

Special Notice.
The terms of subscription to the **REPUBLICAN** are as follows:
\$2.00 a year in advance.
\$2.50 if paid during first six months.
\$3.00 if paid after six months.
This paper will be stopped at the end of the time paid for, unless ordered. Otherwise it will be sent on as long as the subscription is retained, and all arrears paid, according to law.
D. B. BROWN, Editor and Publisher.

South Jersey Republican

VOL. 7.-NO. 18. HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1869. 2.00 PER YEAR

Advertisements in Local, County, State and National Papers, at the rate of 10 cents per line for the first week, and 7 cents for each succeeding week. Advertisements in the **REPUBLICAN** at the rate of 10 cents per line for the first week, and 7 cents for each succeeding week. Special rates for large advertisements. Other notices furnished on application.

Miscellaneous.

Next-Door Neighbors.

BY JULIA KAVANAUGH.

Next-door neighbors have ever been fast friends or bitter enemies. They are either friends or foes for each other in every barbarous time of course—or they have each other's throats; and the one thing, it is said to say, they have done much oftener than the other. Strong hate seems as a matter of course—to spring from close vicinity in these old times. The Upshaws and the Montagues must have been next-door neighbors, though Shakespeare does not say so. Superficial people may think that Romeo and Juliet more than made up the feud; but deep thinkers will rather consider these gentle Verona lovers as illustrious exceptions, than as precedents for all affecting the two great laws of love and hate, which rule next-door neighborhoods. Besides, it is all very well to talk of the Romeo who takes poison, and dies at his Juliet's feet. Old people of the world shake their heads and sigh; they know that these sort of things take place at a certain time of life, and at that time only. You see no Italian clown, or a Shakespeare, or a lovely old legend has said a word about the youthful Romeo of twelves, who, maybe, died an old saw of pen to the tail of Juliet's favorite greyhound, when that careless housemaid let it out; or who, young hardened sinner, threw cabbage-stalks at Juliet herself over the garden wall. As for the boisterous Romeo of forty, who did his best against the unwedded Juliet of thirty-five, who worried her by raising up a turret with numerous windows, whence his prying eyes invaded her privacy, who went three times to law with her about the partition wall, and who made her exclaim twenty times a day, "that dreadful man will be the death of me!" that Romeo, we say, has been ignored altogether.

With the progress of time and good-bred, next-door neighbors have grown to be civilly affectionate, or politely rancorous, and now, as a rule, the kissing or the cat, bickering, as the case may be, is carried on the most moderate scale. When next-door neighbors meet, they bow to, or stare at, or cut each other as distinctly as they can well do these things, and they generally walk through life as they mostly go to heaven, by roads that, having once met at right angles, are never by any means to meet again, but are as wide as the wide world, and they flow into the great reconciling sea of death.

But still we meet every now and then, chiefly in small or out-of-the-way places, with instances of cruel hate or tender love, of bitter animosity of kind and brotherly offices, which bring back the old relation in its vivid aspect before us—modified indeed by change of manners, but still the same at heart. Such instances must be known to many; two will illustrate our meaning.

Two workmen were next-door neighbors in one of the London suburbs. They lived at peace for a whole year; then the dog of one having bitten at the child of the other, war was declared. Still, though embittered on both sides by wives and children, the contest was carried on leniently. But hate was there, passive and phlegmatic in one man, keen and active in the other, and unkindly strong in both. These men drank freely, and used to meet and quarrel at the same public house. It was inevitable that they should come to blows, and at length they did. The phlegmatic man being much the heavier of the two, had no trouble in defeating his enemy. The worst of one was henceforth bent upon revenge, and Jabano, or his own ingenuity, gave him what he wanted. He came one evening to the usual haunt, his face still bearing the mark of the blow that had felled him. "He drank his beer in sullen silence; he bore with his foot's beautiful look and with the frowning of the bystanders; but when he went to pay his reckoning, and was waiting for his change, he said to the landlady:

"I owe you something, Mrs. Smith. Please to make it all square. That man," and he pointed a scornful forefinger at his enemy—"is a thief—I come here no more; that man is a thief. I got three months for robbing his master ten years back. Let him deny it—let him deny it!"

Pale, ghastly, and struck as by death, the wretched man stood there and doled nothing. They looked at him and he doled nothing. It was true. He had been a thief once—once only—for he was one of the very few men who, having thus fallen, rise out of and triumph over their sin. He was honest now, and there fore the discovery and the shame were too much for him. He slunk away with care and relief in his heart, and was seen in the public house no more. Nor was this all. His story spread. His wife, on learning it, reviled him; his children put to be ashamed of him; the world against him. He could not bear this now lot. He rose early one morning, went out, and pover came back. And the saddest part of this sad story is that his triumphant enemy never repented his share in his neighbor's ruin.

These two men who could have lived at peace so easily if they had been but a little farther apart, could not resist the opportunities for dislike and animosity which vicinity throw in their way. And what is true of a hatred like this, might have resulted in equally wrapped up in self-interest, never, as usual, raised to generous exertion and self-forgetfulness by the same close relation.

