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The Nation's Dead.

[The following is the address presented by Dr. H. E. Bowles, at Union Hall, on Monday afternoon, published by request of the audience, expressed by a unanimous vote:]

There are times, when sorrow for a great public calamity makes all the world kin. Differences are forgotten, and on one common level men bow their heads in grief. The deepest chords of human sympathy are touched, and in solemn harmony of action, give expression to sorrow and condolence. But never, in the history of our Nation, or of civilization, has there been greater or more universal expression of sorrow, love, and sympathy, than at the unnatural and untimely taking off of our Chief Magistrate, James A. Garfield, at the closing of the 4th month of his popular administration, in which he had already reached a fame, attained but by few of his illustrious predecessors, excepting only the lamented Lincoln. The history of the crime need not be repeated, of the dastardly, cowardly assassin, who stealthily approached his victim from behind—as the President was about to depart from the Capital of the Nation, on a trip of pleasure and recreation, in which his wife was to join him,—with feelings of perfect security, in company with his friend and chief counsellor, the base wretch sends the missile on its errand of death, and strikes him down. The tale is too horrible, too inhuman to be repeated. The wound was fatal. There was no earthly power that could have saved him. But he lingered over eleven weeks, with life ebbing slowly and surely away, and yielded up his spirit, when his strong constitution could no longer resist the encroachments of death. This and his strong tenacity to life, prolonged his days and weeks of suffering and the untold anguish of his family, and of the Nation. His life went out in a halo of glory. To-day what remains of his mortality is committed to the grave, but his memory is cherished in the hearts of the people of the whole Nation.

After weeks of dread, fear, suspense, and hope deferred, all hearts beating in unison and sympathy with that of the great Chief Magistrate, the electric writers announced to the uttermost parts of the earth, the dreaded and mournful sentence, "The President is Dead." His work was unfinished—hardly begun—but the Nation's suspense was ended, and its Chief was sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

"He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle, No sound can awake him to glory again."

As all know he was taken to Long Branch to be rid of the malarial influence that surrounded and filled the White House. The death damp was then on his brow; and though surrounded by his dearest loved ones, personal friends, and eminent medical counsel, there was none could save his life. He bore his suffering, calmly, patiently, and with Christian fortitude, and sank to sleep as "sinks the setting sun behind the darkened west."

From boy to man he paved his way to high and noble attainments; and thro' his manhood, his progress, in every department of life in which he walked, was upward and onward. From a canal boy to student, from student to teacher, from teacher to the head of an institution of learning; then Soldier, Statesman, President, in successive steps of gradation, so rapidly—like the meteor spark—the Nation and the world looked on in wonder, and broke out in praises of his brilliant achievements. Yet he wore his laurels of subordinate and Chief with becoming modesty, grace and dignity. In the crowning moments of his greatest achievement he was shot down by the assassin's bullet, and breathed his last breath on the shore of old Ocean, with its endless and resistless surge and roar—emblem of life's ceaseless struggle—and his life went out, and his great soul was wasted to the endless shore of eternity. It seems as if there had been an unseen purpose in his having been taken to that lovely place by the sea, to look out upon the vast expanse of waters,—drink in the wonder and glory thereof, and then, like a vessel

leaving its strand, and going out upon its surface on some pleasant voyage, is lost to sight, but is wafted on to its destination; so our loved and honored President left the strands of time, to be wafted on to a higher, nobler place, in the better life awaiting him. His history however, is only one of which our country has had many, where the actors were their own architects, and their work that of skilled masters, and who are noble examples for our youth to study.

