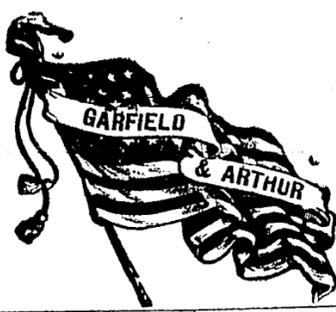


# South-Jersey



# Republican

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### "We all do Fade as the Leaf."

ISAIAH XLIV. 6.

From Rev. B. H. Emerson's Sermon, Sunday Morning, Nov. 21st, 1880.

BY MRS. A. V. MUNGIER.

We all do fade as the leaf,  
One after another we fall;  
Joy walks on the footsteps of grief,  
Ere Death is the lot of us all.  
We plan what our future shall be,  
We toil, but we labor in vain;  
As the leaf descends from the tree,  
We fall to rise not again.

The tree is not dead, nor the bough,  
Though the leaves may fade from our view;  
When the breath of spring fans our brow,  
Our God will re-vesthe them anew.  
So when we are faded and dead,  
And pass from our earth life away;  
Will others rise up in our stead,  
As worthy as we are to-day.

Nothing lives to itself, or in vain,  
Each a duty has to perform;  
The sunshine comes after the rain,  
And the rainbow after the storm.  
When each little leaf has fulfilled  
Its mission, it passes away;  
The dew is to heaven distilled,  
The leaves to heaven distilled.

While in all creation around,  
God's love we so plainly do see,  
Shall man with his wisdom profound  
The name of his Maker deny?  
Behold like the leaf on the tree,  
Or the tender blade of the seed,  
Let us speak out boldly and free,  
Of the love and mercy of God.

### Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 21, 1880.

The question of an extra session of Congress is just now attracting public attention here. Congress meets two weeks from to-day, but enough members are not yet upon the ground to give an intelligent opinion as to what measures will come up, the failure of which would make such a session necessary. Of course the Democrats do not want it, and will do all in their power to defeat it, because an extra session means that the three hundred employees of the House will be changed, that the rebel soldiers who now hold office, will make room for those who fought for the country. Should there be no extra session, the present Democratic incumbents will hold over until December 1881, giving them eight months longer to fatten at the public crib.

It is strongly urged, that the forty-sixth Congress cannot get through its work and thus avoid a special session. Commencing on Monday the sixth of December and ending on the fourth day of March, as it must, gives eighty-eight days, deducting twelve Sundays, and fifteen days for the usual holiday and there will remain about sixty working days, provided the usual speaking Saturdays are utilized for business.

The regular business of the session, the passage of the twelve regular appropriation bills, the counting of electoral vote, the apportionment of the Forty-eighth Congress, under the new basis, and the appropriation to the Deputy United States Marshals. This will cause a protracted session, which will lead to long debates, unless the conservative element in the Democratic party should be able to secure the Republican minority and to it one of the general appropriations bills. I am of the opinion that the crushing received by the opposition to the Federal election law at the recent session, will teach them wisdom, and will make no further useless opposition to this long delayed bill.

By Sherman it is said, will either the discontinuance of the silver dollar, or an increase in its value sufficient to make it worth a gold dollar. Should this be taken up, no one can tell what the result will be. The silver dollar bill may be antagonized by the Democratic party, but opposition to nothing in the end, as the silver dollar, being Republican, will be in hand, and disposed of by the Democratic party.

The distribution of the Gouvea award will claim attention of Congress. The award of Senator Eaton at the close of the year, to cover it into the

Treasury, and make it part and parcel of the Sinking Fund, has aroused and provoked the indignation of those who suffered so largely by the raids of the rebel cruisers. They cannot see, cannot understand, why a Senator, why any one who has the least knowledge of the basis of the award, can for a moment advocate such a measure. To take the money paid over by Great Britain as an indemnity for the loss, and well nigh total destruction of our own shipping interest and put it to any use except the one designed by the commission that awarded it, would be an unheard of wrong and injustice. I think there need be no fear. Senators and Representatives are human, and when action is taken in respect to this matter, no one would be found to join Senator Eaton in his insane policy, but rather to make immediate provision for distribution to the real losers and sufferers.

MAXWELL.

### HEIMGANG.

"Heimgang!" So the German people  
Whisper when they hear the bell  
Tolling from some gray old steeple  
Death's familiar tale to tell;  
When they hear the organ drone,  
Swelling out from chapel dome,  
And the singers chanting surge,  
"Heimgang!" Always going home.

"Heimgang!" Quaint and tender saying  
In the grand old German tongue,  
That hath shaped Melancthon's praying,  
And the hymns that Luther sung;  
It is our loving Maker,  
That where'er our feet shall roam,  
Still we journey towards "His Acre"  
"Heimgang!" Always going home.

"Heimgang!" We are all so weary,  
And the willows, as they wave,  
Sighing softly, sweetly, lowly,  
Woo us to the tree-quiet grave.  
When the golden pitcher's broken  
With its dregs and with its foam,  
And the tender words are spoken,  
"Heimgang!" We are going home.

### News Items.

The latest accounts indicate that thirty-two unfortunates lost their lives in the recent fire at St. Peter's Insane Asylum, Minnesota. This is worse than was at first supposed; but though it increases the horror, it adds nothing to the significance of the disaster. Such a catastrophe ought to have been impossible.

Sitting Bull has changed his mind. He now thinks that Queen Victoria has treated him so well, common politeness demands that he should continue to render her allegiance. So it does. By all means let him stay with the friends who have been so kind to him. He need have no fear of offending us. We shall bear up against the continued deprivation of his company with great equanimity.

The proposal to raise a fund by private subscriptions for the purpose of pensioning ex-Presidents of the United States was received with such little favor by the public that it has been withdrawn. But this must not be held as implying that the American people object on principle to making such a provision as that proposed. It simply shows that they do not approve of the particular plan suggested; and certainly if ex-Presidents are to be provided for at all, it should be made a national matter.

"Your opinion is of no account," "Your judgment is conformed by your market." "What do you know about clearing markets? Do you ever see a market? Do you ever see a market? Yes, you are very wise about markets, you are." The present market is not taken from a report of the market between two wish-wives. I see the report of the way in which John Bull bulldozes his way when the market doesn't do as he wants.

Ten thousand voters have left San Francisco for the electoral King done within the past fortnight. From the point of Messrs. Barnum and Hewitt they are extremely ill-advised. They ought to be put on a long enterprise, so as to be ready to take advantage of the good time coming for them when Mr. Garfield takes his seat in the Presidential chair. The interests of corporations in the matter of labor are not, so far as heard from, in any better state of conservation than they were a year ago.

