

# South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.

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VOL. 24.

HAMMONTON, N. J., JULY 10, 1886.

NO. 28.

## THE WALMER HOUSE,

Central Avenue, Hammonton, N. J.

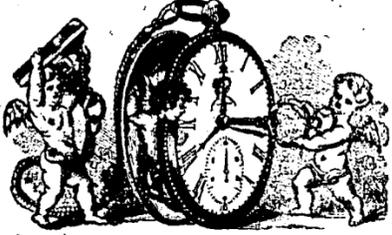
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WALMER HOUSE,  
(Lock-Box 75) Hammonton, Atlantic County, New Jersey.

## A New Jewelry Store in Cochran's Building,

### CARL M. COOK,

Of Philadelphia, having rented a part of Mr. Cochran's Drug Store, offers to the people of Hammonton, and vicinity a fine line of

Watches  
Spectacles  
Etc.



Clocks,  
Jewelry,  
Etc.

He is a Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler, and will make Repairing a Specialty. Everything Guaranteed.

Give him a call. Corner Bellevue Ave. & Second St.

## Wagons AND Buggies.

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

One-horse wagons, with fine body and Columbia springs complete.	\$60 00
1 1/2 inch tire, 1 1/2 axle, for CASH.	
One-horse wagon, complete, 1 1/2 tire	62 50
1 1/2 axle, for.....	65 00
The same, with 2-inch tire.....	65 00
One-horse Light Express.....	65 00
Platform Light Express.....	60 00
Side-spring Buggies with fine finish	70 00
Two-horse Farm Wagons.....	\$65 to 70 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.

## Sale for Taxes of 1884.

Town of Hammonton.

Return of taxes laid on unimproved, and untenanted land, and on land tenanted by persons not the lawful proprietors, who are unable to pay taxes, and on other real estate, in the town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic for the year 1884.

List of delinquent taxes returned to the Town Council, March 29th, 1886, with description of property by block and lot, as laid down on the assessment map of the Town of Hammonton, which map is to be found at Town Clerk's office, also on file in the clerk's office of Atlantic County, at May's Landing, N. J.

Names.	Block No.	lot	Acres	Tax.
Andrus, Geo.	10	24	5	95
Barstow, J. M.	1	59	10	1 45
Brown, L. W.	19	13 and 16	20	\$2 00
Clement, Samuel.	17		23	3 46
Cochran, Benj.	9	39	10	1 93
Evans, David Est	17		6	2 40
Fidel, Eli & Chas.	17	25	9 1/2	95
Gifford, Jonathan	18	2	21	3 38
Gleason, Estabrook	18	6	1 1/6	95
Pifer, Peter.....	10	8	3	2 00
Rubicam & Sellers.	2	63 and 67	40	1 93
Stafford, Samuel.	17		12	1 45
Taylor, Richard.	1	9	20	2 90
Walker, Mrs. S.	1	49	20	1 48
Wharton, James.	16	2	16	1 73

Interest, cost and back taxes, if any, will be made known at time of sale.

State of New Jersey, } S. S.  
Atlantic County.

Orville E. Hoyt on his oath saith that he was Collector of Taxes of the Town of Hammonton for the year 1885, that the taxes accompanying this affidavit assessed on the respective lands for the year 1884 (and turned over to him by Lewis Hoyt, the former Collector) are unpaid, that he has used every legal diligence for the collection of the same, and returns said delinquent taxes to the Council of said town, as by law he is required to do.

[Signed] ORVILLE E. HOYT, Collector.

Sworn and subscribed before  
N. HEARTWELL, Justice of the Peace.  
March 29, A. D. 1886.

Pursuant to the act to facilitate the Collection of taxes in the Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic,

The Chairman of the Town Council will, on

Tuesday, June 29th, 1886,

at TWO O'CLOCK in the afternoon, at the TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE, recite the above described lands, tenements and hereditaments taxed to the above named persons, or so much thereof as will be sufficient to pay the tax, interests and costs thereon.

THEO. B. DROWN,  
Chairman of Town Council.

Attest,  
A. J. SMITH, Town Clerk.

Hammonton, May 12, 1886.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE S. J. R

Mr. EDITOR.—I think exception can be justly taken, to your closing remarks in answer to P. H. Jacobs, on Protection: "You and I cannot expect to settle it in a little country paper."

Now, sir; what is it that makes up public sentiment, if not the exchange of ideas between one man and another? The big men up to the capitol are not leaders of ideas, they follow where the track is already made. Do you doubt it? Then see them wait to see how the people take it before they move, at all times. And what is any thing, that is not sustained by public acceptance? It may do to occupy our attention for awhile, but it will certainly be of no utility. No better illustration can be given of that fact than a reference to the Prohibition or "Maine-Law" proceeding of to-day. New York State enacted a Prohibition Liquor Law, without a avail for want of that public sentiment to sustain it, which I believe can only be made by "little country papers," and be exchange of ideas as a forerunner. In part I take this to be your view, judging from your standing in regard to separate political action by the Prohibitionists.  
DAVID FIELDS.

Added to the losses resulting to the New England fishermen through the unwarranted seizure of their ships by the Canadian authorities is the embarrassment of an unsuccessful season, the mackerel catch this year being only 5000 barrels as against 26,000 last year. The absence of luck from the fishermen and the absence of pluck from the State Department have brought hardship upon interests but poorly able to endure it.

The President vetoed twenty private pension bills on Tuesday.

The House Ways and Means Committee ordered an adverse report to be made on the Randall Tariff bill.

Several large industries for Bessemer steel manufacture are in course of erection at Sharon, Penna.

Anarchists fired several bullets at an American flag carried in a procession at Chicago and wounded one man.

If you want a convenient, portable medical preparation, a purgative and tonic, that will purify the blood, sharpen the appetite, and invigorate the whole system, try a box of Vinegar Bitters Powders—fifty doses for fifty cents. These Powders embody the essential properties of Vinegar Bitters, which has been for twenty years the world's great family medicine.

The recent seizure of three more American schooners in Canadian waters is not expected to complicate international relations further.

Harold Newell, of Jersey City, who was recently bitten by a dog, was inoculated by the Pasteur method in the Carnegie Laboratory, Jersey City.

Canada continues to show her teeth to the New England fishermen. It may be that Canada's teeth will be shaken loose and knocked down her throat before she gets through with this affair.

## In Chancery of New Jersey.

To Mary C. Potter, Alice G. Potter, and Arthur G. Potter:

By virtue of an order of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, made on the day of the date hereof, in a cause wherein Arthur W. Potter is complainant and you are defendants, you are required to appear and plead, answer, or demur, to the bill of said complaint, on or before the thirty-first day of August next, or the said bill will be taken as confessed against you.

The said bill is filed for partition of certain lands in the Town of Hammonton, in the County of Atlantic, and in the Town of Berlin, in the County of Camden, of which Valorous Potter died seized; and you Mary C. Potter are made defendant because you have a dower interest, as widow, in said lands; and you Alice G. Potter are made defendant because you have a dower interest as widow of Irving S. Potter in said lands; and you Arthur G. Potter are made defendant because you are one of the tenants in common in said lands.  
Dated June 30th, 1886.

A. J. KING,  
Solicitor of Complainant.

## OH! MY BACK

Every strain or cold attacks that weak back and nearly prostrates you.

**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**  
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.  
THE BEST TONIC  
Strengthens the Muscles,  
Steadies the Nerves,  
Enriches the Blood,  
Gives New Vigor.

Dr. J. L. Merz, Fairfield, Iowa, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best iron medicine I have known in my 30 years' practice. I have found it especially beneficial in nervous or physical exhaustion, and in all debilitating ailments that bear so heavily on the system. Use it freely in my own family."  
Mr. W. F. Brown, 527 Main St., Covington, Ky., says: "I was completely broken down in health and troubled with pain in my back. Brown's Iron Bitters entirely restored me to health."  
Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

## A Philadelphia Lawyer

Prominent in his profession, says: "Don't put my name in print but refer any one you wish to me, and I will gladly tell you the Russian Rheumatism Cure has done for me."

