

Our Young Folks.

Going to School.
They nearly pine, and Tom and Jess,
As on their way to school;

Some Hints for Boys.

Avoid that which you see amiss in others. Follow the example of only the good. Keep your ears open to all that is worth hearing, closed to all that is not.

A Wise Choice.

A good minister, while sitting at the dinner table with his family, had these words said to him by his son, a lad of eleven years: "Father, I have been thinking, if I could have a single wish of mine, what I would choose."

A Very Useful Bird.

What did Captain Walker mean when he told papa he always kept a secretary when he was in South Africa? Did he mean he had so much writing to do?"

A Horrible Story.

The author of "Siberian Pictures" says that, having on one occasion lost his way, he drove up to a large hut where he saw a light shining.

Chickadee.

He is, par excellence, the bird of the merry heart. There is a notion current, to be sure, that all birds are merry;

Jocose Clips.

Government pastry—A mint jelly.
The provincial press—a cider mill.

The Stranglers of Paris.

The first famous strangler was a fellow named Francois Denizet, nicknamed Father Francois. He flourished about 1700.

Domestic Animals.

Their Intelligence. Affection and Reasoning Faculties.
Philadelphia has a dog that eats ice-cream.

Lured to His Doom.

It was a very singular, mysterious and complicated case.
In a bare room of an old house in the vicinity of London Bridge.

An Elephant in a Dining Room.

A French gentleman, living in India, had a tame elephant which was accustomed to go into the dining room after dinner and beg from the guest.

The Spread of Leprosy.

The attention of prominent physicians is being given to the increase of that terrible scourge, the leprosy. It appears from figures given that this loathsome disease has increased in this country nearly seventy-five per cent.

What part the wife had in the wicked plot?

I do not know. Of course, now the distinguished approval of my chief for the part I had taken in the dark affair, and that proved of much importance to me in the future of my profession.

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Agricultural.

What Lands Need Drainage.

All lands that contain more water than is needed by the crops growing upon them. If you intend to raise corn or wheat, the land will need more draining than if intended for grass. Even grass lands need not be very wet, as, if too wet, the growth of aquatic plants and grasses takes the place of the cultivated grasses and ruins the hay and pastures.

Loose, porous soils, underlain by sand or gravel, are drained by nature; but all land that is underlain by clay, rock or other impervious material needs draining.

What is to be gained by underdrainage? The surface of the water in the soil is lowered. The roots of cereals and grasses may penetrate as far as to the surface of the water, but never into it. It is necessary to draw the water off to such a depth as will give the roots of growing crops plenty of room to reach downward for that nourishment that is necessary to their growth. If the water is only one foot from the amount of soil from which to gather nourishment, with the disadvantage of having their feet wet by capillary attraction. Only aquatic plants grow well with their feet in the water.

The lowering of the water below the surface prevents a large amount of evaporation, and its effect in cooling the soil. The water being removed, air and warmth are admitted to the soil.

Drained lands are for this reason ready for planting a least one week earlier in the spring. The growth of crops is quickened through the summer by the increased temperature of the soil, which amount to several degrees, and the injurious effects of early frosts are prevented in the same manner. Crops are therefore given an increased period in which to make their growth of at least two weeks. This is certainly a very important gain.—*Farmers' Magazine.*

Leached Wood Ashes.

Ashes freed from the stove or furnace, contain all the mineral constituents necessary for plant growth, and are, therefore, very valuable as a fertilizer to a worn-out or naturally poor soil. A large part of the potash is recovered from ashes in leaching, and as this constituent is a leading one, leached ashes are of less value as a plant than when fresh. The owner should save, in a secure place; all the ashes made, and apply them to the land in the spring. A top-dressing of twenty bushels per acre to an old pasture or meadow will give good returns for several years. The leached ashes should be disposed of in the same manner, only they may be applied at the rate of 100 bushels per acre.

Corn for Sitting Hens.

It is claimed that corn is the most suitable food for sitters. The requirements of a fitter differ from those of other hens. Keeping quiet and without much exercise, not much is required to sustain life, and their food should be of such a nature as to digest slowly. For this reason whole grain is preferred and corn is thought to be much the best. Soft food of any kind is soon digested; the hen becomes hungry, and either leaves the nest too frequently or becomes very poor. The advantage of corn over other grain is that it is more oily and not so likely to stimulate the production of eggs, and, being hard and compact, is digested much slower than other grain.

Farm Notes.