While every citizen would gladly have borne a share of our President's suffering, could it have been possible, if that would have saved his life, they could not. The sympathy, hopes, and prayers of a great people were all they could offer. These he had in profusion. If these could have saved his precious life, it would have been saved. All that medical skill and science could offer (and it was much) was given, and all failed. The noble, loving, faithful, trusting wife buoyed up his waning life, but in vain. She now mourns the loss of the great and good husband, father, friend. She has the sympathies of the whole civilized world, and the nation mourns the loss of a great and good man, statesman, and President. The tears of every true man and woman flow with hers. He belonged to the nation. He was dear to the nation's heart. The great voice of the people now goes out in moans of sorrow and grief. The badge of mourning is everywhere, and a gloom hangs over the country. From every land, from every clime, words of sympathy have come. From the Orient—the land of Brahma and Budha, Mohammed and Confucius—are borne kind words, expressions of grief and condolence. The crowned heads of Europe have done honor to themselves and exalted the cause of humanity, in mourning with those who mourn, and have done honor to our late President and our nation, in causing a display of the badges of mourning, and other tributes of respect. We may now reasonably join in singing "God save our noble Queen," for the kindly words and true womanly manner in which she has expressed sorrow and sympathy with the widow and fatherless, and the kind utterance accompanied with the touching tribute of respect, the wreath of flowers, with the inscription: "Queen Victoria to the memory of the late President Garfield. An expression of her sorrow and sympathy with Mrs. Garfield and the American nation." It shows that there is a bond of common brotherhood and sisterhood, and would almost make us believe the time is approaching "When man to man shall brothers be." Nothing so manifests the higher and better nature of man or woman as the expression of sympathy in grief and affliction, and a desire to assuage the pangs of another's sorrow and anguish.

"There is a voice which sorrow hears, When heaven's angels lift their gallant chain, 'Tis Heaven that whispers, dry thy tears, The pure in heart shall meet again."

Our Musical Association.

The time is near for the annual meeting of the Hammonton Musical Association. It has been in existence two years. In that time, under the able direction of Mr. W. R. Seely, great benefit has been derived from the training and practice which its members have had. It has shown, conclusively, that the musical talent of Hammonton is abundant and of good quality; and those who paid strict attention to the training have made great improvement in quality of tone, in control of the voice, in modulation, infonation, and in other characteristics that go to make a good vocalist. These are important, and so strongly have they been made manifest that it is considered advisable that the Association should continue.

At the meeting on Tuesday evening last it was decided that the Association be called to meet on Tuesday evening next, at 7:30 sharp, at Union Hall, for the election of officers and such other business as may be necessary to transact. It is hoped there will be a full attendance. After the business is con-

cluded, a short time will be occupied in singing. For this purpose, let all bring their music. Since the Association adjourned their meetings, last Spring, some of its officers and officiant members have left Hammonton, not to return. Their counsel and aid we shall greatly miss, but we trust we have equally good material left, upon which to draw for assistance. Let there be a very large turn-out, Tuesday evening. Come prepared to keep up the vigor and vitality of the Association, imbued with the thought that such an organization is a necessity to every Church in the town. Good church singing is a great essential in every church service. Every musician understands that sacred music is the most difficult to sing, if sung as it should be. There is no better place to practice such music than in the meetings of this Association. Hence every church singer, and every frequenter of the church, should feel an interest in the Association and render such assistance to the organization as he can.

The Association has attained an enviable reputation for good work, and has been a credit to our town and its people. Let us use our utmost endeavor to support it, and give it an impetus for better work and greater achievements.

H. E. BOWLES,
President of the Association.

S. H. D. Hoffman,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC
and COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS.
May's Landing, New Jersey.

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Superior Finish,
Perfect Fits,
AND Popular Prices.
NEW WORK and REPAIRING,
done with Neatness and Dispatch.

Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Time-table of May 7, 1881.

	M'd	Acc	Acc.	Sund'y
Philadelphia	4:45	8:20	5:00	8:00
Oakland	4:57	8:27	5:20	8:20
Williamstown Junction	5:58	9:08	6:03	9:06
Cedar Brook	6:12	9:12	6:12	9:14
Winslow	6:31	9:30	6:28	9:34
Hammonton	7:05	9:29	6:52	9:31
Da Costa	7:20	9:31	6:58	9:37
Elwood	7:43	9:41	6:45	9:45
Egg Harbor	8:09	9:51	6:55	9:55
Pleasantville	8:55	10:16	7:16	10:21
Atlantic City, Ar.	9:10	10:30	7:30	10:25

	Acc.	M'd	Acc.	Sund'y
Atlantic City	6:00	10:45	8:00	8:00
Pleasantville	6:15	11:10	8:15	8:15
Egg Harbor	6:33	11:47	8:40	8:40
Elwood	6:44	12:16	8:48	8:48
Da Costa	6:58	12:26	8:57	8:57
Hammonton	7:02	12:29	9:02	8:56
Winslow	7:12	12:55	9:17	9:17
Cedar Brook	7:23	1:16	9:27	9:27
Williamstown Junction	7:30	1:26	9:35	9:33
Oakland	8:03	2:26	9:40	9:00
Philadelphia	8:10	2:40	9:57	9:00

The express leaves Atlantic City at 7:00 A. M. Pleasantville 7:14; Hammonton, 7:52; arrives at Philadelphia at 9:00. Returning leaves the city at 5:00 P. M., arrives at Hammonton at 5:58; Pleasantville 5:47; Atlantic City 6:00

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LOST MANHOOD RESTORED!
A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address **J. H. REEVES,** 43 Chatham St., N. Y.