One of Philadelphia's oldest merchants, Mr. C. O. Bockers, residing 624 Main Street, Germantown, says: "The Russian Rheumatism Cure has taken all the pain out of my daughter's arm and back. She had suffered greatly with it for months."  
We have testimony of this sort sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical. But if you have the Rheumatism you want relief rather than testimony. You can get it—quick, sure, permanent, by sending for the

## RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

Descriptive pamphlet, with testimonials, free. Price \$2.50. If mailed, 10c additional. If registered, 10c more.

One Box does the business. None Genuine without this Trade-Mark.

As yet it is not to be found at the stores but can easily be had by enclosing the amount as above, and forwarding the American proprietors.  
PFAELZER BROS. & CO.  
815-821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

## COAL. COAL

All wanting the best quality of Lehigh Coal can find it at Scullin's coal yard on Egg Harbor road, near Bernshouse'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, Cachemere Boquet, Glycerine, Honey, and Oatmeal.  
DRESS GOODS.—Black and Colored Cashmere.  
Dress Trimmings.—Silesia, Drilling, and Cambric.  
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

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establishments in New Jersey in the country.

Most liberal terms, unequalled facilities.

Price low. Geneva N.Y., Established 1840.

W. & T. SMITH, Geneva, N. Y.

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Cor. Bellevue Ave. and Third St.

Crinkle and Plain Seersuckers.

Satines, Foulards,

Batistes, Lawns, Prints,

&c., &c.

Also, a large line of

## NOTIONS.

Call, and we will suit you.

## DON'T GO HUNGRY!

But go to

## Packer's Bakery,

Where you can get

## The Best

Wheat, Bran, and Rye

## BREAD,

At the old price of ten years' standing,

FIVE CENTS per LOAF

Breakfast and Tea Rolls,

Cinnamon Buns,

Pies, Crullers,

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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 1300 columns of fresh news items, stories, etc., all for \$1.25.

Close to SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, POST-OFFICES, and R. R. DEPOTS, in the CENTRE of the Town of Hammonton.

Prices Reasonable, Terms Easy.

Call on, or address,

A. J. SMITH, Hammonton, N. J.,

P. O. Box 209.

Respect.

I do not mean, sweet wife of mine, Because those ribs lips of thine— That marble brow— Were kissed by one who might have been, Had I not chanced to espouse between, Thy husband now.

I do not grove because thy heart, The Cupid, teased it with my dart, For him wouldst beat, Nor that the hand which owns my ring Once wore his gift as "Misspah" thing, It was but meet.

I ght not that his arms were placed Some scores of time around your waist, So sweet and slim, Ah, no my love the vice you see Is mine because you wedded me Instead of him.

MISS RUTH'S SCHOLAR.

Miss Ruth Clifford has taken the seat of authority in her little school, on Monday morning, the period of its commencement. She was a rosy, pretty little creature of scarcely sixteen, with a dimple in each cheek, lips like May roses, and big blue eyes, where the light seemed to glow and deepen as every impulse that passed through her mind. The idea of her being a grim, stern school-mistress was rather absurd, but then Ruth was poor, and they wanted some one to teach the school who had graduated in the city, so here she was at ten dollars a month, trying to look as old and dignified as possible.

"Teacher! teacher!" cried little Tommy Marten, "here's Hugh Leslie in the school, and the trustees said he shouldn't come no more, 'cause he didn't pay the last two quarters!" "Hugh Leslie, come here," said Miss Clifford, pushing her brown curls away from her forehead with a puzzled air, and Hugh shuffled up to the desk, a great awkward clown, full as old as the school-mistress and a head taller.

"Is it true that you are behindhand with your tuition money?" asked Ruth. "Yes, it's true," solemnly answered the young giant, twisting his ragged cap in both horny hands. "Cause his father gets drunk, and his mother baint no money," shrilly interrupted Tommy Marten.

"Tommy, will you be silent?" said Ruth with dignity. "Then, Hugh, are you here for?" "I want to get book larnin'," solemnly answered Hugh. "Teacher, he's a real bad boy, he thrashed the master last term," piped Mary Hopkins. "And he stole the picture books out of Joseph Miller's desk, chimed in Harry Smith."

"Hugh," said Ruth gravely, "you may go. I don't care for such pupils in my school." Hugh turned slowly away, still twisting his cap, with downcast eyes and drooping head; Ruth pitied him in her heart. "Hugh," she said, softly. "Ma'am!" he started and turned. "I am very sorry to send you away, Hugh. If I allow you to remain, do you think you can behave yourself?" "I'll try, Ma'am," the boy said, with a gleam of hope in his face.

"And who'll pay his school money?" demanded the disappointed Tommy. "I will," said Ruth. "Go and take your seat, Hugh." "And through all the term Ruth had no better scholar nor more diligent pupil than Hugh. "You have improved very much, Hugh," she said, as they walked home through the pine woods the last day of the term. "I am sorry I shall not be here next year to help you on, but you good study perseveringly, and you will be sure to prosper."

"I'd like to learn a trade," said Hugh, musingly, "and get a respectable livin'." "And there is no reason why you should not," said Ruth, encouragingly. "My folks are a bad lot," sighed the boy, "and nobody wants to employ Siah Leslie's boy." "But when they see that Siah's Leslie's boy is honest and industrious, and wishes to earn a decent livelihood, they will judge very differently."

who had been like a guardian angel to him. And ten years passed away, and Ruth completely forgot the young clown of the village. "I want you to look your prettiest to-night, Ruth, for I have a new cavalier to introduce to you—a splendid fellow!" "Indeed! who is it?" "Well, he is a friend of Mr. Tracy's, just arrived from Europe, where I am told he has distinguished himself in scientific and literary circles, besides having received an inheritance from some far away Scotch relative that makes him independently wealthy. Isn't it quite romantic? And he is so handsome, too! His name is—"

But here some new visitor, claiming Mrs. Tracy's attention—it was the day of her weekly morning reception—interrupted her enthusiastic recital, and Ruth Clifford did not hear the name of the new lion. However, she went home, and, acting on Mrs. Tracy's suggestion, dressed herself in "her prettiest," wore very elaborate costume to be sure, for Ruth was poor, but one whose delicate good taste could scarcely be rivaled. A white dress, relieved by straw colored ribbons and saah, and a few yellow roses in her bright hair, formed the whole of her toilet, but when she looked in the glass after the finishing touch was given, and all was complete, there was a smidgen of gratified pride on her pretty lips. She did not think Mrs. Tracy would have reason to be ashamed of her friend.

"You are looking very nicely, my love," said the young matron, with a satisfied little nod, as she beckoned Ruth to her side. And five minutes afterward, Ruth heard her name pronounced. "Miss Clifford, allow me to present Mr. Leslie." Ruth looked timidly up into a pair of deep brown eyes, and acknowledged to herself that the European traveler was very handsome, with his stately, erect figure, his Greek features and the polished, indescribable grace of his air and manner.

Mr. Leslie devoted himself to Ruth that evening, and when she went home, she told her mother she never had had such a "nice time" in all her life before. He called the next morning to inquire how she was after the fatigue of the party night, and he sent a basket of Northern flowers that evening, and he took her to the opera the next night, but one and presently Mrs. Tracy began to laugh and look knowing. "You have stolen his heart away with your blue eyes and your demure airs, Ruth," she said, gaily.

And one soft April evening, he asked her if she would be his wife—and she said yes. "My darling love," he said, fervently, "it is right and fitting that your happiness should be the care of my life, for it is your hand that has lifted me to the position I now occupy in the world." "My hand?" "Yes."

He drew from his bosom a narrow, faded bit of blue ribbon. "Do you remember who dropped this ribbon from her hair, one autumn day, ten years ago, in the little red school-house at Lakeville?" Ruth looked at him in surprise. "And do you remember who picked it up? A great awkward fellow, Hugh Leslie by name? Well, he has kept it ever since, and now he wears it, as a badge of the devotion he bears his sweet lady-love."

