

South Jersey Republican

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HAMMONTON, N. J., MAY 1, 1886.

NO. 18

THE WALMER HOUSE,

Central Avenue, Hammonton, N. J.

Open at all seasons, for permanent and transient boarders. Large airy rooms. First-class table. Verandas and balconies to every room. Plenty of Shade. Pure Water. Stabling for horses. **Special Rates for Families for the Season.** For terms, address—**WALMER HOUSE,** (Lock-Box 75) Hammonton, Atlantic County, New Jersey.

HERMANN FIEDLER,
MANUFACTURER
AND
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
CIGARS,
Hammonton, N. J.

J. MURDOCH,
MANUFACTURER OF

SHOES.

Ladies', Men's, and Children's
Shoes made to order.

Boys' Shoes a Specialty.

Repairing Neatly Done.

A good stock of shoes of all kinds
always on hand.

First floor—Small's Block,

Hammonton, : : N. J.

Read the Republican.

Wagons

AND

Buggies.

On and after Jan. 1, 1886, I will sell

One-horse wagons, with fine body and Columbia springs complete, 1 1/2 inch tire, P. axle, or CASHI, 63 00
One-horse wagon, complete, 1 1/2 tire, 62 50
The same, with 2 inch tire, 61 00
One-horse Light Express, 55 00
Platform Light Express, 69 00
Side-spring Buggies with fine finish, 70 00
Two-horse Farm Wagons, 75 to 76 00
No-top Buggies, 50 00

These wagons are all made of the best White Oak and Hickory, and are thoroughly seasoned, and ironed in a workmanlike manner. Please call, and be convinced. Factory at the C. & A. Depot, Hammonton.

ALEX. AITKEN, Proprietor.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, will be sold at public vendue, on Wednesday, the

Fifth day of May, 1886,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the hotel of Veal & Norcross, in **May's Landing, Atlantic County, New Jersey:** All that certain messuage or tenement and tract or piece of land situate in Mullica Township, County of Atlantic, and State of New Jersey, bounded and described as:

Beginning at a point in the middle of Weymouth Road; being a corner to an exception; thence running South seventy nine degrees West, by line of the said exception, one hundred and fourteen and twenty-hundredths rods to a corner; thence North forty-three degrees West, by line of lot three hundred and eighty-three, seventy-five rods to a stake in Tomlinson's line; thence South forty seven degrees West, by Tomlinson's line, forty nine and sixty hundredths rods to a stake; thence North seventy-nine degrees East, by Tomlinson's land, twenty-five and twenty-hundredths rods to the middle of Weymouth road; thence along the middle of the said road South eleven degrees West five rods to the place of beginning. Containing, according to a recent survey made thereof, thirteen acres and sixty-seven one-hundredths of an acre, or the same more or less.

Seized as the property of Thomas J. McCauley, Junior, and taken in execution at the suit of Laura Maria Westman, and to be sold by

CHAS. R. JACOY, Sheriff.
Dated February 25th, 1886.
SOGVEL & HARRIS, Solicitors.
Pr. Bill, 7-24-86.

THE ATTENTION of the citizens of Hammonton is called to the fact that

GERRY VALENTEVE
Is the only RESIDENT

FURNISHING
Undertaker.

Having recently purchased a
New and Modern Hearse,
And all necessary paraphernalia,
I am prepared to satisfy all who may call.

Mr. Wm. A. Hood
Will attend, personally, to all calls, whether day or night. A couple of women ready to assist, also, when desired.
Mr. Hood's residence, on Second St. opposite A. J. Smith's.
Orders may be left at Char. Simons' Livery.

TUTT'S
PILLS
"THE OLD RELIABLE."
25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!
Indorsed all over the World.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.
Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness and soreness, with a dull, aching pain, or aching of the body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, or a sense of Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, and produce such a change of feeling as to establish the sufferer.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.
Office, 24 Broadway, N. Y. City.

JOS. S. CHAMPION
Calls attention to the following facts:
1st. He is the only
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
AND
Furnishing Undertaker

In Atlantic County, being the only undertaker who makes this his special business.
2. He is the only undertaker who keeps a fine new hearse in Hammonton.
3. He is the only undertaker in Atlantic County who is a professional embalmer of the dead.
4. He has all the conveniences and appliances for carrying on a large business, and is prepared to respond to all calls at the shortest notice, whether day or night.
5. He leads all and follows none, as he makes this his only study.
6. D. B. Berry, of Hammonton will attend to all orders left with him.
Office, No. 3 Fay's Block, Hammonton, N. J.

