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Smith's Tonic Syrup
 FOR THE CURE OF
FEVER and AGUE
 Or CHILLS and FEVER,
 AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

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

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections—the King of Blood Purifiers.

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TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, Fatigue after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Flustering at the Heart, Pains before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through the skin as "acne" or "engorgement of the system," promoting appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.
 "I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and TUTT'S are the first that have done me any good. They have cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man."
 W. D. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O.
 Solely here, 25c. Office, 41 Murray St., N. Y.

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STOP at Egg Harbor Road, next to Alken's Carriage Factory, Hammonton.

Those Big Apples.

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me in a few words as possible to state my views about apple culture in Hammonton. I think I have spent more time and money within the last twenty-five years than any other person in town. I have tested and rejected over forty varieties that promised well, and have four on trial, among which I hope to find at least one that will pay to grow in large quantities for market.

Those big beauties, which are admired, are failures with other parties in town who have had them in bearing for a dozen years or more. They are poor growers; the leaves burn up the worst of any variety I ever knew, which one season caused a late growth and the destruction of nearly three hundred trees by winter killing, in my orchard. The quality is sometimes very poor. I have known them so tough it was very difficult to peel them, and at other times so dry and tasteless as to be worthless. They mature in what the N. Y. Times so aptly calls the "August glut." They do not withstand the attack of insects so well as some other varieties. I had almost concluded to get rid of them, but under high and peculiar culture they have done so well I shall try them one season longer.

"Williams Favorite" is much better in quality, matures earlier, higher colored, and withstands insects better but is not quite as large.

"Stark" is a splendid grower, and a great bearer of large red apples of good quality, that cook and keep well. Sorry that it blooms so early.

"Gibbs" is a very late bloomer and long keeper, that I have not fully tested.

Will it pay to go heavily into apple culture in Hammonton? Certainly, if we do it right. We must kill off the insects; and this will require combined effort, unless your trees, like mine, are comparatively isolated. Finally, we must have better freight rates to New York, Boston, etc., or competition will ruin us. The Old Dominion Fruit Growing Company of Virginia, I am told, have about twenty thousand Bartlett pear trees, and how many apple trees I don't know, but Franklin Davis & Co., who have two very large nurseries especially devoted to apples, of which he has exhibited one hundred and sixty three varieties, and carried off the highest premiums, is at the head of the concern, and will doubtless push things; and as they only pay six cents per crate to New York, while we have to pay fifteen from North Hammonton, and from eighteen to twenty-seven from Hammonton—according to number sent at once; and as five of their crates hold as much as six or seven of ours, we have to pay (in proportion to distance sent) from twelve to twenty times as much freight as they do.

Feeling greatly annoyed that we apple and pear growers have had to pay nearly double the rates per barrel that sweet potato growers have, I went to New York to see P. H. Wyckoff, General Superintendent of Freight on New Jersey Central Railroad. I found him a very pleasant gentleman, and a level-headed business man who readily conceded the reasonableness of my request to carry apples and pears, headed up in barrels, at the same rates as sweet potatoes; but W. J. Parmentier, Assistant General Freight Agent of the Southern, objected, and all I could get was a promise to deal liberally by us; and if the usual August glut came, he would help us out. This seemed to me like taking the cream, then using the skimmed milk and giving us the whey; consequently I sold my apples to go to Atlantic City, and am shipping pears to Philadelphia over C. & A. R. R., as their station is most convenient to my crops. Next year, when the Narrow Gauge is widened, so that cars can run from our station to New York, they promise us the same rates as from North Hammonton; also promise to put me in a little siding where I can ship from the middle of my orchard when I have

fruit enough to ship a car-load at a time, which they promise to take at greatly reduced rates. In short, they promise all we could reasonably ask, if we would first build up a large business for them in apples and pears. They are level-headed business men, and will not reduce rates unless we satisfy them that we will send enough more to increase rather than diminish their prospects; and they seem very cautious about trusting to mere promises of increased business.

If we keep our heads equally level, we shall not rush into the summer apple business on mere promises of liberal treatment, while paying from twelve to twenty times as much freight, according to distance, as our competitors in Virginia, who will always have the advantage of earlier maturity.

Under present circumstances, I shall neither advise nor assist any one to go into raising big beauties apples for market. Next season, if my apples do as well as I hope, and satisfactory rates of freight can be obtained, that will not be raised as soon as we build up the business—as is often done by railroads—I will furnish scions and give my experience cheerfully to help build up a big business in summer apples.

P. S. Since writing the above, I have received very encouraging offers from the Camden & Atlantic Railroad, in answer to inquiries which I addressed to the freight agent. They have also issued special rates which are too lengthy to quote here, but which it will be well for shippers to look to before shipping. Wm. B. POTTER, M. D.

That "Troubled Conscience."

MR. EDITOR:—I see you still keep open your columns for remarks about the Sabbath. "Another Fruit Grower" comes to the rescue. Now, sir, if you think the subject is not quite threadbare, I will make some points on "Troubled Conscience." He has given us the Old Testament Law, "Six days shalt thou labor," etc., and says "That makes it plain that no work is to be done on the holy Sabbath day." Then he goes on watering till there is little milk left to use! Where did he get authority to explain any part of it away? "No doubt," says he, "it refers to ordinary work." Then refraining from the extraordinary is keeping the Sabbath and doing good! Suppose, Mr. Editor, I quote a later reference to the Sabbath; and the latest, as lawyers say, takes precedence of all others, and of course the old stands rescinded on the record: "This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath." So, you see, the berry pickers have some respectable company! This is one of the New Order if you please, not the Old Testament law that teaches "an eye for an eye," but "love thy neighbor," etc.—not the same Old Law that teaches the Jew of to day to mingle with his sacrifices the blood of young-Christian girls (see trial going on in Europe). "Old things have passed away." Then why this sticking for the Jewish Sabbath? What does the New Law Giver say to this point: "Moses therefore gave you circumcision, not because it was of Moses, but of the Father." Not that it was positively needful, but an old doctrine or rule. How many of the Old Rules can be dispersed with, is for me, and many other Fruit Growers to determine for ourselves. Seek not to compass us all round about with matters of sound, all teeming with doubt. Respectfully,
 ONE MORE FRUIT GROWER.

