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AND GOLD

South Jersey Republican.

VOL. 8.-NO. 8. HAMILTON, N. J., SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 24, 1870. 2.00 PER YEAR

Administrator's Notice to Creditors.
Alonso Potter, administrator, with the will an-
nexed of Nancy Sutherland, deceased, by direc-
tion of the Surrogate of the County of Atlantic,
hereby gives notice to the creditors of said
Nancy Sutherland to bring in their claims, de-
mands and claims against the estate of said de-
ceased under said will, for admission within six
months or they will be forever barred of any ac-
tion therefor against the said administrator.
ALONZO POTTER, Adm'r. &c.
Dated May 17, 1870.
42-51.

FARM FOR SALE.
140 Acres, consisting of 35 acres of
improved land, considered excellent for
trucking, 200 Young Orchard;
Good House and Barn
about 20 acres of good
Cranberry Land,
partly cleared, the balance WOODLAND.
Situated at Point Pleasant, five miles from
Pleasant Station, on Camden & Atlantic Railroad;
one mile Mullica River. Will sell the whole or a
part. CHEAP! TERMS EASY.
For particulars apply to
S. H. CAVILIER,
Port Republic, Atlantic Co., N. J.

CONTINENTAL
LIFE
Insurance Company,
OF NEW YORK
ANNUAL STATEMENT
January 1, 1870.

No. of Policies issued in 1869. 8,778
Amount Insured in 1869. \$21,246,000
Whole No. of Policies issued by the Com-
pany up to April 30th. 25,000
OFFICES, CONTINENTAL BUILDING,
Nos. 22 & 24 NASSAU ST. COR.
CEDAR, NEW YORK.
President,
T. B. LAWRENCE.
Vice President,
M. B. WYCKOFF.
Secretary,
R. ROGERS.
DIRECTORS.
James H. Colgate, of Colgate & Colgate, Bankers,
Chambers St. N. York.
James M. Deane, of Deane & Deane, Bankers,
Hudson St. N. York.
Hilton Scribner, 130 Broadway.
R. Ward W. Bogart, of O. M. Bogart & Co. Bankers,
M. D. Wyckoff, of Wyckoff & Hallenbeck,
Bond St. N. York.
Joseph T. Sanger, Merchant, No. 45 Liberty St.
INCOME 1869.
Annual Premiums. \$1,826,750.20
Interest. 79,792.40
Rents and Mortgages. \$4,149.99
Reins. 15,551.00
Accrued Interest. 15,551.00
\$1,949,152.59

DISBURSEMENTS.
Paid claims by death
per policy. \$164,250.00
Paid for dividends.
Returned Premiums,
Purchased Policies
And Annuities. 151,494.97
Paid for Salaries, Tax-
es, Office Expenses,
Stationery, &c. 169,702.67
Paid to Commissions,
Medical Fees &c. 195,039.09
\$680,486.73

ASSETS
Cash in Banks and in
Company's Office. \$160,710.86
United States Bonds. 115,250.00
Bonds and Mortgages. 236,009.98
Premiums Loans Se-
cured. 1,175,055.00
(The actual value of
the Policies issued is
about \$2,250,000)
Loans on Stock. 74,175.41
Deferred Premiums.
Semi-Annual. 204,750.00
Quarterly. 807,908.21
Real Estate in New York. 204,750.00
Premiums at Collec-
tion Office. 520,010.35
Accrued Interest and
Sundry Securities. 49,225.33
Total. \$3,500,102.80

BRANCH OFFICE FOR SOUTHERN NEW
JERSEY, NO. 27 MARKET ST. CAMDEN.
HENRY W. SCOTT,
Manager and Attorney.
E. C. SOOY,
Special Agt. for Atlantic Co.
7442-17.

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Three Ply Felt Roofing
Unites the best Water proof Composition with
the best Water proof fabric in the best manner,
and at the lowest price to the consumer.
There is, first, a foundation of Tarred Felt 2 1/2
layers of water proof composition 3 1/2, another
layer of Felt 1 1/2, and a third layer of Composition,
3 1/2, another of Felt.
Send for Circulars and Samples.

