

South Jersey Republican.

VOL. 4, NO. 49. HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1867. 2.00 PER YEAR

Laws of Newspapers.

The courts have settled the following points:
1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of the paper, the publisher may continue to send them till all that is due is paid.
3. If the subscribers refuse or neglect to take their papers from the office, when they are notified, they are held responsible till they have notified their bill and ordered their paper discontinued.
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

HAMMONTON!

Rare Opportunity to Secure A HOME

To All Wanting Farms.

In the great Hammonton Fruit Settlement, the best inducements are offered to all wanting farms in the most delightful and healthy climate, with a good productive soil, being among the best in the entire State of New Jersey; only thirty miles from Philadelphia on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, and but few miles from the New York Railroad. These lands are sold to the actual settlers at low prices and easy terms, in five, ten, twenty acres and upwards to suit. The title perfect, warrants clear, all of all incumbrances, given when all the purchase money is paid.

The Soil

is a fine sandy and clay loam, suitable for all grains and grasses, and is pronounced the best quality for gardening and fruit raising. It is a marl deposit, with a richly substance mixed all through it in a very commuted form, and in the exact condition to support plants with proper farming it is very productive and profitable, easily worked, and warm and early. The lay of the land is slightly undulating, and is called level, it is free from stones or rocks. It is the best fruit soil in the Union. Peaches, Prunes, Apples, Quinces, Cherries, Blackberries, Raspberries, Grapes of all kinds, and all other fruits are raised here in immense quantities, and they are sought after by the dealers and command the best prices in all the markets.

The Market

is unsurpassed; direct communication twice a day to Philadelphia, New York, and Atlantic City. The Railroad Company leaves cars here to be filled with fruit every day in the season; they are filled in the afternoon, and the same night or next morning by daylight are in the market, where the highest cash prices are obtained without any other trouble to the producer than delivering the produce to the car. None of the land now offered is over one and a half miles from the Railroad.

The Climate

is mild and delightful; the winters being short and open, out-door work can be carried on nearly all winter, whilst the summer is no warmer than in the north. Persons wanting a change for health will be satisfied here—the mildness of the climate is soon beneficially felt by delicate persons and those suffering from Dyspepsia, Pulmonary affections, or General Debility, as hundreds here will testify. This section has long been known for its health, and during the summer months tens of thousands flock for health—No Malaria, Chills and Fevers in this section.

The Water

is pure and soft, of the best quality. It abounds in strata and is found by digging from ten to thirty feet. Wells are cheaply made here, as there is no rock to go through. We have the best stores in the county, where goods are sold as cheap as they are in Philadelphia or New York.

AGRICULTURAL.

Suggestions for Breakfast.

There are many simple articles which a little ingenuity can easily vary. The white hominy, boiled and eaten with syrup, is a common dish. It is still better with sugar and cream. The boiled hominy cut up cold and fried, is excellent either with syrup or cream. What are called German fritters make a nice breakfast dish. Take common soda crackers, let them soak five or ten minutes in cold water, then fry in a little lard on a griddle or in a frying pan. These are also very suitable as an accompaniment to the roast at dinner. Cold chicken, turkey, veal, or lamb; and even beef, left over from the previous day, may be minced up fine, warmed in gravy and served upon toast. But in order to make this or any minced meat acceptable, more care must be given to the mincing and seasoning than servants will ordinarily give without special instruction. Breakfast may be wonderfully varied in the article of bread alone. Of course, good home-made bread is generally preferred for ordinary use. But for a change one may put on the table a different kind every day for a fortnight, and not exhaust the resources, if a bakery is in the vicinity. Boston brown bread is excellent. Not cold, as we have frequently seen it served, but thoroughly heated through. This, with some nicely browned codfish balls, or sausages, if you approve of eating sausages, makes a very palatable breakfast. But your codfish balls must be carefully prepared and seasoned, and mixed up moist before frying, or nothing is more tasteless. The Boston brown bread is excellent with cream. It is somewhat difficult to procure this kind of bread, yet many of the largest bakeries supply it. It can be made easily at home, if by the use of the principal ingredients, can be procured. But that is difficult. Rye flour is not the article needed. Common Graham bread is much more healthful than a constant diet of "bolled wheat bread." Sally-Luns' split open, toasted and buttered, are excellent; so also are both wheat and corn muffins. "Jonny Lind cake"—so called—is very appetizing. This is the recipe:—One quart of flour, four tablespoons of sugar, two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonful of cream tartar. Mix with milk enough to make a rather stiff batter; put in cake pans, and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. If you chose, bake them in small muffin rings and call them "Goldschmidt cakes." This will give a variety, and they are really made nicer in that way.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Miseries of Being Famous.