That one man should be Congressman, Senator-elect and President-elect at one and the same time is a surprising evidence of "manifest destiny." No other American in public life has held all of these honors except General Garfield; and that he should do so testifies stronger than mere words to his evident fitness for high office.

The Treasurer's statement shows that there was an increase of nearly sixty million dollars in the national revenue this year over last. This indicates at once the prosperity which the country is enjoying and the ability with which the public business is being conducted.

There was a lively time in a Camden public school, on Tuesday. One of the pipes used for heating burst, and the hissing noise caused by escaping steam, frightened the scholars, who cried "fire," and started to escape. The teachers lost presence of mind, and as a result several children were badly bruised. One little girl jumped from a second story window, and may die.

Orange, Ohio, General Garfield's native town, cast every one of its ballots for him, and Norristown, Pennsylvania, General Hancock's native town, cast every one of its ballots for him. Ohio, it didn't.

The percentage of increase of population during the last ten years has been much greater in Camden than in any other of the New Jersey cities. Its total population is still far in the rear as compared with the large towns of north Jersey, but it has now got such a start that before the close of the century it may overtake and pass them all.

A large box was received and unpacked at the White House on Tuesday, which was found to contain a massive desk or writing-table, a present from Queen Victoria to the President of the United States. It is made of live oak, weighs thirteen hundred pounds, is elaborately carved, and, altogether, presents a magnificent specimen of workmanship. Upon a smooth panel is the following inscription:

Her Majesty's Steamship Resolute, forming part of the expedition sent in search of Sir John Franklin in 1852, was abandoned in latitude 74.41, longitude 101.22 west, on the 15th of May, 1854. She was discovered and extricated in September, 1855, in latitude 67 north, by Captain Buddington, of the United States whaler George Henry. The ship was purchased, fitted out, and sent to England as a gift to her Majesty, Queen Victoria, by the President and the people of the United States as a token of good will and friendship. This table was made from her timbers when she was broken up, and is presented by the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland to the President of the United States as a memorial of the courtesy and loving kindness which dictated the offer of the gift of the Resolute.

M. De Lesseps has a merit which Americans rather more than most people will appreciate and admire. He pushes ahead. His schemes may be visionary and his hopes unfounded, but his energy is indomitable. In spite of criticism and discouragement, in spite of the warning of friends and the opposition of enemies, he presses forward to the goal of his ambition. His engineering rivals may have the best of the argument, but while they talk and do nothing M. De Lesseps acts. The fact that his mission to this country was comparatively fruitless, and that he found it impossible to persuade capitalists to whom he appealed that a Panama canal, to be built according to his plans, would be a profitable enterprise, has not turned him from his purpose; and so great is the influence of a determined will, that it is possible the company which has just been floated may secure subscriptions to begin the great work. It would probably be finished within a few years, and as a younger man, but as a chance of such a consummation is rare, North American.

Most of the inhabitants of New Jersey speak English and are much in the progress being made by the people of the United States. - News. The needlework has superseded pottery, and an effort will be made to make useful needlework the task of the next generation.

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### Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the Atlantic Circuit Court in Equity will be sold at public vendue, on

Tuesday, December 7th, 1880,

AT TWO O'CLOCK in the afternoon of said day, at the Hotel of Louis Kuehne in Atlantic City. All the following described lot of land situate in Hamilton Township, in the County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, bounded as follows: Beginning where the middle line of Fifth Street in the Lithographic Company's land crosses the middle line of Second Road on the same plan and runs thence (1) South forty-three degrees and fifteen minutes east ten chains; (2) South forty-two degrees and fifty-five minutes west ten chains; (3) North forty-three degrees and six minutes west ten chains; (4) North thirty-six degrees and forty-five minutes east ten chains to a corner of land being one-half of lot number two, and then seven-eighths of an acre of land.

Seizure of the property of Henry Park, Administrator of the Estate of George W. Moore, Sheriff.

Dated October 5th, 1880. HARRY L. SLARS, Sheriff.

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Isolated.

Hold our dear ones with a firm, strong grasp, / To hear their voices, look into their eyes; / And yet, betwixt us in that clinging clasp / A distance lies.

We cannot know their hearts, however we may / Mingle thought, aspiration, hope and prayer; / We cannot reach them, and in vain essay / To enter there.

Still, in each heart of hearts a hidden deep / Lie, never fathomed by its dearest, best, / With closest care our purest thoughts we keep, / And tenderest.

But, blessed thought! we shall not always so / In darkness and in sadness walk alone; / There comes a glorious day when we shall know / As we are known.

—Elinor Gray, in the Atlantic.

Bon Voyage, and a Music-Box.

The huge whitey-gray, prison-like building of the Escorial looked down forbiddingly from the white spur of the mountain range from which it had kept watch over Madrid for three centuries, as Bettine Campbell and her mother took their first full view of it from the railway station.

"It makes me shiver," said Bettine, "it reminds me of a great pitiless sphinx, staring with stony eyes over the desert, while the wind buries its feet in sand and shrieks of the cruelty shut up in its cold heart."

"Nonsense, Bettine," replied the other lady, "it looks for all the world like a penitentiary or an insane asylum on a very extensive scale. Do you think we had better rid up, or shall we walk? And I hope you haven't forgotten my reticule."

"I think we will walk; it does not seem very far and there is such a miscellaneous assortment of Spaniards piling into the omnibuses. But, mother, your music-box has started again; why did you insist on bringing the wretched thing with us?"

"Why, you know, Bettine, I was afraid we might be detained over night, and I never can sleep unless it is under my pillow. I had no idea it would take on so, I'm sure. Just open the reticule and touch the spring."

As they passed under the trees to adjust the refractory mechanism a young Englishman passed them. He paused, involuntarily attracted by fairy tinkling notes falling drop-like, and shaping themselves as they fell into the familiar air of "Annie Laurie." The pretty, embarrassed face bent over the music-box attracted him still more, and he surprised himself by a longer glance than he felt was quite polite.

The Spaniards are the most insolent men I ever saw," Miss Campbell remarked below her breath. "Did you notice how that one stared at us and—"

"Bettine Campbell," interrupted her mother, with severity, "just you remember it takes four eyes to make a stare; besides, he isn't a Spaniard—he's a Frenchman."

"What makes you think so?" "Didn't you notice? He had 'Bon Voyage' worked on his hand-bag. I suppose he has brought his lunch out, just as we have; one is never sure of getting anything decent at these country posada."