Experiments have proved that musty meal is not wholesome food for any of the domestic animals. Disease and death have been directly traced to its use. When fed to poultry, chicken cholera or some disease resembling it was the result. Cows to which it was fed gave bitter milk, and ceased to

A Curious Manuscript.

Among the manuscripts left by the Major was the following: "One day while roaming with my gun I chanced to go farther than was wont, but when I turned to retrace my steps I discovered that I was completely bewildered as to the proper course. I had been dreaming along as I walked, for the leaves, coloring under the touch of the season's first frost, the bleaching grass, the haze overhead and the soft twilight—all had combined to make me forget myself. I walked rapidly in what I thought to be a home direction, but after an hour had passed I found that I was more confused than at first. Arkansas was a wild country in those days—so wild that you could sometimes travel for days without seeing a human habitation. I began to get excited. Any one who is familiar with life in the woods knows that there is no feeling like becoming excited in a forest. It is inexplicable—like the shaking that sometimes seizes a hunter, especially if he be a new one, when a deer approaches. When a man in the woods is convinced that he is lost he feels an almost irresistible impulse to run wild. Children have been lost in the woods, and in half a day's time they are, in some instances, so wild that when found they will bite and scratch and scream, even if their mothers approach them. I felt this excitement coming on me, and I knew that if I did not do something to counteract its influence I would go wild. Then I reflected how often I had been temporarily lost, and how at any other time I would have laughed at the idea of running wild. I thought that I would fire off my gun, that it might afford some relief. I looked around, and my rifle stood on end. My gun was gone. "I had it a moment ago," I thoughtfully mused; "what could I have done with it?" and I threw back my head and howled. "I must not encourage such outbreaks," I said to myself, "for a man will go wild even in a city if he howls very much." and I remembered that when I was a boy several of my companions went wild while shouting in admiration of a circus procession, and that the show men caught them and put them in cages, where they remained, even defying the recognition of their parents. One of the boys was named Luke Horn, and when his father came along and looked at Luke at that time—and the old gentleman jumped back and exclaimed: "Why, that devilish monkey wants to take hold of me."

I laughed at this recollection and I got down and knaved at the root of a tree. Then I arose and howled. I couldn't stand on my hind feet very long—yes, hanged if I didn't have four feet and a tail by this time. The truth is, I had gradually become a wolf. I feel that any one who chuses to read this manuscript will smile incredulously at this, and produce all kinds of arguments to prove the impossibility of a man running wild like a wolf; and probably the same man, too, may be a believer in the theory of evolution. I shall not argue this point though, for in regard to my own experience I am certain, while any one who opposes me could only protest without proof, and hence his arguments would be mere assertions unsubstantiated by a single fact.

I had not been a fully developed wolf but a few moments until several other wolves came from the valley below and began to sniff around me. When satisfied that I was genuine they sat down, whereupon we all began to discuss the advisability of getting something to eat. It was soon decided that we should go down into the valley, where there was a farm well stocked with sheep. The mention of sheep made my mouth water, for, being a wolf, I was as hungry as myself. We started on our expedition and soon reached the farm. Just as we jumped over the fence to seize the sheep a man sprang from behind a stump and fired upon us. A buckshot wounded one of my hind legs, and after vainly attempting to leap over the fence, I fell among a lot of bushes, where I lay perfectly still, hoping to escape observation. In this I was disappointed, for the old farmer ran to me, thrust his gun between the bushes and aimed at my head. I whined piteously and shut my eyes, expecting to be blown into atoms, but the farmer did not shoot.

"I wonder what sort of a dog a wolf would make," said the farmer, turning to his son. "This fellow whines so that I don't want to finish him. He must have been led into this thing. Let me see if he wants to bite." and he put his hand on my head. I did not bite him, but licked his hand. He was so well pleased at this that he took me up and carried me to the house. My wound was soon dressed, and after they had given me something to eat I felt pretty comfortable. Still I was a wolf and, although they were so kind to me, yet I meditated revenge. I wanted to do some deviltry and then go back to my companions. One day, after I had thoroughly recovered, the old man set me to watching the sheep in a small pasture. He seemed to have confidence in me, for he did not even look back after he crossed the fence. How I wished for my companions! I howled. The sheep became frightened, and huddled together. I howled again, and an answer came from the woods. Another howl and my companions jumped the fence. I selected a young lamb that had ever looked sweet and tender to me, and I made a spring for him, when bang went a gun and I fell over, shot through both fore legs. I looked up and saw the farmer coming I whined but he frowned and leveled his gun at my head.