Southern France.

The sunny south seems to commence in earnest when the traveler has crossed the Rhone, and is visited by frogs. But as the morning express speeds along, after leaving the spacious station of Perrache, you are soon wafted out of the gloom into a most brilliant sunshine, and, by and by, begin to experience a summery heat. Gliding along

"By the swift rushing of the arrowy Rhone," you pass at one moment under towering heights, and look out in pleased wonder on fantastic-like rocks, and "needles" and caves, and at another emerge on to the skirts of a wide-spreading plain, bounded by rocky mountains most picturesque in their outline. Now begin the olive-yards, (vineyards have become familiar to your eye since Dijon was approached) and here and there are orchards of mulberry-trees, acacias, and cypresses, and hedges of tall reeds, from twelve to twenty feet high, take the place of the rather weedy poplars, and the shumak-tree, with late autumnal tints, (we speak of the beginning of November), give an occasional dash of delicious warm coloring to the landscape. Huge gourd-like ripening in the fields, in some of which are espied, now and again, droves of the leanest imaginable pigs, rivaling greyhounds in their proportions, and far-out-skin-and-boneing the traditional Irish porkers. By and by, a perspiring farmer is seen mowing his hay—in November—fancy! And the strangest-looking, long light-railed carts, drawn by mules, with picturesque three-horned collars, and bits of color about the harness, are seen going along the roads. Rose hedges, in an abundance of bloom, adorn the railway stations, at which, by the way, one is offered huge bunches of green grapes for a few sous, and a bottle of red wine for a few more. Everything begins to assume the air of luxury.

Of Avignon and its palaces, once the abode of the popes, we shall say nothing. Nor shall we attempt to describe Marseilles. For the traveler will not pause here, but will transfer himself and his worldly goods to another carriage on the other side of the station, and in a few minutes he will again emerge in an easterly direction. After winding about for two hours and a half, amidst mountains and hills, and watching the glorious tints of a southern sunset gradually fading from the sky, until they are replaced by a glorious starlight he comes to a halt for a few minutes at the Toulon station. In another half-hour "Hyers" is called out, and the sight of a regular array of large hotel omnibuses, cushioned with velvet, and lit with colored lamps, attests the vicinity of a place of fashionable resort. If the visitor will select the "Bains de la Hotel des D'Or, half an hour later he is sure to find himself ensconced most comfortably. When he wakes next morning, he will look out upon an enchanting foreground of palm-trees, weeping willows, eucalyptuses, and clematis, with a mid-distance of olive-trees, from among which peep the tiled roofs of sunny-looking cream-colored houses with here and there a row of dark red-roofed buildings. The Mediterranean, some three miles away, and the "Islands of Gold" while on the other, in a northerly direction, rise rocky mountains with the blindest of outlines.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Tin Toys.

Wolverhampton claims to have the monopoly of the tin toy manufacturing trade not only throughout England, but, with the exception of a few French and German firms, throughout Europe, and it is even believed that this monopoly pretty much extends to the United States also. As may be well imagined, it is an industry of long standing, Wolverhampton having been the productive center for seventy years. Birmingham has earned for itself the title of "the toy-shop of the world," but, although attempts have been made now and again to establish the tin-toy branch there, it is understood that they have met with but little success. One reason for this may perhaps be that the trade is one which demands a considerable amount of skill on the part of the operatives, and that they require to be trained up to this particular class of manufacture. Consequently, the supply of such labor is very limited, and Wolverhampton has taken care to keep it as much as possible in that town alone. Although a good business is carried on on home