Arrived at the building, the two ladies repaired directly to the library. Bettine was desirous of copying some Moorish illuminations. She found a beautiful Koran, and holding her box of water-colors against the edge of the lectern she was soon deeply interested in transcribing to her sketch-book some of the intricate designs.

Meantime the young Englishman wandered with a number of other explorers disconsolately through the series of cloisters, corridors, halls, courtyards, cells and labyrinthine passages connecting the pantheon, palace, refectory, sacristy, church, library and so forth, which make up this great monastery, museum, palace, mausoleum and caravansary. He was not over interested in what he saw, and his wearied eyes and limbs pronounced the whole a stupendous bore.

As he entered the library, in the wake of the party who were following the cicerone, he noticed Bettine standing by the lectern, her eyes shining with enthusiasm as she pursued her work. Her mother had fallen asleep in her chair, but Bettine bent to her task unconscious of fatigue. The curious visitors crowded about her as though she were one of the objects upon exhibition, and one disagreeable man even jostled her rudely. As they left the room Mrs. Campbell woke up and demanded: "Where's my reticule? Bettine, hand me my reticule."

Bettine paused in her work and looked at the floor on either side of her, and upon the lectern. "It was here a moment ago," she said, "for I took a little liquid gold from it for that arabesque." The young Englishman, who had lingered behind the rest, stepped forward and joined in the search.

"It is gone," he said; "that suspicious-looking individual who jostled you just now must have taken it. I had my eye on him and—simply that I am—wille I had my eye on him some one took my sachel too."

He dashed out of the door and down the stairs after the retreating party, but though he overtook it in the cloisters the thief was not with them, having disappeared with both bags. He hurried to the depot and announced the theft to the guard loitering there, and telegraphed a description of the missing property to the police at Madrid, for the loss in his case was a heavy one, and then returned worried in

mind to the Escorial. He found the ladies awaiting him at the principal entrance, and reported his proceedings. "You ought to have had a list of the things in my reticule," said Mrs. Campbell, "so that the police could identify it. How are they going to tell it from any one else's reticule? There was my music-box and Bettine's paints and the lunch. Dear me, Bettine, if you had only consented to eating the lunch before you began your work. It's a providence that we didn't start without our breakfasts—and a little package of green tea; I always carry my own tea with me and make the hotel waiters give me some boiling water to pour on it; I can't drink the slops they give us in this country—then there was—"

"Never mind, mother," interrupted Bettine; "the gentleman is very kind to interest himself so much in our behalf, but really the bag was not worth the trouble. There was nothing in it that could not be readily replaced except your music-box."

"As if my tea could be readily replaced! I don't expect to find tea like that again till I reach New York, and my music-box is worth advertising for alone. It was made to order in Geneva, and plays old-fashioned English tunes. It is only a little thing, but it cost enough, and I'm willing to risk five dollars to get it back," and Mrs. Campbell extended her hand with a coin in it.

The gentleman stepped back. "Pray wait, madam, until you receive your property. I shall make all possible endeavors to secure both satchels; my own contained a valuable necklace which I came out to Madrid to purchase for our firm from the Countess de los Torres Ricos. It may be well for us to exchange addresses, that we may communicate with each other in regard to the satchels." And he handed Bettine a card on which was neatly engraved "Arthur Alsep, Glitter, Gilder & Co., Regent St., London."

"Mother's card-case was in her bag," said Bettine, "but any word sent within two or three days to Mrs. Campbell at the Hotel Americano, Puerta del Sol, will reach us."

As Mr. Alsep alighted at the Madrid station he was startled by hearing the same musical tinkling which had first attracted him to the Campbell's music-box was blithely humming. "The girl I left behind me," he stood for a moment electrified, and then began to play blindly at hide-and-seek-with—the sound. He rushed about like one demented, overturning children, treading on the tails of pet dogs, colliding with dowagers, and making himself responsible for much profanity on the part of punctilious hidalgos. There was something almost human in the behavior of that music-box; it buzzed bravely on, now louder, now fainter, according as the chase was hot or cold. At one time it whirred and clicked ominously, as though it might be running down; but now, it was only changing from the plaintive regret for its fair mistress to the triumphant rendering of "The Campbells are coming!" "Not until the next train," muttered Arthur Alsep; "but I'm here and that will do just as well."

As he spoke he snatched the reticule from the hand of a man who was hurrying out the door of exit, and turning to a soldier in a linen-covered cocked hat, who was leaning placidly upon his musket, he poured forth a relation of the circumstances in as good Spanish as he could muster. The other claimant for the reticule vociferated at the same time, but Alsep evidently made most impression upon the arm of the law.

"Can you enumerate the articles in this bag?" he asked. "I think I can," replied Alsep. "You will find, I think, a music-box."

"Any one could hear it," interrupted the pretended owner. "—and a set of painting materials, a lunch, a package of green tea, and a card-case containing the cartes de visite of Mrs. and Miss Campbell," continued Alsep, triumphantly.

"That is clear, that is explicit," replied the official, approvingly; "if the contents correspond to what you say the bag is yours."

"And if he is wrong, if there is nothing of which he has spoken except the music-box, I may be permitted to suppose to go about my business?"

"Certainly, produce the key." The bag was quickly unlocked and Arthur Alsep gave an exclamation of mingled rage and disgust. No painting materials, no lunch, no green tea—but a change of linen belonging to himself, a toilet case, a set of diamond studs, a rouleau of gold and a morocco covered box in which he had that morning placed the precious necklace.

"It is mine, it is mine," he asserted; but the calm official only smiled sardonically, and closing the reticule handed it to the waiting rogue.

"You have had your chance, my friend. Guess better another time." "But there were two bags stolen; they have changed their contents, that is all."

"You should have said so before." The rogue was at the little wicket buying a ticket for Barcelona. Alsep had just time to follow him and spring upon the train as it was leaving.

An hour later a scene somewhat similar was enacted at the railway station of the Escorial. Mrs. Campbell and her daughter sat wearily apart, waiting for the train. They were both worn out with the excitement of the day, but Mrs. Campbell was not yet too tired to chatter.

"What a funny name he has—Allsops. I should think he would petition the legislature to change it."

"Alsep, mother. Just think of Alsep's sale and you will get it all right."

"He doesn't look like a man that would be fond of ale, but one can never trust to appearances. I am very glad there is no opportunity for the acquaintance to go further. Money gained from a brewer would be no object to me."