"Come, Nell, I'm bent on going into some secluded country village for the summer!" cried Louise Leighton, the "rising young authoress," early one lovely morning last June.
"Oh! tired of being lionized at home, are you?" said her friend, Nell Brown, bending to pull her tiny slippers up at the heel; for if the truth must be told, Nell, though a beauty, was rather slovenly.
"No. But you know that I have an engagement to write a serial for Peterson's Magazine, and that I like too many interruptions at home to perform it satisfactorily."
"Of course; for everybody is anxious to pay court in some way to the renowned authoress," interposed Nell, merrily.
"I want you to go with me into the country, and pass for my authoress, while I remain anonymous, writing in my chamber when I please, or strolling out unnoticed."
"It would be capital fun!" cried Nell, clapping her hands. "When shall we start?"
A week later the pair found themselves ensconced in two pleasant rooms, a parlor and a sleeping-room, in a village in the interior of Massachusetts.
"How do you like the looks of things?" asked Lou.
"Much. Did you notice that two gentlemen—nice-looking youths—followed the hack from the cars to this very door?"
"No, Nell. Did they? In truth, I was lost in noticing the gorgeous blue of the sky. It strikes me that the sky is bluer in the country than in the city."
"Maybe it is," said Nell, with a scorn. Hearing the sound of horses' feet, she rushed to the window, that commanded a view of the road, when she exclaimed, "Here they are again! How ought I to stand to look classical, etc. boy? Is this the right attitude?"
"Stand as you always do. Don't go to affecting anything," said Lou, merrily, while taking from her trunk her writing materials, and placing them upon the table near the window at which Nell stood.
"If those gentlemen are not dismounting," gasped Nell, a moment later. "Do you hear me? Dismounting at our door!"
Here the farmer's voice was heard.
"Ah! boys, I'm right glad to see you! Walk in."
"Those gentlemen can't be sons of that rough old man! Lou, come and peep out, will you?"
"They are fine-looking youths. Maybe they are his sons. A large portion of our leading men were born in the country—had farmers for fathers, you know," whispered Lou, glancing upon the trio below.
The farmer's greeting was answered in as kindly a spirit, and the horses were speedily led round to the stable by the farmer's son, a thoughtful lad of inquiring mind, and whose name was Jim.
"Have your boarders arrived?" asked one of the young gentlemen, when seated in the parlor.
"But you rogue! Just like your father at your age! Well, Will, they have. I guess you'll want to stop here a spell now, hey?" laughed the farmer.
"Shouldn't wonder, uncle," laughed Will.
Just here the farmer's wife, Mrs. Smollet, entered. On her rubicund face there also shone a smile.
"There, boys, I know just as soon as you'd heered we were going to her a live author board here, you'd visit us quick enough. I charged Jim not to tell your folks a word about it when he rode over last Sunday; but, catch him to keep a secret! You see I wanted you, when you did come, to come to see us, father, and I, and Betsy Jane. Never mind! I'm glad to see you anyway! Jim's put yer horses up. Where's yer baggage?"
"We haven't any. We intend to pass to-night and to-morrow morning only with you," said George, the elder and more grave of the young men.
"Sho! you don't say!" replied Mr. Smollet, about to fill his pipe. "You'd better reconsider that, ere boys."
"Now, that's too bad! Hadn't ye better let Jim go over to Grandville and get a change of clothes, some duds to-morrow?" asked Mrs. Smollet.
"You are very kind, aunt; but, as you are about to take a trip to the White Mountains, we must decline," replied George.
"Aunt," whispered Will, "do tell me which is the author. I was at the depot when they arrived."
"The one with the golden locks and blue eyes."
"Impossible!" said George. "She don't look intellectual."
"I can't help that; she's the one, and no mistake. She is a riddleous creature, too. Would make a man laugh. And more—she's awful careless of her clothes, more her handsome cheek silk gown in getting out of the hack, when she needs a' done it, and never ordered a mite about it. I said to her, 'My dear, you're tore'd it away, haven't ye?' an' she said, with a cunning little toss of her lovely curls, 'Is, its nothing; I'm always tearing my clothes; I never have a whole peg on me long at a time!'"
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"Poh! a great deal you know what's above woman's sphere! I think woman's sphere is to men in brain any day," replied Mrs. Smollet.
"So do I, aunt," said George, with an animated look.
"Do? Then go in and win," was the laconic observation of Jim, who stood leaning in the doorway. This caused a laugh. When it had subsided, Mrs. Smollet said, "I hope, Jim, you haven't been telling everybody who we've got to board here?"