I lay in bed at Home. Numerous friends stood around me, and when I told them not to shoot against me, they assured me that I was out of danger. "You have been in a very dangerous condition," said one of my friends. "Several days ago you went out hunting, and as you did not return at your accustomed time several of us went out to look for you, and you may imagine our horror when we saw your body in a pool. We drew you out and were rejoiced to discover that life was not extinct. You had evidently been walking very rapidly and had stepped into the pool before discovering it. Your face wore an expression of alarm, and we could not see that you had made an effort to get out, and I really do not believe that you had."

When I recovered I took my friend to show me the pool which he had, leaving me as I requested. I did not remember to have ever seen the pool, but I recognized a tree close by. Something had been gnawing the root of the tree, and I could plainly see the print of a wolf's teeth. From this tree I went down into a valley, along no trail but by a way strangely familiar. I soon reached a fence, and looking over I saw a flock of sheep feeding. I went to the farm house not far away where I found a farmer who did not know me but whose face to me was familiar. I talked to him about sheep raising and finally I adroitly turned the conversation upon wolves.

"I had a very strange experience with a wolf," he said. "About two weeks ago I heard wolves howling in the day-time, which is rare. I did not know but that they intended a raid on my sheep, and taking my gun I went out to the sheep pasture and hid behind a stump. I had not been there long when the wolves jumped over the fence. I fired and one of them fell over in the bushes. I loaded my gun, ran to him and was on the eve of shooting when he whined and gave me a look so nearly human that I could not shoot. I put my hand on his head, and he looked at me—by George, sir, no offence intended, but he had an eye very nearly like yours."

"No apology necessary," I replied; "please go on with your story."

"He was wounded in the hind leg, and after it was dressed it healed with wonderful rapidity. Sometimes the animal's eyes would have a human expression, then again it would glare like any other wolf's eye; but, upon the whole, he seemed so intelligent and appeared to be so anxious to do something to repay me that one day I took him down to the pasture and told him to watch the sheep. Well, sir, I hadn't more than reached the house when I heard him howl. I seized my gun, stole around and watched. He kept on howling, and pretty soon I saw several wolves jump over the fence. Just then my wolf made a dash after a lamb and I shot him. He was only wounded, and I ran to him and blew his head off."

"When did this occur?"

"Last Thursday."

"What time?"

"About two o'clock."

Dean Swift's Loves.

Perhaps the least commendable episodes in his life are to be found in those relations of his with the other sex, which are become almost as famous as the admiration of Petrarch for Laura. Or, possibly, the loves of Aelard and Heloise would be a more apt comparison. For though we can do no more than touch the subject, it seems as clear as anything testy; on presumptive and internal evidence can be that the explanation of coldness amounting to exactly what was sought in physical reasons. Swift had always a craving for feminine sympathy and affection; he loved unreserved intercourse with a graceful, intelligent and complacent candidate, where there could be no idea of anything like equality or intellectual rivalry; but the attachments on his side were purely platonic. Up to a certain point we have no doubt his feelings were faithfully enough expressed in the lines which have always struck us pleasantly:

"That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind he took,
Was but the master's secret joy,
In school to bear the dust-boy."

As for his first flirtation with Varina, there was no great harm done on either side. The lady was clearly a heartless coquette and voluptuous, but with a great deal of worldly wisdom. But in the case of the unfortunate Stella and Vanessa it is quite impossible to account their tantalizing admirer of the egotism that consciously, although perhaps remorselessly, played fast and loose with their feelings. He abused the extraordinary powers of fascination which a stern character and an iron will must exert on certain impressionable feminine natures. He could hardly have offered a more seductive tribute than his unreserved confidence and devotion to women disposed to worship the personality which could unbend so datteringly at convenient seasons and yet loomed so large in the eyes of the world. And the jealous sense of the rivalry which wrought such direful consequences must have stimulated devotion had stimulus been useful. All that must have been untried to the Dean, with his almost unrivaled perception of the weaknesses of human nature, and at best we can only admit some extenuating circumstances when we pronounce him guilty of sacrificing the two women to his selfishness.—*London Times.*

It Was All Right.

A man who was looking through a second-hand store in Brooklyn, with a view of finding a bedstead to suit him finally examined one, and asked: "Are you sure there are no bugs in it?"

"Bugs! Why dot pedstead was out of my own family! We got it when my brother Moses was here, and now he has gone away I sell it for half price."

"Say, I believe it has had bugs in it."

"Impossible, my friend. My wife was so neat dot she knew of such things in her house she go crazy."