"Mother, mother," exclaimed Bettine, beseechingly, "he is not a brewer but a jeweler."

"Well, if his relations are beer-bottlers, I should object to him all the

same. Intemperance runs in families, and I would rather see you dead at my feet than married to an intemperate man."

Tears of vexation welled to Bettine's eyes. "Oh, you dear, foolish mother, we have only met him this morning, and probably will never see him again."

Mrs. Campbell was about to reply when her attention was attracted by the singular behavior of a woman at the end of the waiting-room, who was endeavoring to cram a very large parcel into a sack-like pocket at her side. The mouth of the pocket, large as it was, was too small, the paper burst open and a sachel with embroidered sides was detected by Mrs. Campbell's lynx-like eyes. The little lady darted across the room and snatched the suspected article.

"I thought so," she exclaimed. "It's got 'bon voyage' on it. Police!"

The guard whom Alsep had already notified immediately interposed, while Mrs. Campbell, clinging to his arm with one hand and with the other to the "bon voyage" sachel, poured a wild and incoherent stream into his polit but uncomprehending ears.

"It belongs to a friend of ours, Mr. Arthur Alsep, and it has a necklace in it that he bought of the Countess something or other—and oh! dear me, Bettine, what else is there in it? Oh yes, there's a shirt, Bettine, you need not tread on my toes; of course there's a shirt, and most likely a brandy bottle, though it's a great pity such a fine young man should drink it."

The official regarded her blantly, not comprehending a word she said. He had no doubt the sachel was hers, and he asked her politely to examine its contents and see if everything was there. Mrs. Campbell understood the gesture toward the bag whose lock had been forced, and in spite of Bettine's "Don't mother, we have no right," her unscrupulous fingers invaded its interior.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed that lady, "if here ain't our own things; paints, tea, lunch and all. Mr. Alsep's hand must be traipsing around in our bag."

"These are your things madam?" the official asked of Bettine in French. Bettine replied in the affirmative.

"Then you may keep your property and I will take charge of this individual until the appearance of the other sac de voyage," and his grasp tightened upon the woman's arm, as with Mrs. Campbell's gold piece in his other hand he hurried away to catch the Madrid train.

Mr. Alsep followed his man closely, and a few days after reaching Barcelona succeeded in arresting him and in recovering the sachel. It was hardly worth the trouble, however, for his studs and roll of gold pieces had disappeared, and though the morocco case was still there, it contained not the lost necklace, but the mechanical part of Mrs. Campbell's music-box. The adieu had probably left Madrid by this time and Mrs. Campbell had intimated that they intended returning to America by way of England. He concluded that a personal in the Times would be the best and perhaps the only way to reach them. He returned to England much depressed for he was ill prepared to sustain the loss of the necklace, whose value he had now to refund to the firm. His notice in the Times failed to meet the eyes of the Campbells, and a letter addressed to the Hotel Americano was returned to him with the information that the ladies had gone from the city without leaving any address. Bettine had interested him more than he was willing to confess. In an inner pocket of the reticule he had found some sketches and careful studies in water color, which seemed to him revelations of the girl's character. They told him of a sprightly fancy and a delicate taste, of steady unswerving perseverance.

"Patience, patience," he repeated to himself. "I wonder how long I should stand her harpy of a mother. I should kill her—I should certainly kill her," and then he laughed a boyish laugh at the remembrance of the strange old lady at the Escorial. He laughed little of late for he had left the firm under a cloud, though he had scrupulously paid for the lost necklace, and he was now working beyond physical endurance for another firm. He walked toward his boarding place one evening with a dull pain in his head. "I hope I am not going to be ill," he said to himself; "I can't leave business now and go down to Kent to mother, and there is no one here in London to care whether I live or die."

As the thought passed through his mind he noticed a familiar bag in the hands of a lady who was tripping briskly in front of him. It was of the same pattern as the one his sister Laura had made him before his ill-starred journey to Spain. He remembered matching the crewels for her, and the embroidery on this sachel was of the same dull russet and olive tints. The little lady in front of him gave the bag a nervous swing, and the words "Bon voyage" gleamed out with startling distinctness. What a satire they were, and how very far from being a prosperous journey was that ill-fated trip to the Escorial. It was unmistakably his sachel, but he had a courteous man's aversion to pronouncing upon a perfect stranger and demanding his property. He had decided not to accost her when she very unexpectedly mounted the steps of his own boarding-house. She rang the bell energetically, then turned and faced him as he stood irresolutely at the foot of the stairs. The recognition was mutual—it was Mrs. Campbell. Flourishing the sachel, she hailed him in a vivacious tone.

"Dear me, Mr. Alsep, you don't say that's you. Why, I went down to your firm, Griddle and what's his name's, to return your reticule as soon as ever we got to London, and they said you'd left the business and they didn't know where you'd gone. Here, you must take your reticule, for I won't have it on my mind a minute longer. You see they must have changed your things into mine, for Bettine's paints and my lunch were all muddled together in this. You didn't happen to come across my reticule, did you? Bettine

will be quite lost without this one. She's taken quite a fancy to carrying her painting materials to the art museum in it. We've been staying at Kensington and Bettine is out there now at the art school. But I wanted to see something of the city and Mrs. Gubbins said this was a nice, respectable boarding-house where I could stop."

Some one opened the door and they passed into the house together. He tried to reply and to introduce her to his landlady, but he was seized with giddiness and had a sudden fainting turn.

It was then that Mrs. Campbell came to the rescue. "I'm an old friend of the family (though I don't approve of the way they've made their money)," she explained, "and it's a Providence I happened in just as I did. You must let me nurse him as long as he needs me. I'd admire to do it." To herself she said, "Dear, dear, I did hope he'd got over his intemperate habits, but may be I can reform him."

The physician who was called pronounced the disease congestion of the brain, and Mrs. Campbell's good offices were required for a long time. Like most motherly, officious personages she drew food of the patient so entirely dependent upon her care. In all his sickness he had never called for intoxicating beverages of any kind, but when delirious had often mentioned Bettine's name. Perhaps he had already "reformed." He was well at last, and Mrs. Campbell took a lingering farewell of her charge. "There were grateful tears in his eyes, and compunction in his heart for the injurious epithets he had bestowed upon her."

"You are nervous," said the good lady, "what you need is quieting and soothing, and I am going to leave my music-box with you to play you to sleep at night. I haven't used it once since that day at the Escorial and shan't miss it a mite."

"But I have your music-box already," replied Alsep; "it was in the bag that I recovered at Barcelona."