Dr. J. A. Waas,
RESIDENT
DENTIST,
Successor to Dr. Geo. R. Shidle,
HAMMONTON, : : N. J.
Office Days, — Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
GAS ADMINISTERED.
No charge for extracting, when teeth are ordered.

S. D. HOFFMAN,
Attorney-at-Law,
Master in Chancery, Notary Public,
Commissioner of Deeds, Supreme Court Commissioner.
City Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.

James Russ has sued Rev. J. B. Graw for libel. The former is a hotel keeper at Beverly and the latter edits the *Temperance Gazette*. The alleged libel appeared some time back and stated that the plaintiff had sold liquor to a confirmed drunkard residing in Beverly, and in two weeks time had secured forty dollars of his pension money for liquor. Russ denied the allegation in toto and at once ordered his attorney to institute suit for libel. Dr. Graw has not weakened since then and says he is prepared to defend the action with considerable vigor.

The *London Standard*, commenting on the strikes in the United States, says that they "will strain the resources of American statesmanship as they have only once been tried since the War of Independence to keep the conflict within the bounds of legality and constitutional order. Republican institutions are still on their trial. It looks as if the social difficulty would become their severest trial yet."

The new Oleomargarine act of the Legislature recently signed by the Governor is the most stringent law yet enacted on the subject. It provides stringent rules against offering or exposing for sale or selling or having in possession for the purposes of sale any oleomargarine or butterine or stine or any substance in imitation of butter or cheese.

Under a law passed recently by the Legislature only registered pharmacists were allowed to put up prescriptions. A State Board of Pharmacy, consisting of five members, will meet quarterly at Paterson, Newark, Trenton and Camden in turn. Applicants for certificates must give proof of service for four years in the business and pass a satisfactory examination. Fine and imprisonment constitute the penalty for violation of the law. Red labels must be put on bottles, boxes, etc., containing poison.

If it be true, as alleged, that the President is soliciting votes for the Morrison bill, we must conclude that the executive department has slopped over into the legislative.

The arbitrator should get in his work ahead of the striker.

If the Knights of Labor only increase in wisdom as they do in numbers—and there is reason to believe, they will—their organization will speedily become the strongest and best defenders of the mutual interests of labor and capital.

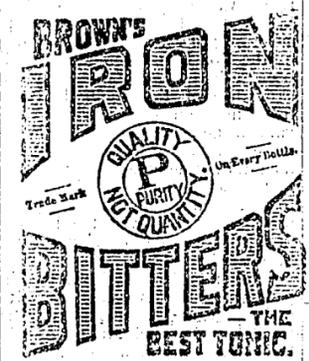
Mr. Powderly's promise that every member of the Knights of Labor who has aided in the destruction of property will be expelled from the order will, if fulfilled, do much toward establishing the order in the sympathies and well-wishes of the people at large. That workingmen have the right to combine their efforts for their own good no reasonable person can deny, but that acknowledgment does not imply that they have a right either to destroy property or to forcibly prevent other persons from earning their living as they may see fit.

The organs of the body most given to shirking their regular work are the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys. A medicine that stimulates the organs into healthy action is invaluable. *Vinegar Bitters Cordial* does this, and is a most grateful healing remedy for pills.

The idea of Arbor Day was started ten years ago, it is said, by J. Stirling Matton, of Nebraska. It is now observed in Nebraska, Kansas, West Virginia, Minnesota, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Vermont. But the people generally are not as fully roused to the importance of such a day as they should be.

Senator Logan works on his forthcoming book every morning from 7 to 11. He does not even have the aid of an amanuensis.

Prince Albert is a negro chain-seller now under arrest in Georgia, who was born of royal blood in Egypt, educated in Jerusalem, and can speak half a dozen languages.



This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Biliary, Catarrh and Fovitis, and Neuritis.
It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.
It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead a sedentary life. It cures the tooth, cause headache or produce constipation—*after Iron medicine*. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.
For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.
The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.
Made only by **BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.**

POSITIVE PROOFS.