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"Gracious Peter! You varmint! if you don't deserve to be pitched 'Naw, that old woman will stay to tea, whether I ask her or not!"
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"Provoking!" muttered Nell, yet flashing a coquetish glance at the young gentleman, who now more elaborately presented to her by former Smollet in these terms: "Allow me to introduce Mr. William Landseer, and his brother, George, my nephews, both studying law at Harvard, and first-rate fellows, who've come a purpose to see you. Miss Louise Leighton, the celebrated authoress, young gentlemen."
Nell smiled a giggle, and after that, managed with dignity to assure the youths of her pleasure in meeting them.
"How graceful and courteous!" thought George.
"I'll be hauged if she doesn't beat every other girl of my acquaintance!" thought Will.
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"How do you like the looks of things?" asked Lou.
"Much. Did you notice that two gentlemen—nice-looking youths—followed the hack from the cars to this very door?"
"No, Nell. Did they? In truth, I was lost in noticing the gorgeous blue of the sky. It strikes me that the sky is bluer in the country than in the city."
"Maybe it is," said Nell, with a scorn. Hearing the sound of horses' feet, she rushed to the window, that commanded a view of the road, when she exclaimed, "Here they are again! How ought I to stand to look classical, etc. boy? Is this the right attitude?"
"Stand as you always do. Don't go to affecting anything," said Lou, merrily, while taking from her trunk her writing materials, and placing them upon the table near the window at which Nell stood.
"If those gentlemen are not dismounting," gasped Nell, a moment later. "Do you hear me? Dismounting at our door!"
Here the farmer's voice was heard.
"Ah! boys, I'm right glad to see you! Walk in."
"Those gentlemen can't be sons of that rough old man! Lou, come and peep out, will you?"
"They are fine-looking youths. Maybe they are his sons. A large portion of our leading men were born in the country—had farmers for fathers, you know," whispered Lou, glancing upon the trio below.
The farmer's greeting was answered in as kindly a spirit, and the horses were speedily led round to the stable by the farmer's son, a thoughtful lad of inquiring mind, and whose name was Jim.
"Have your boarders arrived?" asked one of the young gentlemen, when seated in the parlor.
"But you rogue! Just like your father at your age! Well, Will, they have. I guess you'll want to stop here a spell now, hey?" laughed the farmer.
"Shouldn't wonder, uncle," laughed Will.
Just here the farmer's wife, Mrs. Smollet, entered. On her rubicund face there also shone a smile.
"There, boys, I know just as soon as you'd heered we were going to her a live author board here, you'd visit us quick enough. I charged Jim not to tell your folks a word about it when he rode over last Sunday; but, catch him to keep a secret! You see I wanted you, when you did come, to come to see us, father, and I, and Betsy Jane. Never mind! I'm glad to see you anyway! Jim's put yer horses up. Where's yer baggage?"
"We haven't any. We intend to pass to-night and to-morrow morning only with you," said George, the elder and more grave of the young men.
"Sho! you don't say!" replied Mr. Smollet, about to fill his pipe. "You'd better reconsider that, ere boys."
"Now, that's too bad! Hadn't ye better let Jim go over to Grandville and get a change of clothes, some duds to-morrow?" asked Mrs. Smollet.
"You are very kind, aunt; but, as you are about to take a trip to the White Mountains, we must decline," replied George.
"Aunt," whispered Will, "do tell me which is the author. I was at the depot when they arrived."
"The one with the golden locks and blue eyes."
"Impossible!" said George. "She don't look intellectual."
"I can't help that; she's the one, and no mistake. She is a riddleous creature, too. Would make a man laugh. And more—she's awful careless of her clothes, more her handsome cheek silk gown in getting out of the hack, when she needs a' done it, and never ordered a mite about it. I said to her, 'My dear, you're tore'd it away, haven't ye?' an' she said, with a cunning little toss of her lovely curls, 'Is, its nothing; I'm always tearing my clothes; I never have a whole peg on me long at a time!'"
"Don't go to falling in love with her, Will. A woman that pretends to know more's she ought ter, don't never make a profitable wife. Writing is above a woman's sphere," observed the farmer. "Besides, she's destructive."
"Poh! a great deal you know what's above woman's sphere! I think woman's sphere is to men in brain any day," replied Mrs. Smollet.
"So do I, aunt," said George, with an animated look.