"And I'll be hanged if here isn't proof!" exclaimed the customer, as he pointed to unimpeachable evidence. "Vhell! vhell!" The customer was going out with a heart-broken look on his face, when the other detained him, and said: "Dot's all right after all. Ef you puy dot pedstead you know you have bugs from a respectable family! Moses was head-clerk in Rochester, and you know I was here twenty-seven years in peasness."

POTATO BALLS.—Wash, pare and soak as many potatoes as you think you will need. Usually, allow two for each person, as you wish to be sure of enough, and if any be left over they can be so easily utilized and made into such palatable dishes that they are never lost or wasted. Cook them in boiling, salted water for half an hour, or until tender, drain them and, if they are small, put two to a time in a coarse napkin; twist the napkin and wring out the water in the potato. They are light, dry and mealy, and look like moist snowballs. You must take care to wring the napkin hard, & the potatoes will keep a good, round shape.

The electricity generated by the machinery in one of the great Harmony mills, at Cohoes, owing to peculiar conditions which are not perfectly understood, has of late so charged the atmosphere as to affect the employes unpleasantly. Various attempts were made without result to remove the nuisance, but at last a network of wires running through the mill has been successfully employed to collect the electricity and conduct it to the ground.

THE MARRIED MAN.

Down the street the married man
Shrugs off with his head a little
But from the door the wifely voice
Calls, "Don't forget the bread."

He smiles and nods, and turns to go.
The wifely voice calls, "Oh!
You haven't got the can."

He nods again in grateful style,
But pulls down his hat,
And to his slaver, with a smile,
Cries, "Wont you bring my hat?"

"Oh, yes," he shouts, and tries to tell,
He need not shout so loud,
But shrill his son, with stuning yell,
"Theatre tickets for the crowd!"

His daughter from the window high
Exerts him with her call years,
She wants a fan, a pair of gloves,
And a new pink parasol.

He hears no more; far down the street
His echoing footsteps fly,
And all day long, with a smile,
He hums, "Sweet buy and buy."

But when the evening respite brings,
And his day's toil is done,
Though told to get a hundred things,
He hasn't got a one.

John Brisben, Nobleman.

Colonel George W. Symonds in the Detroit Free Press, says the governor pardoned John Brisben a penitentiary convict—his was a first offense. Bourbon for fifteen years for forgery, and had been years yet to serve. Our readers are familiar with the history of the case, and the humane action of his exculpation will be generally commended.—*Frankfort, (Ky.) Freeman.*

I read this little paragraph, and my mind went back six years. I knew John Brisben, and I knew his twin brother Joseph. I was familiar with the details of the action that placed him in a felon's cell; and now when the sad affair is brought back to my mind so vividly I must write it out, for never before have I met, in prose or poetry, in real life or in romance; a greater hero than plain, myster-of-fact John Brisben.

The Brisbens came of good stock. I think the great grandfather of my hero emigrated to Kentucky when Kenton's station, between the present city of Maysville and the historic old town of Washington, was the principal settlement on the "dark and bloody ground." He came from upper Pennsylvania and located about five miles from the Ohio river, on Limestone creek. He was an industrious, strong-limbed, iron-hearted old fellow, and in a few years his surroundings were of the most comfortable description. One of his sons Edwin Brisben, once represented Kentucky in the federal congress. I think he was the grandfather of John and Joseph Brisben. Their father's name was Samuel, and he died when they were little children, leaving his widow an excellent blue-grass farm and a snug little fortune in stocks, bonds and mortgages. The widow remained unmarried until her death. Mrs. Samuel Brisben was a good woman and she tried her twin boys. Like most twins, the brothers resembled each other in a striking manner, and even intimate acquaintances could not tell them apart. But although the physical resemblance was so strong there was great dissimilarity in the disposition of the twins. Joseph Brisben was very surly and morose, sometimes cunning and revengeful. He was vitual a dreamer and enthusiast; a man well learned in books, a brilliant, frothy talker when he chose to be sociable (which was seldom), a splendid horseman and a most excellent shot. John Brisben, on the contrary, was cheerful and bright, honorable and forgiving. He was a man of high and moral principles, intensely methodical and practical, cared little for books and, although he said but little, was a plausible companion. He was a poor horseman, and I don't think he ever shot a gun in his life. He loved his brother, and when they were boys together, suffered punishment many times, and uncomplainingly, "Jodie" might go soot free. His life was therefore constant sacrifice, but the object of this loving adoration made but shabby returns for this unselfish devotion.