A few years ago there came to a little country town of England a lady whom we shall call Miss Jennings. This was not her name, indeed, but her story is a true one, and that is the only matter of interest in this case. She came to take possession of a little house and a hundred a year, both of which she had inherited through the death of an uncle whom she had never seen, and who had never done her a kindness. She tried to mourn for him and she could not. She also tried to be grateful to him, but she found that her gratitude to the deceased was all for her dying just as she was worn out with labor. Miss Jennings was too honest to make believe that she was grieving; she was too good to rejoice; so she put on black clothes, took a little maid servant to wait upon her and to keep her company, and settled down in her own house for the first time in her life.

There is an age when selfishness is a delicious feeling, whatever moralists may say. Miss Jennings had been tossed about in London till home had lost its meaning for her. And now she had her own home and she could live and die in it. For years she had gone out early and come in late, and now she could stay within the whole day long if it pleased her. Instead of the three plants in flower-pots, which the first three always killed, Miss Jennings had her own garden. And to make her happiness complete, Miss Jennings could now indulge in what had been the day-dream of her latter years—a painted glass window. It is all very well to deride such longings, but you see they often come when others desert. Miss Jennings had had brighter dreams once—dreams of husband, home, and children, and when these withered away before the chill breath of old Father Time, she took refuge in harassing fancies. Of these the painted glass window was the last, and Miss Jennings was a proud and happy woman when it was put up in the landing, and gold and ruby and sapphire-blue, full on her staircase carpet.

"I shall always think of my poor uncle when I look at that window," thought Miss Jennings in the warmth of her gratitude to the dead. And so she did think of the old gentleman, faithfully if not tenderly, and thus the little landing window got to be a sort of memorial window, and perhaps it was as true and as religious in its way as many of its more ambitious brethren, displaying their dirt, gorgeousness in golden and jeweled robes.

This pleasant, selfish little life had lasted through the summer time, and winter was beginning with a new series of delights. Under the shape of cozy evenings by the fireside, a bright lamp on the table, and a three-volume novel in the fat white hand of plump Miss Jennings, who leaned back in the most comfortable of arm chairs to read it, when next-door neighbors stepped in and blotted out the fair picture. On a dreary, snowy evening, when the wind, blowing so gently without, made the contrast within doubly pleasant, Miss Jennings was gently nodding over a love scene, was roused by the intimations conveyed by her little maid, that Mr. Brown, the poor gentleman next door, whose wife was so ill, asked to speak to her. Mr. Brown's errand was a sad one; his dying wife wanted to see Miss Jennings, whom she had never spoken to, and for whom she had conceived a sick woman's fancy. Such wishes are not to be resisted; Miss Jennings at once put by her novel, rose, and followed Mr. Brown to the next house.

She never forgot the scene that awaited her there—a disordered household, seven war-torn children, a most melancholy looking husband, and a dying woman whose eyes burned like fire in her wasted face. At once she seized Miss Jennings' hand, and held it fast.

"I knew you would come," she whispered—"I knew you would. I am going to die. You know we are strangers here; my poor husband is a clerk at the bank, my knowledge, and my poor children are all going to ruin. I know you will take care of them when I am gone, you are good—I know you will."

"My gracious!" cried Miss Jennings, looking around her in dismay. But the sick lady did not mind her. She kept on saying, "I know you will," as if it were the burden of a song; and still uttering those words, who died as ten struck that night. The door was not out when Miss Jennings came home; the lamp still burned brightly; the open novel still lay on the table; the chair seemed to wait its mistress, but Miss Jennings sighed drearily as she sank into it. Seven children, however, would that poor nervous Mr. Brown, who was out all day, and did not know a soul in the place, how would he manage? Miss Jennings had not the least intention of accepting the dead lady's legacy, but still how would he manage, you know? He managed tolerably well, thanks to Miss Jennings. You see there was more love in her than she knew of, more tenderness than the painted glass window could show. At first she only went in to direct Mr. Brown's one servant, "until he should get some one; but that some one never coming, for many excellent reasons, Miss Jennings gave up that illusion, and said to herself that she must give a look to Mr. Brown's children every now and then; this, too, was another illusion. Miss Jennings found that children will not be looked at now and then, but require constant gazing. And so she looked at them so assiduously, that the circulating library indignantly sent in for the second volume, and would rather decline Miss Jennings' subscription than have looks sent to her.