Lewis, Iowa, Dr. M. J. Davis, says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my own family with excellent results."
 "Every man is the architect of his own fortune," but some folks make a broad mistake when they don't let out the contract.
 Do you wish a beautiful complexion? Then use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and purifies the blood, and thereby removes blotches and pimples from the skin, making it smooth and clear, and giving it a bright and healthy appearance.

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NOTED MEN!

DR. JOHN F. HANCOCK, late President of the National Pharmaceutical Association of the United States, says:
 "Brown's Iron Bitters has a heavy sale, is conceded to be a fine tonic; the character of the manufacturers is a voucher for its purity and medicinal excellence."

DR. JOSEPH ROBERTS, President Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:
 "I endorse it as a fine medicine, reliable as a strengthening tonic, free from alcoholic poisons."

DR. J. FARIS MOORE, Ph. D., Professor of Pharmacy, Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:
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 "I endorse it as an excellent medicine, a good digestive agent, and a non-intoxicant in the fullest sense."

DR. RICHARD SAPIINGTON, one of Baltimore's oldest and most reliable physicians, says:
 "All who have used it praise its standard virtues, and the well-known character of the house which makes it a sufficient guarantee of its being all that is claimed, for they are men who could not be induced to offer anything else but a reliable medicine for public use."

A Druggist Cured.
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 Gentlemen: Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of a bad attack of indigestion and fullness in the stomach. Having tested it, I take pleasure in recommending it to my customers, and am glad to try it gives entire satisfaction to all.
 Geo. W. HOFFMAN, Druggist.

Ask your Druggist for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and take no other. One trial will convince you that it is just what you need.

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We are now prepared to receive orders for coal, to be delivered at any time through the Fall and Winter, at lowest prices. We deliver coal when desired. The various sizes and best qualities of coal constantly on hand at our Railroad Avenue, opposite the railroad shed. Coal furnished direct from cars, monthly. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Give us your orders early.

G. F. SAXTON,
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Science.

The Munich Academy of Art has among its 463 students thirty-four Americans.

Geology is said to be the most popular department of science in Spain. The mining exhibition at Madrid is a great success.

The smell of fresh paint in a room may be effectually gotten rid of by placing therein a pail of water in which a few onions have been sliced.

Water used in wool-washing yields 4.50 per cent. of a very dry potassium, which can be recovered, as M. Delattre has shown, at a considerable profit.

Dr. Siemens calculates that the present annual yield of all the coal mines of the earth would suffice to keep up the fire of the sun, at its present intensity of light and heat, for about the forty-millionth part of a second.

According to the Scientific Californian an instantaneous remedy in cases of poisoning consists of a heaping teaspoonful of salt and the same quantity of ground mustard stirred in a teaspoon of warm or cold water and swallowed instantly.

A writer in the Scientific Californian suggests a safe method of drinking out of cups at fountains erected for public use. It is to put the lower lip inside of the cup and sip the water, instead of placing the edge of the cup between the lips.

A substitute for India-rubber has been invented by M. M. Dankworth and Landers, of St. Petersburg. It is composed of a mixture of wood and coal-tar, linsed oil, ozokerit, spermocet and sulphur, which are thoroughly mixed and heated for a long time in large vessels by means of superheated steam.

At a meeting of the Linnean Society, London, last month, Mr. G. Murray exhibited specimens of dice killed by the fungus disease (Saprolegnia ferax), the result of inoculation. He asserted that this was the first recorded experimental proof of the possibility that this disease could be communicated to fishes.

Messrs. Elster and Gettel state that the views of Hunkel on the electricity of flames, published in 1833, but only recently come to their knowledge, have been confirmed by their own experiments, which show that galvanic elements may be formed of heated gases and metals without the introduction of a flame.

A contemporary maintains that the persistent use of the microscope is the only means whereby the necessity for a change of yeast in brewing can be ascertained, and that the examination must be kept up from day to day. As soon as the cells seem to become elongated and lose their round shape there is something wrong.

At Naskov, in the Danish island of Lapland, the gas company lights the streets gratuitously, as a return for the monopoly which enables it to supply nearly all the houses with gas for cooking, heating and lighting. For heating purposes the price is 9 cents per thousand; but for lighting, the company charges \$1.20.

Within the last few years the development of the coal-fields of Asturias has greatly advanced. In 1882, 219,508 tons were raised, against 167,586 in 1878. But the near future, with the demands of railroads and industrial establishments, will soon make the product much greater than the former figures even give any idea of.

Mr. J. E. H. Gordon, not later than three years ago, was a strong advocate, as he acknowledges himself, of dynamo-electric machines occupying a very small space and driven at a high rate of speed. Now, after a costly series of experiments, he finds that a large machine driven at a comparatively slow rate gives incomparably the best result, and does not endanger life by altering to pieces.

Six Belgian engineers who have been consulted by M. de Lesseps on the inland sea scheme, report that the cutting could be made within five years at a cost of \$30,000,000. An average width of eighty or 100 feet would be sufficient, as the current would widen the canal; and since it would be nearly in a straight line the navigation would be devoid of difficulty. A vast tract of country lacking only moisture to become very productive would thus be brought under cultivation.

It has been observed by Swedish engineers that the quantity of phosphorus in the pig-iron manufactured with charcoal is larger than that in the ore and fluxes, even assuming that all of

it had gone into the pig. Jansen found that when he melted ores in crucibles the metal obtained ran lower in phosphorus than the pig obtained from the same ore. Sarström, in 1881, made some analyses in charcoal, which seem to lead to the conclusion that the excess of phosphorus is due to that species of fuel.

Nickel crucibles, instead of silver ones, are recommended by M. Mermet for use in chemical manipulations. Nickel indeed is slightly attacked by molten potash, but so is silver itself. Nickel crucibles cost of silver, and moreover, they have the great advantage of melting at a higher temperature. It often happens that inexperienced chemists melt their silver crucibles in heating them over a gas-lamp; but such an accident is not to be feared in working with crucibles made of nickel.