In other advertisements we have said that the *Russian Rheumatism Cure* was a specific for Rheumatism, and all its attendant aches and pains. These are simply **FACTS**. We now present some **POSITIVE PROOFS**.
One of our customers writes: "I had been afflicted with Rheumatism for several years, and had tried every remedy known to me, but without success. I was advised to try your *Russian Rheumatism Cure*, and I did so. It cured me in a few days, and I have not had a return since. I can now do my usual work, and I am very much obliged to you for your kind and efficient medicine."
Another customer writes: "I had been afflicted with Rheumatism for several years, and had tried every remedy known to me, but without success. I was advised to try your *Russian Rheumatism Cure*, and I did so. It cured me in a few days, and I have not had a return since. I can now do my usual work, and I am very much obliged to you for your kind and efficient medicine."
If you are afflicted with these ailments, write to the publisher, **W. H. B. & Co., 100 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.** We will send you a copy of our book, and a trial bottle of our medicine, free of charge. We will also send you a copy of our book, and a trial bottle of our medicine, free of charge. We will also send you a copy of our book, and a trial bottle of our medicine, free of charge.

PSAGER BROS. & CO.
815-821 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
FRIGIDULET, 100 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.
LONG BOX HISS TO BE OF COURSE.

Read the Republican.

COAL — COAL

All wanting the best quality of high coal can find it at Scullin's coal yard on Egg Harbor road, near Berksburg's steam mill. Coal will all be dumped from the cars into the yard, and will be sold in five-ton lots at the same rate as car load lots from other yards. Having a good plank floor to shovel from, instead of the inconvenience of shoveling from the cars, is really worth ten cents a ton to every purchaser.
All coal will be sold strictly for cash on delivery.
Office at Anderson's feed store.
JOHN SCULLIN,
Hammonton, N. J.

Tomlin & Smith

Have received this week a supply of

FALL GOODS

Ladies' and Children's Hosiery (cotton and wool)
CORSETS Coraline, Duplex, Doctor Warner's Health, and other makes.
GLOVES new Fall shades. Veiling, Collars.
Handkerchiefs—the latest styles.
SOAP—Colgate's, Cachomere Boquet, Glycerine, Honey, and Oatmeal.
DRESS GOODS—Black and Colored Cashmere.
Dress Trimmings—Silesia, Drilling, and Cambrie.
White Goods, Nainsook, Lawn, and Cross barred Muslin.
Full assortment of NOTIONS.
New Goods Every Week

This paper is kept on file at the office of
AYER & SON
ADVERTISING
AGENTS
TIMES BUILDING & 6th St. PHILADELPHIA.
ESTIMATES for NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING FREE
Send for **AYER & SON'S MANUAL.**

New Spring
Tricots,
Cloths,
Sateens
Cretonnes,
and Prints
Just Received, at
Stockwell's:
New Goods received weekly.
All at greatly
Reduced Prices
Call and examine goods.

E. Stockwell,
Bellevue Avenue,
Hammonton, New Jersey.

DON'T GO HUNGRY!

But go to

Packer's Bakery,

Where you can get
The Best
Wheat, Biscuit and Rye

BREAD,

At the old price of ten years' standing,
FIVE CENTS per LOAF

Breakfast and Tea Rolls,
Cinnamon Buns,
Pies, Crullers,
A great variety of Cakes,
Baker's Yeast

constantly on hand.
Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Nuts and Confections, as usual,
Meals and Lunches furnished to order, and a limited number of lodgers accommodated.

The **REPUBLICAN** contains more than twenty-five columns of entertaining reading each week. Thus, in a year we furnish you 1360 columns of fresh news items, stories, etc., all for \$1.25.

CHOICE BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

Close to SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, POST OFFICES, and RAILROAD STATIONS, in the CENTRE of the Town of Hammonton.
Call on or address,
A. L. BROWN, 100 N. 2nd St., N. J.
P. O. Box 200.