account, the great bulk of it is done with foreigners. Great numbers of toys are constantly sent to Australia and New Zealand, the Cape, the United States, some portions of South America, India, and to the European continent. Indeed, it would be difficult to mention a country of any importance where European habits prevail to which consignments are not made. The competition of the French and Germans is not regarded as a matter of much importance, since their goods are of a rude, rough sort, when contrasted with those for which Wolverhampton has gained a world-wide reputation. These latter are of a most attractive description. They are light, finished in excellent style, and are painted in bright colors, and in the way which almost approaches the artistic. The tastes of the individual markets are carefully consulted, since toys which will suit one part of the world are not in fashion in another part, and so on. Prominent places among the articles are occupied by representations of the infantry and cavalry of nearly all nationalities, passengers and goods trains, with their attendant engines of English, Continental, and American type, carts and carriages of all descriptions, English and foreign, horses, cattle, and other animals. The goods are made principally out of tin plates, of which large quantities are consumed. The business in such times as those lately passed through requires a large amount of capital, since the keeping of the work people together involves very heavy stocking, for it must not be supposed that the tin toy industry, any more than other branches of business, is unaffected by waves of depression. At such times children, like their seniors, have, I suppose, to be content with fewer luxuries. Until about a month ago the operatives for nearly a twelve-month were employed only four days a week, and at one period the stocks in the warehouses might have been reckoned at thousands of pounds sterling. Of late, however, trade has shown an improvement, the stock is now reduced to hundreds of pounds' worth, and the operatives are making full time. The increased demand is chiefly seen in the Australian and Cape trade. This industry is carried on by Sidney Cartwright, whose works are situated upon the Dudley Road.—*Ironmonger (London).*

Our Scrap Book.

John Hunnell opened a barroom at Evansville, Ind., and one of his first and heaviest drinkers was his youthful brother Tom. This grieved John, and he refused to sell any more whiskey to Tom; but Tom resented this prohibition, and shot John dead behind his bar.

An angry wife chased her tipping husband from a saloon at Monmouth, Wis., late one night, but lost sight of him, and went home alone. He was next morning found drowned in a deep well, into the unguarded mouth of which he had fallen in his hasty flight.

Daniel Jones, an aged bank president at Watertown, Wis., and Charles Wood, an equally aged manufacturer, have both been regarded in their community as pattern men. Nevertheless, they had a desperate fight over the discounting of a note, and Mr. Jones was so badly whipped that it was doubtful for a time whether he would recover.

The Philadelphia American says: "Capt. Bill drove a stage from Morgantown, West Virginia, to Unlontown, and as he arrived at the latter place one of his horses dropped dead. He was blamed for driving so fast, and solemnly declared that his horse died at Brownfield, nine miles back," but, said Capt. Bill, "I didn't let him fall till I got in town."

When a Chicago newspaper man gets "ired out" and strikes a job on a provincial paper he just throws himself up in the air to this heading from an Iowa paper:

The Lurid Lightning Leaps Down From Its Lofly Lair and Lays Low the Living.

Fourteen Feet the Fierce Flashings of the Fatal Fluid.

Among the scientific and mechanical novelties of recent note, mention may be made of a method for ascertaining the depth of the sea by means of glass tubes, closed below by a plug and provided above with a capillary orifice. The tube, being full of air, is lowered into the sea, when the air becomes compressed and water trickles in, the quantity of water admitted furnishing the datum or evidence from which the depth may be calculated.

A country post master in South Carolina recently sent a long petition to

the Department, praying to be relieved from Sunday work. He begged, that his objections did not arise from laziness or aversion to the work itself, but that his religious scruples forbade any kind of labor on the Sabbath. He was informed by the Department that the only remedy lay in a restriction of his office, and since then nothing has been heard from him.

In cases of confirmed baldness the new remedy proposed is to reconvert the scalp, bit by bit, and substitute, by skin grafting, pieces of healthy scalp, taken from the heads of young persons. The success which has heretofore attended operations of this nature in cases of scalp wounds gives a promising outlook for this new mode of curing baldness; and perhaps the day is not far distant when the shining pate of our venerable fathers will bloom with the flowing locks of youth.

A Mighty Sheep Ranch.

John W. Bookwalter, of Ohio, and His Twenty Thousand Acres in Nebraska.—The ranch is the property of John W. Bookwalter, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio. It is located on Mission Creek, Pawnee county, Nebraska, fifteen miles from the Kansas border, and embraces 20,000 of the choicest acres of the best part of the great food belt of the continent, which lies between the fortieth and forty-second parallels. Ten miles to its western boundary is the Otter Reservation, where still linger a handful of this old branch of the Dakotas, and who will in October next, tumble their tepees and take the trail for the Indian Territory. A well-wooded stream called the Arteketa, after the hereditary chief of the Otos, runs through the ranch.