They were 20 years old when their mother died very suddenly. Joseph made a great pretense of grief, and was so hysterical at the grave that he had to be led away.

THE MARRIED MAN.

"You can take the farm, Jack," he said. "I was never out for a farm—five me \$75,000 in money for my share."

So this sort of a division was made. John continued on at the homestead, working in his plain, methodical way, and slowly adding to his share of the money what he could raise out of the profits of the farm. Joseph, with his newly acquired wealth, set up an establishment at the nearest town, and began a life of pleasure of the grosser sort. His brother gave him no advice for he knew it would be useless. Joseph spent his money with great prodigality, and before he knew it he was a beggar. In the meantime, John's \$25,000 had doubled itself. One day Joseph came to him with a full confession of his pecuniary troubles.

"Jack," he said, "I am not only a beggar, but I am heavily in debt. Help me out, like a good fellow, and I will settle down and begin life in sober earnest. With my capacity for business, I can soon make enough to repay you. I have sown my wild oats, and with a little help I can soon recover all that I have squandered so foolishly."

For an answer, John placed his name to an order for the \$25,000 he had earned so laboriously.

"Will that be enough, Jodie," he asked, "because I have as much more, which you can have if it is a cessary."

"This will be sufficient, old fellow," was the reply. "In two years I will pay it back."

He went back to town, drew his money, paid his debts, sold some of his horses, and discharged several of his servants. Twenty thousand dollars was left out of the loan. He lived which was in progress. The check which was presented at one of the banks of the shire, town by Joseph Brisben, and the money for which it called was, unhesitatingly paid over to him. He was under the influence of liquor at the time, and deeply interested in a game of cards for high stakes, which was in progress. The check was for \$2500, I think. Before daylight next morning, Joseph Brisben had lost every dollar of it. To drown his chagrin, he became beastly drunk, and while in this condition an officer arrived and apprehended him for forgery and uttering a forged check.

The prisoner was confined in jail, and word of his disgrace sent to John Brisben. The latter read the message and a mist came over his eyes. He groaned audibly, and but for a strong effort of the will, would have fallen to the floor, so weak was he by the terrible shock.

"She must not know it," he said to himself, and he made instant preparations to visit his brother. When he reached the jail he was admitted to the cell of the wretched criminal. The brothers remained together several hours. What passed during the interview will never be known. When John Brisben emerged from the jail he went straight to the magistrate who had issued the warrant for the apprehension of Joseph Brisben.

"Squire," he said in his slow, hesitating way, "you have made a mistake."

"In what way, Mr. Brisben?" asked the magistrate, who had a high regard for his visitor.

"You have caused the arrest of an innocent man."

THE MARRIED MAN.

"I am glad you are coming back to the farm, Jodie. You need not do any work, and we shall be very happy together."

So Joseph took up his residence on the farm, and remembering his brother's words, devoted his time principally to hunting, fishing and riding about the country.

In the meantime, John Brisben had fallen in love, and the daughter of a neighboring farmer, Compton by name, was his promised wife. Being a man of strict honor himself, and having full confidence in his brother, he did not object when Joseph began to pay his advanced very marked attention.

"I am glad that he likes her," he thought. "I am so busy on the farm, that I have little time for pleasure, and Alice is so fond of amusement."

One night Joseph came to him just as the shadows of the evening were beginning to fall. There was a triumphant gleam in his eyes as he spoke.

"Jack, old boy," he said, holding out his hand, "congratulate me. I think that from to-day I can date the beginning of a new life. Alice Compton has promised to be my wife."

He was too much engrossed with his new happiness to see the effect of this announcement as portrayed on John's face he did not notice how the strong man's hand trembled in his own.

"Is it true, fathered John at last," "Why, of course it is. Are you not glad? We love each other, and shall be very happy."

"We love each other and shall be very happy," repeated John mechanically, and all the sunshine of his life sunken behind the heavy clouds of despair. "Yes, Jodie, I am glad, and I wish you long years of happiness."

He turned away, and staggered, rather than walked to his own room. He did not stir all night. Once a deep, sobbing groan struggled to his lips, and the moonbeams struggling through the window fell full upon his face, and surprised two great tears stealing down his pale cheeks. He brushed away this evidence of weakness and sorrow and when the morning came, no one looking into his calm, serene, eyes would have guessed how hard was the battle that had been fought and won in that lonely chamber.

They were married, and the man rejected by the bride and supplanted by the groom was the first to congratulate the newly married pair. A vacant house on the farm was fitted up for their reception, and John Brisben's money paid for their furnishing.