At Sandown.
"Two sun-downs of a summer's day,
And in the twilight
Stood Doris, by the farm-house gate—
Doris, the pretty maid,
Her eyes were turned those eyes so brown,
Toward the road that led to town.
Beneath her feet were daisies white,
And many a clover red,
And butterflies, with drowsy dew,
From heaven freshly fled;
While birds were singing at her side
Those quick songs of eventide.
Aunt Prudence by the window sat—
Her hair was silver white,
Her eyes had such a wistful look,
That lovely summer night,
And, speaking from a window-ill,
She said, "He'll come, I know he will."
"I know," because a bumble-bee
Just in the window flew,
The room was crowded with the door—
Those signs are always true.
It's baying-time, and there's a light
Of choice to do, you know, at night!"
While Doris watched the road beyond,
Aunt Prudence's words
The summer of the long ago
Once more she sought to find;
And through the twilight's dewy gray
She sighted them so far away.
She saw the sunbeams glowing dim,
The dew that used to fall,
The music of the sweet song—
"We were remembered all,
And love's young dream that passed away
At Sandown of an evening, long ago."
The words of greeting at the gate
Came to her like a dream,
Aunt Prudence drew the shutters close,
The night air seemed to sigh,
Then, at the shadowed room, her tears
Fell like the rain of bygone years.
"All as God will," she softly sang,
"To give or to withhold."
"The love of love," she knew,
The love of love was told,
And later with her face so bright,
Doris came in and said, "Good-night."

THE HEIR OF BEROLDSTEIN.

My father had been a clergyman in the quiet little English parish where I was born, and I, his only child, had received the benefit of a careful education, which he had given me during his spare hours. When, a little after my 20th birthday my father died, leaving his untamished name as sole inheritance for my mother and myself, I began to realize the value of his teaching, for it aided by my vigorous health and a fair spirit of determination—must now keep the wolf from the door.

My father had rich influential relatives, but I was too much occupied with the responsibilities which wealth brings to take to heart the troubles of the poorer kindred—though perhaps I am ungrateful to say this, for it was through the intervention of my relatives that I gained the position which assured me at last the happiness of my life.

In Southern Prussia, in the Duchy of Beroldstein, the position of a surveyor's second desirable place, the children being the infant son and daughter of the late duke of Beroldstein, who had died only six months before he came to me. I was the chosen applicant for this position. I felt fairly confident with respect to my proficiency, for at first my task would be only to make a list of the names of the noble children and to teach them to speak my English tongue correctly; but I confess that I felt very downhearted as I thought of the position that was to take me to an unknown country.

"Your brother need not be uneasy about you—we shall land safe enough on the other side," said the cheery captain, "and near me."
I smiled through my tears, for the tall, frank-eyed young fellow who watched me from the shore with such a look of anxious regret on his face was not my brother.

As Charlie kissed me—he had never kissed me on the lips before—and whispered, "Keep a good eye on the surveyor's second—we shall meet again when prospects are brighter," I felt more hopeful than I had for months before, for his words seemed to contain in them certainty of fulfillment.

Charlie Kent and I have been lovers almost from babyhood; and, now that childhood had long since passed, we were both changed, save in intensity. We were both very poor, but were content enough to wait for better times.

Schloss Beroldstein proved to be a very stately old mansion, a trifle repellant in its air of antiquity and isolation from the rest of the world. A park extending many miles lay before the castle, and from my windows at the back I had a beautiful view of the Eifel mountains. The grounds at one time must have been laid out and tended with royal care; but now the statues were broken, the fountain out of repair, and an air of neglect pervaded the avenues and shrubbery.

The duchess lived in the strictest seclusion on account of her recent bereavement, her only concern being the welfare of her children. My little charges were charming—my brother and sister, and the only surviving children of the family.