"Do? Then go in and win," was the laconic observation of Jim, who stood leaning in the doorway. This caused a laugh. When it had subsided, Mrs. Smollet said, "I hope, Jim, you haven't been telling everybody who we've got to board here?"
"I can't say I have. But old Marm Sykes means to hev a couple of verses writ for her tombstone, and Nancy Bell wants a new autograph in her album, and Peggy Lowering has got a bouquet to offer the authoress."
"Now, Jim, as though the ladies want to be troubled in that way! You ought'er be ashamed!" cried Mrs. Smollet.
"As for the farmer and the youths 'they fell into a fresh fit of merriment."
"No harm done, ma'am; I reckon the authoress 'd jest as lives be made on as not," replied Jim, who now was obliged to smother a grin after glancing hastily down the road.
"Now, Jim, what air you up to?" growled Mrs. Smollet.
"Notin'; on'y here comes old Marm Sykes. Maybe she's got her tombstone with her. I shouldn't wonder."
"Gracious Peter! You varmint! if you don't deserve to be pitched 'Naw, that old woman will stay to tea, whether I ask her or not!"
When Lou and Nell were summoned to supper, they found assembled, in the ample dining-room, George, Will, and Marm Sykes, in addition to the farmer's family.
"Provoking!" muttered Nell, yet flashing a coquetish glance at the young gentleman, who now more elaborately presented to her by former Smollet in these terms: "Allow me to introduce Mr. William Landseer, and his brother, George, my nephews, both studying law at Harvard, and first-rate fellows, who've come a purpose to see you. Miss Louise Leighton, the celebrated authoress, young gentlemen."
Nell smiled a giggle, and after that, managed with dignity to assure the youths of her pleasure in meeting them.
"How graceful and courteous!" thought George.
"I'll be hauged if she doesn't beat every other girl of my acquaintance!" thought Will.
As for Lou, she was very sore under the far less careful manner of her introduction to her. But then, she was a nobody, we must remember.
"Your servant, ma'am," said old Marm Sykes to Lou, ignoring the formality of an introduction:—"I've tuk this ere long walk a purpos to git you to write a couple of verses for my tombstone, which I've kept behind my head-board for nigh upon twenty year. I never wanted to forgit that, in the midst of lile, we're in the midst of death. I want 'em to be techin, and tell of all my varrieties.—Mrs. Smollet will tell you what I've been for my youth up."
"You must apply to my friend," said Lou, coldly.
"Lame! I thought farmer Smollet was mistaken, I did; you don't mean to say that 'ere pink butterfly, with the yaller hair a'fayn' all over her head, is the writer, do ye?" said Marm Sykes, bending her spectacles upon Nell, who tried to look wise and dignified.
"Wal," turning to Lou again, "if she can write the verses, she may—But you look a powerful more sensible. Did you ever try to write?—Naw; it's my 'pition you'd do a heap better'n that line than she can."
And the old woman sighed, as she turned from Lou to take a second sight at Nell, who, good-naturedly, promised to consider the epistle.
"I declare if I wouldn't like yer pieter! broke out the delighted old lady, soon after, completely captivated.
"You shall have it welcome," answered Nell, bestowing a comical glance at Lou, who looked calm as a saint.
"Here comes the bouquet and the autograph book!" shouted Jim, at which the Smollet family sighed in concert. And soon beside Nell's plate lay the bouquet and the autograph book, while two stiff females proceeded to watch her critically. Filled with pity, George and Will devoted themselves to the business of making themselves agreeable to Nell, who, glorifying in flatterations, managed to bewitch not only them, but Jim, who kept flitting about behind or before, as they seemed to be best chance, and sighing dolorously, while really he knew how to talk as well as his really brilliant and attractive cousin. As for Betsy Jane, a short, thick, rickety, red-bellied girl, she mentally declared, with Marm Sykes, that Lou looked far more sensible than Nell, though it might have been because the latter received all the attention. Will'd Nell, with a beam on each side, and Jim in the rear, roamed in the fragrant fields, by twilight and moonlight, talking of everything but literature, from which she willfully kept clear, Lou sat writing un-molested in her chamber. Marm Sykes, disgusted at having been deserted, left her house soon after supper. So, also, did the other females.
"Ah! how do you prosper?" asked Nell, bursting into the room about eleven o'clock.
"Finely, thanks to you my darling! Now own up, how many conquests have you made?"
"Three Lou; maybe four, if I can include the farmer himself, who just treated me to strawberries and cream. Oh! what a goose to sit writing when you might have so much sport."
"I knew you'd get pleasure enough out of the matter," said Lou complacently, leaving her writing.