"Henceforth, Jodie," he said, "we will divide the profits of the farm. I don't need much, and you shall have the larger share."

THE MARRIED MAN.

Ten years passed away, and John Brisben, an old man before his time, still wrked from dawn to dark that his brother might play the gentleman and keep in comfort the large family which the years had drawn around him. It had been necessary to mortgage the old homestead to raise money to pay Joseph's gambling debts, for of late years he had played heavily, and had invariably lost.

One day—in 1871—a forged check was presented at one of the banks of the shire, town by Joseph Brisben, and the money for which it called was, unhesitatingly paid over to him. He was under the influence of liquor at the time, and deeply interested in a game of cards for high stakes, which was in progress. The check was for \$2500, I think. Before daylight next morning, Joseph Brisben had lost every dollar of it. To drown his chagrin, he became beastly drunk, and while in this condition an officer arrived and apprehended him for forgery and uttering a forged check.

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Use the "Painter's Delight"



Manufactured by
John T. French

AT THE
Hammonton Paint Works,

Made from Strictly Pure Materials, and
Guaranteed the Best Paint now sold.
Send for Sample Card and Circular

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MUTTON, VEAL & PORK
Cured Beef, Sugar-Cured Hams,
Lard, Salt Pork, &c.
Also,
YORK STATE BUTTER
Cider, & Pure Cider Vinegar.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

ALSO, VEGETABLES IN SEASON.

Our Wagon Buns through Town every Wednesday and Saturday

COAL! COAL!

All wanting coal will find it to their interest to order early, as coal mined in warm weather is better prepared than it possibly can be in cold weather. September is the best month to purchase your coal.

Please understand that I am not to be undersold. The best of coal will be furnished at short notice, and at the lowest cash prices. Orders by mail, or left at Anderson's Feed Store, will receive prompt attention.

Hammonton, N. J., Aug. 15, 1883. — **JOHN SCULLIN.**

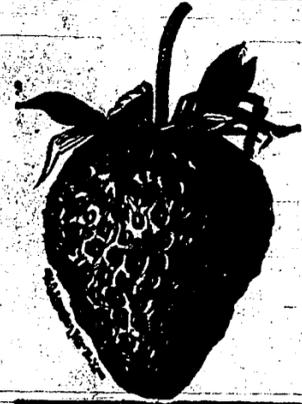
GEORGE ELVINS

DEALER IN

Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes

Flour, Feed, Fertilizers, Agricultural Implements, etc., etc.

N. B.—Superior Family Flour a Specialty.



The Atlantic Strawberry

Was originated here
And has proved to be exactly adapted to our soil, and it will bring in more than twice as much money per acre as the Wilson. No small-fruit grower can afford to be without it. Send for circular.

Wm. F. BASSETT,
Hammonton, N. J.

A Few Facts Concerning the 4 C's, or

TRENTON Business College

It has the most practical and complete course of study. It omits nothing necessary to a thorough business education, yet can be accomplished in a remarkably short space of time. It has novel and original methods of teaching, which are attended by astonishing results. The student is interested from the start, and never fails to make satisfactory progress. It has the largest and best appointed rooms, the most expensive and perfect appliances. It employs the best teachers, and pays the most liberal salaries. In fact, it is the liveliest, most thorough and complete institution in the country.

It has been established 18 years, and sent out thousands of young men and women whose success attests its efficiency. It is a member of the Bryant & Stratton Chain of Colleges, or I. B. C. A., with reciprocal of scholarships, etc., all the advantages of intercommunication so indispensable to a course of modern business training.

No person contemplating a course at a Business College, or desiring a practical education, can afford to decide upon a school without investigating the claims of this institution.

Accommodations for 300.
Session begins September 3d.
Handsome Illustrated Catalogue and College Prospectus upon application to
J. RIDGE, Principal O. C. C. C.,
Trenton, N. J.

How Many Miles Do You Drive?

THE ODOMETER

WILL TELL.

This instrument is no larger than a watch. It tells the exact number of miles driven to the 1-100th part of a mile; counts up to 1,000 miles; water and dust tight; always in order; saves horses from being over-driven; is easily attached to the wheel of a Buggy, Carriage, Sulky Wagon, Road Cart, Sulky Plow Reaper, Mower, or other Vehicle. Invaluable to Livestockmen, Pleasure Drivers, Physicians, Farmers, Draymen, Expressmen, Stage Owners, etc. Price only \$5 each. One-third the price of any other Odometer. When ordering give diameter of the wheel. Sent by mail on receipt of price, post paid. Address
McDONNELL ODOMETER CO.
2 North La Salle St., Chicago.
Send for Circular.

