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H. E. BOWLES, M. D., Publisher.

TERMS Two Dollars Per Year.

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HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1874.

FIVE CTS. PER COPY

Insurance.

MILLVILLE

Mutual Fire Insurance Co.,

MILLVILLE, N. J.

ASSETS May 1, 1873, as Follows.
PREMIUM NOTES, \$928,960
CASH ASSETS, 145,328
TOTAL, \$1,074,288

Insurance effected for the

Term of TEN Years

AGAINST LOSS BY

Fire and Lightning;
and for one and three year term when desired.
The Premium Notes required by this Company, are but one half as large as other Mutual Companies in this District, while the Cash Payment is the same.

Buildings and Contents

will be insured at the very lowest rates.

All Losses are promptly paid.

NATHANIEL STRATTON, President.

FURMAN L. MULROAN, Secretary.

FRANCIS REEVES, Treasurer.

AGENTS.

J. Alfred Bedine, Williamstown; C. E. P. May's Landing; A. Stephany, Egg Harbor City; Capt. Daniel Walters Absecon; Thos. E. Morris, Somers' Point; Hon. D. S. Blackman, Port Republic; Almon T. Leeds, Tuckerton; Dr. Lewis Reed, Atlantic City; Alfred W. Clement, Haddonfield; H. M. Jewett, Winslow.

H. E. BOWLES, M. D.,

HAMMONTON N. J.

The Cheapest

AND

The Best!

Life Insurance at Actual Cost

THE NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CHICAGO, invites the attention of those contemplating insuring their lives to its Mutual or Reciprocal

PLAN, which enables even the poorest man provide for his family in case of death, without depriving them of the necessities of life, as do many who endeavor to pay the high premiums of old life companies, who charge for Assumption Death Losses WHICH NEVER OCCUR, and then add a heavy loading for extraneous expenses. On this plan you only pay for the actual losses actually experienced, and as they occur, with a small fixed sum for expenses. Call on the agent for circular fully explaining this system.

The Practical Results!

Since its organization in 1870, the **NATIONAL** has paid in death losses \$57,760, at a cost to the deceased of \$791.90 in premiums. Old Line Companies would have paid for the same premium \$31,224, showing a gain by insuring in the **NATIONAL** of over \$36,000.

The Capital and Securities of this Company are sufficient to comply with the Insurance Laws of any State in the Union.

BENJ. LOMBARD, Pres.

J. J. TOWN, Sec'y

H. E. BOWLES,

Agent for Atlantic County, New Jersey.

GERMANY INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 781 Broad St.,

NEWARK, N. J.

This Company insures against loss or damage by fire upon all descriptions of insurable property—buildings, furniture and merchandise—at rates as low as consistent with safety.

OFFICERS:

JAMES M. PATERSON,

President.

JULIUS B. BRONE,

Secretary.

L. L. PLATT,

Agent for Hammonton and Vic.

INSURE IN THE

Co-Operative Mutual LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF THE

County of Lancaster, Pa.

The Best and Cheapest Life Insurance in the World.

Everybody can make provision in case of death.

STRICTLY MUTUAL, CHARTERED PERPETUAL.

Inquire of R. & W. H. THOMAS,
Hammonton, N. J.

2-391

Local Advertisements

HAMMONTON HARDWARE STORE AND FURNITURE DEPOT.

The subscribers keep constantly on-hand a general assortment of goods in their line, comprising nearly everything usually called for in a country Hardware or Furniture Store.

We propose hereafter to sell our goods at the lowest Cash Prices, and to enable us to do so, we must sell for ready pay.

Thankful for past favors, we solicit a continuance of the same liberal patronage that we have had in the past.

M. D. & J. W. DePuy.

Jan. 4, 1873.

1000 Acres CHOICE Cranberry Lands

Situate near ATSION STATION

In the

TOWN OF HAMMONTON,

and adjoining the land of the Hammonton Cranberry and Improvement Association.

These lands are among the best in the State, having all facilities for

Flooding and Draining, are easily and cheaply cleared and

ADmirably LOCATED,

for COMPANY or INDIVIDUAL PURCHASES

Lands shown free of expense and all information given by

G. F. MILLER.

BELLEVUE AVE., HAMMONTON, N. J.

Mr. Richard's "Cranberry and its Culture"

Sent free on receipt of

10c.

The Chorus.

Left through the darkness,
Through the little boat goes I.
What's before me?
Who care, and who knows?
Low hang the branches
That border the stream;
Do we wake, do we dream?
Goddess flies through the twilight,
Came for us, for the night.
Should we care for the moon?
Or pine for the day?
Should I tire of the language?
Of beautiful eyes,
And weary of melody?
Written in signs?

If life were but floating,
A sweet woman's side,
Should we long for the heaven,
Or turn of the tide?