tion she told me what I rather expected to hear, that Schloss Beroldstein was haunted.
"It is quite the spot for a ghost to choose for midnight wanderings," I remarked, and though secretly amused at the old woman's credulity, I encouraged her by my deep air of interest to tell me more of this spectral visitant.
"It was the well-known story of a lady in white appearing as the silent herald of a death in the family. Three years before, one dark stormy night, the servant who opened the White Lady's sliding door among the trees toward the castle, and before morning the uncle of the late duke was stricken dead with paralysis. Three times the white apparition was seen during the week before his highness Duke Albrecht died; and, according to Frau Brenner, no member of the Von Beroldstein family had ever been gathered to his fathers without the assistance of the White Lady. The mere mention of her made every servant in the place shudder, and even the most enlightened members of the household did not deny her evil influence. In fact I had frequent occasion after this to wonder at the amount of superstition which prevailed among the higher classes in this little corner of the world whither fate had drifted me.
Some months later I was out in the park with the children. It was midwinter, and there was snow enough for sledding; the children, clothed from head to foot in soft white fur and buried in their great bears, were enjoying a ride in their swan-shaped sledges. I walked and silver, with an arch of tinkling bells attached before, in the Russian fashion. While a footman pushed the dainty little vehicle I walked to one side talking to the children and enjoying their childish delight at the tinkling frost and snow.
"The duchess was brimming over with life and excitement, and his restless little hands, mitted in fur, clutched at every low-hanging icicle and glittering twig, thereby letting in much of the cold breath of winter on his more composed sister. As we went briskly down the avenue a lady richly dressed in black velvet and sable met and stopped on the little cavalcade. I wondered who this grande dame could be who preferred a lonely walk in the deserted avenue to a visit in an luxurious carriage with good company.
"I must pay my respects to the young duke," she said pleasantly.
"The little Duke's hand in hers and looked at him long and intently but not with the expression that his rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes ought to have awakened in the face of a woman. Her look was more as if she bore the innocent little fellow malice, and when he pointed with delight to the lions' heads in dead gold which fastened her mantle, she turned away impatiently. After asking a few questions about Roderic's health and mental development, which I was proud to answer with glowing reports, she resumed her walk with a stiff air to me and not a word or look for little Amalie, who aided by her brother, threw most affectionate kisses upon her mitted fingers after the retreating figure.
"I felt a sudden unaccountable dislike to this woman; she was tall, stately and beautiful in a stately, heartless way, but I knew there was no more tenderness in her than there was blood in her velvety cream complexion.
"It is not about this lady," I asked of the footman, when she was out of hearing.
"Mme. Elisabeth, of Beroldstein, the wife of the late duke's younger brother. She would be Duchess now if it were not for the fact that she is a widow, and her little man—my dear Roderic's curly hair. They say her mind is sometimes astray, and I believe the gossips are right. She is a woman who is much more the highborn dame than was the amiable mother of the two children in my charge, and it seemed to me that she was a little more than she appeared to be. She spoke of the household it seemed to gain a certain influence.
"The whole occurrence seemed to me monstrous and impossible, and I half believed it all a horrible dream, but there was the dead child before me, and I had stolen in unknown to everyone and stood before the bed where he lay. As I looked at the quiet, right form, the conviction seized me that a strange force, that this child was not the heir of Beroldstein—treachery might so easily exert its influence.
"The little face marked and drawn as if from a burn, gave no idea how the child had looked in health—the limbs seemed the same and the light curling hair was full in feature," I remarked. "But one shadow, and I could not mourn over this mysterious changing. Something within me rebelled against the mockery of the dead child, and I felt that I was the death of a poor little stranger."
I told no one—my suspicions—I had, alas, no proof—until to my excitement I saw a light glimmering in the distance I walked. At last, feeling weary—I was miles away from the castle—I was about to return to my room when I saw a glimmering from a cottage window within a few steps from where I stood. I was surprised to find a house in that lonely spot, for I had been told that the castle was the only habitation for man and beast. As the idea of a short rest was not unwelcome I looked through the thin, dimly lit window and saw a tall, dark man bending over a steaming saucepan on the stove and a little child in ragged clothes making friends with a sledge of iron. I was so much interested that I was to make my arrival known when a second look at the child, whose face was turned full toward the window, where I saw the man's face, and I saw that he was looking up with the frank, wide-open gaze that I knew so well?

shared herself ready and anxious to serve me in every way in her power. Her attachment dated from an occasion when I had shielded her from a severe reprimand. She had carelessly allowed little Roderic to play with a dog known to be fierce, and the little fellow had been bitten just below the knee—only a slight wound, but enough perhaps to have been fatal had it not been for the dress and forehead I arranged for her. With a little forethought for a few days so that the wound would not be noticed, and neither I nor she ever called attention to it. Three little scars left on the baby's round white leg. Lisette repaid me by accounting most ingeniously for brief absences with Charlie.

Little Roderic had been slightly ill for some childish malady, and for a few nights I had slept beside his bed, until at the urgent request of Mrs. Elizabeth, she went to take an unneeded rest in my own room. I wondered her solicitude, for she was usually so selfishly indifferent with respect to the comfort of others. Her unwillingly I resigned my room to Roderic's young-faced country maiden, who promised faithfully to keep a vigilant eye on the young Duke.

