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My Little Woman.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

A homely cottage, quaint and old,
Its thatch grown thick with green and gold,
And wild-rose grasses;
Unchanged it stands in sun and rain,
And seldom through the quiet lane
A footstep passes.

Yet here a little woman dwelt,
And saw the shroud of Winter melt
From meads and fallows;
And heard the yellow-hammer sing
As they wakened to the spring
From budding fallows.

She saw the early morning sky
Blush with a tender wild-rose dye
Above the larches;
And watched the crimson sunset burn
Behind the Summer plumes of fern
In woodland arches.

My little woman, gone away
To that far land which knows, they say,
No more sun-setting;
I wonder if her gentle soul,
Securely resting at the goal,
Has learnt forgetting?

My heart wakes up, and cries in vain;
She gave me love, I gave her pain
While she was living;
I knew not when her spirit fled,
But those who stood beside her said
She died forgiving.

My dove has found a better rest,
And yet I love the empty nest
She left neglected;
I tread the very path she trod,
And ask,—in her new home with God
Am I expected?

If it were but the Father's will
To let me know she loves me still,
This aching sorrow
Would turn to hope, and I could say,
Perchance she whispers day by day,
"He comes to-morrow."

I linger in the silent lane,
And high above the clover plain
The clouds are riven;
Across the fields she used to know
The light breaks, and the wind sighs low,
"Loved and forgiven."

Trials of a Twin.

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached a fearful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed,
And thus, you see, by fate's decree,
Or rather nurse's whim,
My brother John got christened me,
And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness ever dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged,
When John turned out a fool.
I put this question fruitlessly,
To every one I knew,
"What would you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were you."

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of my domestic life,
For somehow, my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In fact, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on,
And when I did, the neighbors came
And buried brother John.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 31, 1880.

The City is depopulated of politicians this morning, and interest centres in Convention reports, which are eagerly waited for by the friends of the various candidates. Congress has ceased to be the leading political attraction, and there are many doubts expressed as to the ability of those Congressmen who remain to do business for want of a quorum. Not only Republicans have left for Chicago, but many Democrats have gone home to lay the wires for a renomination. But suppose there is a bare quorum left here, it will then be in the power of a few men to leave Congress without a quorum, and one man, if so disposed, can stop business by raising the question of "no quorum." At all events little will be done, either of business or mischief. Congress may as well adjourn this week, have a good rest, and when the Republicans return from Chicago, go at business with a vim, and adjourn by the 15th of June. Even adjournment on that day will be unusually early, for on Presidential years Congress usually remains in session until July or August.

On Friday the Senate took up Senator Eaton's bill providing for a Commission to revise the tariff. This bill provides that a commission of citizens be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, who shall take the whole subject under consideration and report to Congress at the next session the result of their deliberations. Senator Thurman spoke in favor of the Garland bill, and offered it as a substitute. He seems to think that Congress ought not to give over the entire control of this matter to the President, but a Commission of three Senators, three Representatives and five citizens

should be appointed, the citizens by the President and the Congressmen and Senators by the two Houses. This plan gains in favor, and today the Senate will probably vote to adopt it. During the debate Senator Beck made a fierce speech in denunciation of all tariff laws, and drew a vivid picture of the ruin, which, in his estimation, threatens the country on account of them. In the House quite a contest was made over a Democratic amendment to the Sundry civil bill, on Friday, appropriating \$650,000 for the Marshals, with a proviso that none of the money should be paid for services rendered in enforcing election laws. The Republicans fought this attempt to nullify the election laws bravely, but were overpowered and the amendment was adopted. This appropriation is for services to be rendered after next July. No appropriation has yet been made for the year now ending.

Decoration day was observed here on Saturday. The Departments were closed, and business suspended. The Soldiers' graves at Arlington and elsewhere were handsomely decorated by the Grand Army of the Republic, and also by our citizens. MAXWELL.

Communicated. Wayside Impressions.

Mr. Editor: While sojourning here for a few days, permit me the indulgence of a habit which I have, of making newspaper notes and observations, even though they may appear but commonplace beside the more pungent paragraphs which make up your local columns.

Hammonton, though not, perhaps, notable as a summer resort, has at least a two fold attraction for me: first, as being the home of some highly valued friends, whose hospitality has been without limit, and secondly, because I find its climate and atmospheric conditions highly conducive to physical recuperation. Though arriving at a time, last week, when it seemed as if mine host and thermometer were each striving to excel the other in the warmth of my reception, the latter has moderated to a comfortable average, and we have, by the unremitting attentions of the former, enjoyed a most agreeable and healthful respite from our accustomed cares and avocations.

As I am writing these notes for the local paper, it would, of course, be stale information to speak of the agricultural resources of the place, especially so, as I happen to know little or nothing about them. I may, however, modestly assume to know something of the use of the farm and garden, having since my arrival here given three object lessons or illustrations daily, in presence of one of the best Judges of the place, who, with the kindly assistance of his associate, has in generous measure provided the requisite material. I will here parenthetically say that it will give me the greatest pleasure to spend a few days or weeks in any thriving farmer's family, for the practical elucidation of my theory of demand and supply, the only remuneration required being a participation in the produce, as they are prepared for, and served up on the table, preferences of course being given to parties owning good horses and carriages to aid appetite and digestion, by free open air exercise.