Miss Jennings' angry rejoinder; they were welcome to the second volume, stupid trash! she remembered quite well she was falling asleep over it when poor Mr. Brown came in, and she had something else to do now—thank Heaven! So she had good Miss Jennings; she had seven children to look after, and a house to take care of. Mr. Brown, a poor nervous man, in a state of chronic depression, thanked her much, and was apt to become overpowered with gratitude at times, but he did nothing to relieve her burden. "Poor fellow!" thought Miss Jennings, as she now and then gave him a wistful look, he is as helpless as a baby, you know. And so he was, so much so that, spite of Miss Jennings' vigilance, many matters would, and did go wrong. The evils at length became so serious, and so trying, that Miss Jennings ventured on remonstrance. Mr. Brown groaned and knocked his head distinctly against the parlor mantel-piece, but said it could not be helped. They must all go to ruin, he and the children; it was very sad, but it must be so. "My goodness!" exclaimed Miss Jennings, he was not to say that! But Mr. Brown would say that Miss Jennings was very kind, but of course she could not be in two places at once—in her own house and in his, his dear wife had told him to marry again, by all means, but the poor dear said that for some time he would take a clerk of fifty-two with a moderate salary and seven children, all under fifteen. And Mr. Brown closed his eyes in silent desperation at his case, and said no more.

Miss Jennings looked around her, much moved. Spite of all she had done and was doing, the parlor looked very comfortable, and the house, Miss Jennings knew, was like the parlor. Winter had long been over, the spring and the summer which had followed it had waned; another winter was beginning. She had given up every little enjoyment of her lonely life to this family. She had scolded the servant—she had mended the younger children's clothes—she had taught the elder ones—they all loved her dearly, and Mr. Brown was very grateful, and still either because his means were insufficient, or because his position was one of too great difficulty, there was some dreary truth in his gloomy assertion that they were all going to ruin. She gently touched his arm, and looking at him with tears in his eyes, and a little blush on her faded cheek, she said:

"Mr. Brown, I am fifty-one. I have a hundred a year, and the house I live in is my own. I love your children, and they love me; will you marry me?"

At first he stared and could not believe his ears; then a burst of tears expressed his joy; and need it be said that he accepted Miss Jennings' proposal? Need it be said, too, what a world of good occurred to him and to his children thereby? And good Miss Jennings, like the man in our first instance, but with far better reason, never repented. For amongst the results of next-door-neighborship may be numbered the matrimonial every now and then.

skipping off to the side of the large calm-eyed blonde who was now abreast of them. Her heavy, lustrous silk brushed against Sam as she swept by. When Houston joined her he spoke eagerly, motioning back to Sam; and then they both laughed. What had induced Bender to make a confident of the man? He cursed his own folly, looking after him as he went, skipping along, light as a grasshopper. Yet he used to think Joe was soft-hearted as a woman. But what did it matter to any man that he stood there ruined in day, the patient of years swept away in one blow? What did the world care? Or God?—If there were a God. He looked for a few minutes stolidly over the heads of the gay, moving crowd into the cloudy sky.

Only a year ago Sam had been a rigid church member, teaching a class of boys in the Sunday School. He tried to teach them to trust themselves in a living Christ, to trust in each other, constantly growing stronger himself from the teaching. Now it was not the loss of the money. But that Mary should have turned from him—he walked down the street, his head on his breast. Then he came slowly back to the door of Saul's warehouse. In a few minutes he could know the worst, and he did not shrink it.

He did not remember ever to have noticed the place particularly before. It was a seven-story white marble building—the ware-rooms above, the ground floor occupied as a sale department. The manufacture was exclusively that of gas fixtures. The windows, besides one of which he stood, were filled with costly bronzes; the lofty ceiling of the room within glittered with chandeliers and lustres. Two or three of these great gongs would have paid for his home, he thought bitterly. It was strange that, at that moment, when he was waiting to know if his wife were true, or false to him, the loss of the home should have occurred to him. But it had become, through long years of waiting, of penny-saving and self-denial, a mania with Bender.

"Saul, Crompton & Sam!" he read the name of the firm over. The Saul's were merchant princes—Hicksite Friends. He knew their stately houses out on Locust street. It was Crompton whom Morris, the overseer, had told him, with so meaning a smile, was a gay fellow, "not to be trusted with so pretty a wife as yours, Bender."

It was only this morning that Morris had told him this, when he had crept down to the office for the first time after his three months' illness. He felt, when he opened the office door, as if it were the ghost of Sam Bender who was going in, the strength was so drained out of his body. Then he had, for a long time, noticed the change in Mary—how pre-occupied she was, silent, going about the house with her thoughts far off. He had not failed to note her long absences, even when he was still ill, and needed, or thought he needed, her constant care.

This thing had worked a deep change in him. Sam Bender was not the man to ask questions or chatter over his jealousy or wounded love. He only put his wife coldly from him, a little space, and waited. At the most, he fancied that she had grown weary of the sick room and sick man. But when she was put away from him, the soul seemed to grow weak in his weak body. They had been a peculiarly loving husband and wife.

That morning, Morris had told him first of the stoppage of his salary. "Very sorry," Mr. Bender, glad to have you back again in the works. But the salary only went on for one week. Very true, very true, Mr. Bender, has been in the habit of continuing back pay with some old retainers. But we are drawing in, sir, drawing in. The money market never was so tight."