Major Witte, says the Journal of the Franklin Institute, has provided the steam fire-engines of the city of Berlin with pipes for the discharge of compressed carbonic acid into the steam chamber. When the engine starts from the station the boiler is heated; on arriving at the fire the carbonic acid is at first employed as a motor, then the gas and steam work together and finally steam alone is used. By this arrangement the engine is brought into action four or five minutes sooner than would be otherwise possible.

Pious Sentiment.

The living Christian—pure of heart and unspotted by the world—is the best preacher of the gospel in these days.

There is but one solid pleasure in life, and that is our duty. How miserable, then, how unwise, how unpardonable are they who make that one a pain.

The Divine Mystery.

The Rev. Dr. Platt, of Rochester, who delivered the baccalaureate sermon at Hobart commencement, closed with the following pretty bit of philosophical poetry:

I nothing am—can nothing be, Unless a part, O God, of thee; From God I come—O God I go. How we are one I do not know. As stars that shine by single sun, So life in each a life from One. Each is for all, and all for each. In ways no finite thought can reach, Thy space is here and space is there. And space is one and everywhere. So time is day and time is night. One side the shadow—on the right. When dawn unveils this sacred soul—Unsevered part of God the whole—With God in Christ and Christ in man—The circle ends where it began.

The warm days in spring bring forth passion flowers and forget-me-nots. It is only after midsummer, when the days grow shorter and hotter, that fruit begins to appear.—H. W. Longfellow.

It is not merely selfish, but wicked to live too exclusively and exclusively in our little worlds. It is a crime against self in its true sense to live a life of loneliness and isolation. The mind becomes disorganized and preys on itself, when it is, as it were, hide-bound by the neglect of social obligations.

Suspicion.—The safest and shortest way to ruin a character is by creating a suspicion. "Suspicious," in Bacon's words, "are like bats among birds, they ever fly by twilight." If your neighbor in business or social life be the object of your dislike, let it be carefully whispered that his affairs are not managed quite as safely as might be, or his habits a little questionable. If a woman hate her rival, a well-aimed word will assuredly as the touch of an affected hand, blacken her beauty and leave her helpless. Who does not know the power of such insinuation? Who does not meet every day the victims of these unseen wrongs? But it is not necessary for this style of slander to use articulate words; nay, the most inarticulate language is best for its ends. A whisper dropped carelessly in some corner among the combustible—a look, a shrug of the shoulder, a sneer, a laugh may serve the purpose. There is not a sadder feature of human nature than the readiness with which men accept such insinuations, and the rarity with which they have the method to repel them. Rumor with most minds is presumptive evidence, and they will say with a knowing air, "There must be some fire in a man's smoke."

Pupils at schools should be careful in the selection of their associates. The Waterbury (Conn.) American tells of five ladies who were school girls together and intimate friends, of whom four have died of cancer and the fifth is now attacked by the same disease.

The So-called "Weaker Vessels."

In France women live an average of 13 years longer than men.

A Chicago wholesale clock house advertised for a "female model with a thirty-six inch bust," offering \$3 a week. There were twenty-five applicants in two hours.

Mlle. Piccolo, a Parisian actress, drove nine burglars out of her house with a revolver—the other night, and then held two of them, who had climbed up a tree, until the police arrived.

An Indiana woman gave up a trip to California, sold her ticket for half price, and returned home from the railroad station, on learning that she could not have her pet dog with her in the car.

In modern Egypt a young man is not permitted to see his wife's face before marriage. As a consequence not infrequently soon after marriage he makes up his mind that he never wants to see it again.

One energetic woman did the work of a mob at Michigan City, Ind. She dashed into the saloon in which her husband had become a drunkard, used a lamp in lieu of a club, and smashed every bottle.

Mary Bullock got a ridiculously heavy verdict against the English company on whose railroad she was slightly hurt. But a new trial has been granted on the ground, as expressed by the judge, that she and her sisters, who appeared as her witnesses, were so beautiful that their charms had deprived the jury of common sense.

The Poetry of Women's Rights: The right to watch white others sleep. The right to love when others scorn. The right to succeed in distress. The right when others cry to bliss. The right to love when others scorn. The right to comfort all who mourn. The right to shed new joys on earth. The right to feel the soul's high worth. The right to lead the soul to God. Along the path her Saviour trod: Such woman's rights God will bless. And crown her champion with success.

Types of Women.—A London paper claims that young English women of middle and upper ranks are physically stronger than their compatriots in any other European country, or in the United States. Well-bred American girls are famous for an elegant and refined type of loveliness; French ladies are the best dressed in the world; the youthful frauleins of Germany have the finest heads of hair; the Spanish girls the brightest eyes to be found anywhere; and in Venice and Florence may be seen, to this day, direct descendants of those old world beauty beauties still fresh and fair upon the canvas of Titian. And here, however, all is said that courtesy to the foreigner demands, young English ladies remain stouter of limb, clearer of complexion, and altogether more hearty than others elsewhere. In food, sound sleep, and suitable clothing, exercise in the open air, and the plentiful application of soap and water, are the hygienic open secrets for the preservation of health in the human being; and the use of those aids, helped by a climate favorable to physical development and personal beauty, have made young English women what they are at their best.

Health Hints. HOT MILK AS A STIMULANT.—If any one is fatigued the best restorative is hot milk, a tumblerful of the beverage as hot as can be sipped. This is far more of a restorative than any alcoholic drink.—Demorest's Monthly.

A spoonful of lime water, and a spoonful of sweet oil beaten well together and applied with a feather directly to a burn, relieves the smart and prevents blistering. When this remedy is not at hand, common baking soda put directly on the burn and moistened will give immediate relief. The following remedy, when applied within six hours after a bite from a rabid animal, has been successful in preventing hydrophobia: Make a strong wash, by dissolving two table-spoonfuls of chloruret (chloride) of lime in a half pint of water, and instantly and repeatedly bathe the parts bitten. The poison will in this way be decomposed. The following is recommended as a successful treatment for sties: With a fine camel's hair pencil paint the inflamed papilla with tincture of iodine. The lid should be held open by the thumb and index finger of the left hand while the tincture is applied, and until the part touched is dry. A few applications in the twenty-four hours is sufficient.