As an Inducement,
We offer to the first purchaser in each place 1-
000 square feet of the Three Ply Felt, with
the necessary coating, for Thirty Dollars.
PATENT ROOF PAINT
This Paint is composed of gums, oils, and resins,
substantially combined with distilled tar and
the best known driers. It contains no mineral
oil, and is prepared ready for use, about
the consistency of ordinary mixed paint. It
dries very fast, retains its elasticity longer,
and is more durable. County rights for sale.
For Circulars and all particulars, Address
MICA ROOFING COMPANY
75 Maiden Lane, New York.

Mr. Editor:—Whereas numbers of my
friends and acquaintances in the Lower
Provinces of British America are often
asking me to give them information re-
specting the part of New Jersey in which I
reside, and finding it difficult to write a
whole sheet of paper for every occasion, I
propose to ask you to publish the following
letter in your journal, and whilst it is yet
in type, to strike me off about 50 to 60
copies of the same, which if you will kindly
consent to do, will save me much labour
and aid me in my efforts in bringing to
this place a class of residents, who will them-
selves be benefited by the change, and in
return I trust confer a benefit on the coun-
try of their adoption.
When I came to this country, being in
the winter season, the general aspect of the
land had to me such a sandy and barren
appearance, it was a long time before I
could convince myself that the soil was
good for anything; soils of the same gen-
eral appearance being really good for
nothing in the North British Provinces from
which I came. After a few months had
run their course, however, after the genial
spring (which sets in here early in the
month of March) had dispersed the chill-
ing frosts of winter which are never very
severe in this country, I found that the
soil with all its sandy appearance was good
for something; that in fact it very readily
responded to a moderate share of cultiva-
tion and manuring; that everything had a
very rapid growth, far beyond what I had
witnessed in countries further north with a
heavier soil and apparently much more fer-
tile.
As already stated the soil here very read-
ily responds to a fair amount of cultivation
and fertilizing. It requires a little manure
often, but not more in the aggregate than
would be required in a clayey, heavy soil
to produce a good crop. And let it be al-
ways borne in mind that less than one half
the labour necessary in working a heavy soil
is sufficient here to make it yield success-
fully. One horse will till as much land in
this place, as could possibly be accomplish-
ed in a different kind of soil with a pair
of horses.
The land in South Jersey is principally
adapted for fruit growing purposes, and in
average good years more can be made from
the soil in growing fruit than in any other
way; yet it is highly adapted for farming
purposes. With a considerable degree of
culture and fertilizing it can grow very good
wheat; a first quality rye, good corn at all
seasons, potatoes of all varieties. As for
sweet potatoes both in quantity and qual-
ity, I never think they were surpassed
the world over; the nature of the soil being
such as to produce them dry and nutritious
even as flour itself. In rare instances 300
bushels have been produced to the acre;
and from 150 to 200 bushels can generally
be obtained.

Clover readily takes root in this soil.
New land in its first year's tillage, by put-
ting upon it from 20 to 30 bushels of lime
per acre, will grow good clover with rye or
any other grain. And this is the way in
which large portions of farms in this place
ought to be disposed of; because in the
absence of sufficiency of other manures, the
land by this method would soon fertilize it-
self. In this more genial climate vegetable
matters ploughed down decompose in far
less time than in countries farther north.
In our North British Provinces green sod
must be ploughed down the year before, in
order that the first crop may get the bene-
fit of it, but here decomposition is so quick
that it is sufficient to plough sod land, at
the time of sowing the crop, and the full
benefit derived therefrom is quite available
for that crop.