It was as Bender walked away from the desk that Morris called him back, and asked him about Mary. "A particular friend of young Crompton, eh?"

"My wife does not know Mr. Crompton. Nor do I."

"No? Better if you did then," with a serious look. "Mrs. Bender does. I met them sauntering along in the evening together frequently. Crompton's an attractive fellow. No wonder women like him for a friend. Irish, you know; gay, handsome, genial. Too attractive to be trusted with as pretty a woman as your wife, Bender, if you'll allow me to say it."

"I will not allow you to say it, Mr. Morris. You do not know my Mary, and are not capable of judging her. For my part, I am glad if she has made a pleasant friend."

Morris laid down his pen and came outside of the desk railing. "Now, don't be offended and sulky, lad, leaving him aside. I'm an older man than you. I know women better. They are nervous and mag-nificent, especially high-spirited delicate women like your Mary, if that's her name. They grow tired of the jog-trot life at home, and the dull, daily talks with their husbands. They pine for some repetition of the old romances love making days. So they form a platonic friendship. That's the worst I ever suspected of your wife—a platonic friendship. But if she were my wife," emphatically, "I would as lief let another man kiss her lips as palter in that fashion with her heart."

"I am not afraid," coldly.

"Of course not. Oh, certainly not! I'm sorry I mentioned it."

"On the contrary I am obliged to you for your interest in me. But you are mistaken."

"Well, good day, Bender. You'll be on hand to-morrow?"

"It would not matter if I were not," thought Bender, "I'll be on hand to-morrow."

"Bye, then!" touching his cap and

he had tried to blind him as he did. The old man wanted to save him and—her. He did not go home again, though he had promised Mary to be back by noon. He had not intended to begin work until the next day. He told her he would bring the back salary with him, in time for her to pay off the pressing bills that afternoon. He would draw the money from the savings bank, too, to clear the mortgage. On leaving Morris, he had gone wandering aimlessly about the streets, out to Fairmount at last, down between the great wheels, over which the river rushed in a hell of sound. It would be so easy to end it all! But Bender was a slow, plegmatic man, not apt to be moved by any sudden temptation.

He came back to Chestnut street in the afternoon. Young Ward met him, one of the clerks of the savings bank. "Hello Sam! You told me you meant to draw that little pile of yours to-day. Bank's just closing. If you want it come, along."

"Yes, I suppose so," following him.

"Going to clear your mortgage, eh? That's clever. Well, there you are counting out the notes and smiling over the counter. Sam smiled back at him. Then he went out, and down to Saul and Crompton's. He would meet her there, it was true: the devil whispered that into his ear as he waited. He had been standing by the window for about an hour when Joe Houston passed.

People went in and out of the show room; but Mary's light figure, in the well-worn brown suit, was not among them. He peered in and out, and then through the shining vista of gilt work and colored glass, to see Crompton. He would know him at first sight, he knew—tall, genial, handsome. There was no one like him among the dapper little clerks. It began to grow dark at last. He went in.

"Is Mr. Crompton in?"

"In his private office, sir—Second floor. Will you walk up?"

One of the clerks was coming down the stairs. "He's engaged just now, Phil. A lady."

"Will you wait, sir?" said the first.

"Sit down," pushing a stool toward him, seeing how white and weak he was.

"I'll go outside, into the air."

"You may miss Mr. Crompton. He comes down the private stairs often on the other street. Shall I send your name up?"

"No." He went out to the other street.

He knew Crompton would come down the private stairs. He knew of this side entrance was narrow, there was a fruiterer's stall next to it. Standing in the shadow, Bender was almost concealed from view.

Half an hour passed; the State-house clock struck five. After all, it might be but a devilish dream. Mary was at home, doubtless, watching at the window for him, with Jackey in her arms.

The door opened. There was a moment's pause, and then a man's voice, "Take care. The stairs are dark. Give me your hand." A ringing, rich voice, such as would belong to a genial, love-making Irishman, softened now to a very tender infection. Then there was a quick light step upon the stairs. Bender had learned to know it years ago. They came out together on the pavement. Mary's dress almost touched her husband; it was her good dress, the brown silk so long kept for church. She had a bit of blue clientele, too, twisted in and out of the coils of her black hair. It was many a day since she had taken that trouble to look fair in his eyes. They spoke together in a low tone, Crompton asking something which she faintly resisted. He prevailed at last, though.

"I will be there at nine, then?" raising his voice.

"At nine, if you will," she said gently.

"Will it be safe?"

"Oh, quite safe. He goes to bed early since his sickness. Poor old Sam!" with a nervous laugh.

"Shall I not go home with you now? It grows late."

"No, No. We may be seen together. He held her hand in his a moment, and then she was gone. Crompton stood still, looking after her. Bender came up the pavement and faced him. His face was so ghastly and menacing that the younger man drew back, and the air died on his lips which he was softly whispering. The low sunlight fell on his elegantly-dressed figure as he stood there—on the bush-d and hand face, with its full, reddish beard and hair.