"Yes—but—"

"Did you never suspect that we were one and the same? Well, I must confess we are changed—and yet, Ruth, I date my first aspiration toward the good and noble on that day when you offered to pay my neglected schooling, and refused to listen to the parrot-like aspersions of those around me. Ruth your scholar has graduated at last." And Ruth Clifford felt in the newly-born glow of her happiness that she had indeed cast her bread upon the waters, and many days afterward it had returned to her.

THE ROMANOE OF A NICKEL.

This Story Is Not Meant to Encourage Young Women to Forget Their Pocketbooks. A romantic courtship which began in Baltimore has just ended in a marriage in Richmond, Va., and a correspondent tells about it. The bride was Miss Blanche Thurfield, and the groom is Mr. Thomas Bowers, now a merchant in Richmond, but at the time this love story opens a resident of Baltimore.

One afternoon last June, Mr. Bowers boarded an up-town Madison avenue car and was soon deeply interested in an afternoon paper. Presently a handsome young lady entered and took a seat beside him. He glanced at the new passenger, and as he looked at the pretty face and figure beside him he noticed the young lady draw her hand from her pocket and a bluish mantle her cheek. He saw that she had forgotten her purse, and as she was in the act of signaling the conductor to stop the car, he politely asked her if she could be of any service. The flush again rose to her cheek, and her embarrassment increased when she informed Mr. Bowers of her situation.

"But permit me to pay your fare," requested the gentleman. "If you will give me your card so that I can return the money I will consent," she replied. The conductor came along and Mr. Bowers dropped the additional nickel in his hand. "I am ever so much obliged," said the pretty miss. "Now, will you give me your card."

Cards were exchanged, and the next morning a messenger entered Mr. Bowers' office and handed him a neat envelope addressed in a lady's hand. It contained a nickel and the neatly expressed thanks of Miss Thurfield. Correspondence followed, and the acquaintance thus formed soon ripened into friendship, and terminated as above related, and the bridal couple are now on their wedding tour.

VARIOUS YUM-YUMS.

Love and Courtship as it Exists in Japan. "It is absurd," said Professor Edward S. Morse, in his lecture, "to attempt to carry out a tea-party as Japanese do unless you can do it perfectly. I read the other day of a Japanese marriage ceremony where the bride had twelve bridesmaids. In Japan they have no bridesmaids. They set down in chairs. They have no chairs in Japan. A priest officiated. No priest is needed at a Japanese wedding. Why, such an affair is no more like a Japanese wedding than it is like a Hottentot marriage. Then I saw a notice in your papers here of a Japanese tea where they ate rice with chopsticks and chocolate. They don't know what chocolate is in Japan, and the Japanese don't eat rats! I have seen a good deal of Japanese life, but I never saw a Japanese wedding. I've attended the feasts afterwards, but foreigners are never invited to the ceremony. I only know what I've been told. The marital rites consist in pledges drunk by bride and groom from three cups. The bride wears no veil. There are no rats, no bridesmaids and no chocolate. Why such a wedding is read of might represent a wedding in Patagonia with just as much accuracy."

"In Japan a young man can not call on a girl. He can't take a lady-love to a German. They never dance together; and, in fact, they don't dance at all. Nothing astonishes the Japanese more than to see the freedom displayed in our ball-rooms here. Yet, there is love in Japan. Courtship is arranged by go-betweens. A young man has suggested to him that it's time for him to marry, and his father picks out a wife for him. The Japanese young man has the best of the Chinese in this respect. In China a man never sees his wife until the day he is married. In Japan you meet your affianced at a tea-party, arranged for the purpose of introduction, though you may have been engaged two years. The Japanese who go abroad come back with different ideas on that subject.

"Children are treated as equals. They have absolute freedom. You never see a mother calling a child into the house or sending one out. Japanese are good-natured, because they're all ways had their own way. There is none of the scolding heard among civilized people that drives the youth to become the hoodlums of society. The Japanese have the secret of bringing up children, and no mistake. They are quiet, unostentatious, delightful to the last degree. Children are never seen scolding, and parents are rarely seen with them to their festivals and temples. The Japanese have a gentle method of awakening you. They don't disturb your slumbers by a loud scream or knocking, but tap gently until you

How Kerosene is Distilled.

Petroleum consists of a great many different fluids, which range in volatility from the boiling point of ether to nearly red heat. Such being the case, as soon as the oil is heated at all, the most valuable products begin to come over, at first colorless as water, but very gradually assuming a yellow tinge until the most dense distillation coming over at the last is quite dark brown in color, so that if all the distillate were allowed to run into a tank together it would not look very differently from the original petroleum.

In the ordinary process of refining petroleum the distillate is divided into three portions. The first is the lightest colorless portion, nearly as volatile as ether, and is called crude naphtha, or "benzine." Like the crude petroleum, this crude naphtha may be distilled and divided into gasoline, A, B and C naphtha, which are used in gas machines, for mixing paints and other similar purposes, sometimes, also, for burning in lamps and stoves. The middle portion of the distillate, which is neither very light nor very heavy, and having but little color, is the crude illuminating oil or kerosene. As it runs from the still it has a very offensive odor, due to decomposition of certain portions of the petroleum at the high temperature reached in the still.

To remove the offensive compounds the oil is first agitated with about 5 per cent. of oil of vitriol. This combines with the offensive oils forming a black, tarry residue that falls to the bottom of the tank as soon as the oil is brought to rest. The mixture of acid and oil is called "sludge," and is used in large quantities in the manufacture of commercial fertilizers. After the acid is drawn off and the oil washed with water, it is again washed with a strong solution of caustic soda, which removes the excess of sulphuric acid and some peculiar acid compounds that exist in the oil.

The oil after another washing with water, is nearly colorless, with the balsamic odor of kerosene, and possesses a slight opalescence peculiar to these oils. As usually prepared they belong to the class known as "high test" kerosenes and consist almost entirely of oils that exist in the petroleum ready for use, being merely separated from the heaviest and lightest portions. Such oils are called the ducts of the petroleum. The heaviest portions of the distillate contain paraffine oils. They also, are mainly ducts of the original oil; they however, contain a much larger proportion than the kerosene of the products of the oil. A tarry residue remains in the still called "residuum."

Paganini's Skill.

One of the greatest violinists that I have heard told me that Paganini's studies were at the time so unusual and so difficult that they were considered an ordeal which very few undertook to solve, and it would be interesting to know how many would be able to solve it in a satisfactory manner. He played on two, even on three strings at a time, without doing what Ole Bull did, cut the bridge straight; he played arpeggios in double stops, or made a series of staccato markings the melody in pizzicato. He passed, as I have before said, for having achieved such supernatural feats of force by a supernatural act, and the superstition of some people who credited this nonsense went so far that a lady who heard him in Italy, and would not believe that any human being could so far surpass all his fellow creatures without extraordinary means, followed him to the stage door, where she stood his cab with a black horse; she swore he never touched the ground, that there was a fiery cart with two black horses, and he went away through the air. One of Paganini's most disastrous triumphs, if I may so call it, he had when playing at Lord Holland's. Some one asked him to improvise on the violin the story of a son who kills his father, runs in love with a girl who will not listen to him, so he leads her to a wild country site, suddenly jumping with her from a rock into an abyss, where they disappear forever. He listened quietly, and when the story was at an end, he asked that all the lights should be extinguished. He then began playing, and so terrific was the musical interpretation of the idea which had been given to him that several of the ladies fainted, and the saloon, when relighted, looked like a battle-field.

In youth, grief is a tempest which makes you ill; in old age it is only a cold wind, which only a wrinkle on your face and one more white lock to the others; Honest, hearty, contented labor is the only source of happiness, as well as the only guarantee of life. It is the lack of occupation that annually destroys so many of the wealthy, who having nothing to do, play the part of drones, and, like them, make a speedy exit, while the busy bee fills out its days in usefulness.

STRANGELY PARTED.

By KATE TEMPLE. Author of "The Fair Mystery," "Living for Love," "Fettered by Crime," etc., etc. (Continued.) "You must not think because I cannot give you a decided answer to day I let you go from me without hope," Beatrice exclaimed, sorry his pride should have been touched to pain. "Your kindness has pleased me greatly, and if at the end of the week I give you my hand, I promise you it will not be bestowed unwillingly."