"That's curious," said Mrs. Campbell. "I've got it out at Kensington I am sure, and I'll bring it in to-morrow."

"I will come out," said Alsep; "it will do me good to take a little run into the country."

He stepped into the art museum before calling at their lodgings, and far across a long hall recognized Bettine's willow form, as she stood at her easel. They walked across the park together, and he felt bitterly his dubious business prospects, which would make a continuation of their acquaintance only an additional pain.

Mrs. Campbell met them in the little parlor. "Now here is my music-box, just as I told you," and she pointed to a small black box with a bas-relief of Tell's chapel upon the lid.

"That is doubtless the case of your music-box," replied Alsep, "but here are the works, and sadly disorganized, I fear."

"There is something in mother's case," said Bettine; "let us see what it is. It is quite heavy."

"I haven't the key," said Mrs. Campbell.

A suspicion flashed through Alsep's mind and he forced lid the open with trembling fingers. A cry of surprise from the two women, and the missing necklace lay upon the table.

"It is worth more to me than I can tell now," said Alsep, transferring it to the morocco case and buttoning that carefully within his coat. Bettine slipped the works of the music-box into place, there was a burr and a whiz, and the absurd little thing emitted blithely, "Shall auld acquaintance be forgot, 'Not if I have anything to say about it," exclaimed Alsep, with emphasis.

"That trip to the Escorial turned out a bon voyage after all," he remarked to his wife some weeks later.—Lizzie W. Champney, in Gode's Company.

Curious Stenographic Blanders.

The New York State Stenographic association recently held a convention at which one of its members, Mr. F. J. Morgan, read a paper on the blunders in transcribing from shorthand, similarity of sounds usually producing those, especially if another than the original reporter produces the transcription. In the official report of his paper appear these instances: Several years ago an eminent lawyer employed a stenographer to take testimony in an important case. The transcribed minutes astonished him. A "patent," upon which much depended in the suit, was converted into a "potentate," a "solid frame" was turned into an "isolated farm," the "furnaces of this country" were set down as "Fenians of this country," "clerks and bar-tenders," were made into "clocks and barometers," and the question, "Were you in the habit of visiting the house?" was written, "Were you in the habit of fastening the hose?" An attorney asked a female witness how she came to be employed by the plaintiff, and she answered: "I saw a sign in the window, 'Female clerks wanted here.'"

The blundering reporter rendered it: "Family color warranted here." A minister, preaching a sermon on the death of a gentleman named Samuel, quoted: "And buds and blossoms in the dust." He was delighted to read in the next issue of the paper: "And buds and blossoms Sam in the dust." An orator referred to the different religious sects or denominations "good for one another" throughout the count, and said: "Here we have one sect persecuting another," and was so reported, but the transcriber rendered it: "Here we have one sick person feeding another," and so it appeared in the morning papers. A physician under examination as to his attendance upon a sick lady said: "he never examined her antecedents" and was so reported by a stenographer. The transcriber, however, made it read, "he never examined her intestines." Another medical witness, speaking of the illness of a lady patient, said: "she appeared to be somewhat unstrung and nervous." The transcriber made him say, "She appeared to be somewhat knee sprung and nervous."

A Dutch "Pi."

England can boast one editor at least who might be trusted to run a country newspaper in the United States.

In his youth Sir Richard Phillips edited and published a paper at Leicester, England, called the Herald. One day an article appeared in it, headed "Dutch Mail," and added to it was an announcement that it arrived too late for translation, and had so been set up and printed in the original. This wondrous article drove half England crazy, and for years the best Dutch scholars squabbled and poured over it without being able to arrive at any idea of what it meant.

This famous "Dutch mail" was in reality merely a column of "pi."

"Pi," it may be as well to explain, is a jumble of odd letters gathered up and set on end so as to save their faces from being scraped, to be distributed at the leisure of the printers in their proper places. Some letters are upside down, often ten or twelve consonants or as many vowels come together, and the whole is peppered with punctuations, dashes and so on, till it might pass for poetry by a lunatic Choctaw. The story Sir Richard tells of the particular "pi" he had a whole hand in is this:

"One evening, before one of our publications, my men and a boy overturned two or three columns of the paper in type. We had to get ready in some way for the coaches, which, at four in the morning, required 400 or 500 papers. After every exertion we were short nearly a column, but there stood on the galley a tampering column of 'pi.' It suddenly struck me that it might be thought Dutch. I made up the column, overcame the scruples of the foreman, and so away the country edition went, with its philological puzzle, to worry the honest agricultural reader's head. There was plenty of time to set up a column of plain English for the local edition."

Sir Richard tells of one man whom he met in Nottingham, who for thirty-four years preserved a copy of the Leicester Herald, hoping that some day the letter would be explained.

Chemistry itself is at a loss to estimate the power of nitro-glycerine, and yet this new agent of death is twenty per cent. stronger. That our readers may be enabled to form a faint conception of the danger of such a preparation, we will give a brief description of the process by which nitro-glycerine, flint and Hercules powder are supposed to be manufactured, and of the extreme caution necessary in their manufacture.

In the manufacture of nitro-glycerine, two tubes, each about a quarter of an inch in diameter and six inches in length, lead into a single tube of double their capacity but of the same length. Nitric acid is introduced into one and sulphuric acid into the other of these small tubes. The large tube contains glycerine. The two acids are then forced quite gradually into the glycerine, and the chemical combination thus forms an explosive of incalculable power.

So powerful and dangerous is this article, that not an ounce of it is allowed in the manufactory while this tube, six inches long and half an inch in diameter, is being filled, and this tube is kept constantly swathed in ice during the process. To make giant powder, this nitro-glycerine is allowed to grid upon a clay (similar to moerschham) imported from Germany. This clay is the only perfect absorbent of nitro-glycerine known. As Hercules powder is darker, it is believed that that explosive is manufactured by the same process, charcoal, an imperfect absorbent, being used instead of said quality of clay. In the manufacture of nitro-glycerine, a strong tube is kept swathed in ice, and a quantity of the liquid only six inches in length and half an inch in diameter is allowed in the building at the same time, no wonder that General Von Bockelton, with his preparation twenty per cent. more powerful, remarked that he would have it handled thermometer in hand!—Virginia City Chronicle.

