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BOOK TABLE.

A list of the Union Soldiers buried at Andersonville, copied from the official record in the Surgeon's office at Andersonville. New York Tribune Association. Price 25 cts.

A copy of the above work comes to our table from the publishers. It contains the names of twelve thousand nine hundred and twenty martyrs to the cause of Union and Liberty. The list was originally prepared by Dorence Atwater, of Terryville, Connecticut, a private in the 2d, New York Cavalry. On the 7th of July 1863, he was taken prisoner by the rebels and sent to Belle Island. Five months afterward, he was sent to Smith's Tobacco Factory, Richmond, and in February 1864, was sent to Andersonville, where he arrived March 1st. He remained in the stocks till the middle of May, when he was sent to the hospital. On the 15th of June, he was paroled and detailed as clerk in the Surgeon's office to keep the daily record of the deaths of all Federal prisoners, and to make monthly and quarterly abstracts of the deaths. In the latter part of August 1864, he became convinced that the rebel government were purposely killing and maiming our men by exposure and starvation, and that they would withhold the record and evidence of their deliberate brutality. He thereupon began to secretly copy the entire list of our dead, which he accomplished, and succeeded in bringing the copy safely through the lines in March 1865. Arriving at Annapolis, he obtained a furlough for the purpose of publishing his list, but was confined to his bed for three weeks. When convalescent, on the 12th of April, he received a telegram from the War Department, inviting him to submit his rolls for examination there, with the promise that if they were acceptable he should be suitably rewarded. He immediately visited Washington, but found Col. Breck, with whom he was to make arrangements, absent, at the Fort Sumpter celebration. Returning in a day or two, the colonel told Atwater, the Secretary of War had decided to give him three hundred dollars for the rolls. As Atwater declined to sell them, and insisted on publishing them for the benefit of the friends of the dead, he was told by Breck that should he publish them, the government would confiscate them, and that he could have all nine the next morning to decide. As the rolls were in Breck's possession, Atwater told him if he could have a clerkship that had been named to him, the three hundred dollars, and the rolls back as soon as copied by the Department, he should be satisfied. To this Breck agreed. The first conditions were complied with, but Breck refused to return the rolls.

While searching for the missing men of the Army, Mrs. Clara Barton made the acquaintance of Mr. Atwater, and from him, learned the method of burial adopted in the burial of the dead at Andersonville, and by comparing his account with the draft of the grounds he had made, was convinced of the possibility of identifying the graves by comparing the number of pits or board marking each man's position in the trenches in which they were buried, with the corresponding number opposite his name on the register kept by Mr. Atwater, and which he informed her, was then in possession of the War Department. Miss Barton at once called the attention of the proper officers to the possibility and importance of so identifying the graves, and of marking and protecting them in a substantial manner. General Hoffman, Commissary General of prisoners, at once manifested a deep interest in the project, and laid it before Secretary Stanton, who immediately ordered an expedition to carry out the plan of Miss Barton. The original records kept by the rebel functionaries were captured by General Wilson, with the exception of one book, and the two thousand names in the missing book were supplied by Mr. Atwater's copy, as were also many names that were illegible in the original. Thus the lists which had been copied in Washington according to agreement, were again in Atwater's hands, and he improved the opportunity to copy them, though the originals were legally, and by every consideration of honor and gratitude, his. The originals were afterward taken by government to be used in the trial of Wirz. On Atwater's return to Washington, he reported to Breck, who demanded the rolls. Atwater refused to give them up, and Breck arrested him, had him tried for larceny and conduct prejudicial to good military discipline, found guilty, and sentenced to a dishonorable discharge, loss of pay, a fine of three hundred dollars and eighteen months hard labor. He was sent Auburn prison, where he remained two months, when he was released under a general pardon by the President. He learned that the list had not been published, and immediately set about the preparation of it, and it is now for sale at the cost of printing.

Dorence Atwater, to whose fortitude, courage and indomitable perseverance we

are indebted for this record, is a young man not yet twenty-one years of age, an orphan, four years a soldier, and one tenth of his whole life a prisoner, whose only reward for his services to the country and to the friends of the Andersonville dead, are broken healths and ruined hopes. The conduct of Breck, towards him, deserves everlasting execration. Of the names in this volume we need not speak. They are sacred in the heart of every American worth the name. The least we can say, the most we can say, is, "They agonized for us," and Oh, what agony was theirs! Let us not forget the obligations of faithfulness to liberty; their sufferings imposed upon us, nor ever desert the cause for which they died. Did?