Sam halted and then went on.

"Poor devil, I wonder whether woman or whiskey have driven him mad, thought Crompton, beginning his time again a moment after.

Bender drew toward Fourth street with slow, resolute steps. His old strength seemed to have come back in the last half hour. Stepping at a large boarding house he sent in for Ward, the bank clerk. They had been seen old chums in Bender's bachelor's days.

"Lend me your revolver, Horace; I'll be down with it by to-morrow. Mine is broken and I never brought another."

"Of course," Ward vanished and re-appeared in a moment. "What are you going to shoot, Sam—rats?"

Bender took the pistol and turned away without speaking. He had been deaf and blind to every sight or sound of the streets since Mary's voice rang in his ears. After he was gone his manner returned to Ward as strange and unpleasant. "I believe I'll go after him," he thought. But dinner was ready, and he turned back into the dark entry; and, being a feather-headed young fellow, forgot the whole matter presently.

[To be continued.]

A Juryman's Story.

We had been out twenty-four hours and stood eleven to one. The case was a very plain one—at least eleven through so.

A murder of peculiar atrocity had been committed, and though no eye had witnessed the deed, circumstances pointed to the prisoner's guilt with unflinching certainty. The reluctant juror had stood out from the first. He acknowledged the cogency of the proofs, confessed his inability to reconcile the facts with the delinquent's innocence, and yet on every vote, went steadily for acquittal.

His conduct was inexplicable. It could not result from a lack of intelligence; for while he spoke but little his words were well chosen, and evinced a thorough understanding of the case.

Though still in the pride of manhood his looks were prematurely white, and his face had a singularly sad and thoughtful expression.

He might be one of those who entertained scruples as to the right of society to inflict the death penalty. But a jury was not that, for in reply to such a suggestion, he frankly admitted that he believed the vicious brutes they resembled, must be controlled through fear, and that dread of death, the supreme terror, is, in many cases, the only adequate restraint.

At the prospect of another night of fruitless imprisonment we began to grow impatient, and expostulated warmly against what seemed an unreasonable capriciousness, and some not over kind remarks were indulged in as to the propriety of trifling with an oath like that under which we were sitting.

"And yet," the man answered, as though in communion with himself rather than repelling the imputation, "it is conscience that hinders my concurrence in a verdict approved by my judgment."

"How can that be?" cried several voices at once.

"Conscience may not always dare to follow judgment."

"But here she can know no other guide."

"I once would have said the same."

"And what has changed your opinion?"

"Experience."

The speaker's manner was visibly agitated, and we waited in silence the explanation which he seemed ready to give.

Mastering his emotion, as if in answer to our looks of inquiry, he continued:

"Twenty years ago I was a young man, just beginning life. Few had brighter prospects and none brighter hopes.

An attachment dated from childhood had ripened with its object. There had been no verbal declaration and acceptance of love—no formal plighting of troth; but when I took my departure to seek a home in the far West, it was a thing understood that when I had found it and put it in order, she was to share it.

Life in the forest, though solitary, is not necessarily lonesome. The kind of society afforded by Nature depends much on one's self. As for me, I lived more in the future than in the present, and Hope is an ever cheerful companion.

At length the time came for the final payment on the home which I had bought. It would benevolence be my own; and in a few months, my simple dwelling, which I had spared no pains to render inviting, would be graced by its mistress.

At the land office, which was some sixty miles off, I met my old friend, George C. H., too, had come to seek his fortune in the West, and we were both delighted at the meeting. He had brought with him, a sum of money which he desired to invest in land, on which it was his purpose to settle.

I expressed a strong wish to have him for a neighbor, and gave him a cordial invitation to accompany me home, giving it as my belief that he could nowhere make a better selection than in that vicinity. He readily consented, and we set out together. We had not ridden many miles when George suddenly recollected a commission he had undertaken for a friend, which would require his attendance at a public land sale on the following day.

Excusing a promise that he would not delay his visit longer than necessary, and having given minute directions as to the route, I continued my way homeward, but he turned back.

I was retiring to bed on the night of my return when a summons from without called me to the door. A stranger asking shelter for himself and horse for the night.

I invited him in. Through a stranger, his face seemed not unfamiliar. He was probably one of the men I had seen at the land office, a place at that time very much frequented.

Offering him a seat, I went to see to his horse. The poor animal, as well as I could see by the dim starlight, seemed to have been hardly used. His paining sides bore witness of merciless riding, and a tremulous shivering at the slightest touch, betokened recent fright.

On returning to the house I found the stranger was gone. His absence excited no surprise; he would doubtless soon return. It was a little singular, however, that he should leave his watch on the table.

At the end of an hour, my guest not returning, I went again to the stable, thinking he might have found his way thither to give his personal attention to the wants of his horse.

There I found the horse was gone, and the watch was on the table. I took the precaution of putting the stranger's watch in a drawer in which I kept my own valuables.