The mansion house of the ranch is one of those patent structures, built in sections and transported all ready to be put up. It is an affair of eight, not large, but comfortable rooms, which by no means limit the hospitality of the master of the house, which is something noteworthy and unparalleled. The Bookwalter ranch is devoted to sheep raising, the flocks numbering 13,000 sheep, cared for on seven minor ranches located in different parts of the estate, each in charge of a herder. Cattle and sheep are indigenous to the far West, and so these sheep ranchers have adapted the physiology of the cattle men. Their flocks are herds, the shepherds are herders, and their sheep fold corrals.

At each of the seven ranches which dot the Arteketa Ranch is a flock of 1500 sheep in charge of a herder. Six sheds, each one hundred feet long, and erected to shelter the flock from the winter storms, and a corral is provided in which to shelter the sheep at night. The herder has a pony and saddle and a sheep dog, and a comfortable one-room house provided with the requisites for his simple housekeeping. In the morning, always mounted, he takes his flocks afield to the grazing ground, lariat his sturdy little Indian pony, and watches after his sheep.

At nightfall the peculiar cry of the herder and the sharp bark of the collie float over the prairie like a "bunch" of the curra. Here the sheep soon settle into a quiet, unbroken flock until morning. Occasionally a wolf gets into the fold. The first intimation of trouble is the bleat of the stricken lamb and the quick tramping of 60,000 sharp little hoofs. The shepherd and herder, whose vigilance should have kept out the intruder, crouch, creep him, and the flock sink at once into quiet.

The herder is a veteran of the bush-whacking type, clad in checked-wool shirt and trousers, high boots and broad sombrero. He is paid \$25 per month, and finds his own food, black coffee, bacon and dubious bread forming the staple articles. At Arteketa, as the flocks increase the herder has a flock intrusted to him on a different basis. He receives no wages, but half the increase is his, and half the clip of wool and he is provided with horse, dog, house and sheds. One of the pets at Arteketa is a highbred Scotch sheep dog, Peggy. She takes out the mansion-house flock to the grazing ground in the morning, and comes in to report its safety at noon. At 6 o'clock she goes out and "bunches" the sheep, and leads the last one in the corral. She is never trained to these duties, but is a born trainer, inheriting from her mother the art of mounting sheep, and she is provided with horse, dog, house and sheds. He naturally knows a few points about sheep. His wife was Wade of Minnesota, a lady not yet thirty, who at the age of twenty-three was at the head of the schools of the Argentine Federation. Both possess brilliant social qualities that, far from

being lost in the frontier, make the Mansion House at Arteketa a place of pilgrimage for friend and stranger whom the fame of it has reached.—*Chicaguer's Gazette.*

An Old Violin.

Mr. William H. Bennett, of this city, has in his possession a violin that has been handed down from his great-grandfather, so that it has delighted five generations. Originally there were two of these instruments, but, what became of the other is a mystery. This one was lately sent to Mr. Grover, of Boston, by Mr. Bennett, with the request that if the violin was worth repairing he would repair it, as he thought a great deal of it. Mr. Grover answered saying that he should repair it with the greatest care, that he thought it a real Gasparo di Salo, and that it ought to be put in an art museum. The violin of Mr. Bennett bears the mark attributed to those of Salo's make. In repairing it the old, odd, short finger-board, in checkers of Inlaid ebony and ivory, had to be taken out; since it was worn smooth and thin, but wood from the old Chauncey Street Church in Boston, had been substituted for it, and is known to be very old. The shape of the instrument is pleasing, and the head is that of a sphinx. The back varnish is of a more attractive color than the belly, but that of the latter is not displeasing. Its tone is superb, rich and resonant, but Mr. Grover says it will be a year before it will attain perfection in that respect, when the wood inserted will have identified itself with the main body of the instrument.—*Portland (Me.) Press.*

Sittings.

It has been definitely settled at last that the reason why the pig's tail curls is because it's steyed when it's young. Being asked how he liked the performance of a certain dramatic club, an auditor replied that he should hardly call it a club, but rather a collection of "stickers."

Never make fun of a man, climbing like a ladder with a bucket of mortar on his head. That man may be at a Concord philosopher, he is, at least, a sublime character.

A little girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses; she had seen a man finishing one. "He was nailing on his last foot."

Elder sister: "Well Norman, can you tell me what Garden Adam and Eve were put?" Young Hopenful (who has lately visited Hopenful's Park): "Let's see—why, the 'Logical Gardens.'"