*Their heads may be sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Eclipse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom!*

(For the Republican.)

HOME LETTERS.

NUMBER V.

Dear A.—

I remember of being much amused, not long since, at hearing the story of a certain man who had lived all of his days in his native place, without being able to acquire a very enviable reputation. The fact was, he was not only prone to exaggeration, but there were people malicious enough to say that he and truth were entire strangers to each other, and as it was well known that he was given to such slight peccadilloes as appropriating his neighbor's fruit, picking their clothes lines and robbing their hen roosts, it will very naturally be inferred that he was not in very good odor among them. After a time Mr. Grimes, as we will call him, became rather tired of this state of things, and cast about in his own mind to see how he could acquire a little respectability without reforming his habits, and at last came to the sage conclusion that he could accomplish this very desirable object by joining the church. Accordingly he duly presented himself as a candidate for admission to the church in his own town, and was of course peremptorily rejected, whereupon he waxed wrath and declared with a tremendous oath that he would join some church in three weeks, in spite of them. In pursuance, therefore, of this laudable object, he betook himself to a neighboring town and made application to the minister there for admission to the church over which he was stationed. Unfortunately for our hero, the worthy pastor was not entirely ignorant of the character of the persistent candidate, and being something of a wag, very gravely informed Mr. Grimes that "it would be impossible to accommodate, as the church was full."

Well, Hammonton has been in this very desirable condition for the last week or ten days. There have been several families removing here, besides quite a number of transient visitors and our apology for a hotel was not in running order, they have labored under the same difficulty that Noah's dove did in seeking "rest for the sole of her foot." However the good people here did the best they could in the emergency, and the quantity which has fallen to the lot of some of our neighbors, has so far exceeded their accommodations, that I think they must have adopted a similar expedient to the one said to be in vogue among the oil regions, where they go to bed in platoons, and when the first installment gets soundly asleep, the landlord takes them up and hangs each one carefully over the clothes line; the another division occupies the vacant couches and so on, until all are disposed of.

However I am happy to be able to say that this lack of accommodation for strangers is in a fair way to be remedied. Mr. Byrnes, the *bona fide* legitimate land agent here, is with commendable public spirit erecting a new, spacious hotel which will amply supply the needs of those whom business or pleasure may attract hither. Most of us who have resided here for some years, have so sorely felt our deficiency in this respect, that we watch the creation of this building with much interest, and when it is really completed, furnished and open to the public, we shall be very likely to be in as elevated a condition of mind as the old lady with her new water pail: "She was neither going to borrow or lend."

The ladies connected with the Presbyterian Church and Society held a festival here last week, Tuesday evening, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the purchase of furniture for their new church. It was well attended and was a success socially as well as pecuniarily. The Society upon this occasion was made the grateful recipient of an elegant Bible, presented by Mr. Matlack, of Philadelphia, which added to the interest of the evening.

Hammonton has commenced its incipient existence as a corporate township, and is supposed to be within the jurisdiction of the United States. The ball was opened last week, Friday, by a caucus held at Elvin's Hall for the nomination of town officers. The "opposition" was no where. Whether this state of affairs is fortunate or otherwise, time and circumstances will develop. Be this as it may, we have launched our bark upon the waters, and have nailed to its mast the Flag of the Union with the motto "Liberty for all. Universal Justice and Equal Rights." We pray that we may not have occasion to add to it "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

Yours, C.

REMEMBRANCE.

From Harper's Magazine.

TOO LATE.

I left her quietly sleeping at last, and went to my own room. One has no chance to be romantic in Beaufort—at least in our part of it. We inhabited a venerable mansion on one of the old plantations, which let in snow-drift and tornadoes through the crack in winter, and deluged us with mosquitoes in summer. So it was necessary for me to blow out my lamp and take down the netting before I could sit down to look out of the window. Under these practical circumstances I had a little fit of meditation. It was all my own; and I am not going to tell you about it, even if you want to, which I don't suppose you do. Only this you may know, that if the old discontents and sharp rebellings came up, we talked together there in the dark, they and I; and I told them what I have told you—about that woman struggling with death down stairs, and the man who had gone out into his lonely freedom, seeking, and seeking in vain, for all that would have made it bright—Corinne and Herschel Du Bois. I said the words over, as I had said over many other such simple words before there in the dark, since I came to Beaufort. All weak sorrows paled before the faces of those two. So the discontents and sharp rebellings—if there were any—grew quiet and hid themselves away, and just then a mosquito bit me, and I forgot all about them.