A collector once wrote to General Sherman for his autograph and a lock of his hair, and received the following reply: "The man who has been writing my autographs has been discharged, and as my orderly is bald, I cannot comply with either of your requests."

How Indigestion is affected by such condiments as vinegar and salt has been carefully studied by M. C. Hassor, and the results presented in a paper read before the Academy of Science, Paris. Taken in moderation these condiments are useful. They promote the formations of gastric juice. But if they are indulged in to excess they irritate the coats of the stomach and render the food more indigestible. The proportion of salt should not exceed 5 to 10 grains to 0.5 kilograms of meat, and of acid 1 to 4 per 1000.

CARE FOR THE EAR.—We do not think that most people sufficiently realize the importance of caring for the ear. In another article we have referred to the life-long sufferings of the celebrated Dean Swift, due to a simple cold taken before his twentieth year. In his case there were ringing in his ears, deafness, nausea, vertigo or giddiness. But there are multitudes of cases in which the trouble is confined to simple deafness, slight at first and nearly noticed, yet steadily increasing with years. Every year thousands lay a foundation for it. The part affected is what is called the "middle ear."

It is sometimes inflamed by cold air striking continually on the outside, just behind and below the ear, or penetrating the open cavity. Fashion, which sends young children from over heated rooms into the winds of winter with the ears wholly unprotected, is responsible for many sad cases. When there is "a cold in the head" (nasal catarrh) the inflammation often extends to the Eustachian tubes (the tubes that convey air to the middle ear), and then into the ear itself. Sometimes the throat and back of the mouth (pharynx) are inflamed, and the inflammation spreads upwards in the same way. An inflammation is often thus extended from the nostrils to the ear by an improper blowing of the nose. One nostril should be cleared at a time, the other remaining fully open.

As the results—not noticed for years—may be increasing discomfort for life, the ears of the young should occasionally be examined by a competent physician. The tendency to deafness may be checked if taken in time. In such cases there is a thickening of the membrane tympani (ear-drum), which thickening tends to increase with every new cold; or some of the inner inflamed surfaces grow together, and the action of the ear is interfered with, or the Eustachian tube becomes closed. Sometimes the ear-drum is perforated, the inflammation giving rise to suppuration.

How to Save One's Self From Drowning. W. H. Pottinger, of Hamilton, Ontario, Can., an experienced swimmer, furnishes the following few remarks upon the vital importance of knowing how to keep one's self afloat when suddenly immersed in deep water: "When you find yourself in deep water you will sink first a few feet down, but if you do not struggle you will come quickly to the surface again, which on reaching immediately draw a full breath, throw your head back, and this will have the effect of placing you in a recumbent position on the surface of the water. Now, this is a most critical time for those who don't know what to do next. Extend your arms at once on a level with your shoulders, palms of hands downward, so that the water cannot penetrate them, and begin gently paddling the water with the movement of the hands from the wrist only. Extend your legs quietly and slowly in a line with your body. If you raise your arms or your legs above the surface of the water you will sink, but if you have the presence of mind not to do so, or struggle about, you will never sink so long as you keep paddling gently, without exertion, with your hands, and so you may float on until you are picked up or until you are numbed by cold."

One of our churches has a somewhat eccentric parishioner, who often affords the congregation much amusement. He has a habit of expressing his thoughts aloud when very much in earnest, never mind where he may be. His entire unconsciousness of having thought aloud is irresistibly funny. Last Sunday a late comer at church—a young lady with voluminous skirts—sought to pass him to get a seat. As she did so she carried the gentleman's hat, which was on the floor, some distance. It happened during a pause in the service, when there came, slowly and distinctly, and with an earnestness worthy of the preacher, that unconscious ejaculation: "Now—where—in—the—name—of—the—Lord—is—that—girl—taking—my—hat?"

Keep up With the Fashion.

The bride veil may be either as long as the train of the dress or as short as she sees fit, but it must be full of the bride's youthful life. If it is over 95 or 50 it may be of any fine, delicate real lace and shorter than the youthful bride's veil.

Alligator skin and patent-leather slippers, made in Marie Antoinette style, are worn by ladies in the house. The alligator leather has beautiful markings, and may be dyed many colors, but is most fashionable in its natural shade and in black and dark red.

Velvet diamonds, with green and gold beads and lace, are made into scarfs, peleries and mantles for summer. Olive-green with red figures, dark garnet and orange with black are the rich colorings for these little garments that give tone to the most quiet toilet.

Canvas ribbon is one of the novelties for trimming summer bonnets. This is a plain canvas, with gilt cord on each edge. It comes in narrow widths for making rosettes and loops, and is tied in with black or dark velvet ribbon for the strings of very stylish straw bonnets.

Among novelties in military trimmings are fancy feathers, black and straw, black and jet, and black and gold leaf crowns, feather crowns, fancy thistles made in moultures, fancy thistle pompons, golden hazeluts and fine flower coronets of wreaths for the edge of hat brims.

Royal pink, primrose-yellow, pomegranate-red and lettuce-green are the shades of satin and velvet combined with black lace in the newest bonnets. These bonnets are not made on a frame, but are shired on wires of gilt, silver or bronze.

The Love of Home. It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origins a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach.

Friend and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America, but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snowdrifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

It remains still easy, I make it to an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. Love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fall in affectionate veneration of him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!—Webster.

Thinking Aloud in Church. One of our churches has a somewhat eccentric parishioner, who often affords the congregation much amusement. He has a habit of expressing his thoughts aloud when very much in earnest, never mind where he may be. His entire unconsciousness of having thought aloud is irresistibly funny. Last Sunday a late comer at church—a young lady with voluminous skirts—sought to pass him to get a seat. As she did so she carried the gentleman's hat, which was on the floor, some distance. It happened during a pause in the service, when there came, slowly and distinctly, and with an earnestness worthy of the preacher, that unconscious ejaculation: "Now—where—in—the—name—of—the—Lord—is—that—girl—taking—my—hat?"