GARDNER & SHINN, INSURANCE AGENTS

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
References: Policy holders
in the Atlantic City
Press.



We print anything you want
printed, from a Calling Card to
a Constitution.

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"78 E. 54th St., New York, May 16, 1882.
Messrs. J. C. AYER & Co., Gentlemen:
Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough—my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I took a hundred percent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used in all less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.
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 SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all venereal diseases, eruptions of the skin, rheumatism, catarrh, general debility, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price \$1, six bottles for \$5.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

Best Purgative Medicine
cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Bilious Disorders.
Sold everywhere. Always reliable.



MRS. VAN BUREN'S

LADIES' TONIC.

The Great Female Remedy.

The Favorite Prescription of the
Women's Medical Institute,
BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.

For Leucorrhoea, or Whites; Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb; Protrusion or Falling of the Womb; Irregularities, Flooding, Sick Headache, Kidney Complaints, Bermany, Painful and Irregular Menstruation and Amenorrhoea. For making labor easy, as a tonic for mothers when nursing children, or through change of life, this preparation has NO EQUAL in the WORLD. If you have tried other remedies without success, do not be discouraged, but give "Ladies' Tonic" a single trial. It never fails to give quick and permanent relief.

If you are troubled with any weakness or complaint common to our sex by using the doctor's prescription for once, and try "Ladies' Tonic," which we guarantee will positively cure you. \$5.00 will be given for any case of Female Weakness or Inability which "Ladies' Tonic" will not cure. This is a bona fide offer, made by responsible ladies, who know from experience what "Ladies' Tonic" can do.

Sold by Druggists. I AYER, \$1.00.
The Women's Medical Institute, an association of prominent *Ladies Physicians*, who have succeeded by their use of the above medicine to their sex, for years. We, as Mothers and Daughters, can give advice, relieving their sufferings and distresses by making them feel that their health and happiness are in our hands. Send two or three cent stamps for our pamphlet, or write to—
Women's Medical Institute, Buff. N. Y.
(Address this paper.)

Camden & Atlantic Railroad

October 1st, 1883.

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac. a.m.	Exp. p.m.	Mall p.m.	Su. Ac. a.m.	Su. Ac. p.m.
Philadelphia	9 20	9 35	5 50	10 20	6 25
Camden	9 13	9 33	5 40	10 15	6 20
Fena. R.R. Junction	9 08	9 28	5 31	10 10	6 15
Haddonfield	8 51	9 11	5 14	9 53	6 08
Berlin	8 30	8 50	4 52	9 26	5 31
Atco	8 28	8 48	4 52	9 19	5 25
Waterford	8 16	8 36	4 44	9 11	5 18
Winslow	8 07	8 27	4 34	8 59	5 06
Hammonton	8 00	8 20	4 26	8 51	5 00
Da Costa	7 55	8 15	4 21	8 46	4 53
Elwood	7 47	8 07	4 13	8 38	4 45
Egg Harbor City	7 39	8 24	4 03	8 29	4 35
Abecon	7 19	8 09	4 49	8 09	4 13
Atlantic City	7 05	8 55	1 30	7 55	4 00

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac. p.m.	Mall a.m.	Exp. p.m.	Su. Ac. a.m.	Su. Ac. p.m.
Philadelphia	4 30	8 00	3 30	8 00	4 00
Camden	4 40	8 10	3 40	8 10	4 10
Fena. R.R. Junction	4 56	8 26	3 56	8 26	4 26
Haddonfield	4 56	8 26	3 56	8 26	4 26
Berlin	5 18	8 45	4 18	8 45	4 45
Atco	5 25	8 59	4 25	8 59	4 53
Waterford	5 33	9 07	4 33	9 07	5 05
Winslow	5 42	9 16	4 42	9 16	5 14
Hammonton	5 49	9 22	4 49	9 22	5 21
Da Costa	5 53	9 27	4 53	9 27	5 25
Elwood	6 01	9 33	4 59	9 33	5 31
Egg Harbor City	6 10	9 45	4 46	9 42	5 38
Abecon	6 39	10 07	5 03	10 12	5 18
Atlantic City	6 40	10 20	5 15	10 25	5 20

Camden & Atlantic Railroad

On and after October 1, 1883.

Trains will leave as follows for ATLANTIC, —
From Vine and Shackamaxon St. Ferries, — Express on week-days, 3.30 p.m.
Accommodation Train will leave above ferries week days at 8.00 am and 4.30 pm, and Sunday at 8.00 am and 4.00 pm
Parlor Cars attached to all express trains.