I think it was two days after that, that afternoon walk in the woods. The day was oppressive almost to suffocation. I had stolen away after school was over to be alone in the shadow and stillness. The shadow was very deep, down on the red-cup mosses and nodding ferns; the stillness was very still up in the branches of the pines; there was only the sighing of a sleepy wind and the song of summer bees to break it. That rare glow of Southern skies was warm and golden through the leaves; the Cherokee rose, like pale invalids, unfolded their wax-like leaves to it, hanging motionless; on the oaks, the great gray-beards of moss caught vines of holly and myrtle, twining among them dark, and rich, and green. Down the slope a broad belt of cypress towered grim and gloomy against the sky. The soldiers had worn a little path to it, coming to and from the barracks. There were beds of myrtle, there too, and gay green moss, and woodland berries of scarlet and black.

It would have made a pretty bit for Weber or Church. I was thinking so, watching it lazily half asleep there under the pines, when the sound of footsteps on the path broke into my dreaming. Then voices; then silence, then a few more steps; then silence again; as if one had stopped abruptly.

"Do you know who I am?" said a voice. I fancied I recognized it, and sprang up with a vagrant fear. A low growl was the only answer. Then again:

"Do you know who I am? I never expected to have such a chance as this, Pierre Du Bois. I'm not a saint. I'm afraid I can't stand it."

And then I heard a laugh; and then there came a cry, cleaving the sweet summer air—long, and sharp, and terrible—a fearful cry to hear on such a day, in such a still, fair place—Murder!

A man in a rebel uniform; his lips ashy, his eyes, great with horror, fixed on Herschel Du Bois; who stood with his finger on the trigger of a pistol, and smiled. That was what I saw. It was what I expected to see. I looked up and down the path; and through the trees, but there was no other face in sight—and still Herschel Du Bois smiled that smile. I looked up and down the path, and through the trees, and my heart stood still. What could I do with a man who smiled like that? But I laid my hand upon his arm and looked into his face. He started, then laughed again.

"I knew a word might madden him, so I simply kept my hand upon his arm and looked into his face. It was a fearful face! The great veins stood out like iron on his forehead; every drop of blood had left his cheeks; thin cheeks; his breath came like one in physical agony."

"I tell you he's my master! Where is my wife, Pierre Du Bois?"

Pierre Du Bois, reassured by the protesting presence of a woman, raised his sullen eyes from the ground and looked up angrily.

"Confound your impudence! I don't know!"

The other laughed. I heard the trigger click a little.

"Give me back my wife! Give me back my wife! I don't want your accursed blood on my hands—I want my wife!"

"I don't know how you're going to get her. I don't know anything about her. Darn their impudence!—putting a man under charge of his own niggers! Madam, I wish you'd oblige me by calling some of the Yankees. Since I'm so unfortunate as to be a prisoner, I prefer to be guarded by a white man."

"His own niggers—"

I sprang between them.

"For God's sake be still, if you value your life! Herschel Du Bois, do you mean to be a murderer?"

His breath, with its weight of agony, came sharper and harder. I could feel every nerve quiver where my hand touched his arm.

"I don't know! I don't know!" gasping as if for air. "Oh, my God! I don't know. She was my wife."

"Let me have that pistol." He clicked the trigger.

"Pistol?—Yes. I can. You see I can do it, Pierre Du Bois. I can send you where you'll think of her through all eternity, and think of me, and think why I sent you there, and then—"

Herschel, let me have that pistol." He looked at me.

"Let me have that pistol. Go and call the guard. I'll stay with him."

There was a long silence. In the silence the two men looked into one another's eyes and neither spoke. Then Herschel turned away, trembling like a child.

"I will go. You may thank Miss Nichols's God, Pierre Du Bois, that you're not in hell."

The other made no answer, but kept his eyes upon the ground. Then without once pausing to look back, Herschel walked slowly and weakly away. Without once pausing to look back he passed over the myrtles, out of the sweet summer stillness of the slope where the bees were humming and the sunlight flickering, and out of sight behind the cypress-trees.