The hot color rushed again to his brow, and he murmured a few low words of gratitude. Then, with a sudden passion, he caught a fold of her dress, and pressed it against his lips. "You are lovely, and I love you," he exclaimed, his voice sounding singularly rich in its new intensity. "What better could you do than go away with me? When I come again you will tell me so, for you have given me hope."

"Perhaps," Beatrice sighed, looking down at him in a perplexed kind of way. "But I cannot give you my answer yet. Don't give up thinking of me, Osman; the greater your love, the greater your hope of winning me." He gave a short contented laugh as he rose to his feet. "Then I shall not fail," he said assuringly; "my love is so deep that it must reach right down to your soul. I cannot but win you, Beatrice."

CHAPTER XII.

OSMAN OMAR waited impatiently for the time to come when he was to have his answer, and at the end of the week he presented himself again to Beatrice. She welcomed him with a smile that made his pulses thrill, and it needed no word from her to convince him he had been successful in his hasty wooing. "Am I to take my bride away with me?" he asked, clasping her to his heart, and imprinting a long kiss on her soft brow. "She gave an instinctive glance at her heavy black dress, and shook her head a little sadly: "Not yet, Osman."

"Why do you care to stay here by yourself?" he urged, wishing, in his impetuosity, to carry her off at once. "It is not better that I should watch over you and hear you company? My beautiful Beatrice, you have said you will be my wife; why must you make this delay?" "I want Sir Edmund to advise me," she replied, gently disengaging herself from his arms. "I feel I ought not to take this step without first consulting him."

However, when this point was further argued, nobody knew where to send word to Sir Edmund; and the Arab beset Beatrice that it would be madness to wait for his return. "He may wander about for years, in the wild restless mood he started in. When he comes back to Deepwood, he will probably come back an old man."

Beatrice shuddered. She did not like this way of reasoning. She dreaded a buried life in this dreary home, and in her eagerness to escape it, she allowed herself to be guided by her lover. It was arranged that he should go to Cairo and make what preparations were needed for their marriage, and in a month's time she would follow him. "I may hear something of Sir Edmund before I leave England," she said, as if parting. "I should like him to be present when the ceremony takes place."

"Yet there must be no delay on his account," Osman returned, and a passionate glance came into his eyes. Soon after this conversation he left England, anxious to hurry on events. Still hoping to hear news of Sir Edmund, Beatrice kept up a close correspondence with his lawyer, and her perseverance was at length rewarded. Her stepbrother could not return to Deepwood, but he would meet her in Cairo, though he considered the step she was about to take simply madness. "He is right—it is madness," Beatrice reflected when she read his message. "Yet what choice have I? Anything is better than the monotonous existence I am forced to endure."

STRANGELY PARTED.

She had a restless longing for change, and she looked forward eagerly to the journey she was about to take. She was too independent to need more than the company of her maid during the voyage. She would place herself under the care of the captain, and so avoid further obligation. Joshua Heath had called several times, yet, since his roof sheltered Gladys, she considered his visits almost an insult, and refused to see him or to receive any message from him.

Had she been less obstinate in her pride, she might have had some warning of what was in store for her. She was not prepared for the surprise that came upon her one night when she lay deck with the sultry sweep of the Mediterranean lulling her into a drowsy wakefulness. The day had been intensely warm, and Gladys had breathed the night air, she had stayed up on deck, preferring to get what sleep she could on a pile of soft rugs to going into the close cabin. Her eyes were wide open, and she gazing up at the starry skies, fancifully tracing scenes in the wide blue expanse.

The salt sea air was refreshing, and the languor which had oppressed her throughout the day lost some of its heaviness. She had never stayed on deck so late before, and she was a little surprised to find she was not the only lady who had not gone down into the cabin. Someone with light quick steps was pacing up and down, and presently, when the foot falls had ceased, she heard a deep long sigh quite close to where she was lying. Beatrice looked idly in the direction of the sound, and saw a slight figure dimly outlined in the starlight. It might have been a pale spirit standing against the rough bulwarks; there was a white sheen on the fluttering drapery, on the soft hair, and on the sweet face turned seaward.

"Strange," Beatrice thought, "I have not seen this passenger before. I suppose she has been too ill to leave her berth. I wonder why she has come up alone?" Beatrice was curious about this fair stranger, because she had little else to occupy her mind, and she watched her musingly, just as she had watched the sparkle of the stars and the break of the waves. Suddenly a hot flush burned in her cheeks, and with a low exclamation of anger she rose to her feet. In the vision like figure she had recognized Gladys.

How had she come there? What scheme had been laid that his annoy-ance should be thrust upon her? Beatrice grew bitterly indignant. Why had she not been warned? Was it mere chance that had thrown them together—or had the outrage been previously arranged? Beatrice's suspicion rose hotly against Sir Edmund's wife, and in that moment of recognition a wild hatred filled her.

She would have been glad to have seen her hurled overboard, and swept under the seas—this pale girl, who might one day have power to separate her from her brother's wealth. Her hands clenched, and her eyes grew bright with a fearful bitterness—a bitterness which seemed to penetrate into the innocence it accused. Gladys turned and met the scornful gaze fixed upon her, and she drew back with a slight shudder. "Miss Etheridge!" she gasped faintly. "I did not know you were to sail with me!"

Beatrice gave a cynical smile, and, without a word, passed her, and went down to her berth. During the rest of the voyage she did not come on deck again. If she had, there would have been little chance of her meeting Gladys, who, startled by that first recognition, hid herself away from everybody. She had not thought that Sir Edmund might cross her path in this strange land. She knew Beatrice was to be the young chief's wife, but no one had told her Sir Edmund had promised to join them in Cairo.

There were no hometies to link her to the old life, and she had followed her brother, thinking she might be able to help him with the money he had placed at her disposal. Nobody welcomed her to the entry city. She crossed the bridge, and

her way to the hotel alone, closely veiled, and with her head bowed, feeling sorely the need of a companion on this strange shore. Beatrice had been almost the last to leave the boat, and she was a little surprised that the first one to greet her should be her half-brother Sir Edmund. "Have you seen her?" she asked her eyes glittering at the remembrance of that meeting with Gladys. "Whom?" he enquired. "The girl you so madly married."

His brows contracted with a sudden frown. "I have forgotten her. To me she is dead! Never again let me hear her name." Gladys's words were almost a command, and not wishing to break peace with him, Beatrice resolved to speak no more about Gladys. It never occurred to her he might not have comprehended the meaning of her first question. She thought he had recognized Gladys, and had passed her by as a stranger, and she was glad his heart had closed so firmly against her.

He looked haggard and hollow-eyed, as though health and spirit had been crushed in some great struggle. Yet his manner was carelessly courteous as ever, and she felt he had worked on the determination to wrench that great disappointment from his soul rather than let it wreck his life. "You have forgotten to congratulate me, Edmund," she said, a slight hesitation in her proud voice. "You know why I am here."

"I believe so," he said. "Are you pleased?" "I am never pleased. Don't worry me, Triss, with any foolish sentiment. I have met you simply because you asked me; not from any wish of my own."

"You think I am not a fit wife for Osman?" she murmured, quick to note the displeasure in his tones. "I think Osman Omar is not a fit husband for you," he corrected quietly. "And worse," she replied irritably. "The choice was his, it could never have been mine, even had I waited for a better chance. I shall marry Osman, decisively."

He gave a short laugh. "I suppose you will. I thought you had made up your mind on that point before you left England." "I wanted you to advise me," she said, unmoved by his sarcasm; "you are never near when I want you."

"And you never want me when I am near," he muttered dryly. "I shall stay out your caprice this time, though Triss. Do you think it at all probable you will change your mind?" "Not in the least," earnestly. "I have thought well over this marriage, and I don't think it is wholly an unwise one. It will be an improvement on the Deepwood solitude."