It may be well to mention that this is not my first visit to Hammonton, and yet it has been the most prolonged and agreeable. I use the words prolonged and agreeable in the first person, singular, without consulting other interested parties, who might demur. Hammonton has improved beyond my expectations. It is getting to be something more than a "half way station" between the city and the sea. It is becoming a city of itself—a "city of magnificent distance," and promises a future of thrift and enterprise. In charge of an efficient reinsman, and one of Hammonton's early pioneers, I have surveyed its broad acres, its fruitful fields and vineyards only to find my ideas confirmed, that it is eminently worthy of more attention than it has received, as a point for capital and labor to secure a handsome reward. I have not time for drawing parallels between New England and Jersey farming, but am quite convinced that an equal investment of money and muscle will yield better interest here.

Since my former visit to this place I find additional, and I presume, competitive railroad facilities are in operation, all no doubt for the benefit of those who are helped by the enterprise. I am quite disposed to congratulate the wayside towns as well as the terminal cities for this double track from Philadelphia to Atlantic City, even though one is the "narrow way." However, "you pays your money and takes your choice." In a sanitary point of view I can most cheerfully commend Hammonton to the average invalid as health seeker. While the atmosphere is gratefully soothing and soconative to the nervously affected, it does not enervate or debilitate, but on the contrary, from experimental knowledge, I believe it to be decidedly invigorating.

Society and social life is apparently receiving due consideration. With proper deference and regard to the seniors, we notice the junior element is stepping to the front with the various instrumentalities for mutual improvement, notably that of musical culture. This is praiseworthy and should only be one of several other branches of knowledge to receive attention. Variety is really the spice of life.

It was my good fortune to be present at the closing performance of Pinafore. Of course I had seen this operatic extravaganza before, had heard about it frequently, and was defensively prepared to tolerate a new hearing if necessary. I was notified that the performers were amateurs, and that there was no regular appointed operatic stage in town, with the required scenic conveniences. We had, under the circumstances, made up our mind to forgive and overlook any shortcomings noticeable, but upon careful examination failed to find any. The whole thing was a fine success, and we ceased to wonder that it required a half dozen repetitions to satisfy the people. The orchestra would do credit to a position of three times their pretension, so promptly and effectually did they fill the bill. The soloists were exceedingly good, and well deserved the frequent recalls extended them. The choruses were well rendered with timely action and movement. When all did so well, it would be unjust to individualise or discriminate, and yet we can hardly resist mentioning how pleasingly Little Butter—no we won't, as some one in the Editor's family may think it personal, and the Captain's Daughter might regard our hearing and eyesight as defective. The boys and girls may well be congratulated upon their good acting and vocalization, and Hammonton as having so excellent a variety of home talent. G. H. L.

Communicated. The Newspaper we Like.

First: With good, flexible, white paper and clean cut type. The next thing to a clean bed with sheeting that will hold together till the next morning, is a clean and clear newspaper that will not go to pieces before you get to the advertisements. What a pleasure to sit down and read such a paper! Why it does you good just to look at it. Poor reading goes down the better with such a get-up; it's like eating plain food from snow-white-cloth and clean dishes. But blurred print, that makes your eyes swim and dance; and yellow, rotten paper, broken and bleared at every fold and seeming to say, "don't touch me, I can't stand it," is enough to make us forget pay-day and to believe there are many "devils" in the printer's house. Don't send us such a paper, Mr. Editor; it may cause us to fall from grace, and you to hear from us what will make you afraid to meet us in the dark.

Second: That has an editor. One who has a mind, and a mind to say what he thinks. Who can and will express himself. We don't like an editor who is all scissors and paste, who only clips and reprints. He is no editor at all. He is a thief and a cheat. We want an editor that does some thinking for us; that puts in a grit and grinds it out. We want to see him in his paper, and we want to know his sentiments, honestly and fearlessly expressed. Always say something, Mr. Editor, we will commend you for saying, if we don't approve of what you say. We might be induced to ride a jackass to church on Sunday, but we positively decline to look that editor in the face who dare not say his soul is his own.

Third: That tells us what there is to be told without going around Robin Hood's barn, and exhausting the English vocabulary. We want things short and crisp. We don't want a paper that talks a long time before it says anything. We don't want to go hunting for a needle in a haystack. We want the news and facts right straight. Don't take us through a long and trashy labyrinth of words. Come to the point, and out with it. We must have the newspaper, but we have something else to do besides reading it, and we don't like long, drawn out articles and more than a two hours sermon on an August afternoon.

Fourth: With some variety. We don't want all politics, and crime records. We are interested in politics and it makes good sauce for a paper, but too much of it is as abhorrent as sand-ticks and bed-bugs. We are interested to know how the world wags morally, but we like something else than the horrible recitals of bloody murders, dog fights and saloon brawls. Give us *Mulian in Parvo*. We want something about books, agriculture, etc., and a little fun thrown in.