Hitherto settlers in this region have
given their chief attention to the cultiva-
tion of fruit, but although some years the
profits realized in this way are greater than
could otherwise be obtained, yet as a per-
manent thing, taking one year with another,
it is thought that by laying out a larger
portion of small farms in grass and clover,
which would enable the farmer to keep
more stock, would in the long run remu-
nerate even better than the method first
spoken of. The healthfulness of our climate
in South Jersey is scarcely to be ex-
aggerated. Having abundance of clear,
pure water to drink, and a pure bracing air
to breathe, and extremes of temperature
being far less than in the North British Pro-
vinces, the mercury in winter very rarely goes
down to zero, and not being better here in
summer than it is in the month of August in
more northern countries, all these cir-
cumstances conduce largely to make this
place healthy. Chills and fever in this cen-
tral or inland part of South Jersey are
scarcely known. Epidemics of any kind
are scarcely known; and if brought here
exist but a short time. Many cases of
persons far gone in consumption have been
cured here. Very aggravated and long-
standing cases of asthma have been thor-
oughly cured. Sufferers from rheumatism
have been greatly relieved. Chronic dis-
eases have been cured almost without
number. For years before I came to this
country I suffered considerably from dis-
eases. I had also weak lungs, which came
of me to cough almost incessantly during
the winter months; but now I can safely
and candidly state that I have been cured
of both. The improvement brought about
in my health has by no means been ac-
complished by medicine alone, but by a
pure and bracing air, by using freely the
different fruits in their season, by vegeta-
blish diet, and other hygienic measures, I can
truly say my health has been restored. Feel-
ing grateful to the land of my adoption
for the many benefits it has conferred upon

me, and desiring that many others whom
it might suit to emigrate to this part of the
world might be equally benefited, I have
adopted this plan of giving publicity to
these candid and honest sentiments. Can-
did and honest I wish to be, for I would be
sorry to mislead any person by publishing
and holding inducements to individuals,
which they were not likely to realize after
coming here. I will therefore briefly state
the classes of persons whom I consider
would be chiefly benefited by coming to this
place.
First of all, I would not advise poor men
who are dependent on their daily labour to
come here. I consider the penitents in new
and western countries where rich lands in
large quantities, and almost for nothing can
be obtained are preferable for such persons;
and even for carpenters, masons, &c. I
think there are other parts of the States
where they would be likely to get more per-
manent employment than here; although
I think the time is not far distant when
factories and public works of various kinds
will give employment to a large number of
tradesmen. And there is this to be said,
that we are in the immediate neighborhood
of Philadelphia and other cities where labor
is always required.

The class of persons whom I consider
would be chiefly benefited by coming here,
are:—1. Those of some means who could
bring some money with them, from \$2,000
to \$4,000 in hand; or a yearly income equal
to the interest of that. This would be suf-
ficient to purchase a comfortable home for
them, and a little industry, knowledge and
tact in fruit growing and farming on a
small scale would ensure for them comfort
and competency. 2. Persons not enjoying
very good health, who they live and would
wish to improve it. 3. Persons who would
regard their health rather than their wealth.
4. Persons who would rather live quiet
easy lives with a competency, rather than
toilsome, hazardous lives with the chance
of breaking one's health or making a fortune.
Fruit growing and farming on a small
scale although requiring constant attention
have nothing in them of the same toil and
labor that is required in newly opened up
countries to clear up land and farm on a
large scale. But I must not forget here
that it may so happen in this place when
fruits turn out favorably, not too plenty
nor too scarce, which medium I consider is
most likely to realize a good market price;
that many persons have made and still
may make little fortunes. There are many
things to be had in the inland parts of South
Jersey which cannot fail to make this place
very congenial to the ways and habits of a
large number of persons. The climate
may be said to be almost temperate all the
year round. Not only that the winters are
never very severe, but there are other cir-
cumstances in connection with this region
which ensure dryness of atmosphere, more
genial weather and sunshine all the year
round, than is to be found in many other
countries. The land being of a sandy nature
is very absorbent, so that let it rain all
night or all day, or even for days and nights
together, wet and moisture soon disappear.
Mud and muddy roads are unknown in this
region, although they often prevail on the
outskirts of the State and along the Dela-
ware, which causes chills and fever to pre-
vail at certain seasons of the year in those
localities. What a rich boon is this of it-
self to be free from muddy roads spring and
autumn which are so prevalent in other
parts of the world.