LIFE'S MISERY.

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God keeps his holy mysteries Just on the outside of man's dream! In diapason slow, we think To hear their pliancy and tink, While they float pure beneath his eyes Like swans adown a stream.

And sometimes horror chills our blood, To bow near such mystic things— And we were round us, for defenses— Our purple manners, moods of sense— As angels from the face of God Stand hidden in their fringe.

And sometimes through life's heavy around We grope for them—with strangled breath. We stretch our hands abroad and try To reach them in our agony— And when so the broad life around, Which soon is large enough for death.

The Bar Light-House.

Government had, for several years, been sadly neglecting a job of mending in the case of the Bar Light-house bridge. Here and there boards had begun to spring suspiciously beneath unwary footsteps; and then the wind would begin to tear them off, and the rain to rot and moulder them down. What was every man's business was nobody's, and no individual was disposed to interfere with the province of that abstract millionaire, the United States Government. To be sure, the keeper of the Bar Light, Jackson Reed, who was naturally more solicitous concerning the holding out of the structure than any one else, had wildly and fruitlessly patched some of the worst places, off and on, after a hard "northeaster," when he awoke more keenly to the exigencies of the case, and the hopeless dilatoriness of his taskmaster. But it had amounted to very little. Long neglect had made more mere patching necessary. Now the quarter-mile bridge leading to the Bar Light-house if not in an absolutely unsafe condition, was not calculated to inspire any degree of confidence in the unaccustomed croaker at least. It was not quite so bad as low tide, or on a mild still day. There was not much to fear, then, but a little fall and a ducking; that is, if one cleared one of those ragged apertures successfully. But on a dark night with the winds howling over it, and the ocean thundering beneath it, it was the sort of a bridge that would be a disembodied spirit could be supposed to cross with any degree of nonchalance.

The light-house itself was only an ordinary dwelling house, strongly built, with a tower for the light. It stood on a massive pile of rocks, with little tufts of coarse vegetation in the clefts. Jackson Reed, who had an unfortunate love and longing for a garden spot, had actually wheeled enough earth over from the mainland for a little patch of a few yards square, and when he was not engaged in a fruitless struggle with the broken bridge he was engaged in a fruitless struggle with his garden. A pottering old man was Jackson Reed, lacking in nervous force and quickness of intellect; but he had never let the light go out, and the only thing that absolutely required of a light-house keeper is to keep the light burning for the sailors who seek by it.

The wonder was that his wife Sarah should have been his wife. She was a person not of a different mould merely, but of a different kind; not of a different species, but of a different genus. Nervous and alert, what her husband accepted in patient silence she received with shrill remonstrance and questioning. Her husband patched the bridge, crawling over its long reach on his old knees; she rallied, as she watched him, at the neglect of the government. He uncomplainingly brushed the sand from his little puny struggling plants, and she set her thin face against the wind that cast it there.

In both, the religious element or cast of mind was strongly predominant, but Jackson Reed simply looked out on nature and into his own soul, and took in as plain incontrovertible facts the broken bridge, the tossing sea, his little wind-erect, sand-strewn garden patch, and God in heaven. Neither proved the other or nullified the other; they were simply there. But Sarah Reed, looking out on the frail, unsafe bridge which connected them with the mainland, and the wicked, senseless sea which had swallowed up her father and a brother whom she had idolized, and the poor struggling plants trying to live under the bleak winds, had seen in them so many evidences of neither God's love and mercy or his existence. She was a

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SHORT SERMONS.

Ah! languid hand, safe in some scented glove... Drop that bright prayer-book; catch at rock and bread...

Thus through the world, like bolts and blast... And scouring fire, the truth has passed...

The best of men... That ever wore earth about him was a sufferer...

A pebble on the stream's scant... Has turned the course of many a river...

The steps of Faith... Fall on the seeming void and find the rock beneath...

The good are better made by ill... As odors crushed are sweeter still...

BLANK INDEMNEMENT—FILLED IN AS A GUARANTEE.—The payee of a promissory note indorsed it in blank...

INSOLVENT BANK COLLECTING AND CONVERTING DRAFT.—A Chicago bank sent to its correspondent at Buffalo...

LARCENY OR EMBEZZLEMENT.—The clerk of a local agent of an express company to whom was intrusted about \$3000 in United States currency...

MARRIED WOMAN'S MORTGAGE.—Borrowed \$3500, to secure which she and her husband gave a mortgage on their undivided one-half interest in real property...

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Court of Appeals of Kentucky, where the decree was affirmed.

The wife cannot under the statute bind her separate estate by mortgage for the debt of her husband...

The mortgage is therefore binding. The court affirmed the decree.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR SUB-AGENTS.—M. deposited with a bank in New Orleans a number of Havana lottery tickets for collection.

INSOLVENT BANK COLLECTING AND CONVERTING DRAFT.—A Chicago bank sent to its correspondent at Buffalo, a bank, a draft for \$6527.75 for collection.

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Agricultural.

The Silo for the Poultry Breeder.—The silo has been found to be an important adjunct to the dairy, and several years trial of that method of preserving green food has demonstrated that no substitute in the shape of dry food can compensate for the green succulent matter furnished by the silo at this period of the year when such food cannot be produced in any other manner.

The food intended for poultry must be of a different character from that desired for other stock, and but little expense need be incurred in storing up a quantity of green food sufficient to carry a flock through the winter.

The King sang, with his soldiers, Luther's grand hymn, "Eiue feste Burg ist Unser Gott," and then his own battle song, "Verzuge nicht du, Haufein Klein!"

The Battle of Lutzen.—The King sang, with his soldiers, Luther's grand hymn, "Eiue feste Burg ist Unser Gott," and then his own battle song, "Verzuge nicht du, Haufein Klein!"

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A Little Nonsense.

Care in our coffin drives the nails, no doubt. But Martin with merry fingers plucks them out.

