Erysip-  
elas, Eczema, Blisters, Ringworm, Tu-  
mors, 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 nat-  
ural condition. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has  
for over forty years been recognized by emi-  
nent medical authorities as the most pow-  
erful 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,  
with my general health greatly improved.  
I feel very grateful for the good your  
medicine has done me."

Yours respectfully, MRS. ANN O'BRIAN,  
148 Sullivan St., New York, June 24, 1882.

EP—All persons interested are invited  
to call on Mrs. O'Brian; also upon the  
Rev. Z. P. Woods of 78 East 44th 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 his own case and  
many others within his knowledge.

The well-known writer on the Boston Herald,  
E. W. BALL, of Rochester, N.H., writes, June  
7, 1882:

Having suffered severely for some years  
with Scrofula, and having failed to find relief  
from other remedies, I have made use, during  
the past three months, of AYER'S SARSAPA-  
RILLA, which has effected a complete cure.  
I consider it a magnificent remedy for a  
blood disease."

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

stimulates and regulates the action of the  
digestive and assimilative organs, renews  
and strengthens the vital forces, and speedily  
cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheuma-  
tic Gout, Catarrh, General Debility, and  
all diseases arising from an impoverished or  
corrupted condition of the blood, and a weak-  
ened vitality.

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

PREPARED BY  
**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**  
Sold by all Druggists, price \$1, six bottles  
for \$5.

Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage  
in the most pleasant and profitable business  
known. Everything new. Capital not re-  
quired. We will furnish you everything,  
\$10 a day and upwards is easily made without  
staying away from home a single night. If the  
business is not new, why do you want it?  
once. Many are making fortunes at the business.  
Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and  
girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work  
faithfully to make more money every day than can be made  
in a week at any ordinary employment, should who en-  
gage at once with a short road to fortune. Ad-  
dress, H. HALL & CO., Portland, Maine.

**\$5**

Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage  
in the most pleasant and profitable business  
known. Everything new. Capital not re-  
quired. We will furnish you everything,  
\$10 a day and upwards is easily made without  
staying away from home a single night. If the  
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in a week at any ordinary employment, should who en-  
gage at once with a short road to fortune. Ad-  
dress, H. HALL & CO., Portland, Maine.

**By the members of the United States during the**

"The 'Happiest Baby' in the World" is a book  
which will tell you all you need to know of  
child-rearing, and is a book which every mother  
who has a child should have. It is a book which  
will tell you all you need to know of child-rearing,  
and is a book which every mother who has a child  
should have. It is a book which will tell you all  
you need to know of child-rearing, and is a book  
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