Snowstorms are never very severe or of
long duration in these parts, and the weather
generally is not so cold in winter, but
almost every kind of labor can be carried
out, not excepting even tilling and plough-
ing the soil. As a general thing whatever
sown falls at night is melted away by the
warmth of the sun before mid-day. Of
sunshine we have a great deal here even in
the winter season, and the rays of the sun
falling on the soil which is sandy, soon
causes a very genial warmth to arise. How
agreeable must all this be to persons who
appreciate mild weather in winter. Per-
sons, for instance, fond of gardening. Early
as the very beginning of March, they may
make their hot beds, not with a view, as in
many other places, of the seed lying dor-
mant for a month or more, but with a hope
of its almost immediately taking root and
growing rapidly, and gardening of every
description soon follows. And then per-
sons have a long summer of open weather
before them (which although pretty hot at
times is not more so than is to be found in
more northern latitudes in the month of
August). This enables a gardener not only
to produce his crops, but two if desirable.
And then of all places in the world this
is the quietest and most peaceful. Al-
though persons here, differ considerably
both in religion and politics, yet there is
this one thing peculiar, that one man so
far recognizes the civil rights of another,
that each may quietly sit under his own vine
and fig tree, none having the power to make
him afraid. Although law persons in this
region now fence their farms or even their
gardens, it is a rare occurrence that fruit
or anything else is carried away. I could
identify in many instances peaches and peaches
on trees along the very pathway, and allow-
ed to come to maturity, then to be safely
gathered by their owner.

The localities concerning which I now
write more particularly to give information
are Hamilton and Waterford. These
districts are along the tract of the Camden
and Atlantic Railroad. Waterford, a vil-
lage of about 500 inhabitants, is 21 miles
south from Philadelphia—has 1000 acres
of cheap and good land in the vicinity which
can be purchased at low prices and on very
reasonable terms. There are some fine
farms, as well as wild land for sale.
Business men by purchasing cheap years

ago, and by the railroad company, can
reside here and by morning and evening
trains attend business in Philadelphia.
Hamilton, which is 29 miles south of
Philadelphia contains from 3,000 to 4,000
inhabitants in a compact township. This
place abounds with neat cottages and well
laid out streets, in many places beautifully
ornamented with trees along the sidewalks.
There are quite a number of eligible resi-
dences with small farms from 10 to 20
acres for sale throughout the Hamilton
tract. There could be bought on reason-
able terms to suit almost every variety of
purchaser. Both Hamilton and Water-
ford from their healthfulness and nearness
to one of the principal cities in the States
are destined ere long to become thickly
settled. Persons can find good society in both
the above places, and churches, Episcopal,
Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist, are
represented at both places.
I am yours very truly,
W. STEWART,
Minister of the Episcopal Church at Ham-
ilton and Waterford.

Remembrances.
GOING BACK AGAIN.
Dedicated by a railroad entering the vil-
lage close by the identical stream where I
used to catch minnows with a pin-book—
now houses and faces at the station—not
the old houses with their steep roofs, but
new-fashioned ones, with piazzas round
them; I am on the sunny side of the cars,
and have kept the blinds down all now, but
something tells me we are nearing the vil-
lage of boyhood, and as we flow, I raise
the blind. There's the same turn in the
road, I remember that; but how small the
old church looks with its open bellry! Can
that be the same bellry where the
swallows nested, and where we used to try
and throw stones? It looks as though one
might toss a stone there now. And there,
in the distance, is the old house; even that
looks small. And there's the hill we used
to slide down in the winter-time, always
warned to be careful: I wonder how a
boy's sled could go down such a hill, tho'
perhaps it has been graded. But the whis-
tle sounds, and I am whirled by all the old
familiar places, and go on dreaming of the
boyhood's days passed away forever.