The day of the following morning I was awakened from a sound sleep by an uproar in the house, at the thought of which I still shudder. Cries and lamentations sounded from the children's departments and, rushing to the spot I saw the Duchess on her knees before Roderic's bed, with a group of frightened servants gathered near her, the one who had been left in charge of the baby moaning and calling on the name of all the saints, his face ghost-like with terror. His young lordship, "In heaven's name what is the matter?" I cried.

"Look!" was all the Duchess could utter, pointing to the form moving unsteadily on the pillows.
Instead of the beautiful sleeping cherub that I had kissed only a few days before, a terrible face, purple and white, lay on the pillow, and I saw the child with suffering lay before me.
"When did this happen?" I asked, with a sinking voice, seizing with a quick look on the arm of the nursemaid Lotchen.
"The Holy Mother forgive me," the girl began, "for the short five minutes that I have been here, I should not have given away. As I opened my eyes I glanced towards the bed, and there lay the young Duke, his long trailing garments and ghostly form of the White Lady disappearing in the darkness. My voice was going to cry out, but I was so terrified that I could not utter a sound. As the life came back to me I looked at the bed and saw the awful change that had come over the young master. I ran away to the nursemaid, and she, seeing the state of affairs, called the young lord's health and beauty in her death kiss."
The girl fell on her knees in a paroxysm of grief, and I could understand the cause of her weeping. She was telling me that the young heir had returned with the delight with which little Amalie welcomed back her brother.

The dead child in the cottage was put under arrest, and with very little hesitation made a statement to the following effect: She, Anna Freitscher, the nursemaid, had seen the young Duke, who had returned with the delight with which little Amalie welcomed back her brother.

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and the soft golden curls had been cut off, and the coarse, straight hair was a good disguise, but I knew my young charge too well to be deceived.
"Like a mad woman I flew back over the low wall, and I was so terrified that I was not safe to let my investigation go further alone; so I seized on the first person I found—Max, the coachman, and the maid Lisette, whom I had befriended, and giving them the exact account of what I had seen, I led them back to the lonely cottage.
"We made our way in unceremonious haste, and the next morning the room seemed vacant, and my heart sank; but the next moment we discovered the baby asleep upon a pillow in a dark corner. The men gathered up the little bundle and bore it to the light; the baby awoke and looked with sleepy, hazey eyes at the disturber of his rest. Even then I saw no look of recognition on the servant's faces. Could I be mistaken? The thought was misery.
"But becoming fully aroused, the little Duke came up and said to me, 'I am, claiming in baby language an old friend.'
"It is our young master—I have no longer any doubt of it, I said, indignantly raising his hat.
"Look for the mark of the dog's bite on his knee, to make sure," put in Lisette, trembling with excitement.
I had no time to object before, and as I expected, we found the three little prints made by the dog's teeth in the bare, red skin of the child's knee. I was so much surprised at this additional proof of my darling's identity I fell upon my knees and sobbed for pure delight, thanking from the depths of my heart Lisette and the maid for their discovery, and my steps to the desolate cottage.
At that moment the woman whom I had seen on my first visit entered the room, and she sprang like a wild creature over her face as first I saw her never forget.
"What—who?" she began confusedly; but Max interrupted her by saying coolly, "We have come to receive you of the care of this child. He is needed at the castle, and he belongs to me."
Putting the little boy into my willing arms he whispered a few words to me to the effect that I was to go back with all speed and send two or three men to receive his guard over the suspicious premises.
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of all the town could not make her otherwise.
"Max and Marie were happy together, and frequent were their pleasure trips over the mountains and through the beautiful parks of Stuttgart. Every evening, when his work was done, Max went to see his loved Marie, and like with all true lovers, no evening was a happy one to them if they were not together.
"Two years slipped by in this happy way, and people hinted that Max Armer was going to take his 'ornament.'
And before long, the people knew almost to the day when he intended to do so. It didn't happen, though, for it was not natural that so happy a union should take place. There must be pain and suffering first.
"Max was taken away in the army, and Marie, poor thing, was left all alone. Max fought in many battles, but his King, Frederick, who was allied with Napoleon, met with severe reverses.
"Max wrote Marie at every opportunity. And what long, loving letters they always were! He never wrote but he tried to comfort his darling with telling how the war would soon return to her and they would be happy in their little home.
"Marie would sit for hours at a time thinking of her far-away lover, and trying to take things as he appeared to in his letters. She was often cheered by his buoyant words, but not for long. She must always associate the pain of the present with the might-be of the future.
"At last, one November evening, and I shall never—I should say Marie never forgot that awful night, there came a report from Max that made her show herself to be more than the mere pretty 'ornament' the people thought her.
"She had not heard from her lover for nearly a month, and was worried almost to death. He had never before mailed a letter for more than a fortnight, and every day over that time was a day of awful suspense to her. Three weeks had now passed, and still no letter from Max. Everyone in the house tried to convince Marie that her lover's letter was on the way, and that it would soon come to her. But she could not be comforted. She could not see things as they did. She knew they had killed her poor, dear Max, and she would never see him again.
I shall never forget my mother's face as she uttered these words. We children were at once interested as any one could be, and we all noticed how mamma wiped her eyes very often from this time to the end of her story.
"Well, on that cold November night—Marie was sitting in her room, all alone, when one of the family suddenly came in and said in a joyful tone: 'Come, Marie, there is a man down stairs who has seen your Max and has a message for you!'
"Oh, how gladly she ran down, drying her eyes as she went, and in a confusion of thoughts rushed through her mind in those few seconds. Her first words were, as soon as she saw the stranger: 'Is he alive? Oh, is he well?'
"The man did not answer her till he had seated her in a chair. Then he said: 'Yes, he is alive, and when I left him. Now, do not let my words distress you. I must tell you the truth, for it is best that you should know it. Your lover was wounded—may, bear it like a woman—your lover was wounded and he is now dead. In his delirium he spoke of you, his country, Marie, his own life. For three days he raved and then I left him. He is in the hospital near Leipzig, where I was his physician, but I have been removed, and seeing by an unnamed letter (here it is) who his Marie was, I came here on my way south to tell you the sad news. Try to cheer up. Your lover may live.'
"Foot Marie, what should she do? How could she help her Max?