Fifth: We want it for ourselves—one that we have earned or paid for. We would as soon borrow another man's wife to do our washing as to borrow his paper. And to take one, and not pay for it, unless the proprietor agrees to donate it, we couldn't think of doing, lest "devils" should haunt us day and night. H.

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

In Forney's Progress of May 15th, a writer gives some historical items of the City of Philadelphia, particularly of that portion known as Penn's Square. The article is full of interest, bearing upon the growth of the city, and the tide of business westward, the new structure on what was Penn's Square, and the wonderful change in the last hundred years. In concluding the letter the writer thus alludes to John Wanamaker's Grand Depot, and its contrast with business of seventy years ago. It is romance and reality:

Southeast of the great square is another suggestive panel in the panoramas of the puissant present: John Wanamaker's Grand Depot. In

the centre you have the palace of the modern municipality; in the northwest corner the gigantic hotel in process of construction by corporate sagacity; in the southeast the startling monument of individual daring and confidence. These tripartite fruits of the age are not often typified in so small a space. Art in railroads, art in architecture, art in trade, are rarely so signally symbolized. In John Wanamaker's example you have the ease that springs from system, the comfort that comes from order, the labor wrought by machinery, the tremendous rewards of mathematical accuracy. Science is the parent of a thousand blessings, and nothing that proceeds from science is more sublime and all-conquering than the matchless success in the increase of human happiness and the diminution of human toil. In that success Mr. Wanamaker's Grand Depot is a great scheme. Seventy years ago the Conestoga wagons, on their way to Pittsburgh along the great pike, travelled half a century before the Cumberland road was opened by the General Government; and when that noble highway was the chief path to what was the Great West, limited by the Ohio River, these same Conestoga wagons stopped in Centre Square, opposite the spot now filled by John Wanamaker's caravansers. A white canvas was stretched, like a great tarpauling, over the bows of the wagons to protect the goods inside from inclement weather. And not unfrequently a wife and children made part of the cargo. The wagons carried all the dry goods to the frontiers, the groceries and the household utensils, and it was a long, long journey. Well do I remember them in my native town as they passed along the dusty streets in summer and ground their way through the frozen streets in winter, every horse jingling his coronal of bells, the long whip of the stalwart driver making the air echo with his rapid explosions. How different from the contents of the great trains now sent out from John Wanamaker's packed depot every day, every train taking ten times more and carrying it twenty times more rapidly than these rude wagons made fifty years ago! In the olden time nothing was sent but what was necessary. Luxuries were as scarce as ice or ice cream. Now the bulk of Mr. Wanamaker's trade are the luxuries of life. Food is made where it grows; clothing is the product of the earth and the skill of the hands. Man lives rather to enjoy than to work out life, and the business of pleasure enriches thousands.

I can imagine how one of these "Wagoners of the Alleghenies" would stare if carried for the first time through the glittering stations of John Wanamaker's Grand Depot. To him, all unused to riches that

"Outshine the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers Bactrian pearl and gold."
such a profusion—of odd, unknown, and fragile conceits; such preparations for ornament; such surprises of taste and skill; such delicacies for the rich and such comforts for the poor, would seem a stage of parody of a period when linsey wouley was the wear of the women, corduroy the wear of the men; chip bonnets the headgear of the one, and wool-bats the covering of the other; when they had roasted rye for coffee, molasses for sugar, pine knots for candles, organs for the feet, whiskey for wine, rag carpets for the floor, the fiddle for the ball, a log cabin for a church, and a rickety shanty for a school-house, with a female teacher employed for a few pennies a day from each of the scholars. Well does the poet of Centre Square, of 1828, exclaim, with rustic sincerity:
"Alas! His sad, with every changing year,
To see our ancient landmarks disappear."

State Items.

The Cumberland Nail and Iron Works, at Bridgeton, are not in operation.

Robbing blind men has become one of the pastimes of thieves in Salem county.

The pier at Steamboat Landing is nearly complete but the new iron pier at Cape May will not be built this year.

The firemen of Salem will celebrate the Fourth of July by a parade. The Chester, Pa., firemen have been invited to join them.

Boats from New York to the Long Branch pier will begin regular trips on June 15.

On Friday William Van Vleet, a Jersey City contractor, doing work at Ocean Park, was drowned while bathing in the Ocean.

Vineland Journal: Last year one million, three hundred and thirty-eight thousand cigars were manufactured in Cumberland county.

Two prisoners who overpowered the Warden and attempted an escape at Paterson, N. J., were baffled by the bravery and physical strength of the Warden's wife and her sister.

Princeton College has adjourned the term on account of malarial and typhoid fever among the students. Forty cases were reported, and three deaths and one suicide rendered the adjournment a necessity.

The men engaged in tearing down the old Barnes homestead in Phillipsburg, found last week a Spanish twenty-five cent piece bearing the date of 1773, and a U. S. cent or 1820.

The gross earnings of the New Jersey Central Railroad for April were \$350,000 in excess of those for the corresponding month of 1879 and it is estimated that the gross earnings for June will reach \$1,250,000. The stock has been in active demand during the past few days.