Sculptor: "I delight in modelling your face, Brown! There's such immense variety in it." (Brown begins to smile pleasantly.) "One side of the face is so utterly unlike the other, you know." (Brown's smile extended to the wrong side of his mouth.)

Clips.

The lap of luxury—When the cat gets at the cream.

The fillet of the field "roll not, neither do they spin," but they have their blow out just the same.

Mrs. Partington said lately of a gentleman that he laughed so heartily that she feared he'd burst his jocular vein.

"I take my 'tex dis mornin'," said a colored preacher, "from dat portion ob de scripture whar de Postol Paul plants his pistol to de Fesians."

Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended her "treasure," but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as her treasurer.

A Troy lawyer asked a woman on the witness stand her age, and she promptly replied: "Old enough to have sold milk for you to drink when I was a baby, and I haven't got my pay yet."

"What is the first thing to be done in case of fire?" asked Professor Stearns. "See the insurance company!" promptly answered a boy at the foot of the class, whose father had been burned out once or twice.

"We don't want any job this season," said a rich citizen of New Haven to an ice-man. "Some of my own and of my wife's relations are staying with us, and a coolness has sprung up between them that beats any ice-house."

A middle-aged old woman was warding with her husband and said, "I declare a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it!" "Nor a tongue either," quietly responded the young mother.

being lost in the frontier, make the Mansion House at Arteketa a place of pilgrimage for friend and stranger whom the fame of it has reached.—*Chicaguer's Gazette.*

Domestic Economy.

ORANGE ICE.—To make a delicious orange ice take six oranges, use the juice of all and grated peel of three, two lemons (the juice only), one pint of sugar dissolved in one pint of water; freeze as you do ice cream.

SPICED GRAPES.—The Catawba grapes are especially nice in this way: Take fifteen pounds of grapes, three-quarters of a cup of vinegar, two ounces of ginger root, three teaspoonfuls each of cloves, cinnamon, and allspice; take the pulp out of the skins and put by themselves, then let the pulp boil until the seeds separate easily, strain through a colander, rubbing from the seeds; when this is accomplished add the skins and boil an hour and a half, when nearly done add five pounds of sugar; seal in glass cans or bottles. An excellent substitute for jelly.

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When it is cooked sufficiently let it get perfectly cool, then add the whites of the three eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, with two teaspoonfuls of vanilla added. Set it in the refrigerator and eat cold with sweetened cream.

True Sentiment.

Knowledge and piety burn and brighten with an undivided flame. Revelation and science are continually interpreting one another, while every day the material universe is unfolding a more spiritual significance and indicating its subservience to a spiritual end.

Beware of losing hope. Hope alone is the light by which we sad-featured dwellers among Christian tombs can find our way—the twilight, for it is but a twilight of Christian expectation. Nay, there are smiles on men's faces, and gladness in their eyes, and mirth too in their voices, despite their sadness and their strict lives; and all because of hope. Hope is the wine of the beloved, that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak. Hope reconciles to life; hope makes death pleasant; hope tastes and smells of heaven; hope clasps the cross; hope yearns onward for the crown; hope justifies; hope sanctifies; hope feeds faith; hope nurtures charity; hope breeds good works; hope conceals hearts, and purifies the fleshy temple of the spirit; hope interprets the sacraments; hope saves souls.

Till morning dawned I was tossed on a buoyant but unquiet sea, where billows of trouble rolled under surges of joy. I thought sometimes I saw beyond its wild waves a shore sweet as the hills of Beulah; and now and then a freshening zale, awakened by hope, bow my spirit triumphantly toward the bourne. But I could not reach it even in fancy—a counteracting breeze blew off land, and continually drove me back. Sense would resist delirium, judgment would warn passion.—*Jane Ayre.*

By soft showers and sunlight fed, Statu's art declares, Pink and white and royal red, A world of blushing roses. Wand'ring at their own sweet will, They paint the dullest places, Or lean across the window sill, With love-compelling faces. Such a grace about them clings, Such an odor hovers, That these wild and wayward things, As they smile at the lowly, seem to be wonderfully improved in these particulars.

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Last Longings.

Who wind is from the North, you say? Oh, best me forth, then, how. And let me feel its current play.

A Desperate Move.

Slowly the sun sank behind the dark grim old mountain that stood so hoary and sullen, like a frowning giant that had been placed on a never ceasing guard over the sandy valley.

and on tore the strong young horse;

but though it seemed as if he might have left the night birds behind in their flight, he could not shake off those pursuers, following like hounds on a scent.