AGRICULTURAL.

Suggestions for Breakfast.

There are many simple articles which a little ingenuity can easily vary. The white hominy, boiled and eaten with syrup, is a common dish. It is still better with sugar and cream. The boiled hominy cut up cold and fried, is excellent either with syrup or cream. What are called German fritters make a nice breakfast dish. Take common soda crackers, let them soak five or ten minutes in cold water, then fry in a little lard on a griddle or in a frying pan. These are also very suitable as an accompaniment to the roast at dinner. Cold chicken, turkey, veal, or lamb; and even beef, left over from the previous day, may be minced up fine, warmed in gravy and served upon toast. But in order to make this or any minced meat acceptable, more care must be given to the mincing and seasoning than servants will ordinarily give without special instruction. Breakfast may be wonderfully varied in the article of bread alone. Of course, good home-made bread is generally preferred for ordinary use. But for a change one may put on the table a different kind every day for a fortnight, and not exhaust the resources, if a bakery is in the vicinity. Boston brown bread is excellent. Not cold, as we have frequently seen it served, but thoroughly heated through. This, with some nicely browned codfish balls, or sausages, if you approve of eating sausages, makes a very palatable breakfast. But your codfish balls must be carefully prepared and seasoned, and mixed up moist before frying, or nothing is more tasteless. The Boston brown bread is excellent with cream. It is somewhat difficult to procure this kind of bread, yet many of the largest bakeries supply it. It can be made easily at home, if by the use of the principal ingredients, can be procured. But that is difficult. Rye flour is not the article needed. Common Graham bread is much more healthful than a constant diet of "bolled wheat bread." Sally-Luns' split open, toasted and buttered, are excellent; so also are both wheat and corn muffins. "Jonny Lind cake"—so called—is very appetizing. This is the recipe:—One quart of flour, four tablespoons of sugar, two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonful of cream tartar. Mix with milk enough to make a rather stiff batter; put in cake pans, and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. If you chose, bake them in small muffin rings and call them "Goldschmidt cakes." This will give a variety, and they are really made nicer in that way.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Miseries of Being Famous.