If it had not been such a solemn thing to have felt that human life hanging on my poor weak words, and if my face had not been too white for a smile, I should have thought the second act of the drama supremely ludicrous. I, who had never fired a pistol more than half a dozen times in my life—I, who didn't hit any thing when I did fire—I, who was frightened half out of my wits at that—I left to guard a full-grown man!

However, he was very accommodating, and made me no trouble at all. I thought it necessary to inform him, with the most *au fait* manner I could assume, that I supposed he need hardly be told that he would be a dead man if he stirred.

"I am a gentleman and a prisoner," replied he, looking up with a lordly air.

I suppose I was face to face with genuine Southern honor, and reflected on the stupendous fact in appropriate silence. I might have felt impressed if I had not thought of that lost wife. To say that it was a relief when the guard came up is a mild expression. It was an ecstasy.

Herschel came to the school that night as usual. The story, of course, had gone about among the people, and they watched him curiously. His eyes were a shade sadder, but otherwise his face was quite the same. He lingered after school for me.

"I thank you," he said, and then turned abruptly away.

The next afternoon Corine came to the school-room, and called me out.

"Corine is dying; an' de poor critter she's takin' on drefful, and say she can't die without Miss Nichols no ways."

So I dismissed the children quietly, and went up to the house.

I could not bear it, or the look that came with it, to deny this poor worn life that had always been denied, even the least of a longing now, seemed cruel. So, we entered her gently out, and laid her down under a great dark oak, where the shade was thick and cool, and there were glimpses of sky through hanging moss. The sea, too, distant and golden in the afternoon light, and the murmur of waves beyond, ran upon ranks of pines, and the wester sky that waited for the sun setting. Through all the still hours, as I sat beside her on the grass, a mocking-bird sang a mournful tune in the branches overhead. I have never heard the bird since without living over that afternoon and the end with which it ended.

It seemed so hard that such a life should meet such a dying. It seems so hard that she must pass into the mystery of Eternity without one look into eyes that she loved, one sound of the voice that had made all words music to her.

Corinne! Corinne!

Ah, how it would have cried unto her in this hour if it could—the long-lost voice! She was thinking of that, for she looked up into my face.

"Miss Nichols, if I could see him just once—only just once!" Was I foolish? I could not help it. I bowed my head hiding the quick tears, and asked that Corinne might see him just once. Even now, at the eleventh hour. For, was not He omnipotent—He who had wrung out waters of a full cup to Corinne so many years?

The sun stooped into the West, and the shadow slanted long and still. She tried out with a bitter cry:

"I can't die! I can not die! It is time to live."

Time to live! Time to live, at the end of such weary years, and such patient waiting for death! I wondered at the words. I ceased to wonder when I knew what they meant and why they were sent to her.

[To be Continued.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

[Original]

THE BELLS.

BY A. BRYANT.

Within the curtained heart a bell
With golden veils aloft is hung;
Its sound its tones most loudly swell
In hearts that are no longer young;
It moves its tongue in measured rhymes
When youth outwines our hearts in gold,
But higher lifts its earnest chiming,
As friends go off, and we grow old.

The bells ring low when lovers part
And have a hope to meet again;
But when they die, they thrill the heart
With peals that throbb and roll in pain;
By many chords and many bands
Those melancholy bells are strung;
The toll chords reach to other lands
And from the grave they swing the tongue.

For friends departing bear them bound
To other bells within the heart,
And so its chiming more loudly sound
As one by one our loved depart;
Some tug at hearts have broken bells
For sorrow rends their wailing sides,
And leaves them hushed but empty shells
But over them an angel glides.

Now when the sainted soul man toll
The oft repeated dirge no more,
With harp attuned they ring the soul
And wait it to the other shore;
There is in human hearts a bell
Its cords our friends departing hold,
Its sound its tones most loudly swell
As friends go off, and we grow old.

A person who forswore going to church because the minister preached politics, was asked the other day to go to another church, saying he would hear nothing about politics. He went. The minister preached from the text, "If the righteous are scarcely saved, where will the ungodly and sinner appear?" In the whole sermon there was no reference to "politics." Being asked, after the service, how he liked the sermon, he replied: "I didn't like it at all. It was all politics. He meant we should understand the text to read: 'If the Republicans are scarcely saved, where will the Democrats and Rebels appear?'"—*Lewiston Journal.*

Was there ever anything more nauseous in print than the following telegrams from the individuals whose names they bear?