The Board of Freeholders of Warren county as if to array themselves against the newspapers of that county, for bringing the ring-thieves to justice, offered them \$25 each for printing the county's statement. As this will not pay for putting it in type their generous offer has been refused.

The township of Landis pays one-fifth of the entire tax raised in Cumberland county, yet the people of that township, through the parsimonious action of the Board of Freeholders, are not permitted to see how the money goes, because the board refuses to have the county collector's report printed in the Vineland papers.

John Knox, conductor of a freight train on the Central New Jersey Railroad, was standing on the top of a box car on Friday afternoon when he was struck by the New Branch bridge at Long Branch, and killed instantly.

General News.

Leadville is in a state of siege, by reason of striking miners.

Ben Butler is willing to run for President on the Greenback platform.

Prince Leopold, of England, is touring it in this country.

Travellers are now carried direct to the crater of Mount Vesuvius by rail.

There is a Boston Bible class with a teacher on a salary of \$1,000 a year.

Kentucky proposes to turn out ten millions of gallons of whiskey this year.

There are now 97,000 miles of submarine telegraph cable in working order.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is said to have \$3,500,000 cash in hand. After paying the dividends \$1,500,000 will remain.

Russian farmers estimate their losses this season from the ravages of the corn-beetle, at from twenty to thirty millions.

Plymouth Rock, or its remains, has been removed to a new position to make way for modern improvements.

Decoration Day was observed in New York in a most imposing manner. The programme was the most elaborate yet prepared, and the procession and ceremonies were notable.

Fifteen persons died from sunstroke in New York on Thursday of last week, and thirty-three were prostrated by the heat. The thermometer reached 96°, something never before recorded in May.

A party of New Yorkers sailing off Gardiner's Island were attacked the other day by a band of six pirates, who were frightened away by drawn revolvers.

A Russian inventor and engineer claims to have found a substitute for the wheel and screw of steamers; the motion is to be transmitted through compressible blades.

The Fall River corporations have long enforced a rule by which employes, who left without giving ten days' notice, forfeited ten days' pay. The legality of this is now to be tested by a lawsuit.

The receipts of grain in Chicago, for the past week, reached the enormous total of 5,828,360 bushels, including 4,031,850 bushels of corn. This is the largest weekly receipt of grain on record in that city.

There were coined at the Mint in Philadelphia during May; coins to the value of \$3,378,900. Of this sum there was in gold \$2,242,700, in silver \$1,100,000, and in base coin \$34,100.

A telegram has been received from Montreal stating that John W. Hull, who some time ago swindled Mrs. Stone, of Philadelphia, of \$5,000, had been arrested there with \$4,500 of the stolen money in his possession.

Ex-Senator Gordon is the third man who ever resigned a seat in the United States Senate. The other two were Henry Clay, in 1842, and Mr. Caldwell, of Kansas, in 1873.

In ten years Germany has spent the one thousand millions wrong from France as war indemnity, in augmenting the German army and preparing for war contingencies. Thirty millions have been accumulated as a reserve war fund.

Solomon Welles, of Weathersfield, Conn., was graduated from Yale College in 1739. His son, Roger Welles, was graduated in 1775; his grandson, Martin Welles, in 1806; his great-grandson, Roger Welles, in 1854; and his great-great-grandson, Martin Welles, is now a member of the class of 1882.

He was shorter than she, and when he reached up to kiss her, a ribbon blew up and covered her mouth, and kissed that. He said it seemed to put her miles and miles away from him. A ribbon is not very thick, but, without doubt, it strains a good deal of the oriental essence of bliss out of a kiss.—Sunday Times.

Olden Days.
Long years have passed, dear brother Joe,
since you and I were young.
When the old days had played
their part in the world,
and the hearts were full of childish joys,
and we were a thought of care.
Fond memory loves to wander still to joyous
hours that were.
Then children dressed in plain attire, nor put
on grown-up airs,
And reverenced the Sabbath day as one of
love and prayer;
No prizes heaped upon the head lest boldness
to the back,
No prances during shapeless form made
monstrous of grace,
Our fathers were not governors, nor mothers
the old woman,
To toil and drudge for children free—forgetful
they were human.
There's little left of old times, save nature's
modest mien;
Down by the brook, where we played,
There's a green grassy
As when we, barefoot, waded in the shining
sands among,
While o'er the waters cool and dark their
quivering shadows hung.
The locust blossoms, the air the same
as of old,
And on the Sabbath morn I hear the same
old church bell ring.
I questioned of the dear old man, to whom
was wisdom given
To guide his flock into the fold. They said:
"He rests in heaven."
Another form now fills his place, one not un-
known to fame,
They tell me he is learned and wise, but old
he's not the same.
I went and listened to yesternorn his scientific
And heard the swelling organ tones at close
of half-hour preaching.
My glance took in the enhanced pew, the
lustrous congregation,
And thought sped o'er a lapse of years, when
I sat in the same
When old and young in rapture joined to
swell the hymn of praise,
And, all unbidden, dropped a tear in memory
of old days!
The rosy morn, the moonlight's flush; might
sahers in terror.
—Detroit Free Press.

BESIEGED BY UTES.