We have crossed a new bridge over the
river, and that river divides my childhood
from my manhood.
There are church spires in the distance,
and I shade my eyes from the glistening
steeples. We are passing along roads lined
with elms; twenty minutes ago, standing
in my boyhood's home, and now standing
on the very pavements where in the former
days, all my manhood burst upon me.
I must stop here awhile; there is some-
thing sacred there. As I go up the street
a home feeling comes over me. I seem to
know every one I meet, and yet know no
one; they are all strange faces, and yet are
the type of the former time. I think I
know where they are going—down to the
office, yonder for letters. I draw my hat
closer over my eyes; there is a struggle
coming soon. I pass an alley-way leading
from the street, and look up to an old fa-
miliar window, but some one has put up a
tall building in the rear, and the window is
shut out. I am not sorry for it. The struggle
is put off a little time, and the great
sorrow lifted for a moment, but only to
come thicker and darker as I turned the
corner; and the old green, with its churches
and its trees, bursts on me. I must stop
here—here in front of the house which I
could not see from the alley-way. I wish
it was night, that I might go up and kneel
on those steps, and be left there a little
while alone. It was just there, between
those two windows, that we stood, she
beautiful in her innocence, and I strong in
my manhood. Even now can I see the
man and God taking one step forward, join-
ing our hands and saying: "Those whom
God has joined together, let no man put
asunder." I remember the beautiful roses
in her head-dress, but visions come to me
of stiff, cold japonicas laid round her pale
face in the winter time.

I go to my old boarding-place. I put
my face against the window-pane and strive
to forget; but how can I, while the same
chapel-bell yonder is ringing hurriedly, and
the same students rushing across the green.
I am just in time when some one touches
me on the arm. "Do you wish dinner
sir?" I ought to know that voice, but not
that gray hair. I tell him I will wait for
tea. He turns to go, but I call him back.
He recognizes me; he talks of old times.
He is the man who used to make the fires
in the house, but he has a heart. He asks
about my wife, and I tell him about the
jays and the old man goes away sorrow-
ful because he can give no comfort. I
remember him afterwards as the one friend
left to me in the city where I am now.
I am hurried along again in the train and
I feel that I am alone in the world. The
spring-time has been, and the summer, and
now to me all is cold, dreary winter-time;
and yet the spring-time of nature is once
more bursting on me. The buds are all
shaken on the trees of which we have
picked the fruit last summer. I have taken
the straw off the roses in front of the
house, she saw them covered in the fall-
time, and though the same flowers may
blossom there as fresh and beautiful, yet
other seeds shall tell them. The same seed
which she gathered will soon be planted, but
she will not see their blossoming. Yet, why
should I sorrow for the future? She died
with flowers in her hand, and looking on
the flower cross hung upon her foot-board—

gazing on that with her sweet eyes of yore—
she told us of visions of beautiful flowers in
the land whither she was hastening, where
there was neither summer nor winter, day
nor night, but all things were illumined by
the effulgent glory of God.
We have a vault in the city, deep down
under the ground, where coffins are laid on
shelves like merchandise. And here, in the
country, we have a beautiful grave-yard,
where the grass grows green and the birds
sing in the summer time. So, because she
loved flowers, we buried her here in the
country; and in a few days, now, I shall
take my little girls up, and they will plant
roses there, "because mother loved them,"
and because she died folding her hands so
peacefully, and looking on the flower-cross.