LOCAL TRAINS.
For Haddonfield from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 7:30, 8:00, 10:00 and 11:00 am, 12 m., 2:00, 4:30, 6:00, 6:30 p.m.
From Vine St. only, 7:30, 9:00, 10:30 p.m.
Sunday trains leave both ferries at 8 a.m. and 4:00 pm
From Pennsylvania Railroad Station, foot of Market St., 7:30 am, 3:00, 5:00 and 11:30 pm week-days. Sundays, 9:30 am, 5:30 pm.
For Atco, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8:00 am, and 12:00 noon, 4:30, 6:00 pm. Sundays, 8:00 am, 4:00 pm. From foot of Market St. on week-days, 11:30 pm.
For Hammonton, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8:00 am, 3:30, 4:30, 6:00 pm. Sundays, 8:00 am, 4:00 pm. Saturdays only, from foot of Market St., 11:30 pm.
For Marlton, Medford, Mt. Holly and intermediate stations, leave foot of Market Street, week days, 7:30 am, 3:00 and 5:00 pm. Sundays, 9:30 am, 5:30 pm. From Vine St. and Shackamaxon ferries, 10:00 am. week-days.
For Williamstown, from Vine & Shackamaxon ferries, 3:00 am., 12:00 m., and 4.30 pm.
W. N. BARNARD, J. R. WOOD,
Superintendent. Gen. Pass. Agt.

Leave all orders for Printing of any kind at the "South Jersey Republican" office.

ESTABLISHED 1 HOWARD A. SNOW,

Washington, D. C.

AMERICAN and FOREIGN PATENTS,

Successors to GILMORE, SMITH & Co., and CHIPMAN, HOSMER & Co.

Patents procured upon the same plan which was originated and successfully practiced by the above-named firm. Pamphlet of sixty pages sent upon receipt of stamp.

MILLVILLE MUTUAL

Marine & Fire Ins. Co.

This Company have disposed entirely of all its STOCK PLAN BUSINESS, and having been RE-ORGANIZED, has decided to in the future 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 as 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 on 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 especial attention to our **Marine Department,**

our LOW RATES and FAVORABLE FORM OF POLICIES.
Any information cheerfully given by the Officer in Charge of the Company or its Agents,
F. L. MULFORD, Pres.
R. J. HOWELL, Sec'y.

Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Monday, October 1st, 1883.

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac. a.m.	Exp. p.m.	Mall p.m.	Su. Ac. a.m.	Su. Ac. p.m.
Philadelphia	8 00	8 00	4 00	8 00	4 00
Camden	8 45	8 20	4 25	8 20	4 25
Williamstown Junction	8 57	8 27	4 32	8 27	4 32
Cedar Brook	8 58	8 28	4 33	8 28	4 33
Winslow	9 01	8 31	4 36	8 31	4 36
Hammonton	9 02	8 32	4 37	8 32	4 37
Da Costa	9 03	8 33	4 38	8 33	4 38
Elwood	9 04	8 34	4 39	8 34	4 39
Egg Harbor	9 05	8 35	4 40	8 35	4 40
Pleasantville	9 06	8 36	4 41	8 36	4 41
Atlantic City, Ar.	9 15	10 30	6 25	10 30	6 25

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac. p.m.	Mall a.m.	Exp. p.m.	Su. Ac. a.m.	Su. Ac. p.m.
Atlantic City	6 00	10 40	4 03	6 00	10 40
Pleasantville	6 16	11 10	4 20	6 15	10 45
Egg Harbor	6 25	11 47	4 43	6 24	10 54
Elwood	6 45	12 16	4 53	6 44	11 04
Hammonton	6 43	12 26	5 01	6 42	11 14
Winslow	7 11	12 54	5 10	7 10	11 22
Cedar Brook	7 22	1 16	5 27	7 21	11 33
Williamstown Junction	7 28	1 26	5 33	7 27	11 39
Oakland	7 53	2 28	6 08	7 52	12 04
Philadelphia	8 10	2 40	6 15	8 09	12 10

The Express leaves foot of Walnut St., Philadelphia, at 6:00 P. M., reaches Hammonton at 5:47, Pleasantville at 5:47, Atlantic City at 6:00. Going up, leaves Atlantic at 7:30 A. M., Pleasantville at 7:44, Elwood 8:13, Hammonton 8:23, reaches Philadelphia at 9:30.

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