I found the horse as I had left him, and

gave him the food which he was now sufficiently cooled to eat, but his master was nowhere to be seen.

As I approached the house a crowd of men on horseback dashed up, and I was commended, in no gentle tones, to stand. In another moment I was in the clutches of those who called me their prisoner. I was too much stupefied at first to ask what it all meant. I did so at last, and the explanation came: it was terrible.

My friend, with whom I had so lately set out in company, had been found murdered and robbed near the spot at which I, but I alone, knew we had separated. I was the last person known to have been with him, and I was now arrested on suspicion of his murder.

A search of the premises was immediately instituted. The watch was found in the drawer in which I had placed it, and was identified as the property of the murdered man. His horse, too, was found in my stable, for the animal I had just put there was no other.

I recognized him myself when I saw him in the night.

What I said I know not. My confusion was taken as an additional evidence. And when at length I did command language to give an intelligible story, it was received with sneers of incredulity.

The mob spirit is inherent in man—at least in crowds of men. It may not always manifest itself in physical violence. It sometimes contents itself with lynching a character. But, whatever its form, it is always relentless, pitiless, cruel.

As the proofs of my guilt one after another came to light, low mutterings gradually grew into a clamor for vengeance, and but for the firmness of one man—the officer who had me in charge—I would doubtless have paid the penalty for my supposed offence on the spot.

It was not sympathy for me that actuated my protector. His heart was as hard as his office; but he represented the majesty of the law, and took a sort of grim pride in this position.

As much under the glance of his eye as before the muzzle of his pistol, the cowardly clamors drew back. Perhaps they were not sufficiently numerous to feel the full effect of that mysterious, reflex influence which makes a crowd of men so much worse, and at times so much better, than any one of them singly.

At the end of some months my trial came. It could have been but one result. Circumstances too plainly declared my guilt. I alone knew they lied.

The absence of the jury was brief. To their verdict I paid but little heed. It was a single hideous word; but I had long anticipated it, and it made no impression.

As little impression was made by the words of the judge which followed it, and his solemn invocation that God might have that mercy on me which man was too just to vouchsafe, sounded like the hollow of hollow mockery.

It may be hard for the condemned criminal to meet death—it is still harder for him who is innocent. The one, when the first shock is over, acquiesces in his doom, and gives himself to repentance, the heart of the other, filled with rebellion against man's injustice, can scarce bring itself to ask pardon of God.

I had gradually overcome this feeling, in spite of the good clergyman's irritating efforts, which were mainly directed towards extracting a confession, without which he assured me had no hope to offer.

On the morning of the day fixed for execution, I had so long stood face to face with death, had so accustomed myself to look upon it as a merely momentary pang, that I no longer felt solicited, save that memory should one day vindicate me.

She for whom I had gone to prepare a home had already found one in heaven.

The tidings of my calamity had broken her heart. She alone of all the world had believed me innocent; and she had died with a prayer upon her lips that the truth might yet be brought to light.

All this I had heard, and it had soothed as with some incense my troubled spirit. Death, however unwelcome the steps, was now a portal beyond which I could see one angel waiting to receive me.

I heard the sound of approaching footsteps and hurried myself to meet the expected summons. The door of my cell opened, and the sheriff and his attendants entered. He had in his hand a paper. It was doubtless my death warrant. He began to read it. My thoughts were wandering elsewhere. The words "full and free pardon" were the first to strike my benighted senses. They affected the bystanders more than myself. Yet so it was. I was pardoned for an offence I had never committed.

The real culprit, it is needless to say, was none other than he who might have abused my hospitality. He had been seen fully wounded in a recent affray in the city, but had lived long enough to make a confession, which had been laid before the coroner, barely in time to save me from a shameful death, and condemn me to a cheerless and burdensome life.

This is my experience. My pardon came as yours in the case before me, but it was one conclusion, that of the prisoner's guilt, but not less confident and apparently true. It was the judgment that "Bender" should pay own conviction. As I said, "We no longer importuned our jury, but patiently waited our chance, on the ground of inability to agree, and came at last to the verdict."

The prisoner was tried and convicted of a murder, and at the same time was acquitted of the crime on which he was charged.

gave him the food which he was now sufficiently cooled to eat, but his master was nowhere to be seen.

As I approached the house a crowd of men on horseback dashed up, and I was commended, in no gentle tones, to stand. In another moment I was in the clutches of those who called me their prisoner. I was too much stupefied at first to ask what it all meant. I did so at last, and the explanation came: it was terrible.

My friend, with whom I had so lately set out in company, had been found murdered and robbed near the spot at which I, but I alone, knew we had separated. I was the last person known to have been with him, and I was now arrested on suspicion of his murder.

A search of the premises was immediately instituted. The watch was found in the drawer in which I had placed it, and was identified as the property of the murdered man. His horse, too, was found in my stable, for the animal I had just put there was no other.

I recognized him myself when I saw him in the night.