Osgood was near the cliff now, and he could see Pearl very plainly.

She held her hands out, clasping in them a small object whose nature he could not determine from their distance.

"Oh, Hugh! Thank God."

And the tense strain on her nerves gave way and she burst into a flood of tears.

over me at the moment that I found out that I could once more leave the dark, dismal room and see the glorious sunlight again."

I gave one scream for joy and then fainted away. Six months ago the girl's eyes were straight and natural, but now the girl is cross-eyed, and she pays no attention to that.

"Oh, father, 'twas such a little thing!"

shuddered Pearl—"only a little can of nitro-glycerine, but its use has imprinted the stain of blood on my hands!" and a look of horror came into her eyes.

Chinese Pirates.

The towns contain a due amount of game cheats, but the bold, hectoring highwayman, the truculent sea-rover, must be sought elsewhere.

Fashion.

Watred heels are revived. French silks are not stylish. Young ladies in London now carry canes.

Remarkable Eyes.

Miraculous Recovery of Sight.—One Eye a Telescope, the Other a Microscope.

Agricultural.

Prof. Riley says that ketose oil is sure death to insects in all stages, and is a substance with which we may hope to destroy their eggs.

Drainage and Ornamental Planting.

One of the first and most important considerations connected with ornamental planting is thorough drainage of the soil.

and to end them. Weeds are destroyed most easily and effectually as soon as they catch the surface of the ground, or they stir before they come up, by repeated sifting of the surface.

An English Suit.

One of the breach of promise suits which occupy a large share of the time of English juries, are conducted in such a diverting manner as invariably to provoke roars of laughter.

The East River Bridge.

The following dimensions of the various parts of the bridge will prove of interest:

Religious.

THE BLESSED ONE AT HOME. These Old Folks at Home. A Song for the School Children.

Charge of the Light Brigade.

After we had mounted for the famous charge, and just before commencing our advance, Col. Shewell, commanding the Eighth Hussars, happened to rest his eyes on one of his men with a pipe in his mouth, which so excited his military ire, that he hallooed to him "he was disgracing his regiment by smoking in the presence of the enemy," a grave view of the question which certainly I (his commanding officer) did not, or at least up to that time reciprocate, inasmuch as I at this very moment was enjoying a remarkably good cigar. The question then rose in my mind, "Am I to set this bad example?" (in the Colonel's opinion, at least) or should I throw away a cigar?—no such common article in those days, he it remembered. Well, the cigar carried the day, and it lasted me till we got to the guns. We went on. "Right flank keep up. Close in to your center." The smoke, the noise, the cheers, the groans, the "ring, ping" whizzing snarl-ones head, the "whirr" of the fragments of shells, the well-known "slush," of that unwelcome intruder on one's ears—what a sublime confusion it was!—One incident struck me forcibly about this time—the bearing of riderless horses in such circumstances. I was, of course, riding by myself, and clear of the line, and for that reason was a marked object for the poor, dumb brutes. They consequently made dashes at the some advancing with me a considerable distance; at one time as many as five on my right and two on my left cringing in on me, and positively squeaking me as the round shot came bounding by them. I remarked their eyes, betokening as keen a sense of the perils around them as we human beings experienced (and that is saying a good deal). The bearing of the hope I was riding in, contrasted with this, was remarkable. He had been struck, but showed no signs of fear, thus evincing the confidence of dumb animals in the superior being—Lord George Paget.

Flesh and Fat Producers.

The American Agriculturist makes up from the published analysis of the most eminent agricultural chemists the following table exhibiting the relative nutritive value of different feeds. It corresponds strictly with the experience of many noted English feeders, and is probably the most trustworthy information yet collected in so compact a form:

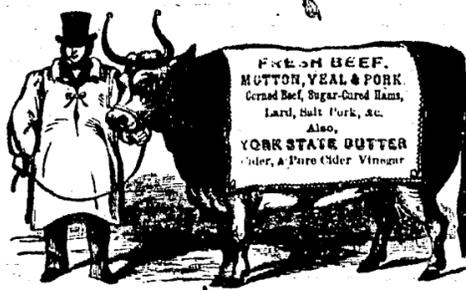
Table with 3 columns: Name, Flesh, Fat. Includes items like Turnips, Ruta bagas, Carrots, Mangels and kohlrabi, etc.