"Come, Nell, I'm bent on going into some secluded country village for the summer!" cried Louise Leighton, the "rising young authoress," early one lovely morning last June.
"Oh! tired of being lionized at home, are you?" said her friend, Nell Brown, bending to pull her tiny slippers up at the heel; for if the truth must be told, Nell, though a beauty, was rather slovenly.
"No. But you know that I have an engagement to write a serial for Peterson's Magazine, and that I like too many interruptions at home to perform it satisfactorily."
"Of course; for everybody is anxious to pay court in some way to the renowned authoress," interposed Nell, merrily.
"I want you to go with me into the country, and pass for my authoress, while I remain anonymous, writing in my chamber when I please, or strolling out unnoticed."
"It would be capital fun!" cried Nell, clapping her hands. "When shall we start?"
A week later the pair found themselves

Treason.

Chief Justice has recently given an opinion which states that treason is a crime which is complete and done, and which is a complete violation of the rights of Greely...

Legislative Session.

Legislator Van Emburgh, member of the New Jersey Assembly from the upper district of Bergen county, was elected to the Senate on Monday...

Washington Library Co.

The Washington Library Co. Philadelphia, Pa. has a beautiful collection of books and pamphlets...

Local and Otherwise.

Mr. Hartwell, of this town, is agent for the Washington Library Company, elsewhere advertised.

News Items.

A cargo of 5000 Congo beans were recently landed in Cuba and distributed among the poor...

The Colorado River.

The Colorado River, which started from New York about a month ago, has been seen by the big city...

Local and Otherwise.

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Medical. Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery. Organized 1818. Chartered by the Legislature Feb. 26, 1855. Annals to Charter, Feb. 15, 1866, and March 15, 1865.

Medical. BEALE'S EMBROCATION. For all diseases of the Horse, Cattle and the Human flesh, requiring the use of an external remedy. It has a full knowledge of all the medicinal virtues of each ingredient that enters into its composition, is warranted to exceed any other for the kind ever offered to the Public as an external application for the relief of which it is recommended. We are satisfied that it will work its own road into the system of all who use it, and those who try it once will never be without it, and therefore it is pronounced as the best of its kind. It is pronounced by the best of its kind. It is pronounced by the best of its kind.

Trees, Fruits &c. Basin-Road Nurseries, Hammon, N. J. Price List for Fall of 1886 and Spring of 1887. OF FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES AND PLANTS. Cultivated and for Sale by JOHN H. HOLDING.

Jewelry. O. M. Englehart & Son. Watchmakers and Jewelers. Gold and Silver Ware, IMPORTERS OF WATCHES. No. 254 North Second St., 1st door below Vine.

Machinery. Sewing Machines. DOTY'S WASHER. UNIVERSAL WRINGER. ISAAC ERB, Agent.

Buildings. HOUSES!! For The MILLION! ROGER'S PATENT CONCRETE BRICK. MADE UNDER POWERFUL PRESSURE BY Roger's Patent Concrete Press.

Importance. Fruit Preserving Solution. Will preserve fruit from fermentation or decay, and preserve it in a perfectly natural condition.

Medical. The full course of Lectures each year, commencing the first of October, and continuing until April. The Dissection Rooms are open, and private dissections continue until Christmas.

Medical. BEALE'S EMBROCATION. A Card to Invalids. A Clergyman, while residing in South America as a missionary, discovered a safe and simple remedy for the cure of Nervous Weakness, Early Decay, Diseases of the Lungs, and other ailments.

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Medical. The Advantages of Scholarship. The student holding a scholarship can enter the College at any time during the year, attend as long as he chooses, and re-enter the Institution as frequently as desired.

Medical. TO CONSUMPTIVES. The advertiser, having been restored to health by the use of a very simple remedy, after having suffered for several years with a severe long standing, and that dread disease, consumption - is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.

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Medical. The Regular Faculty. James McClellan, A. M., M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Surgery.

Medical. FOUTZ'S Horse and Cattle Powders. This preparation, long and favorably known, will thoroughly cleanse the system, and break down the bowels, and give strength, by strengthening the stomach, and cleansing the bowels, and giving the system a new impetus.

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