Flogging an Indian. A London (Canada) paper has an account of the flogging, received by an Indian offender. The stoicism with which the Indian took his severe punishment was something wonderful. The account says:

Doxtater was brought out. He is a muscular, heavy-set Indian, and had a laugh on his face. His back was bared, his wrists were strapped to the upper parts of the arm of the triangle and his knees and ankles to the lower part, throwing his back out. The only sign of nervousness manifested was a quick look at the cat-o-nine tails which was in the hand of a stout expert, who had been a drummer in the Twenty-third British regulars. The cat had a short handle and nine thongs of hard, heavy cord a yard long, with nine knots in each. At the command of the sheriff the cat was flourished around the whipper's head with a quick jerk, whistled through the air, and fell with a sharp thud over the left shoulder-blade, making large blue marks. At the third the flesh was cut open, but the prisoner's muscles never quivered, though sixty spectators fully half of them hissed and turned away. Twenty-five lashes given with all the power of a strong man in one place, caused the flesh to creep up in purple welts, which were cut transversely into small squares, out of which the blood trickled. But for the cat of the crowd could look at it throughout. The Indian never flinched, and after the last blow, which was given with extra vigor, the sheriff cried "Enough," and Doxtater laughed and said:

"Bully for Injun."

When he was released, the reporter asked him how he felt. He answered: "Feel him buck very much." The Indian asked the whipper for a "curnkey's" mouth and went to smoke, it was taken from him. The wolverine was washed with salt and water to vent inflammation, and that Josiah wince worse than the floggin'.

Another Version.

Everybody has read of the brave man who, when alone in her room one evening, caught a glimpse of the...

Mrs. Garvey, out in Chicago, had just laid down a paper containing the same old anecdote, the other night when, as she stooped to pick up her thimble from the floor, she beheld the huge hand of a burglar underneath the bed.

"Well, what now?" growled Garvey, from down in front street. "Mr. Dusenbury has been here, my dear, and he wants you to call at 1,463 Chowder street, right away."

"1,463—Why, that's our house! What do you mean?" "So it is—how stupid of me!" went on the agonized woman, trying to steady her voice.

"I understand that the whole of square 1,463 is on fire; hadn't you better step round and see about it?" "Square 1,463? Why that's the one we live on! What on earth do you mean, talking in that way? Is anything the matter?"

"No, no," hurried on the wretched female; "I just wanted to let you know that Amelia Ann Boggs—understand, Amelia Ann Boggs—was dying, and wanted to see you right away."

"Amelia Ann—Bo—Why that was your name before we were married! What in the name of—Are you going crazy, anyway?" But Mrs. Garvey did not answer, and after confiding to the head clerk his conviction that his wife had gone crazy, and that he thought he had better go home and see that she didn't give baby laudanum for paragonic, Garvey got on a car and repaired to his home.

He found Mrs. G. on the floor in a dead faint; and, when she had come to and explained matters, and Garvey had fished out an old boxing glove from under the bed, Mrs. Garvey sat up and made some general remarks concerning the publishers of sensational papers which would have made even those unfeeling wretches blush with shame.

Robinson Crusoe's Island. Robinson Crusoe's Island is to-day a little paradise. Lard planted there on one of his voyages apples, peaches, grapes, plums, strawberries and several kinds of vegetables.

The number of the latter was increased by a Scotchman, David Douglas, who landed on the island in 1825. He was not a little astonished to find a hermit there, who had been on the island five years.

On the second day he was not a little surprised to see a man emerge from a clump of bushes and approach him. He looked upon him as Crusoe's successor, although he did not occupy the historical cave, having built himself a hut of stones and sods, roofing it with the straw of wild oats.

As cooking utensils, he possessed only a single iron pot, the bottom of which one unfortunate day, had fallen out. The damage, he had, however, the ingenuity to repair with a wooden bottom, but now he was compelled to place his pot in the ground and build a fire around it.

This man's name was William Clark, and he came from London. He had a few books; among them was a copy of Robinson Crusoe's adventures and Cowper's poems. He called Douglas' attention especially to a well-known poem beginning:

"I am monarch of all I survey, My rights there is none to dispute," etc. Nevertheless, he did not seem to be happy. There was one wish, his greatest, he could get no roast beef.

At present this island is in the possession of a colony of Germans. Sixty or seventy persons, under the leadership of an engineer named Robert Wehrhahn, settled there in 1863. They describe the island as being in the highest degree salubrious and fruitful.

On their arrival they found large flocks of geese, about thirty half-wild horses and some sixty asses. They brought with them cows, hogs, farming utensils, small boats and fishing tackle.—Appleton's Journal.

An Incident. Human nature is a curious story. The other night at the Union depot one of the depot hands, while sweeping out, caught he saw a twenty-five-cent bit slip out of the benches. He went down on his knees immediately and recovered the piece with his hand. While he was in this position a well-dressed lady tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"I just dropped that." "What is it, madam?" was the gentlemanly interrogatory. "I think it is a quarter."

He placed it, without further parley, in her hand, and she, tightly holding it, went away. What was her design to discover that it was a pepper-corn?—New Haven Register.

"Do you, my boy?" blurted out "but who the deuce is it that takes the life from your figures, you Boston Transcript.

Odd Tests.

Some people are never satisfied, however fortunate they may be. A nursemaid in the service of an English family in Russia left her place to get married, but had not been long wedded ere she complained to the matchmaker of the district in which she was domiciled that her husband did not love her as he should do, and on the official inquiring how she knew it, replied: "Because he never whips me." Doubtless the disappointed one meant what she said, but she might have changed her note had her desire been gratified; like the young wife, suddenly bereaved of a rich old husband, who refused to believe her dear partner could be so cruel as to leave her, crying out: "He's alive, doctor; I'm sure he's alive; tell me, don't you think so?" This piteous appeal the physician met by suggesting the application of a galvanic shock, and offering to apply the apparatus. "Oh, no, no!" exclaimed the grief-stricken widow; "hard as it is to bear my fate, I will have no experiments against the law of nature; let him rest in peace!"

In olden days the burghesses of Grimby were wont to decide which among them should be mayor by a very odd process. Having chosen three of their number as eligible for the position, they blindfolded them, tied bunches of hay to their backs and conducted them to the common pound where a calf awaited their coming. He whose bunch of hay was first eaten by the calf was pronounced most worthy of the mayoralty, and installed into office accordingly.

William Thompson, the once famous Mavor chief, adopted a shrewd method of deciding which of his two sons should succeed him. As they stood before him as he lay sick unto death, he suddenly addressed himself to the elder, saying: "Shortland, take down that gun and shoot the white man standing outside the hut." The youth was about to obey the order, readily enough, when his brother intervened with: "Why should you kill the man? What harm has he done to us?" Then said the old chief: "Yes, that is right. You have what is wanted—sense and discretion. You will take my place when I am gone." And so the succession was settled.