THE DOG, THE SEXTON, AND THE DRIVE.
I have just come from there. The grass
is beginning to look green, and the old sex-
ton was sodding the new graves made in
the winter-time. No one went with me—
only the dog, she used to love, the same
one she brought up in the cars with her,
the same one that we called away from her
door the night before the japonicas were
laid about her.
The poor dog had never been up to the
cemetery before; but when I opened the
iron gate, and went into the inclosure, he
came close in behind, and as I stood by the
earth mound and raised my hat, he lay
"close down," and knew as well as I did
what the long heap of earth meant, and
with his head between his paws, perhaps
he thought of all the kindness of his old
mistress, and all the many times his rough
head had been patted with soft hands, and
all the gentle words that had been spoken
to him.
"Soft hands shall no more stroke you,
my faithful Watch; her gentle voice will
no more call you from the river in the sum-
mer-time, as it was wont to do when you
swam so far away with the stick the little
children threw you. Poor dog! you and I
are getting old together."

I knelt down. Watch comes nearer to
me—he looks up in my face. I know what
he would say, if he could: "We, who are
left, will be faithful to one another—you
and I, and the little children."
I meet the old sexton down by the gate
yonder, and he tells me it is hardly time to
put the sods on yet. He is waiting for the
grass to grow a little more. He wants green
sods for young graves. The old man says
something about putting down the tomb-
stones, but the words seem harsh to me.
He talks of it, as a business thing. All my
heart comes up in my throat. I leave the
old man, and Watch and I go home to-
gether.
The house-blinds are all open again—
they were shut tight only a few days ago—
but no gay, pleasant voice welcomes us on
the door-sill, as it used to do in former time.
Inside there is a strange smell, as if the
painter had been there. There is a little
room at the end of the hall, but they keep
the door shut, because the strange smell
seems to come stronger when it is open.

I have come up early from the city to-
day. The little children are delighted be-
cause there is a carriage and two white
horses in front of the gate. They are going
out to see where mamma is, and to take the
roses-bushes. We go up together. Every-
thing is done in silence; but when the roses
are all planted, a child's face looks up to
mine and says: "Mamma, I know whose grave
this is; it is mamma's. Run where the grave
is, with the tall tower on it over there?"
I tell her that is some one else's grave, and
ask her: "Where is mamma's?" A little
while she looks on the earth-mound; then,
glancing upward, points with her hand,
and says: "Mamma is in the sky, papa."

The little girls and I go away together,
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row, they, in their pure young girl-hood,
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and along the stream where the mill-
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pleasant noise. So we go down there, and
see the same wheels going round that the
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The little children are glad to see the
white foam breaking away and dancing
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than they, it brings sad meaning—it looks
like the snow-white shroud they wrapped
her in; and the little flakes floating down
look like the white japonicas I have told
you about.

A vision comes to me now. Though I
see it not, yet a gentle hand is laid upon
my shoulder, and a voice comes comforting
me: "She whom thou lovest is even now
walking close by that river which flows by
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And I feel calmer and better for what the
voice has told me; but the memory of the
prayer I once offered comes back to me,
and I repeat it over.
The little children come away from the
cemetery-window and sit down by me, and I
tell them what I once asked for mamma,
long ago, before they were born.
Life's sun light is bright to the soul of my youth,
but the dead are still living in the way.
And as time hurries on (I ween it is truth)
The sun-light will fade, but the shadows will
stay.
But I, who have promised to answer the prayer
of all who ask, for the sake of The Sun,
with heart of a mother, O, what may I dare,
to think that is mercy. These will greet me
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gazing on that with her sweet eyes of yore—
she told us of visions of beautiful flowers in
the land whither she was hastening, where
there was neither summer nor winter, day
nor night, but all things were illumined by
the effulgent glory of God.
We have a vault in the city, deep down
under the ground, where coffins are laid on
shelves like merchandise. And here, in the
country, we have a beautiful grave-yard,
where the grass grows green and the birds
sing in the summer time. So, because she
loved flowers, we buried her here in the
country; and in a few days, now, I shall
take my little girls up, and they will plant
roses there, "because mother loved them,"
and because she died folding her hands so
peacefully, and looking on the flower-cross.