The long ranges of the western sun
and tipped the fast away, money cars
of the lance, twenty miles to the east,
and the gloomy shadows were begin-
ning to creep from the canons and
into the empty, the ragged sides
of the great mountains, sweeping about
them as with kindly cloaks.
All along the Hillman had lain
hidden in the nest—a bit of rock, a hun-
dred feet above the surrounding timber,
and watched the Utes, and the
wolves, and the bears, and the
mountain lions, and the
should come upon us unawares,
and slay us at our work.
The young Jim McCarthy had sat
at the pit-mouth, rifle in hand, while
Charlie Murnan, Jack Scott and I had
delivered battle with our gang of
"cut-throats," and the Utes were
ready to begin, and opening more
we'll be back but not to rise again.
He passed suddenly, his bronzed face
blanching with sudden emotion.
From above, a new sound came to
our ears—a wild, blood-curling yell,
shrill war-whoops, and the sound of
rushing feet, mingled with rifle-shots.
And the same instant the rattle of the
bucket-chain above caused us to shrink
against the side of the shaft and gaze
quickly upward. The bucket was
coming for us, but to no use. There was
no one above to hold the crank!
With a heavy clang, the iron chain
ran home from the shaft, and the
metal pulley swung from side to side, as
it shot downward toward us. It was
our only chance, and we were
We shuddered, then crowded into the
narrow mouth of the drift, lest we
should be struck by the bucket as it
passed. We were all crouching, and
denly grasped my arm and pointed up-
ward with a cry.
Twenty feet above the bucket and
clinking to the chain, with face white
as a corpse, and eyes almost bursting
from their sockets, there hung a man—
our comrade, Jim, shooting downward
to death!
For one brief instant this horrible
sight flashed before me—for a single
thought's space only—then the bucket
upon us; then came a sudden shock,
a dull roar, a wild, despairing shriek,
and the bucket was hurled down
with a crash, and the earth within the
mouth of the drift.
As we did so, poor Jim groaned a lit-

tle, and the blood trickled in slow,
bit drops from his lips as he strove
to speak.
We went to listen.
"I'm—I'm—surprised—surprised—
all the while—surprised—surprised—
to—escape—but—hurled me down! A
hundred feet—"
His voice broke, then came a long,
sighing moan, a quiver of the suffering
frame, the shadow of a great weep,
and Jim was at rest.
"Now, boys," said Jack, "my plan is
this: That we barricade the drift right
here, and fight the cusses at this point.
We can retreat to the lower level, if
needful; but this air is better than that
below, an' 'f I've got to pass in my
clothes, I want a mortal coil 'n' a
sad anniversary in my eyes. What
d'ye say?"
"We both agreed, and then, with hur-
rying hands, began to throw up such
a barricade as could be made of loose tim-
ber, ore and earth; but ere the work
was completed, a distant clang told
us that the bucket was down and our
enemies approaching. Then we paused,
and each man watching, we waited by
our rifles, and the dragging of the
"For a little time all was silence, and
the sharpest ear strained to note
the faintest sound. Then, a low rumble
of the stir of the hidden snags, could dis-
cern a sound; but at length I became
conscious of a distant noise—a dull-rub-
bing sound, and the bucket, with a
heavy body along the floor, which drew
more and more distinct, until at last
it came to rest, and I saw the
I touched the arms of my companions.
The sound was clear now; it was the
slow shuffling of our moss-covered en-
emies toward us.
"It was almost dark, deep in the earth
where we stood, but the circle of blue
light by the rising moon shone pure as
silver, and the Utes, as they came, were
fined against this heavenly background
the great chain hung like a gigantic
sword, while upon it, and slowly
working their way downward, I
discovered four dark figures. Already
our enemies were coming
each man, and pointed
upward. Even in the gloaming, I could
see the savage joy that lit their fea-
tures, and Charlie's rifle sprang to his
shoulder as mine had done, but Jack
dragged it down, and as the sliding
figures drew nearer and nearer, he
reared toward us, and lashed in our
ears.
"Save your balls—y'll need 'em. This
is best."
And with his long hunting-knife he
made a sudden heavy lunge forward,
then pressed backward against the wall,
and the Utes, as they came, were
ous writhing of the lead upon the
pendant chain, a gust of something
warm upon my hands; then a heavy
gurgling of the running liquid, and sil-
ence.
"One!" said old Jack, and lunged
again.
Again the gasping whistles, the rush
of blood, and the dull, sickening thud
of the bucket.
"Two!" whispered the old man.
"My heart grew faint—this was murder."
"For God's sake," I muttered, my
hand upon my companion's arm, "stop!
This is horrible!"
"I'm not a murderer," said the figure above, as
to measure his distance, shook his arm
free, and answered me in a whisper:
"We must kill or be killed."
"Another figure, silent and deadly as
those before it—another leaden plunge
of the bucket and quivering mass to the
earth—another gurgling of the
Charlie stepped to my side, his own
blade glimmering cold in the starlight.
"It's better than our rifles," he mut-
tered; "and they must die! It is our
only hope."
And he crouched at the side of old
Jack, awaiting the coming of the fourth
and last Indian.
My humanity shuddered, but I knew
that they were right.
Nearer and nearer the last victim
drew. Link by link he dropped into
the silent grave that yawned to receive
him—link by link until his feet were
level with our faces—when, for an in-
stant, he paused, and bent to peer into
the blackness beneath him, with a
gust of curiosity.
"As he did so a sudden gleam lit
the night-air above a lurid glare; wild,
hoarse shouts were wafted to our ears,
and the crackling of burning timber
from our camp had fired by the
wretches.
The same red light fell, too, into the
silent shaft as the night breeze, and
the flames across my vision, disclosing
to the motionless eye hanging upon the
chain in a single glance the horrible
pit into which he had fallen!
At the sight there rang one terror-
stricken whoop—one only—then three
pairs of iron hands dragged the wretch
down, three knives gleamed as they
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"Save your balls—y'll need 'em. This
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And with his long hunting-knife he
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"I'm not a murderer," said the figure above, as
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And he crouched at the side of old
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My humanity shuddered, but I knew
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Nearer and nearer the last victim
drew. Link by link he dropped into
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The same red light fell, too, into the
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the flames across my vision, disclosing
to the motionless eye hanging upon the
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waited, and about sun-up these fellows
looked in, and hoisted us both out.
And I was glad to see the top of the
world, now I tell you, my dear old
father, what a sight it is!
Old Jack coughed.
The sunlight glittered through the
tall pines just as it did twenty-four
hours before, and the faraway peaks
were as bright as when my comrades
were at my side, but a purple haze
covered everything now, and my eyes
were still shadowed with the horrors
of what had passed; and though I live
to be an old man, one moment of my
never efface, and the night will ever be
a sad anniversary in my eyes—the
night of our terrible fight in the level
of the "Good Luck" mine.
"Love in Pa's flat."
Mr. M. was a retired manufacturer
and possessed of considerable fortune.
He also had a daughter, nineteen years
of age, of great personal attractions.
What wonder, then, that she should
be so much loved by her father?
But quicker than you tried to gain her
affections? But "papa" M. took
very good care to guard her from the
pupil of his eyes, and many were the un-
happy mortals who left his hospitable
table never to return.
Yes, and the night of the right one
comes, and I approve."
But the right one had come long ago,
only that she was not the daughter of
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SUNDAY MORNING TRAIN!