Both Ways.

The daughter of a conspicuous New York publicist had been drinking from the Fredericksbrunn spring, in Germany, for some time, when meeting a New York acquaintance, a young girl, she asked in astonishment: "What are you drinking from this spring for?" "To get fish," promptly replied the other. "Why," exclaimed the first, indignantly, "I'm drinking it to get thin." Then the girls tore over to their physician, a celebrated professor from Vienna, and beset him for deceiving them. He explained that the water on certain constitutions would have one effect and upon another a directly opposite. The girls retired, by no means convinced of this miraculous discrimination of the springs, but at the end of four weeks the doctor was justified. The slight girl had lost seventeen pounds of flesh and the delicate girl had gained nine.

An Irish lady was so much on her guard against betraying her national accent that she is reported to have spoken of the "creature of Vesuvius," feeling that the crater would betray her again.

M. L. JACKSON
IS SELLING



CONSTANTLY ON HAND. ALSO
Vegetables in Season.

Our wagon runs through the town on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Bring your orders for Job Printing to the
South Jersey Republican Office.

\$10 Outfit furnished free with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that anyone can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that anyone can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. You may succeed as soon as you begin to work. Many have made at the last time over \$1000.00 in a single week. Nothing like it has ever been known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time, if you do not have to invest at all. We take all the risk. Those who need money should write to us at once. Full particulars furnished free. Address: **STANIS & CO., Portland, Maine.**

HELP Yourself by making money when golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address: **STANIS & CO., Portland, Maine.**



Floreston Cologne.
A NEW AND FAVORABLE PERFUME, FRAGRANT, REFRESHING, LASTING. SOLD BY DEALERS IN PERFUMERY AT 25 AND 50 CENTS. **HISCOX & CO., N. Y.** GREAT SAVING IN BUYING THE BIG SIZE.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC
Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingsia and many of the best medicines known are combined in PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, into a medicine of great value and effective powers, as to make it the Greatest Blood Purifier and Kidney Corrector and the Best Health and Strength Restorer Ever Used. It cures Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, and all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver, Urinary Organs, and all Female Complaints. If you are wasting away with Consumption or any disease, use the Tonic to-day. It will surely help you. Remember! This Tonic is the Best Family Medicine ever made, and is far superior to Bitters, Essence of Ginger and other Tonics, as it never intoxicates, and cures Drunkenness. Any dealer in drugs can supply you—soc. and \$1 sizes. None genuine without signature of **HISCOX & CO., Chemists, N. Y.** LARGE SAVING IN BUYING THE DOLLAR SIZE.

Parker's Hair Balsam.
An elegant, agreeable Hair Dressing that Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair to its Youthful Color. 50c. and \$1 sizes.

The Cyclopaedia War.

The month of July, 1881, witnesses the completion of the largest and most important library work this century and the century have seen. It is the Library of Universal Knowledge, large-type edition, in 15 large octavo volumes, containing 10 per cent more matter than Appleton's Cyclopaedia, at less than one-fifth its cost, and 20 per cent more than Johnson's Cyclopaedia, at a little more than one-fourth its cost. Chambers's Encyclopaedia, which forms the basis of the Library of Universal Knowledge (the last London edition of 1880 being reprinted verbatim as a portion of its contents), is the laborious product of a century of scholarship. It has developed a new method of making encyclopaedias, in successive years, till it has come to be universally recognized, by those competent to judge, as standing at the very front of great aggregations of knowledge, and better adapted than any other Cyclopaedia for popular use. It contains such full and important information as the ordinary reader, or the careful student, is likely to seek, upon about 25,000 subjects in every department of human knowledge. Chambers's Encyclopaedia, however, is a foreign production, edited and published for a foreign market, and could not be expected to give as much promise to American readers might detect other deficiencies a large corps of American editors and writers have added important articles upon about 15,000 topics, covering the entire field of human knowledge, bringing the whole number of titles under one alphabetical arrangement to about 40,000. Thus the work is thoroughly Americanized, and the Library of Universal Knowledge becomes at once the latest and most complete Encyclopaedia in the field, at a mere fraction of the cost of any similar work which has preceded it.

Price of the 15 volumes, complete, in extra cloth binding, \$15.00. In half Russia, sprinkled edges, \$20.00. In half Russia, gilt top, \$22.50. In full leather sheep, marbled edges, \$25.00.

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