If Sir Edmund detected the subdued bitterness in her voice, he did not openly observe it, and finding he was inclined to treat the subject lightly, she began to think there was really some hope of happiness in the looming future. The ceremony, which took place at the English church, was very quiet. Beatrice laid aside her black dress, and veiled herself from head to foot in white clinging drapery, and Sir Edmund gave her to the Arab "for better, for worse."

Then followed the more elaborate Mahomedan service, and Osman took off his bride in triumph. "At least the fellow has given her a true love," Sir Edmund reflected as he watched them depart from Cairo. "I have no doubt he will be content in becoming a slave to her happiness. And she—well, she is an Etheridge."

He gave a strange smile, half bitter, half proud, and the thought of his own unhappy marriage hardened in his breast. He said he had forgotten Gladys. He had a void that had been made when he cast away his wife, and he felt himself forsaken by the world's humblest solace.

Walking in the mid-day heat, he clutched the maddening memory of that love which had betrayed him. "My God, I may never meet her!" he muttered, not trusting himself to penetrate into his closed heart. "She is dead to me. If I found my sweet dead living, could I pass her without recognition?"

He wandered restlessly through the hot streets, weary with the loneliness

of a broken love, yearning for the gaze of those tender eyes, that he would have turned fiercely from, if unexpectedly they had been raised to his face. In condemning her, he spared himself nothing. Not even to appease the pain in his soul would he let one weak thought stray towards her. She was no longer penitence. She had inherited a wealth which enabled her to spurn the unrestricted income he had settled upon her.

He was glad of this, since it lessened her claim upon him, though even at this moment, had she demanded the whole of his fortune, it would have been hers during his lifetime. He could never forget or forgive the secret which had estranged them; but if she had been in need of help, and it had been in his power to help her, he would not have shrunk from any sacrifice. Alone in her great suite of apartments, Gladys had no suspicion of the struggle going on in that strong passion ate nature.

She was thinking of him—thinking of him as she always was, but her thoughts were far away. It never occurred to her he might be near. She tried to draw her mind away from him, and to set out some plans for the future. She had not spoken to Frank yet. Once she had passed the barracks, and had caught sight of the pale handsome face. But she had been accompanied by a waiting-woman—and he was in the ranks. No gleam of recognition had passed between them.

She had not gone by unnoticed. Two grey eyes sought the child-face with admiring scrutiny, and Frank's captain pulled his moustache reflectively as he looked after the slight figure. "Jove!" he exclaimed in the long breath, "what a face! Wonder who she is? Perhaps some of the fellows know her." A group of officers were lounging near, idly smoking. He turned impulsively towards them. "Did you notice that girl in white who passed just now?" "Any of you know her?" "No such luck. Think she has only lately arrived in Cairo. Hallo! that man over there looks as if he could tell us something. Say, Royce, do you know who the lady is who passed just now?" "The question was addressed to Frank with startling abruptness. He bit his lip as he looked after the retreating form of his sister, marvelling that he could have so off his guard as to let his face reveal the pleasure he felt at sight of her. "Her name has not been mentioned by anyone in my presence," he said coldly, and not wishing to prolong the conversation, he moved from the spot. The officers exchanged glances.

Walking out with one of her woman-servants, she wandered to the very spot where he had fallen, and at sight of the white face, with the dark track of blood near it, she uttered a cry of horror. "He is dead—he has been murdered," she exclaimed, bending over the senseless form. "What shall we do, Galena? Who has done this?" The woman glanced at the arrow.

"A stray shaft," she muttered in her own language, "It has not struck into his life; there is breath on his lips, and his heart still beats." "Thank Heaven we came before it was too late!" Gladys whispered fervently. "Run quickly to the barracks, and send help." The woman stood stubborn. "There may be another stray shaft," she said meaningly. "You will not stay that. There is danger."

"Not for me, Galena; don't lose time; I believe this poor fellow is dying." A shudder passed over Dudley's lips, and she bent her head to catch the short irregular breathing that followed. Galena obeyed sullenly. She did not like to leave her young mistress, perhaps exposed to unseen peril. They were a long way from the barracks, and an hour, at least, must pass before she could return with the needed help. Gladys was too startled to notice the woman's unwillingness. All her attention was given to the wounded man, and she had no thought for herself.

She looked pitifully at the pale mouth, parched with heat and pain, and, running to a spring close by, she let some water flow into the hollow of a stone, and carried it to him. To be Continued.

People who throw rice at weddings need to be told that the practice has recently resulted, in London, in injuring a bridegroom's eye to such an extent that he has had to pass in the ward of a hospital what would have been his honeymoon.

It happened thus. He was riding along a deserted track on some hurried errand when an arrow came whizzing through the trees beneath which he was passing, and, whether it was by accident or hurled purposely against his life, it flew with fatal directness, and pierced sharply into his shoulder. His hand dropped heavily on the horse's neck, and with a shiver of pain, he threw himself from the saddle, and sank to the ground. He tried to rise, but a sharp agony reached his frame, and he lay back helpless.

The sun scorched down on him, burning his lips to fever-heat; the hot dust was in his eyes, and a draught of water tendered him then would have seemed a blessing. He had taken an unfrequented track; there was little chance that aid would reach him—little chance that anyone would know his danger. The horse, instinctively, had stepped back by his side; had the animal gone back riderless, suspicion of what had happened would have been roused, and Dudley would not have been long left without attendance. It seemed now that he must lie there and perish.

The pain grew greater as the hours passed, and he had only strength enough left to draw the arrow from his shoulder before consciousness left him. Fate must have guided Gladys that day. Walking out with one of her woman-servants, she wandered to the very spot where he had fallen, and at sight of the white face, with the dark track of blood near it, she uttered a cry of horror. "He is dead—he has been murdered," she exclaimed, bending over the senseless form. "What shall we do, Galena? Who has done this?"

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List of unclaimed letters remaining in the Post Office at Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, July 10th, 1886:

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Your statement regarding the transfer of the Universalist Church contains an error which it is very important should be corrected, for reasons which I will give farther on.

As the building will, it is well known, occupy a prominent position, the committee and the members of the society generally have felt that they should aim at some architectural beauty in the design; and they have accordingly spared no effort to secure it, trusting that all public-spirited citizens will see that an increased value will thereby be given to all other property in the town, and be willing to contribute something toward the extra expense incurred.

The Iowa Democrats have declared against Prohibition. Everybody has known that they were against it, but nobody supposed they had the nerve to say so.

The special local Prohibition elections held in Washington Territory during the past few weeks show a large temperance vote, and indicate a majority in favor of prohibition.

Wanted—Good vest-makers wanted—steady work. Inquire of Mrs. C. E. SCULLY, Basin Road, Hammonton.

Regular meeting of Atlantic Division, Sons of Temperance, in the Masons Hall, first and third Monday evenings in each month.

FOR SALE—A 10-Acre Farm, with good house, barn and outbuildings. Fine apple orchard, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, grapes, etc. 2 1/2 acres cranberry land. A live man could make \$1000 a year. See or address DAVID FIELD, Hammonton, N. J.

NOTICE—If you have mowing you wish done by machine, or cultivating or harrowing with disc machine, you can be accommodated by applying to or addressing GEORGE W. ELY, Hammonton, N. J.

THREE Large Building Lots for sale, on Grape Street, Hammonton. Apply to D. W. JACOBS, Cor. Valley Ave. and Grape St.

PICKERS—Persons wanting black-berry pickers can be supplied, free of all charge, by applying in person or by mail to GEORGE BEAN, Hammonton, N. J.

Farmers, Attention! Figures show there has been less than one-third of the usual amount of FISH CANES made this season; therefore there is a great scarcity. I have secured a few tons of Dried and Ground Orude which I can furnish my patrons in ordered very soon.

Rare Chance for Agents—We have just issued from the press a volume which sells as fast. Any inducements you wish to secure, we will give you. Apply to JOHN E. POTTER & Co., 617 Sanson St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Yes, my friends, your bills are ready! Are they correct? Please call and see! And while to others you're paying money, please, oh! please remember me!

Yours, truly, Geo. A. ROGERS, Elm.

Willie Hoyt, HAMMONTON Mail Messenger.