THE DOG, THE SEXTON, AND THE DRIVE.
I have just come from there. The grass
is beginning to look green, and the old sex-
ton was sodding the new graves made in
the winter-time. No one went with me—
only the dog, she used to love, the same
one she brought up in the cars with her,
the same one that we called away from her
door the night before the japonicas were
laid about her.
The poor dog had never been up to the
cemetery before; but when I opened the
iron gate, and went into the inclosure, he
came close in behind, and as I stood by the
earth mound and raised my hat, he lay
"close down," and knew as well as I did
what the long heap of earth meant, and
with his head between his paws, perhaps
he thought of all the kindness of his old
mistress, and all the many times his rough
head had been patted with soft hands, and
all the gentle words that had been spoken
to him.
"Soft hands shall no more stroke you,
my faithful Watch; her gentle voice will
no more call you from the river in the sum-
mer-time, as it was wont to do when you
swam so far away with the stick the little
children threw you. Poor dog! you and I
are getting old together."

I knelt down. Watch comes nearer to
me—he looks up in my face. I know what
he would say, if he could: "We, who are
left, will be faithful to one another—you
and I, and the little children."
I meet the old sexton down by the gate
yonder, and he tells me it is hardly time to
put the sods on yet. He is waiting for the
grass to grow a little more. He wants green
sods for young graves. The old man says
something about putting down the tomb-
stones, but the words seem harsh to me.
He talks of it, as a business thing. All my
heart comes up in my throat. I leave the
old man, and Watch and I go home to-
gether.
The house-blinds are all open again—
they were shut tight only a few days ago—
but no gay, pleasant voice welcomes us on
the door-sill, as it used to do in former time.
Inside there is a strange smell, as if the
painter had been there. There is a little
room at the end of the hall, but they keep
the door shut, because the strange smell
seems to come stronger when it is open.

I have come up early from the city to-
day. The little children are delighted be-
cause there is a carriage and two white
horses in front of the gate. They are going
out to see where mamma is, and to take the
roses-bushes. We go up together. Every-
thing is done in silence; but when the roses
are all planted, a child's face looks up to
mine and says: "Mamma, I know whose grave
this is; it is mamma's. Run where the grave
is, with the tall tower on it over there?"
I tell her that is some one else's grave, and
ask her: "Where is mamma's?" A little
while she looks on the earth-mound; then,
glancing upward, points with her hand,
and says: "Mamma is in the sky, papa."

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The air is calm and still. The sun-light
comes playfully in upon the carpet. Even-
ing songs are sung by the voices of birds.
The sun goes away over the Palisades, and
the breeze of evening brings through the
window the sweet smell of the apple-bloss-
oms. The two little girls, hand in hand,
come in, sit down, and I secure in their
double love, sit down between them, and
tell them of the other land, where the sun
ways summer-time and sun shine, the lit-
tle heads resting on my shoulders, and
passing the time in dreams of the other
land, the faithful dog, looking up, as if he
were saying again, "You and I, and the
little girls will love you ever."

SHADOWS—TAKING THE DEED—TWILIGHT.
Yes, my little girls, all may be "bright
where mamma is;" but when the warm sun
comes and makes every thing grow so beau-
tifully, there will be shadows cast by long,
rank grass on mamma's grave, and there
will be shadows on her vacant chair in the
evening-time.
I look out again at the western window,
and watch the suns gliding so pleasantly
along; but now and then, when I see one
coming down on the other side, and hover-
ing under the great Palisades yonder, she
seems freighted with shadows, and to be
sailing there only to remind me how little
way apart are the shadows and sun-light of
life. Yet I remember that "clouds have a
silver lining;" and when the little voice
says: "Papa, see what a beautiful soap!"
the shadow is lifted, and the silver lining
comes, for the face upturned to mine seems
dancing in the sun-light.
The children thought mamma had only
gone away for a little while, and would come
back again. Their voices sounded out as
happy as in the former time. They played
with the same little girls, told over the
same stories mamma taught them, and
seemed to wait for her coming; but now,
since they have been up to plant the rose
bushes, they know what the great pile of
earth means, and the white stones with the

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