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

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The Independent, P. O. Box 2787, New York City.

A protective tariff does not mean protection for capital.

Not at all. Capital can take care of itself; it can hide in the banks, or, as a recent speaker said, "in the stocking if need be." But capital is timid. It must be encouraged to leave the banks and the stocking and go into the bowels of the earth, the factory and the machine shops, to men and women and pay them good wages that they may properly educate their children. Bone and elbow and muscle need protection. They can't hide; they can't starve; they can't shift at will from place to place. Encourage capital, but protect labor. And this is what a protective tariff means and does.

The testimony of a woman before a Salt Lake Court the other day, in a polygamy case, was in substance that she didn't know whether her husband had another wife or not: it wasn't of sufficient importance to talk about.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Having my Mill in full operation, I am now prepared to furnish the best quality of Cedar Shingles, In any quantity, and at the lowest possible prices.

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A large lot of Cedar Grape Stakes and Bean Poles for sale, in the swamp or delivered at Elwood or DaCosta Station.

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Best Lehigh Coal for sale from yard, at lowest prices, in any quantity.

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Camden and Atlantic Railroad.

Monday, Oct. 9, 1888. DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. A. p.m.	At. E. a.m.	Mail a.m.	Exp. a.p.	Exp. p.m.										
Philadelphia	4:30	8:00	8:00												
Camden	4:40	8:10	8:10												
Haddonfield	4:47	8:17	8:17												
Atco	4:53	8:23	8:23												
Waterford	5:00	8:30	8:30												
Winslow	5:07	8:37	8:37												
Hamonton	5:14	8:44	8:44												
DaCosta	5:21	8:51	8:51												
Elwood	5:28	8:58	8:58												
Eng Harbor City	5:35	9:05	9:05												
Absecon	5:42	9:12	9:12												
Atlantic City	5:49	9:19	9:19												

U. TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. A. a.m.	Exp. a.m.	Exp. a.m.	Exp. p.m.											
Philadelphia	9:05	9:40	9:40	6:20	6:15	6:10	6:05	6:00	5:55	5:50	5:45	5:40	5:35	5:30	5:25
Camden	9:12	9:47	9:47	6:27	6:22	6:17	6:12	6:07	6:02	5:57	5:52	5:47	5:42	5:37	5:32
Haddonfield	9:19	9:54	9:54	6:34	6:29	6:24	6:19	6:14	6:09	6:04	5:59	5:54	5:49	5:44	5:39
Atco	9:26	10:01	10:01	6:41	6:36	6:31	6:26	6:21	6:16	6:11	6:06	6:01	5:56	5:51	5:46
Waterford	9:33	10:08	10:08	6:48	6:43	6:38	6:33	6:28	6:23	6:18	6:13	6:08	6:03	5:58	5:53
Winslow	9:40	10:15	10:15	6:55	6:50	6:45	6:40	6:35	6:30	6:25	6:20	6:15	6:10	6:05	6:00
Hamonton	9:47	10:22	10:22	7:02	6:57	6:52	6:47	6:42	6:37	6:32	6:27	6:22	6:17	6:12	6:07
DaCosta	9:54	10:29	10:29	7:09	7:04	6:59	6:54	6:49	6:44	6:39	6:34	6:29	6:24	6:19	6:14
Elwood	10:01	10:36	10:36	7:16	7:11	7:06	7:01	6:56	6:51	6:46	6:41	6:36	6:31	6:26	6:21
Eng Harbor City	10:08	10:43	10:43	7:23	7:18	7:13	7:08	7:03	6:58	6:53	6:48	6:43	6:38	6:33	6:28
Absecon	10:15	10:50	10:50	7:30	7:25	7:20	7:15	7:10	7:05	7:00	6:55	6:50	6:45	6:40	6:35
Atlantic City	10:22	10:57	10:57	7:37	7:32	7:27	7:22	7:17	7:12	7:07	7:02	6:57	6:52	6:47	6:42

A Lecture to Young Men

On the Loss of MANHOOD

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhea, Induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Prostration, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVER, W.L.L.M.D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without dangerous surgical operations, blisters, instruments, &c., or any other painful means, and that a mode of cure, at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.

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Marine & Fire Ins. Co.

This Company have disposed entirely of all STOCK PLAN BUSINESS, and having been RE-ORGANIZED, has decided to do the future do a

Strictly Mutual Home Business.

Having succeeded in paying ALL ITS LIABILITIES, and securing a

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

the Directors feel that they can offer to all who desire insurance not only a LOW RATE and UNQUESTIONABLE SECURITY, but much greater probability of immunity from assessment for years to come, than other Companies. Also this surplus is large enough to pay all probable losses on the policies now in force until their expiration, without any dependence on receipts from new business—a condition which can be shown by but very few examples in the State. The present Directors pledge to the Policy Holder an

ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT

and a Careful Supervision of the business.

will continue in the future, as in the past, to act on the principle of PROMPT PAYMENT

OF HONEST LOSSES

without seeking to EVADE them on technical grounds.

Hereafter, no notes will be subject to assessment, until they are a year old.

We would call special attention to our Marine Department, our LOW RATES and FAVORABLE FORMS OF POLICIES.

Any information cheerfully given by the Officers of the Company or its Agents, R. J. HOWELL, Sec'y. Dec. 2nd, 1888.

Camden & Atlantic Railroad

On and after Oct. 16th, 1888. Trains will leave as follows for ATLANTIC, From Vine Street Ferry.—Express week days 3:30 p.m. Accommodation week days, 8:00 am; 4:30 pm. Sundays, 8:00 am and 4:00 p.m.

LOCAL TRAINS FROM PHILA. For Haddonfield from Vine and Chesnut street ferries, 7:00, 8:00, 10:00 and 11:00 am., 12:00, 2:00, 4:30, 6:00, 6:30 p.m.

From Vine St. only, 7:30 p.m. Sunday trains leave both ferries at 8 am., 1:00 and 4:00 pm.

From Pennsylvania Railroad Station, foot of Market St., 7:30 am, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00 and 11:30 pm weekdays. Sundays, 9:00 am, 4:30 pm.

For Atco, from Vine and Market street ferries, 8:00, and 11 am, 4:30, 6:00 p.m. Sundays, 8:00 am, 4:00 pm. From foot of Market St. 11:30 pm on week days.

For Hamonton, from Vine and Chesnut street ferries, 8:00, 11 am, 3:30, 4:30, 6:00 pm; Sunday, 8:00 am, 4:00 pm. On Saturdays only, 11:00 pm.

For Marlton, Medford, Mt. Holly and intermediate stations, leave foot of Market Street, week days, 7:30 am, 3:00 and 6:00 pm. Sunday, 8:00 am. From Vine and Chesnut street ferries, 10 am, week days. For Medford and intermediate stations, from foot of Market St. Sunday, 9:00 am.

A.