MacLellan: A New England physician says that if every family would keep a box of mustard in the house one-half of the doctors would starve.

An old negro woman, praying for a certain sinner, said: "Oh, Lord, won't you be kind enough to take the door of his mouth off, and when you put it on again, just hang it on the gospel hinges of peace on earth and good will to men?"

There should be a general law passed prohibiting the outing of dogs' tails off. It's a very inhuman thing to do. When only half of a tail is cut off, the dog is forever prevented from laughing, and when it is all cut off he can't even smile.

Legal: A French investigator has discovered that the character of a person's dream depends in a great measure on which side the sleeper lies. The dreams of a lawyer, then, who habitually lies on both sides, must be very much mixed.

Webster unabridged: Up in Chautauque county one day a politician was watching a severe storm from his doorsteps when a farmer acquaintance turned in hastily from the road and drove under a shed.

A picturesque old house in a neglected garden, a vine-wreathed window, and a young girl lying on the low-cushioned seat of its embrasure, hidden from the room within by a rusty red curtain. She would have been pretty if she had not been so pale and listless.

Lawyer—"Do you not consider Mr. Biggs, my client, a man of truth and veracity?" Witness hesitates. Lawyer—"Well, I'll put the question in another form. Do you think he has a mind which cannot distinguish truth from falsehood?" Witness (eagerly)—"Oh, no, sir, I am sure that he can."

The Imperialist soldiers did not believe that the King could be alone with so small an escort. They, however, took Gustavus to be an officer of rank, until he cried out: "I am the King of Sweden, and seal with my blood the Protestant religion and the liberties of Germany. Alas! my poor Queen!"

The loose rein dangling from his head, Housing and saddle bloody red, The King's horse rushed back into their lines. They did not know that he was dead; they supposed him taken prisoner.

A grocer had a pound of sugar returned with a note attached to it saying, "Too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

The man who boasts that he is above doing a mean act tells the truth. Of course he is above it, else how could he stoop to do a mean thing so often?

A Reading, Pa., man died a few days ago, after drinking fifteen quarts of water. The coroner's jury rendered the verdict: "Suicide by drowning."

Mrs. Homespun, who has a terrible time every morning to get her young brood out of their beds, says she cannot understand why children are called the rising generation.

When Carlyle said that everybody should have an aim in life, he had no reference to the fair sex. He had doubtless often seen a woman trying to throw a stone at a hen.

"Hadn't I better pray for rain, to-day, deacon," said a Bringhamton. N. Y., minister, Sunday. "Not to-day, Dominic, I think," was the prudent reply. "No, sir," said the clergyman, "I don't pray for rain unless my special dispatch from the weather bureau says we are liable to get it."

Blarritz and Camaus (reversible) are new cloths which attract the admiration of ladies. The former is a saten cashmere on one side and Blarritz on the other, and comes in black and colors the latter is a saten block on one side and a neat armor on the other. It is shown in black only.

A glassmaking firm in Pittsburg, Pa., has been manufacturing glass textile fabrics during the last year. The fabrics produced are pronounced very beautiful and pliable.

CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day. We mean to shake the heavens with that rattling of your souls away.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt. When the burden of daytime toil is o'er, We'll sit and muse, while the stars come out.

Yet never have hidden them turn aside. And tarry awhile in converse sweet: Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread, To drink our wine and break our bread.

Of the life-work reaches the long-for-close. When the weight that we groan with hinders less. We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose As banishes care's disturbing din. And then we'll call the angels in.

When tired of every mocking guest, And broken in spirit and shorn of strength, We drop, indeed, at the door of rest, And wait and watch as the day wanes on.

What more they said, Tessie did not know. There was no lack of life and energy in her air now. She sat erect, with wide eyes and flaming cheeks, for a moment; then, her heart beating in great shocks, she slipped out of the window, flung herself upon the turf of the terrace, and disappeared among the rank shrubbery of the garden—disappeared from the view of the house, but not from her own terrified consciousness.

Alan Dunleith marry her—her? She was burning hot to the tips of her fingers with shame. Then, as she read her aching heart and knew the truth, she uttered a heartrending cry and sank down upon the grass, pale and faint. She hurried her face in the moss and violets.

"I love him—I would give all the world to be fit to marry him! But he shall never marry me because he pities me. I would I rather kill myself first!"

Then, with pitiful cry—"I will run away!" "I cannot—I will not see him again!"

And actually the impulsive, morbidly-sensitive, undisciplined girl sprang to her feet, ran into the back hallway, snatched a shawl and hat, and turned her back on the only home she knew.

It was not so hard; she had never loved it. She went rapidly down the green road until the stage overtook her, when she sprang aboard with satisfaction, seeing the chimneys of Mulberry Cottage disappear in the distance.

Tessie had passed about two years in the city. Beyond almost immediately sending a note to her uncle that she was well and at work copying music—that she hoped he would forgive her for leaving him, but she could not do otherwise—she had had no communication with her old home.

She had fortunately been found useful in a music publisher's establishment. She earned her bread, and ate it moistened with tears, but she never ceased to feel joy that Alan Dunleith had not married her for pity. The energy of earning her livelihood improved her. She gained confidence, force, color. Mr. Thorne, her employer, fancied her looks, heard her voice at last and paid her unusual attention, in which there would have been no harm if he had been faultless. But his money-covered multitude of sins, and one day Tessie slipped from his employ and safe, knowledge, and, innocent and safe, went to reside with her mother in her last sickness—a humble but honest old creature, to whom Tessie gave her confidence, while Alan Gale gave her a home.

"You're a good, brave girl, that your mother'd be proud of this day, if she were alive, Miss Tessie," she said; and Heaven bless the day that you found me out, for I need your bright face sorely."

And now Tessie went out by the day, giving music lessons. She liked this better. She made acquaintances, found variety, yet kept herself intact from the world. She had a strange joy, which she hardly understood, when people complimented her on her beauty, her grace, her tact. In these directions she had advanced much. She was an elegant and intelligent girl, very different from what she had been, and she knew it. Musical people cultivated her. She went out, and Aunt

Suddenly she realized that she had

What a Mormon Says.