23d:
"DEAR PRESIDENT:—It is all right and all safe. The Union is restored and the country safe. Your speech is triumphant and the country will be happy."
"WM. H. SEWARD."

23d:
"I thank you from my whole grateful heart for your speech of yesterday. The Union is now a fixed fact."
"THURLOW WEED."

The New York Independent says:
"It will be seen by these twin telegrams that Mr. Seward and Mr. Weed, who were lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their death are not divided."

Mr. Polard says of the President:

"To his kind and considerate bearing, and to his sense of justice, I feel that I owe the restoration of my paper."

It will be seen that Gen. Grant mentions three newspapers, which he says ought to be suppressed. Let us inquire what good reason exists for Gen. Grant's opinion. The first of these journals, the New York Daily Enquirer, says:

"The name of Andrew Johnson is upon the lips of the people in accents of delight and admiration."

The second of these journals, the Cincinnati Enquirer, says:

"God be thanked that we have a President who, at this trying hour, is willing to clutch the division radicals by the throat!"

The third of these journals, the Chicago Times, says:

"It is the solemn duty of the President to command the arrest of Thaddeus Stevens, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, and all their confederates in Congress, for the crime of treason."

On the whole, we are compelled to admit that Gen. Grant is not far from right.—*Independent.*

DURING a brilliant speech in Brooklyn, recently, Wm. Lloyd Garrison said:

"I tell you that with such a President as we have—with such a President as his own nothing is safe! For we have not a sober man in the Presidential chair, but one who does not know from one hour to another what he will do!" Mr. Garrison significantly declared: "The President means, if he dare, to perform a coup d'etat, and either insist, at the point of the bayonet, upon the admission of the Southern Representatives, or drive Congress out of the capital. I believe the capital is in greater danger now than it ever was, and was it not that Lieut. Gen. Grant is here (tremendous cheering) I would have been out of it."

THE WRONG PLACE.—A passenger swearing terribly in the cars on the Boston and Providence Railroad, was approached by a young minister, with more zeal than discretion, who said to him abruptly:

"My dear sir, do you know where you are going? You are going straight to Hell!"

"Just my d—d luck!" replied the man, looking the minister in the face with an alarmed air, and suddenly fumbling for his check. "I bought a ticket for Providence!"

Jefferson Davis—says the Fortress Monroe correspondent of the Herald—has been most plainly outspoken in commendation of the President's veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill. "Of course, and Northern traitors are beginning to be outspoken in their approval of Jeff Davis. At the supper of the Philadelphia Democratic Club, Feb. 22d, Mr. W. B. Reed, Mr. Buchanan's district attorney for Pennsylvania, was called upon for a speech, but declined, saying he would offer a toast instead, and then proposed that the club should drink 'to our illustrious statesman now incarcerated in Fortress Monroe.' Another gentleman then called for three cheers for Jefferson Davis, and the cheers were given, though some members protested, and several have since resigned."

STILL ANOTHER.—Some of the revellers at Willard's Hotel in Washington, after the appearance of the Veto Message, publicly drank the toast: "The three chief assassins of the Present day—Jefferson Davis, Andrew Johnson, and Robert E. Lee." They might have added another shining trio—John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, and James Buchanan.—*Waterville Mass.*

A printer's apprentice says that at the office they charge him with all the things they do find, and at the house they charge him with all they don't find. He does not understand that kind of logic.

"The Maiden's Prayer," written by Mrs. N. P. Willis, begins thus:

She rose from her delicious sleep
And put away her soft brown hair
This maiden must have lived prior to the advent of the "waterfall." At present the maidens put away their soft brown hair, before going to their "delicious sleep."

ANOTHER.—The notorious Pollard, of Richmond Examiner, whose paper was recently suppressed by Gen. Terry, was unsuccessful in his application to Gen. Grant, and the Secretary of War for release. The President revoked the order, and that notorious chieftain is again free to abuse the friends of the Union, North and South.

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DEAR SIR: I feel it a duty to you, and to all who are suffering under the disease known...

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Flannels for Shirts
is unsurpassed, in amount, quality and cheapness...

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WAITERS, HAND COFFEE MILLS,
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worst cases of Blind and
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