Mail and other parcels delivered at your store or residence twice each day. Letters left at the REPUBLICAN office will be mailed at next trip, and all orders left there will receive prompt attention. Terms reasonable.

Cows for Sale. 25 Young milk Cows for sale, at the farm of JOS. WHARTON, Batsto, N. J.

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Sworn returns on the 31st of December, 1884, of all the Insurance Companies in the United States show the ATINA and North America to be much the largest and the greater of these is the NORTH AMERICA. They show as follows:

NORTH AMERICA, assets: \$9,087,235 other liabilities, \$2,000,000

ATINA, assets, \$6,018,517 assets above liabilities, \$2,004,491 Agricultural, of Watertown, assets above liabilities, 184,561 Trade, of Camden, assets over liabilities, 7,577 A. J. KIRO & SON, Sole Agents of the N. A. for Hammonton property.

LOCAL MISCELLANY. Mrs. R. G. Hyde, of Vineland, was in Hammonton last week.

Newton C. Holdridge will teach the Main Road school, next term.

Rev. Asher Moore spent part of this week with friends in Philadelphia.

Thanks are due to Mr. Valentine for a basket of good things from his vegetable garden.

T. B. Tilton and family expect to spend several weeks at the Pitman Grove camp-meeting.

This gentleman from Italy, with their numerous families, are populating the berry fields.

The School Board were to have a meeting on Tuesday evening, but only two members appeared.

George A. Rogers reports a big 'picker trade' at his Elm store,—small orders, but hosts of them.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church, of Hammonton, was incorporated in the County Clerk's office, on Tuesday.

Miss Flora Potter is taking the teachers' course at Woodstown (N. J.) Academy. She has been elected teacher of the Lake school.

They say that if you will put your cherries in a pail of water, all the inhabited ones will float, and the good ones sink. That's easy; try it.

Frank Bassett and wife spent the week with relatives in Hammonton and elsewhere. Frank is now employed in the Orchard and Garden office, at Little Silver, N. J.

St. Mark's Church, Third Sunday after Trinity, July 11th, 1886. Morning Prayer, Celebration Holy Communion 10:30 A. M. Sunday School, 2:30 P. M. Evening Prayer and Sermon 3:30 P. M.

Mr. Charles Walker, of Walker Road, has been improving his house and outbuildings. Mr. Thayer did the carpenter work, and has also been making needed repairs on Dr. Bowles' residence.

A public meeting will be held on Tuesday evening next, July 13th, at 8 o'clock, in Small's Hall, for the purpose of securing better post-office facilities for Hammonton. All persons interested are requested to be present.

Mr. George Taylor, of Walker Road, is in his eighty-first year, yet he has worked, this week, fourteen hours per day, on his farm, and on Thursday he looked and acted vigorous enough to outlive some of his grandchildren.

The Council has leased for five years three-fourths of an acre of gravel, paying \$200 therefor. It is a good bargain for the town, and good for Mr. N. E. Artwell also, as it will uncover a bed of valuable clay, which will then be marketable.

The Steam Laundry is now under the control of Mr. C. E. Watson, a young man well-qualified to give satisfaction. We know him to be a first-class workman. Don't let your wife sweat over the wash-tub and ironing-board, but give the laundryman a trial.

Last Monday evening was the regular meeting-night of the Working-men's Loan and Building Association. Owing to circumstances, the amount of money offered for sale was very small—\$1175. The prices paid were uncommonly high—averaging 82 cents.

A picnic will be held in the grove adjacent to the M. E. Church, New Columbia, on Saturday next, July 13th, in the afternoon and evening. Ice cream, lemonade, oranges, and confectionery of all kinds will be provided in abundance. A match game of base-ball will be played at two o'clock, between the Elwood and Columbia Clubs. A bicycle race at 6:30, to be participated in by some of the best professional riders in the country. Springs will be erected, and everything provided necessary to make the occasion pleasant and enjoyable. All invited.

Mr. W. A. Millar's residence had a narrow escape from destruction, last Saturday. When about to sit down to dinner, one of the daughters went upstairs, and on her return reported hearing a peculiar sound from the attic. A second daughter went up, and said: "Why, it sounds like fire!" The door was then opened, but a rush of smoke from the attic drove them back. An alarm was sounded, and Messrs. G. F. and John A. Saxton and J. S. Thayer were soon on the roof, and a vigorous supply of shingles commenced, by which means the fire was located, and extinguished with a few pails of water. The origin of the fire is one of the mysteries (it may have been a fire-cracker), but it had burned a small hole through to the hard-pine roof-boards, where it spread until discovered. Half an hour later, water would not have saved the building.

After adjournment, people gathered in groups and discussed the contents of dinner-baskets. Mr. Fowler had swings here and there, and boats traversed the lake with merry parties. Once all were quiet he cracked, snap, bang of the crimson cracker, reminding us that our Young America still adhered to the traditions of the fathers, and would even utilize the labor of the "heathen Chinese" to testify his joy in America's freedom. Darkness scarcely found the Park deserted. At night, the pop, whiz, and rush of candle, wheel, and rocket could be heard and seen in all directions, until the hours grew long, when the quiet that becomes the approaching holy day fell over the scene, and weary heads had rest.

Rev. Asher Moore was expected to address the audience, but was unable to be present, owing to extreme heat and distance.

\$5 Reward. I hereby forbid all persons negotiating a Town Order No. 215, dated June 26th, 1886, drawn to the order of A. J. Smith, for twenty-five dollars, as payment thereon has been stopped. Said order was in my pocket-book, which was lost Thursday, July 8th. The finder will receive the above reward by returning the book to the REPUBLICAN office, or to me.

Berry Pickers.—Whoever wants any pickers this year can be supplied by me for 25 cents each. Call at my house two weeks before berries are ripe, and let me know how many you want.

A Farm.—The Baskely farm, on First Road, Hammonton, is for sale. Nicotian acres of good land, with a comfortable house and other conveniences. Terms reasonable. Apply on the premises, or to the REPUBLICAN office.

Our hammocks are strong enough for two," says an observing advertiser.

Frank Bouders, a former employee of Mr. Bernhouse, now a contractor in Atlantic, has been very sick with lung fever. Two weeks of Hammonton air have enabled him to walk about in comparative comfort.

Miss Ella Horton will have, next Monday, from a large house in Philadelphia, crochet work for any number of women and girls, to be done at their own homes. The pay is good and sure. Call at Wm. Sturtevant's residence, Monday, and learn particulars.

The Atlantic Journal quotes that free-trade communication from our last week's issue, but is unfair enough to omit our reply,—merely referring to it in terms not complimentary. It don't look like Bro. Oliver's work; probably the "hives" have affected his temper.

Probably all our readers know that the inside of our paper is printed in Philadelphia. We are usually pretty well satisfied with the selections there given; but a mistake was made this week, and wrong sheets sent us—apparently intended for Vineland. We don't like it, but had not time to rectify it.

Prof. W. B. Matthews has had at least two desirable calls to take charge of schools elsewhere. We should be very sorry to have Mr. Matthews leave the Hammonton schools, which he has been mainly instrumental in bringing into harmonious working order; but so great an increase in salary is hard to resist.

A letter from S. R. Morse, dated at Livermore, Maine, says: "We find it very pleasant here. My brother's family (Mell's) are here for the summer; Mr. Ogdon and family will be near here, and also Miss Burr, of Camden. So we shall have quite a company of Jersey folks. Come down and see us; you shall have a good time."

Messrs. Gilbert C. Bemis, Thomas Sheppard, and Charles Wilson, of Worcester, Mass., shop-makers of E. V. Hoyt, are spending their summer vacation looking after Jersey. This week they visited at L. Hoyt's and A. J. Smith's. Thursday went to "the city by the sea," on Friday searched for the elephant in Philadelphia. This A. M. they planned to start for home. "Eddie" and another who accompanied them, passed their vacation with friends in New York State.