The most interesting man I have met to-day was one who had wood and won three women simultaneously. He had just arrived with them from England, and intended to marry them collectively as soon as he got to a safe place. The only one within the limits of civilization where that kind of thing is allowed being Utah, it is hardly necessary for me to add that he was on his way to that territory of polygamy. He was an elder, named Ephraim Meador, and had spent four years on the other side of the world as a Mormon missionary. He was only one of a party of twenty-two of these evangelists who arrived in the steamer Nevada, bringing 673 converts. He had selected his three spouses with sentiment and utility in view.

"When I went away on my mission for the church," he said, "I left my five motherless children to the care of a relative. I had never practiced our doctrine of conjugal plurality, though believing and preaching it, and my one wife had recently died, leaving me to realize that, if I had done my duty, the youngsters would not have been left half-orphaned. Well, I made up my mind, if the Lord should prosper my mission, to return prepared to set up such a household as our church contemplates for every faithful saint. I have done so."

He introduced me to the three women whom his religious courtship had captured. It was not necessary for him to explain that he had picked them out with that discretion which I have already mentioned. I could see it without being told. Emeline was a brawny, ignorant, hard-handed widow of forty or over, and her lot was to be that of drudge in the admirably balanced family which Elder Meador contemplated. She was to "look after the domestic economy," as he expressed it. Sarah was neither a handsome nor a young woman, but some refinement was discernible, and he told me that she had been a school-teacher in Wales. She was for practical use, too, his plan being to make her a governess for 11 children. Lottie was a blooming Lancashire lass of twenty or so, quite pretty in her coarse way, and I did not ask the elder why he had chosen her. They were evidently in love with each other. That was not surprising in him, though marvelous in her, considering that he was sixty and ugly. She was to be the queen of the reorganized establishment.

"Will there be a triple wedding?" I inquired. "Yes," the elder replied. "We call the ceremony a sealing, and is performed in secret. Thereafter, I shall hold a more approved position before the church, for we maintain that polygamy is not only a privilege, but also a duty which no saint can be entirely excused from fulfilling. There was some hesitation about sending me out as a missionary, because I had taken but one wife, and I don't suppose I should have received the appointment if I had not given assurance of my intention to bring back two or more wives."

"Then your church does more than to merely continue polygamy?" I said. "To be sure," was the reply, "the example of the patriarchs are all that way, and there stands the injunction of St. Paul: 'A bishop, then, must be blameless, the husband of one wife.'"

"I should take that to mean that more than one wife wouldn't do for a bishop in Paul's days."

"You make a common mistake, sir. Paul enjoined bishops to take at least one wife, and we believe that they had several. We also know, by divine revelation to us, that a man's chances for salvation are greatly increased by the increasing number of his wives. A bachelor is sure of damnation. Are you married?"

"A reference isn't?" exclaimed the girl at the intelligence office, when asked by the lady in search of help for a recommendation: "Am' why should I give you a reference? It is meself that's got to live wid ye an' not ye wid me."

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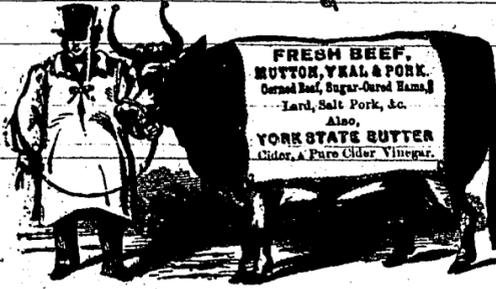
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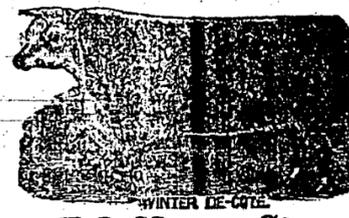
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 Yours respectfully,
 Z. P. WILDS."
 The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SASSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.
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 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Elm Grove, N. C., Dr. G. N. Roberson says: "I prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters and find it is all it is recommended to be."
 Near one of our Atlantic sea ports there resides an old whaling captain commonly known as Uncle Gurdon. To keep from getting rusty, he made his home on the river bank, where he could keep a boat, and fish or paddle about as he likes. The place was about five miles from the city, and, as occasion required, Uncle Gurdon and his wife would journey toward for the purpose of shopping. Reaching the city, the horse and wagon would be left at a water trough on the parade, and each would go in different directions, carrying their bundles to this common receptacle, the first through waiting for the other. On one of these shopping excursions, Uncle Gurdon made several trips to the wagon, finding each time that additions had been made to the stores of bundles—a sign that his wife was busy. Having completed his purchases, he unhitched his horse, and the ferry-boat having arrived, climbed into the wagon and drove on board. While crossing the river, one of his acquaintances stepped up to him and asked how he was getting on.
 "Well, I'm getting on nicely, but I'm bothered just now."
 "Why, is anything going wrong?"
 "No, nothing special; but I came down to do some shopping, and I've forgotten a parcel I was to get," and the old gentleman scratched his head in a perplexing manner.
 "Well, I wouldn't worry. You will think of it next time," said the neighbor; and the boat having reached the landing, Uncle Gurdon drove ashore, and went on toward home.
 When nearly half way there he was met by another friend, who stopped to have a chat.
 "How do you do to-day, Uncle Gurdon?" he asked.
 "Oh, nicely, nicely; though I'm a bit worried just now."
 "Worried? what about?"
 "Well, you see, I've been to town shopping, and there's a parcel of some kind that I've forgotten. I can't think what it is, and it bothers me."
 "Oh, never mind it! You will recollect what it is before you go again. By the way, Uncle Gurdon, how is your wife?"
 "Jerusalem!" cried Uncle Gurdon, slapping his knee with great energy. "It's my wife that I've forgotten! She went to town with me to do some shopping, and I was to wait for her."
 And Uncle Gurdon turned around, and went back to the ferry for the parcel he had left behind.

The best medical authorities acknowledge the great value of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and frequently prescribe their use with the utmost confidence, well knowing that they are the most effectual remedy ever devised for diseases caused by derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels.