"Humboldt," said a Middlesex militia-captain—"Humboldt is an over-rated man; there is very little in him, and he knows no more of geography than my terrier there. I met him once at the Russian ambassador's at Paris, and put him to the proof. As long as he was talking of the Andes and the Cordilleras, and places which none but himself had ever heard of, he carried it all his own way; but the moment I put a straightforward question to him, which any school boy might have answered, he was floored. Now, baron," said I, "can you tell me where Turbham Green is? Upon my honor, he knew no more about it than I know about Jericho." The conclusion was as inevitable as that drawn by the English carpenter working at the Vienna exhibition, who complained to a newspaper correspondent: "Only fancy, sir, here's Friday—two days after the race—and we don't know what was second and third for the Derby yet; and they call this here country civilized!"

Mr. Sala says that a blind man might tell the different denominations of Russian notes by using his nose to determine their value; the rule being, the lower the value the "louder" the smell. A hundred-ruble note will be redolent of patchouli, jockey-club, or some equally fashionable perfume; while the single rouble-note usually reeks of tallow or coarse tobacco.—Chambers' Journal.

Goethe and Schiller. Goethe had dark brown hair and eyes, the latter large and almost preternaturally luminous. His complexion also was more olive than fair, the nose nearly Roman, but with a Greek breadth at the base, and sensitive dilating nostrils; the mouth and chin, on the sculptor's line, ample, but so entirely beautiful that they seemed smaller than their actual proportions.

His face was always more or less tanned; he rarely lost the brand of the sun. In his later years it became ruddy and a slight increase of fullness effaced many of the wrinkles of age. Stieler's portrait—now in the Goethe mansion—painted when the poet was eighty, expresses an astonishingly powerful intellect than I know about Jericho." The conclusion was as inevitable as that drawn by the English carpenter working at the Vienna exhibition, who complained to a newspaper correspondent: "Only fancy, sir, here's Friday—two days after the race—and we don't know what was second and third for the Derby yet; and they call this here country civilized!"

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If We Would.

If we would but check the speaker When he spoils his neighbor's fame, If we would but help the erring, Ere we utter words of blame; If we would, how may it might we Turn from paths of sin and shame. Ah, the wrongs that might be righted If we could but o the way! Ah, the painsthat might be lightened Every hour an every day, If we would but near the pleadings Of the hearts that go astray! In each life, however lowly, There are seeds of mighty good; Still we shrink from soul's appealing With a timid "if we could;" But a God who judges all things Knows the truth is, "if we would."

HUMOROUS.

Small fry—A sardine on a gridiron. Gathering rents—Mending torn clothing. How to save time—Let your watch run down. London Punch calls the face of the moon a silver mug in the sky. Old maids are described as "embers from which the sparks have fled."

Much as the monkey surpasses man in agility, he can't run up bills as easily. "There is plenty of room at the top," as the bald-headed man said to his full beard.

"I wish I was a pudding, mamma." "Why?" "Cause I should have a lot of sugar put into me." Three million hogs have been packed in Chicago since March 1, but unfortunately there are still lots of grunters in the world.

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie!" shouted a little boy. The young lady who married a man employed in a bank applied for a divorce when she discovered that it was a sand bank.—Keokuk Gate City.

Wight is the name of an oil merchant in Pennsylvania. His oil seems to be very popular, for who hasn't heard of the Isle of Wight.—Keokuk Constitution. The same bucolic ant turns up every year in the dairy and floats around in your bowl of milk, looking for a straw or butter-cracker to rat with.—Puck.

One of the inexplicable phenomena of nature is the effect the emptying of a pan of ashes has in suddenly reversing the direction of the wind. A medical student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know if it is not the jaw-bone.

It is claimed by some medical men that smoking weakens the eyesight. Maybe it does, but just see how it strengthens the breath. Many a man who can pack a caucus to perfection takes a back seat and lets his wife come to the front when there is occasion to pack a trunk.—Burlington Hawkeye.

We do not know as horses have affections for inanimate things but we have seen them when they seemed to be attached to a wagon.—Marathon Independent. A man living in the country find lightning-rods on his house to be great protection. They keep lightning rod peddlers from calling and chiming the head of the house.

"Is this your Uncle Adam's house?" asked a staid-looking individual of a lively urchin. "Yes, it's Adam's house till you get to the roof, and then it's eaves," answered the boy. "Why was Lazarus a beggar?" was the recent subject of a Baltimore clergyman. We presume, says the Hawkeye, and a correct presumption it is, that it was because he didn't advertise.

When a boy walks with a girl as though he were afraid some one would see him, the girl is his sister. If he walks so close to her as to nearly crowd her against the fence, it is the sister of some one else. "Old age," says the Phrenological Magazine, "is almost invariably accompanied by a prominent chin." This makes it necessary for somebody to invent a way to reduce prominent chins.—Boston Post.

Never tell a girl you love her "Till you think her lip is within"; Never tell a man he's honest "When you think he is a villain"; Never think you are so lunny "That your wit will live forever; Never use that old expression, "Weak and weary,"—St. Louis Spirit.

Emma Abbot recently told a Chicago reporter that she is one of the strongest and healthiest women ever born, and never has any pain from her head to her toes. Which is not a remarkable exemption. Very few persons have pain "from their head to their toes." A pain from the knees to the toes, or from the head to the shoulder, is aggravating enough.—Norristown Herald.

A statement is going around the papers to the effect that a man seldom commits his first murder after he is twenty-eight years old. This is encouraging, as the temptation to throw the autumnal rhymer downstairs is quite frequent to us. It is cheering to know that such a throw won't kill him, because we are over twenty—but here we are giving away our gray hairs in a reckless manner.—New Haven Register.

Man is not a bundle-carrying animal. He can tuck a few stray parcels in his pocket, to be sure, and lug a package under his arm, perhaps; but on the whole as a common carrier he is a failure. But a woman! well, we should hate to say anything that wasn't absolutely true; at the same time a woman can carry parcels enough into a horse-car to fill up one side of it, and pick them all up in one arm when she gets off at a cross street and lead a pair of twins, carry a bundle and hold up her skirts, with her other hand.—New Haven Register.