FROM
HAMMONTON
TO
PHILADELPHIA,

Sunday, April 25th,

and every
Sunday thereafter,
until further notice, a train will leave

Hammonton
FOR
Philadelphia

7:45 A. M.

And in returning will leave

VINE STREET WHARF,
Philadelphia

FOR
Hammonton

5:00 P. M.,

Stopping both ways at all stations and platforms.

London Nursery.

JAPANESE PERSIMMON TREES 4 ft. to 6 ft. in 12 choicest kinds. Dried specimens fruits received last season from a Japanese world when fresh from the tree, have weighed 16 ozs. with the flavor of a rich Smyrna fig.

Should these, like the superb and Superb evergreens introduced from Japan, prove hardy as authorities have already pronounced them to be, we may look forward in this instance to an acquisition of the highest commercial importance in a fruit and tree of great magnificence.

NEW PEAR.

Triomphe de Lyons, a late variety whose fruit is the largest known.

Also large general stock of fruit, shade, rare evergreens, shrubs, hedges, budding, and greenhouse plants, all of which will be sold at about half price by

J. BUTTERTON,
Hammonton, N. J.

A. L. HARTWELL,

Architect and Builder

PLANS, SPECIFICATIONS, DETAILS,
BILLS OF MATERIALS, COSTS, &c.,

Furnished at short notice.

Parties who contemplate building are invited to call and examine plans which are kept on hand as samples of work and arrangement of different styles of building

Office and Shop opposite R. R. Station
HAMMONTON, N. J.

WM. BERNSHOUSE,

Contractor and Builder,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Doors, Sash, Blinds,
Shutters, Mouldings, Window-Frames,
Brackets, Lattice Stair Railing, Ballusters and Newel
Posts, Lino, Calced Plaster, Land
Plaster, Plastering Hair, Cement,
Bricks, Building Stone,
&c., &c., &c.

BUILDING LUMBER OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Cedar Shingles

at the lowest market rates.

20 qt. Berry Cakes filled with
Nestle's furnished at
3¢ each.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Just Arrived

AT

PACKER'S

A general assortment of Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Nuts, Confections, &c., consisting of Choice Eating Apples, Messina Oranges and Lemons, Choice Figs, Bananas, Chocolate Creams, Chocolate and Vanilla Caramels, Cough Lozenges, Horsebalm, Lemon and Acid Drops, Fine Almonds, Imperial Mixtures, &c. Moussees Candy a Specialty.

DYSPEPTICS, TAKE NOTICE! CANTRELL'S ANTI-DYSPEPTIC POWDER

Will cure all cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency, Heartburn, Sick Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, etc., etc. To be had of all Druggists, and at the Depot, 1000 S. SECOND St., Phila., Pa.



"DON'T YOU DO IT!"

Don't part with your money until you know the truth. Interested parties are spreading the reports that MR. JOHN WANAMAKER is not interested in the old and famous OAK HALL Clothing business and does not personally direct its affairs.