What I said I know not. My confusion was taken as an additional evidence. And when at length I did command language to give an intelligible story, it was received with sneers of incredulity.

The mob spirit is inherent in man—at least in crowds of men. It may not always manifest itself in physical violence. It sometimes contents itself with lynching a character. But, whatever its form, it is always relentless, pitiless, cruel.

As the proofs of my guilt one after another came to light, low mutterings gradually grew into a clamor for vengeance, and but for the firmness of one man—the officer who had me in charge—I would doubtless have paid the penalty for my supposed offence on the spot.

It was not sympathy for me that actuated my protector. His heart was as hard as his office; but he represented the majesty of the law, and took a sort of grim pride in this position.

As much under the glance of his eye as before the muzzle of his pistol, the cowardly clamors drew back. Perhaps they were not sufficiently numerous to feel the full effect of that mysterious, reflex influence which makes a crowd of men so much worse, and at times so much better, than any one of them singly.

At the end of some months my trial came. It could have been but one result. Circumstances too plainly declared my guilt. I alone knew they lied.

The absence of the jury was brief. To their verdict I paid but little heed. It was a single hideous word; but I had long anticipated it, and it made no impression.

As little impression was made by the words of the judge which followed it, and his solemn invocation that God might have that mercy on me which man was too just to vouchsafe, sounded like the hollow of hollow mockery.

It may be hard for the condemned criminal to meet death—it is still harder for him who is innocent. The one, when the first shock is over, acquiesces in his doom, and gives himself to repentance, the heart of the other, filled with rebellion against man's injustice, can scarce bring itself to ask pardon of God.

I had gradually overcome this feeling, in spite of the good clergyman's irritating efforts, which were mainly directed towards extracting a confession, without which he assured me had no hope to offer.

On the morning of the day fixed for execution, I had so long stood face to face with death, had so accustomed myself to look upon it as a merely momentary pang, that I no longer felt solicited, save that memory should one day vindicate me.

She for whom I had gone to prepare a home had already found one in heaven.

The tidings of my calamity had broken her heart. She alone of all the world had believed me innocent; and she had died with a prayer upon her lips that the truth might yet be brought to light.

All this I had heard, and it had soothed as with some incense my troubled spirit. Death, however unwelcome the steps, was now a portal beyond which I could see one angel waiting to receive me.

I heard the sound of approaching footsteps and hurried myself to meet the expected summons. The door of my cell opened, and the sheriff and his attendants entered. He had in his hand a paper. It was doubtless my death warrant. He began to read it. My thoughts were wandering elsewhere. The words "full and free pardon" were the first to strike my benighted senses. They affected the bystanders more than myself. Yet so it was. I was pardoned for an offence I had never committed.

The real culprit, it is needless to say, was none other than he who might have abused my hospitality. He had been seen fully wounded in a recent affray in the city, but had lived long enough to make a confession, which had been laid before the coroner, barely in time to save me from a shameful death, and condemn me to a cheerless and burdensome life.

This is my experience. My pardon came as yours in the case before me, but it was one conclusion, that of the prisoner's guilt, but not less confident and apparently true. It was the judgment that "Bender" should pay own conviction. As I said, "We no longer importuned our jury, but patiently waited our chance, on the ground of inability to agree, and came at last to the verdict."

The prisoner was tried and convicted of a murder, and at the same time was acquitted of the crime on which he was charged.

Real Estate.

HAMMONTON!

A beautiful spot for a home. In the heart of the African continent, a beautiful spot for a home. In the heart of the African continent, a beautiful spot for a home. In the heart of the African continent, a beautiful spot for a home.

RARE OPPORTUNITY

TO SECURE A HOME

To All Wanting Farms.

In the great Hammonton Fruit Settlement, the best land is offered for sale. In the great Hammonton Fruit Settlement, the best land is offered for sale. In the great Hammonton Fruit Settlement, the best land is offered for sale.

The Title Perfect.

Warranted clear, clear of all incumbrances. Warranted clear, clear of all incumbrances. Warranted clear, clear of all incumbrances.

The Soil

is a fine sandy and clay loam, suitable for all grains and grasses, and is pronounced the finest quality for gardening and fruit raising. It is a marine deposit, with a naturally subsiding and in the exact condition to support plants.

The Best Fruit Soil in the Union.

Pears, Apples, Quinces, Cherries, Blackberries, Raspberries, Grapes, all kinds of small fruits, and vegetables, are raised in great quantities, and are sold at the best prices in the market.

The Market

is unsurpassed; direct communication twice a day to Philadelphia, New York, and Atlantic City. The Railroad Company leaves cars here to be filled with fruit every day in the season; they are filled in the afternoon, and the fruit is packed in the morning.

The Climate

is mild and delightful; the winters being short and open, and the summer is not too hot. The climate is not too hot, and the winter is not too cold. The climate is not too hot, and the winter is not too cold.

The Water

is pure and soft, of the best quality. It is pure and soft, of the best quality. It is pure and soft, of the best quality. It is pure and soft, of the best quality.