Camden & Atlantic Railroad
 Summer Arrangement—June 30, 1883.
 UP TRAINS.
 STATIONS. ALAC. Exp. Mail Su.Ac. Exp. p.m. p.m. p.m. p.m.
 Philadelphia 9:20 9:55 10:20 10:30 6:30
 Camden 9:13 9:42 10:15 10:15 6:40
 Penna. R.R. Junction 9:08 10:10
 Haddonfield 8:58 10:07
 Berlin 8:48 10:00
 Waterford 8:38 9:52 9:18
 Winslow 8:08 8:58 9:12 8:59
 Hammonton 7:52 8:40 8:54 8:53
 DeCosta 7:47 8:46 8:49
 Egg Harbor City 7:38 8:21 8:25 8:21
 Absecon 7:05 8:13 8:13 8:04
 Atlantic City 6:50 8:00 8:00 7:50 4:00

Camden & Atlantic Railroad
 On and after July 15th, 1883.
 Trains will leave as follows for ATLANTIC—
 From Vine St Ferry—Express on week-days, 9:45 a.m., 3:15, 4:00, and 5:45 p.m. Saturday only, 2:00 p.m. Sunday, 7:30 and 8:30 a.m.
 From Shackamaxon St Ferry—Express week days, 9:30 a.m., 3:00, 4:00, 5:30 p.m. Saturdays only, 2:30 p.m. Sunday, 7:30 and 8:30 a.m.
 Accommodation Train will leave above ferries week days at 8:00 a.m. and 4:30 p.m., and Sunday at 8:00 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.
 Parlor Cars attached to all express trains.
 Excursion Trains will leave above ferries daily at 6:30 a.m.
LOCAL TRAINS.
 For Haddonfield from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 7:00, 8:00, 10:00 and 11:00 a.m., 12 m., 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 6:30 p.m.
 From Vine St. only, 8:45, 7:30, 2:30 p.m. From Shackamaxon St. only, 5:30 p.m.
 Sunday trains leave both ferries at 8 a.m., and 4:30 p.m.
 From Pennsylvania Railroad Station, foot of Market St., 7:30 a.m., 2:50, 5:00 and 11:30 p.m. week days. Sundays, 9:30 a.m., 6:30 p.m.
 For Arco, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8:00 a.m., and 12:00 noon, 4:00, 4:30, 6:00 p.m. Sundays, 8:00 a.m., 4:30 p.m. From foot of Market St., 11:30 p.m.
 For Hammonton, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8:04 a.m., 4:38, 5:30, 6:00 p.m. Sundays 8:00 a.m., 4:30 p.m. Saturdays only, from foot of Market St., 11:30 p.m.
 For Lakeside, 11:00 a.m. and 2 p.m.
 For Marlton, Medford, Mt. Holly and intermediate stations, leave foot of Market Street, week days, 7:30 a.m., 2:50 and 5:00 p.m. Saturdays, 9:30 a.m., 6:30 p.m.
 From Vine St. and Shackamaxon ferries, 10:00 a.m. and 6:00 p.m. week days.
 For Wilmington, from Vine & Shackamaxon ferries, 8:00 a.m., 12:00 m., 4:30 and 6:00 p.m.
W. N. BANNARD, Superintendent. **J. R. WOOD,** Gen. Passr. Agt.

ESTABLISHED 1 HOWARD A. SNOW,
 Washington, D. C.
AMERICAN and FOREIGN PATENTS,
 Successor to GILMORE, SMITH & Co., and CHIPMAN, HOSMER & Co.
 Patents procured upon the same plan which was originally and fully practiced by the above-named firm. Pamphlet of sixty pages sent upon receipt of stamp.
MILLVILLE Marine & Fire Ins. Co.
 This Company have disposed entirely of all its STOCK PLAN BUSINESS, and having been RE-ORGANIZED, has decided to continue in the future to do a
Strictly Mutual Home Business.
 Having succeeded in paying ALL ITS LIABILITIES, and securing an
Actual Net Available Surplus of Over \$30,000,
 the Directors feel that they can offer to all who desire insurance not only at LOW RATES and UNQUESTIONABLE SECURITY, but much greater probability of immunity from assessment for years to come, than other Companies, since this surplus is large enough to pay all probable losses, and the policies now in force, until their expiration, without any dependence on receipts from new business—a condition of things that can be shown by but very few companies in the State. The present Directors pledge to the Policy Holder an
ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT
 and a
Careful Supervision of the business
 and will continue in the future, as in the past, to act on the principle of
PROMPT PAYMENT OF HONEST LOSSES
 without seeking to EVADE them on technical grounds.
 Hereafter, no notes will be subject to assessment, until they are a year old.
 We would call special attention to our
Marine Department.
 our LOW RATES and FAVORABLE FORMS OF POLICIES.
 Any information cheerfully given by the Director, or the Company or its Agents,
F. L. MULFORD, Pres.
R. J. HOWELL, Sec'y.
 Dec. 30, 1882.

Philadelphia & Atlantic City
 July 7th, 1883.
 DOWN TRAINS.
 M'd Acc. Acc. Sund'y
 Philadelphia 4:40 5:25 5:20 8:25
 Camden 4:57 5:34 5:27 8:39
 Oakland 5:08 5:45 5:38 8:50
 Williamstown Junction 5:18 5:55 5:48 9:04
 Cedar Brook 5:22 6:03 5:56 9:16
 Winslow 5:30 6:11 6:04 9:24
 Hammonton 5:38 6:19 6:12 9:31
 DeCosta 5:45 6:26 6:19 9:38
 Egg Harbor 5:53 6:34 6:27 9:47
 Atlantic City 6:00 6:41 6:34 9:55
 Philadelphia 6:05 6:46 6:39 10:02
 Atlantic City 6:10 6:51 6:44 10:09
 Philadelphia 6:15 6:56 6:49 10:16
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 Philadelphia 6:25 7:06 6:59 10:30
 Atlantic City 6:30 7:11 7:04 10:37
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