Nothing could be more Untrue!

Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER has precisely the same relations to Oak Hall as in the past.

WANAMAKER & BROWN is what it has been ever since Mr. Brown died, 12 years ago.

Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER personally watches over the faithful preparation of the stock of MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, and the conducting of the store. Nothing is allowed to pass his eye that is not straightforward and true to the interest of those who have patronized the house for 19 years and depend on its reliability.

From all appearances the year 1880 is to be the largest in sales ever known.

The READYMADE Department is Better Stocked
The BOYS' Department is Better Stocked!!
The CUSTOM Department is Better Stocked!!!
The SHIRT Department is Better Stocked!!!!

All this will be apparent on FIRST SIGHT!
Please call whenever you can and look through this BEEHIVE of a Building, so busy with its Hundreds of Workpeople and Customers. Do not forget that Clothing of the W. & B. make will stand better service than any other that can be got and that it does not cost any more (if as much) as other makes.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL, SIXTH AND MARKET STREETS.
THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA,
PHILADELPHIA.



PIONEER STUMP PULLER

Having reserved the right to manufacture and sell this Favorite Machine in the counties of Camden, Burlington, Ocean, Atlantic and Cape May, I hereby give notice that I am prepared to fill orders at following rates:

NO. 1 MACHINE, \$65.00.
NO. 2 " " " 55.00.

These Machines are Warranted to be the BEST in the market

For particulars send for circular.
G. W. PRESSEY,
Hammonton, N. J. Inventor & Manuf.

PIANOS & ORGANS!

If you want to purchase a first class PIANO or ORGAN, send your address on a postal card to
J. T. SEELY,
Hammonton, N. J.

Old instruments taken in exchange. Special inducements offered to Churches and Schools.

GERRY VALENTINE,

COMMISSIONER

To take acknowledgment and proof of Decrees.

Hammonton, N. J.

Subscribe for the S. J. REPUBLICAN

ATTENTION

is called to the fact that
C. STEELMAN,

Merchant Tailor, will be in Hammonton on Friday of each week to receive orders for clothing. He would also give

NOTICE

that he will be prepared to cut suits for men and boys. Cleaning, Repairing and Dyeing promptly attended to.

For Rooms at the Hammonton House.

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of Dr. J. C. WELLS' CELEBRATED ESSAY on the Radical Cure (without medicine) of Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impairments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the disastrous consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address post-paid on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps.

Address the Publishers,
The Culverwell Medical Co.

41 Ann Street New York; Post Office Box 4588

DR. H. J. DOUCET MAY BE consulted at his office, 1203 GREEN STREET, Philadelphia, Pa., or by letter, on all Chronic Diseases of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Nervous Debility, Epilepsy, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Blood, Eruptions, Tetor, Syphilis, etc. Flatulas, Piles and Cancer cured without the use of the knife. The treatment is bloodless, painless and successful. 32. T. y.

Insurance.

CUMBERLAND MUTUAL Fire Insurance Company, BRIDGETON, N. J.

Conducted on strictly mutual principles, offering a perfectly safe insurance for just what it may cost to pay losses and expenses. The proportion of loss to the amount insured being very small, and expenses much less than usually had, nothing can be offered more favorable to the insured. The cost being about ten cents on the hundred dollars per year to the insured on ordinary risks, and from fifteen to twenty-five cents per year on hazardous properties, which is less than one third of the lowest rates charged by stock companies, on such risks—the other two thirds taken by stock companies being a profit accruing to stockholders, or consumed in expenses of the companies.

The guarantee fund of premium notes being now Three Millions of Dollars.

If an assessment had to be made of five per cent. only, twice within the ten years for which the policy is issued, it would yet be cheaper to the members than any other insurance offered. And that large amount of money is saved to the members and kept at home. No assessment having ever been made, being now more than thirty years, that saving would amount to more than

One Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars

The Losses by Lightning.

Where the property is not set on fire, being less than one cent per year to each member, are paid without extra charge, and extended so as to cover all policies that are issued and outstanding.

BENJAMIN SHEPPARD, President.

HENRY B. LUPTON, Secretary.

AGENTS & SURVEYORS.

GEO. W. PRESSEY, Hammonton, N. J.
GEO. W. SAWYER, Tuckerton, N. J.
A. L. ISZARD, May Landing, N. J.

MILLVILLE Mutual Marine and Fire INSURANCE CO. Millville, N. J.

Assets January 1st, 1880

PREMIUM NOTES, \$808,240 00.

CASH ASSETS, 156,478 83.

TOTAL ASSETS, \$964,718 83.

LIABILITIES, including re insurance reserve, \$117,935 77.

Insurance effected on Farm Buildings and other property against loss by

Fire and Lightning,
at lowest rates for one, three or ten years.

VESSELS, Cargoes and Freights, written on liberal form of policies, without restrictions as to port-usage, or registered tonnage

—LOSSES—
Promptly Adjusted and Paid.

N. STRATTON, President.

F. L. MULFORD, Sec'y

H. E. BOWLEN, N. D., Agent.

HAMMONTON, N. J.