Reliable practical nurseriesmen who furnish all kinds of trees, plants and vines at the lowest prices.

The population of the settlement is large and rapidly increasing; it is composed of the best classes from New England, the Middle and Western States, intelligent, industrious and moral. The buildings are neat and handsome, and some of them fine.

R. J. BYRNES,

Hammononton, N. J.

All letters answered.

Several very desirable improved fruit farms for sale.

Medical.

SCHENK'S PULMONIC TONIC.

It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs.

THE GREAT TONIC AND MANDRILL PILLS.

It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs.

THE GREAT TONIC AND MANDRILL PILLS.

It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs.

THE GREAT TONIC AND MANDRILL PILLS.

It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs.

THE GREAT TONIC AND MANDRILL PILLS.

It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs.

THE GREAT TONIC AND MANDRILL PILLS.

It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs.

THE GREAT TONIC AND MANDRILL PILLS.

It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs.

THE GREAT TONIC AND MANDRILL PILLS.

It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs.

THE GREAT TONIC AND MANDRILL PILLS.

It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs.

THE GREAT TONIC AND MANDRILL PILLS.

It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs.

THE GREAT TONIC AND MANDRILL PILLS.

It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs.

THE GREAT TONIC AND MANDRILL PILLS.

It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs.

THE GREAT TONIC AND MANDRILL PILLS.

It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. It will cure Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs.

Harper's Column.

Complete Historical History of the Times.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly.

It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

Miscellaneous.

Florence Sewing Machine.

All parties in want of a good Sewing Machine, for family use or for work, will find this machine the best. All parties in want of a good Sewing Machine, for family use or for work, will find this machine the best.

As an Inducement.

For the best Sewing Machine, for family use or for work, will find this machine the best. For the best Sewing Machine, for family use or for work, will find this machine the best.

PAEN ROOF PAINT.

This Paint is composed of gum, oil, and resin, and is the best for use on roofs. This Paint is composed of gum, oil, and resin, and is the best for use on roofs.

BAUGH'S

Sup. Phosphate of Lime. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

BAUGH & SONS.

Office, No. 20 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia. Office, No. 20 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia. Office, No. 20 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia.

STEAM TYPING

and Scoring Establishment. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

PHILADELPHIA

HOWELL & SONS. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

THE

Elwood Shoe Manufacturing Company. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

FOUTZ'S

CELEBRATED Horse and Cattle Powders. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

FOUTZ'S MIXTURE

The Great External Remedy. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor.

BALTIMORE, MD. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

P. N. TILTON, Agent.

HAMMONTON, N. J. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor.

BALTIMORE, MD. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

New York Advertisements.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR

P. T. BARNUM

Written by himself. In one large octavo volume, 250 pages, printed in English and German. Written by himself. In one large octavo volume, 250 pages, printed in English and German.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY - VIRGINIA

LANDS. We will send to you a complete and reliable system of making money. LANDS. We will send to you a complete and reliable system of making money.

MERIT BOON NOISED ABOARD - IT

is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

Great Distribution

BY THE METROPOLITAN GIFT COMPANY. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

EVERY TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE

10 cash prizes, each \$100.00. 10 cash prizes, each \$100.00. 10 cash prizes, each \$100.00. 10 cash prizes, each \$100.00.

PHILADELPHIA

HOWELL & SONS. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

THE

Elwood Shoe Manufacturing Company. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

FOUTZ'S

CELEBRATED Horse and Cattle Powders. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

FOUTZ'S MIXTURE

The Great External Remedy. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor.

BALTIMORE, MD. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

P. N. TILTON, Agent.

HAMMONTON, N. J. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor.

BALTIMORE, MD. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

P. N. TILTON, Agent.

HAMMONTON, N. J. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

New York Advertisements.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR

P. T. BARNUM

Written by himself. In one large octavo volume, 250 pages, printed in English and German. Written by himself. In one large octavo volume, 250 pages, printed in English and German.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY - VIRGINIA

LANDS. We will send to you a complete and reliable system of making money. LANDS. We will send to you a complete and reliable system of making money.

MERIT BOON NOISED ABOARD - IT

is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. It is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

Great Distribution

BY THE METROPOLITAN GIFT COMPANY. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

EVERY TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE

10 cash prizes, each \$100.00. 10 cash prizes, each \$100.00. 10 cash prizes, each \$100.00. 10 cash prizes, each \$100.00.

PHILADELPHIA

HOWELL & SONS. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

THE

Elwood Shoe Manufacturing Company. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

FOUTZ'S

CELEBRATED Horse and Cattle Powders. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

FOUTZ'S MIXTURE

The Great External Remedy. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor.

BALTIMORE, MD. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

P. N. TILTON, Agent.

HAMMONTON, N. J. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor.

BALTIMORE, MD. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.

P. N. TILTON, Agent.

HAMMONTON, N. J. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly. This is a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly, a new series of Harper's Weekly.