The Journal-man copies our complaint concerning postal facilities (?) in Hammonton, and says: "Why not blame the Postmaster?" Well, tell you why. For twenty-five years, under a Republican administration, post-office arrangements were satisfactory here: but about four years ago Mr. Elvins felt that our growing town deserved more convenient facilities. Did he ask Congress for an appropriation? No; he bought a corner lot, in a very eligible location, built a neat and substantial two-story building, and fitted up the lower story in a style equalled by few post-offices in the State. He thus expended not less than three thousand dollars, receiving and expecting no return above his salary. Everybody was satisfied; and nobody seemed able to suggest an improvement. Judge, then, of the popular amazement and indignation when, on April 24th last, an order was received from the "Acting First-Assistant-Postmaster-General" for this "branch." In response to repeated petitions, signed by voters of all parties, an Inspector was sent here, several weeks ago, made intelligent inquiries and looked over the books. He found that about three-fourths of the post-office business was done at the "branch," and promised to recommend its re-opening at the main office. Since then, Mr. Elvins has held all his senses in readiness to move back at an hour's notice, but the notice has not yet come. That's why we do not "blame the Postmaster?"

PIGS.—A lot of Jersey Red and Poland China Pigs for sale,—about 6 weeks old. Apply to JACOB EVAUL, Ancoara, N. J.

Floral Guide. A beautiful work of 120 pages, Colored Plates, and 1000 illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of SEEDS and Plants, and how to grow them. Printed in English and German. Price, only 50 cents, which may be deducted from the amount of your order for the goods, and how to get it beyond of running to the grocery at the best moment to buy what needs happen to be left over, meeting with disappointment after weeks of waiting. BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N. Y.

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Fate of Great Mine Discoverers.

The superstitious belief is an old one that unless the discoverer of a camp meets an untimely or bloody end his find will never amount to anything...

A PROCESSION IN CEYLON.

An Army With Banners Marching Out to Meet a Buddhist Camp-Meeting.

The Ocala Milligawa, our chief temple of Buddha in this town was the point of rendezvous for the procession...

Old Virginia, after whom the "Consolidated Virginia" was named, and who sold his claim for \$25, a pony and a bottle of whisky came to his death by an overdose from a bucking mule near Dayton, Neb.

Bill Bodie, the discoverer of the great Standard mine in Mono county, Cal., slept his life away in a snow storm while making his way to the mines.

Colonel Storey, who gave his name to the county in Nevada where the Comstock is situated, was killed in battle by the Pyramid Lake Indians.

Thomas Gas Comstock died a log-gar in a strange land. "Old Pancoak," as he was known in the mining camps, committed suicide at Boston, Mon., on September 27th, 1870, by shooting himself.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

A little kindness goes a good way. It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

The trees that are not moist in the sun bear the sweetest fruit.

It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in old age.

Life, that nerat in our youth, has for its first duty, to forgive.

It is not so difficult to know one's self, as to confess the knowledge.

Each departed friend is a magnet that attracts us to the next world.

The serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world.

Prudence is one of the virtues which were called cardinal by the ancient ethical writers.

No man can be as bad as the feeling which is quick to see, and speak of the faults of others.

Promises made in time of affliction require a better memory than people generally possess.

We should not measure the excellence of our work by the trouble it has cost us to produce it.

One of the best rules in conversation is never to say anything that any one present can wish unaided.

Fully to understand a grand and beautiful thing, requires perhaps as much time as to construct it.

The freely only shines when on the wing. So it is with the mind; when once we rest, we darken.

Nothing sits so gracefully upon children as habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards their parents.

We should never vent an opinion for better or for worse, until we have good ground we should lay down upon better.

Poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human rights, human passions, emotions, friends is a sweet illusion of people who believe that they merit the affection of others.

There are only two sorts of men—the one, the just, who believe themselves to be sinners, and the other, the sinners, who believe themselves just.

It is a vast hindrance to the enrichment of our understanding if we spend too much of our time among infinites.

The intellectual capacity is a goodly field capable of great improvement, and it is the worst husbandry in the world to sow it with trifles.

HORSE NOTES

—There are over one hundred 2.30 stallions living.

—St. Julien is running out without shoes in California.

—McLeod is being driven on the road now by his own owner.

—The Lady Clara is being driven in the free-or-all class at Pittsburg.

—The match-race is \$500 between Lizzie B. and Edwin A. for Oct. 10.

—Jack Phillips is said to have lost money on Felix at Island Park.

—Ben Woodman has returned to Anoka, Minn., from California.

—John Burgess, of East Orange, N. J., has purchased the b. g. Saffor Boy.

—The North Hudson Driving Course dates for a meeting have been changed to September 8 to 10.

—Ben All has been on the ailing list several days, and it is doubtful if he faces the flag again for weeks.

—Charles Foster and Judge Lynch, the pacers, will have a match race for \$2000 at Cleveland during the circuit meeting.

—Dwyer Brothers have won twenty races for \$705 so far this season. Ed Corrigan has won thirty-three races and \$30,415.

—Mr. Fred M. Walton purchased lately in York a stylish sorrel gelding, 15 hands 3 1/2, and 5 years old. He showed three horses better than 2.50, and it is claimed that they should go close to 2.35. He is by General Morgan, out of a Mayday mare.

—W. R. Kendall, of Worcester, Mass., has sold the ch. m. Blue Belle, 2.54, to A. J. Feok, price \$5000, and Feok in turn sold her to William Moeninger, of New York.

—She showed a mile in 2.21 for Feok the first time of asking.

—The result of a match between Volante and Troubadour, at Chicago, before July 12. If this match is not made there will probably be a sweepstakes race, \$1000 entrance, and the winner will be the one who is thought worth bringing together most of the cracks of the season.

—Mr. Baldwin says he will match Volante against Miss Woodford for \$10,000 a side, on the basis of the Queen conceding 6 pounds to the California horse. He states, further, that he will allow the Dwyers the choice of ground, and will send Volante to any Eastern track that may be designated by the other party.

—Canker of the foot is one of the most intractable diseases with which the veterinary surgeon has to contend. It is a disease somewhat analogous to cancer in the human subject.

A true cancer, however, is supposed to have its origin in remote parts; hence the great difficulty in curing it. Dr. Carpenter, however, has discovered that growths possess a remarkable analogy with the parasitic fungi, which develop themselves in the interior of vegetable and animal tissues.

The supposition long ago maintained that cancer might be regarded as an independent growth of corresponding nature to that of the tissue in which it is situated, can be little doubted that cancer tumor of any size may be developed from a single cell, and it is probable that the origin of such growths in parts distant from their primary seat is due to the conveyance of cancer cells, or of their germs by the circulating current; so that it seems very difficult to draw a line which will separate such independent growths on the one hand from the ordinary tissues of the body, and on the other hand from the parasitic fungi.

Special Bargains

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CITY AND FARM PROPERTIES.

City Properties.

1. Good six-room house with lot, well located, \$1000.

2. House seven rooms good, 1 1/2 lots, \$1200.

3. Fine residence, six rooms, 1 1/2 lots, excellent location, \$2000.

4. Large house ten rooms, barn, and two lots, well located, \$1800.

5. House, 10 rooms, one lot, good location, \$1500.

6. Eight roomed house, barn and henery, well located, \$1200.

7. Good family six roomed house with 1/2 lot, central location, \$1100.

8. House with pleasant surroundings, 10 rooms, central location, \$1800.

9. Two new houses, each for either one or two families, good repairs, pleasant location, \$1500.

10. Improved and unimproved building lots and sites, \$1000.

11. Cottage, 7 rooms, 1 lot, \$1000.

12. House seven rooms, 1 lot, \$1100.

13. House 10 rooms, 1 lot, \$1200.

14. House 9 rooms, 1 lot, \$1000.

15. House of 6 rooms in good repair, 1/2 lot, \$800.

16. House, 8 rooms, 1 lot, central location, \$900.

17. House, 7 rooms, 1 lot, good investment, \$1000.

18. House, 7 rooms, 1 acre, good location, \$1200.

19. House, 7 rooms, 3 lots, a desirable corner property, \$1800.

BEWARE OF WIDOWS.

It was a typical winter day. A fine, powdery snow was falling, and a fringe of icicles adorned the steep gables of barns and farmhouses.