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**PENSIONS.**—Hon. J. A. Bentley, Commissioner of Pensions, has completed his annual report. From it are extracted the following figures: On June 30th last there were 250,802 persons receiving pensions. During the year 19,545 new pensions were allowed, and 1377 pensioners previously dropped were restored; 12,875 were dropped. The annual pensions average \$103 34, an aggregate for all of \$25,917,906 60. The payment for the year amounted to \$37,046,185 89, of which \$12,468,191 20 was accrued pensions in new cases. Including arrears, the total paid out for the year was \$57,026,994 12. The Commissioner estimates that \$50,000,000 will be required for the current year. After detailing the several classes of pensions, the report states that the total amount paid out in the last twenty years foots up \$455,718,505 70. Alluding to the new record of claims, it is stated that when complete it will comprise 176 volumes, of 250 pages each, giving full particulars in each case. Several suggestions are made for the protection of pensioners and the Bureau, and in reference to attorneys, upon which points legislation is asked. The cost for investigating frauds for the year has been \$26,466 19, and the direct saving to the government \$451,775 65. In conclusion he recommends increased compensation to agents, and allowing them to use the official penalty envelope in their official correspondence.

The officers of the Navy Yard at Norfolk, are excited and indignant at the action of the Captain of the British steamer Sandringham, which was wrecked off Cape Henry beach a few weeks ago. The Secretary of the Navy gave permission for her to be repaired in the dry-dock at the Navy Yard, and the dock was gotten ready to receive her, notwithstanding it was needed for one of the vessels belonging to the navy. Monday afternoon the Sandringham was placed on the dock, when, without cause, the captain of the Sandringham launched the bitterest abuse upon the American navy, its officers and the flag. The facts were reported to the commandant of the yard in writing, and Commodore Hughes ordered the vessel to be taken from the yard at once. The Sandringham is still afloat in the dock. Commodore Hughes ordered that no more work be done on her until instructions are received from the Secretary of the Navy.

At the present rate of progress it will not be long before the Post-office Department is self-supporting. In the antebellum days there was a yearly deficiency of nearly fifty per cent. to be made good, whereas for the last fiscal year the receipts only fell eight per cent. below the expenditures, and had it not been for the lavish way in which Assistant Brady spent money on the Star routes the accounts would have been balanced. In Great Britain the Post-office is an important source of public revenue, and though the great distances to be traversed in this country place us at a serious disadvantage, there are good grounds for expecting that in time such will be our experience also.—North American.

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If an assessment had to be made at five per cent. only, twice within the ten years for which the policy is issued, it would be cheaper to the members than any other insurance offered. And that large amount of money is saved to the members and kept at home. No assessment having ever been made, being now more than thirty years, that saving would amount to more than

One Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars

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Where the property is not set on fire, being less than one cent per year for each member, are paid without extra charge, and extended so as to cover all policies that are issued and outstanding.

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Our wagon runs through the town every day.

### Railroads.

#### Camden & Atlantic R.

Monday, Oct. 4th, 1880.

Stations.	DOWN TRAINS.				F. S. A.
	H. A.	A. A.	M. F.	M. F.	
Philadelphia.....	6:00	4:15	8:00		8:45
Cooper's Point.....	5:12	4:25	8:10	4:00	8:15
Penn. R. R. Junction.....	6:18	4:31	8:16		8:21
Eddonsfield.....	6:34	4:42	8:26	4:35	8:31
Asb. and.....	6:44	4:48	8:32	4:45	8:37
Kirkwood.....	6:50	4:53	8:37	5:00	8:43
Atco.....	7:05	5:06	8:48	5:05	8:48
Waterford.....	7:15	5:14	8:54	5:15	8:54
Arco.....	7:25	5:24	9:04	5:25	8:59
Arco.....	7:34	5:29	9:09	5:30	9:04
Windsor Junction.....	7:44	5:33	9:14	5:35	9:14
Hammonton.....	7:42	5:43	9:21	5:40	9:21
Da Costa.....	5:48	5:28	7:15	5:25	
Elwood.....	6:57	5:33	7:48	5:35	
Egg Harbor.....	6:07	5:4	7:45	5:45	
Potomac.....	6:17	5:56	8:55	5:52	
Absecon.....	6:27	6:06	9:25	6:02	
Atlantic.....	6:37	6:16	9:45	6:12	
May's Landing.....	6:30	10:10			

Stations.	UP TRAINS.				F. S. A.
	H. A.	A. A.	M. F.	M. F.	
Philadelphia.....	7:35	9:20	5:0		6:20
Cooper's Point.....	7:28	9:12	5:43	3:40	6:12
Penn. R. R. Junction.....	7:23	9:08	5:38		6:07
Eddonsfield.....	7:47	8:38	5:28	3:15	5:55
Asb. and.....	6:57	8:22	5:22	3:07	5:49
Kirkwood.....	6:52	8:48	5:17	3:02	5:44
Berlin.....	6:39	8:30	5:18	2:30	5:34
Atco.....	6:32	8:28	5:13	2:15	5:28
Waterford.....	6:24	8:19	5:4	2:00	5:20
Arco.....	6:18	8:13	4:41	1:43	5:14
Windsor Junction.....	6:12	8:8	4:41	1:35	5:09
Hammonton.....	6:8	8:0	4:24	1:17	5:02
Da Costa.....	7:55	4:15	12:52	4:57	
Elwood.....	7:8	4:10	12:40	4:49	
Egg Harbor.....	7:15	4:10	12:12	4:40	
Potomac.....	7:15	3:59	11:48	4:29	
Absecon.....	7:15	3:45	11:30	4:19	
Atlantic.....	7:15	3:30	11:00	4:05	
May's Landing.....	7:15	3:40			

### Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Time-table of Oct. 11, 1880.

Stations.	M. F. A. C. S. S. S. S. S.			
	M. F.	A. C.	S. S.	S. S.
Philadelphia.....	4:45	8:29	4:22	8:50
Cooper's Point.....	4:57	8:41	4:34	9:02
Waterford Junction.....	5:12	8:56	4:49	9:16
Absecon.....	5:27	9:11	5:04	9:31
Windsor.....	5:41	9:25	5:18	9:45
Hammonton.....	5:59	9:41	5:38	9:51
Da Costa.....	7:15	9:57	6:43	9:57
Egg Harbor.....	8:30	9:45	8:00	9:45
Potomac.....	8:40	9:51	8:10	9:54
Atlantic City.....	9:50	10:21	9:20	10:21
Atlantic City, Ar.....	9:10	10:25	6:40	10:25

Atlantic City.....  
Presidentsville.....  
Egg Harbor.....  
Elwood.....  
Windsor.....  
Cooper's Point.....  
Waterford Junction.....  
Absecon.....  
Hammonton.....  
Da Costa.....  
Egg Harbor.....  
Potomac.....  
Atlantic City.....

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