Silh through the shades
We go to the sea;

The world is before us,
And I, love, choose Thee!

OUR EVENING PARTY.

I thought, said Miller, there was something in the wind that cold Monday night when I got back from the city and found a double supply of favorite hot-buttered muffins awaiting me, and my slippers so nicely stired on the hearth. But I was sure of it when my wife said smiling, "I hope you like the tea, dear; I put up a special tea because I am still a little right for you," and when the eldest daughter, Molly, laughed so very merrily about some of our less important acquaintances. Thus poor Miss Graham was asked, because she was so good-natured, and never objected to play any quantity of dance-music." Then Tomlinson could carve, and Vicker-
ton and the three Miss Grubbs would have been offended if they were left out, "so there was no help for it, we must have them."

Other names caused more discussion. I was obstinate, when I found my wife and Molly were positively thinking of leaving out my old school-fellow, Dick Wetherpoon, and his good fellow friends, as they were rough in their manner, as those of these enthusiastic artists are. It was not, however, on this account so much that my wife disliked him, as the fact that, though over thirty, he seemed to be making no headway at all in life, and was himself beginning to think he had made a mistake in his career. In fact, we go to poor the I had frequently lent him a five-pound note. But I now knew my wife's objections to him and insisted on his being invited. With his name our list of forty-five was completed; that number being ten or fifteen people more than our rooms would hold, but still as my wife would not be sure of them, I had better tell him what we have been talking about," said my wife. "Well, James, the girls and I have been talking all the afternoon, and—ahem—these poor things, James, do want you to give them an evening party—something 'little-style,' you know—like old people."

"Come," I retorted, "let me have it."

"What is it you want to coax out of me now?"

Well, Molly, as papa seems so un-

easy at finding us, I think I had

better tell him what we have been talk-

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"An evening party!" I repeated in amazement.

"Oh yes! do, papa," said Molly,

sitting down on the hassock at my feet, and putting her rose-ryck on my knee. She is an admirable hand at cooing, is Molly."

"Molly, dear, why should we not be like our neighbors, at least sometimes—like Mrs. Vyner, for instance?" pur-

suaded my wife still clinging out an acquaintance who was my pet aversion."

"Well, because we can't, if we tried we haven't got the money," I replied.

"You must surely see what nonsense it is to talk of an evening party when my husband is in Debden X, bring him in a couple of thousands a year, and I have barely as many hundreds."

"Well, but we might just show Mrs. Vyner we know what's what."

When we went to the attack, and didn't leave me till she was victory, I argued again that we were that we "ought to give Molly a chance; and Molly thought so herself. There was young Kelly looked very sweet at her; but how could we expect a respectable young fellow like him to come forward unless he saw we knew somebody, and were not quite out of the pale of good society."

"My dear," said I, "you do not put these silly notions into Molly's head. Kelly always seemed to me to be rather spoony on Ellen Vyner, and not all on Molly."

"Ah, where the Wynders always try to make out that he is quite devoted to them but I hate myself I know white from black to see it—yes, I think he indeed."

"Well, if you really think so, we ought to give Molly this party," said I, reluctantly.

"Yes, that would be a good excuse for beginning. But I think we ought to give out every year for the same."

"I suppose so," said I. "Pray let us get ready, ever the first talk of any more. I confess I think the whole notion absurd—the expense, the trouble, the probability of a breakdown with such servants as ours. But I suppose you must have your way."

As I was going to my morning walk with my two daughters for a few hours into a permanent committee of wives and men! They decided that King could not possibly be got ready under a month, and for the whole of that time we were in a state of disturbance. First, it was found out that the drawing room curtains were old and shabby, and did not have enough room that the dining-room carpet did not suit the furniture—"and you would not wish people to think we have no taste, dear!" said my wife. Now, it was my old book-case that had to be shored up, an unattractive corner, which I had to paint over for my papers in the desk, next, one chair, perfectly well-braced and polite, sit quiet, honest, comfortable were at an end; and what with upholsters, carpenters, piano tuners, and turners, and others, it was just as bad as if we were "flitting." I was heart-

ly glad, therefore, when they at last declared themselves ready to send out the invitations. The little book case, which was the same old one written down in all the lists, of course, Fred Kelly's to each whom (in plain English) our party was given.

Next after Kelly in our common list came the names of the Vyners—father, mother, and two daughters—without whose eyes to oblige them, nothing would have been complete. All the rich people of our acquaintance followed; singularly enough, there was not a shadow of doubt about any of these, nor about that tawny young fellow, who knew the Prince and Princess of Wales, but found my little joke received (for the first time, I must confess) with chilling silence, as the awful gravity of the occasion required.

There was also a change in the party about some of our less important acquaintances. Thus poor Miss Graham was asked, because she was so good-natured, and never objected to play any quantity of dance-music." Then Tomlinson could carve, and Vicker-

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