But in spite of the cheerless prospect, Malvern Travers whistled cheerily to himself as he brushed the driving wind, and made his way through the dry, fall-falling snow towards his home.

"I'll put it under her door to-night," he was saying to himself, with a smile in his hazel-blue eyes.

Here his meditations were interrupted by the sudden opening of the door as he reached the threshold, and by a sharp voice exclaiming: "But you!"

"Hurry up, for pity's sake, Malvern, and don't be letting the snow into the house."

And Malvern obediently hurried in as he answered with a smile: "No danger of that, Frisella. There's not a snow flake in it."

"There's a mighty night, it, then," growled his sister-in-law, who, sitting in the parlor, was busy mending a pair of gloves.

"No," returned Malvern meekly. "I told you so," returned Mrs. Frisella in a tone of triumph.

She was a worthy woman and wide-eyed, and she had a way of looking at a man which was calculated to produce a salutary effect on his mind.

But as there is no rose without a thorn, Mrs. Frisella's really excellent qualities were somewhat marred by the possession of a sharp tongue.

"I told the truth," smiled Malvern to himself as he sought the privacy of his own apartment. "She didn't ask if I had a birthday card, so of course I wasn't obliged to tell."

And carefully taking a large, square envelope from his overcoat pocket, he drew out the card and examined it carefully.

It was a very pretty card, with a fancy border surrounding a wreath of forget-me-nots, and in the center, which encircled a pair of doves with silver wings, represented as billing and cooing affectionately.

On the reverse side was a simple couplet, which he had written in his own hand.

"As the oak tree elms the vine, So my heart beats for you; and I'll be true to you, as Malvern's eyes it was the pink of excellence.

He was a very bashful man—so bashful that he never passed his thirtieth birthday, and was still a bachelor.

This fact was a thorn in the side of his sister-in-law, and many and sharp were the lectures which she poured on him on the subject; but alas! with no avail.

He could have shouldered his musket and gone into a battle without a tremor; but when it came to making love to a pretty girl, his heart and nerves both failed him.

He had of late ventured up sufficient courage to escort Electra Ferversham and her stepmother (a widow) to church, and to a picnic or skating party, or other merry-making on several occasions.

But to his misfortune he it told he found it easier to pay attention to the elder lady than to the daughter, and as a consequence, the gossip of the town had begun to connect his name with that of Mrs. Ignatia Ferversham, with their own amusement.

Stage Robbing.

Two stage robbers in jail at Madras, Ceylon, for robbing the Y. C. C. Valley have been visited by many people and questioned as to their career on the road.

"For Electrical Well, I declare! Who's it from I wonder? There's no harm in opening a birthday card, so I'll just see what it says."

And carefully prying open the envelope, Mrs. Ferversham beheld a tastefully-decorated sheet of rice-paper, on the inner side of which were some written words, which she proceeded to read:

"Miss ELECTRA.—I shall pass your home at sunrise to-morrow morning; it is your birthday. If I see your face at the window, I shall take it as a sign that you are willing to accept my card. Yours sincerely, MALVERN TRAVERS."

"Oh, indeed!" Mrs. Ignatia growled in the face as she comprehended the purport of the words, "so it is her he's been coming to see, 'He is her he's been coming to see, 'He is her he's been coming to see, 'He is her he's been coming to see."

"I'm going over to see old Mrs. Dimity. I heard she was ill," she announced when Mrs. Ferversham returned. "I'll take charge of this document before I see you again."

It was a short time after the dinner-table was laid, and Mrs. Ferversham was a busy woman. He wanted everything that came in his way, and he took it.

The result was that before many weeks elapsed the stages were all taken off by one or two men, and the drivers of the stage used to go over the route alone very often.

One time my friend sprang out in front of the stage and ordered the driver to throw up his hands for money. The driver went around to the side of the stage to interview the passengers, and he found that there wasn't a soul in the rig.

"No," returned Malvern meekly. "I told you so," returned Mrs. Frisella in a tone of triumph.

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MAILED'S DREAMS.

No foot-fall wakes the mansion. Asleep in the sun's warm rays, The Lady Clara lies in slumber, Her magic loom has woven Dreams from her life's still ways.

She turns from her bed, and rises, And through the beechen shadows Of the inner side of which were some written words, which she proceeded to read:

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"As the oak tree elms the vine, So my heart beats for you; and I'll be true to you, as Malvern's eyes it was the pink of excellence.

He was a very bashful man—so bashful that he never passed his thirtieth birthday, and was still a bachelor.

This fact was a thorn in the side of his sister-in-law, and many and sharp were the lectures which she poured on him on the subject; but alas! with no avail.

He could have shouldered his musket and gone into a battle without a tremor; but when it came to making love to a pretty girl, his heart and nerves both failed him.

He had of late ventured up sufficient courage to escort Electra Ferversham and her stepmother (a widow) to church, and to a picnic or skating party, or other merry-making on several occasions.

FASHION NOTES.

The most fashionable combination of color in millinery is heliotrope and moss-green.

Charming gowns for brides have fringed skirts trimmed with tulle of white embroidered silk, intermingled with shell platings of white satin edged with Valenciennes lace.

A very pretty garter dress for a young girl is pale lavender fairy tulle. Alasce shot with maize. The back drapery is lined with maize tulle.

Another has a skirt of embroidered tulle, with a bodice of cream-colored canvas dotted with poppy-red sash and bows of poppy-red canvas ribbon, chemise of white lace, garden hat of embroidered marmoset with red bow.

Coronet bonnets are gaining in favor. Coronets of flowers and beads that are quite pretty are shown. Moss green, from the hair, with slightly curled ends, are arranged in this way, and let coronets are more sought after than others.

English brides wear pointed Chinese shoes of white satin with the straps covered with a fine rich embroidery in white satin stitch, the designs outlined with pearls. The long undressed kid gloves are decorated with an embroidery to correspond.

White Milan straw bonnets simply trimmed with clusters of pale mauve or cream white flowers, placed in a high moure upon the front of the bonnet with narrow satin loops and strings to match, will form one of the chic and dainty bonnets par excellence for dressy wear this summer.

A walking-dress is of mastic-red, cinnamon and green checked silk, edged with a shirring of green velvet, trimmed with green velvet and bows of ribbon velvet; chemise of cream Indian muslin, hat of coffee-colored embroidered gauze, with trim of green velvet.

Very stylish and becoming jerseys are made of extra light-weight stock-wool, very soft and fine, in pale cream color, trimmed with revers of golden color, velvet and fastened with a row of medium-sized buttons of bronze.

The jerseys short on the hips and has a coat back, the revers on the position faced with the velvet.

Another is of woolen tissue goods. The skirt is composed of two materials, the front being plain and the back of flannel-tissue. The front is almost covered with two pieces of cream-colored plush, and the skirt is covered with a row of ribbon, the back is straight and falls in large plaits, and at the sides are placed two panels, which are fastened with buttons of round in the back and pointed in front, and closes diagonally.

Still another is of striped and plain woolen goods. The false skirt is covered with a shirring of white tulle, and a drape of the plain material, which is long and draped high on the sides and trimmed on the right side with braid. The back drapery is trimmed into the same style of shirring, and opens in front over a vest which is traversed with braid, the deep collar being trimmed with same. The back of the jacket opens at each seam over plaits ornamented with braid. The straight collar and sleeves are also trimmed with the same. Hat of straw, buff color, trimmed with velvet, ribbon bow and aigrette.

Some of the new wraps are chiefly original as regards the sleeves, a tendency toward the wider shapes being observable. Some are made with the pagoda sleeves hanging over the arms, and some with the sleeves of a drape of the plain material, which is long and draped high on the sides and trimmed on the right side with braid. The back drapery is trimmed into the same style of shirring, and opens in front over a vest which is traversed with braid, the deep collar being trimmed with same. The back of the jacket opens at each seam over plaits ornamented with braid. The straight collar and sleeves are also trimmed with the same. Hat of straw, buff color, trimmed with velvet, ribbon bow and aigrette.

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