A. F. ALBRECHT,
MOSH WOLFFSTEIN,

THE

Albrecht Pianos,

ARE UNSURPASSED.

The Leading Philadelphia Make.



Prices greatly Reduced

Our beautiful new "Illustrated Catalogue and Price List" mailed free on application.

ALBRECHT & Co.,

Warerooms, 610 Arch St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

TURKISH, RUSSIAN

—AND OTHER—

BATHS,

No 25 S. Tenth S.,

Philadelphia.

WM. A. ELVINS, Prop'r

M. L. JACKSON

IS SELLING



FRESH BEEF,
MUTTON, VEAL & PORK.
Cured Beef, Sugar-Cured Hams,
Lard, Salt Pork, &c.
Also,
YORK STATE BUTTER
(Older, a Pure Older Vinegar)

CONSTANTLY ON HAND. ALSO

Vegetables in Season.

Our wagon runs through the town on Wednesdays and Saturdays

Railroads.

Camden & Atlantic R. R.

Spring Arrangement.

DOWN TRAINS.

Stations.	H.	A.	A.	M.	P.	S.	A.
Philadelphia.....	6 00			8 00			8 00
Cooper's Point.....	6 12	4 25		8 10	3 45		8 10
Penn. R. R. Junc.....	6 18	4 31		8 15			8 15
Haddonfield.....	6 30	4 42		8 26	4 15		8 27
Ashland.....	6 44	4 48		8 32	4 26		8 33
Kirkwood.....	6 50	4 53		8 37	4 40		8 38
Berlin.....	7 03	5 04		8 48	5 05		8 49
Atco.....	7 14	5 15		8 54	5 25		8 55
Waterford.....	7 28	5 24		9 03	5 45		9 03
Acerra.....	7 28	5 20		9 08	5 52		9 07
Winslow Junc.....	7 34	5 35		9 13	6 20		9 12
Hammonton.....	7 40	5 42		9 20	7 05		9 19
Da Costa.....	5 47			9 24	7 15		9 23
Elwood.....	5 56			9 33	7 46		9 33
Egg Harbor.....	6 06			9 43	8 33		9 42
Pomona.....	6 17			9 53	8 55		9 52
Absecon.....	6 27	10 03		10 20	10 02		10 02
Atlantic.....	6 40	10 16		10 40	10 15		10 15
May's Landing.....	6 25	10 02					

UP TRAINS.

Stations.	H.	A.	A.	M.	P.	S.	A.
Philadelphia.....	7 50	9 20		6 05			6 20
Cooper's Point.....	7 40	9 12		5 57	4 00		6 10
Penn. R. R. Junc.....	7 34	9 05		5 52			6 05
Haddonfield.....	7 18	8 58		5 42	3 30		5 54
Ashland.....	7 05	8 52		5 35	3 12		5 47
Kirkwood.....	6 50	8 35		5 21	3 05		5 43
Berlin.....	6 43	8 25		5 15	2 50		5 32
Atco.....	6 35	8 19		5 07	2 40		5 18
Waterford.....	6 29	8 13		5 01	2 33		5 13
Acerra.....	6 24	8 08		4 50	2 25		5 08
Winslow Junc.....	6 15	8 00		4 42	2 16		5 01
Hammonton.....	6 15	8 00		4 42	2 16		5 01
Da Costa.....	7 55	4 36		12 52	4 46		4 56
Elwood.....	7 46	4 27		12 40	4 46		4 56
Egg Harbor.....	7 36	4 15		12 15	4 39		4 49
Pomona.....	7 25	4 04		11 56	4 29		4 39
Absecon.....	7 14	3 54		11 31	4 19		4 29
Atlantic.....	7 00	3 40		11 00	4 05		4 15
May's Landing.....	7 15	3 52					

Hammonton Sunday Accommodation leaves Hammonton at 7:45 a. m., arriving at Philadelphia 9:20 a. m. returning leaves Philadelphia at 5:00 p. m., reaching Hammonton at 6:32.

MUST!

Above product, our "specialty," is the pure unfermented juice of the grape as it leaves the press, and equivalent to this delicious fruit in liquid form. Possessing no alcoholic properties, it is invaluable to Invalids, Temperance people and Churches for Sacramental purposes. "Our MUST must not be mistaken for other so-called unfermented wines, as it is not boiled and hermetically sealed to keep it from spoiling. The only "Process" resorted to by us is to permanently stop fermentation, which naturally must result in the juice remaining as it grew.

The undersigned are now disposing of their new stock prepared from their last grape crop, and warrant that it will keep without special care.

PRICE

Per case of one doz. bottles \$6.00

Per gallon 3.00.

Orders should be sent direct to

William & J. Henry Wolsieffer,

Chestnut Grove Vineyards,

Egg Harbor City

Atlantic County, N. J.

Terms, C. O. D.

Dr. Abel Fatchild,

—DENTIST.—

Office over the store of H. M. Trowbridge.

EXTRACTING AND FILLING TEETH, A SPECIALTY.

Children's Teeth Regularly and Examination FREE.

Prices to suit the times.

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To Inventors & Manufacturers.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

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Solicitors of Patents & Attorneys at Law.

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