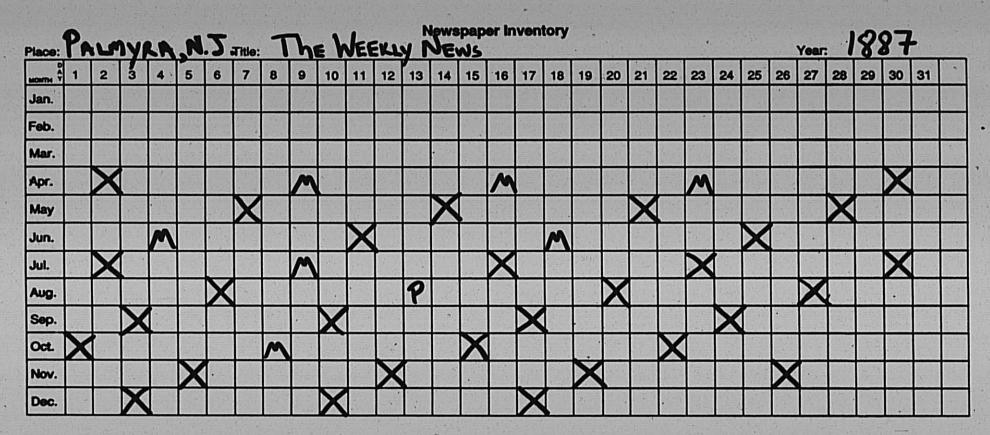
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**Other Comments:** 

#### KEY

X = Issue Filmed

M = Missing Issue

P = Page(s) Missing in Issue

# APRIL

#### THE WEEKLY NEWS,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY L. W. Perkins & J. J. Sleeper. Editors and Publishers.

Terms: \$1 Per Year, in Advance. JOB WORK of all kinds promptly executed as heaply and as nearly as any office in the county, JOH WORK is all sources of the county.

We solicit items of interest from all quarters of the State. Correspondents will please sign their names in full to all communications, not for publication, but as a guarantee of correctness. Anonymous communications are not wanted, to the state of th

Entered at the Post-office for transmission

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PALMYRA.—On and after Monday, November 15, 1886, trains leave Philadelphia for Palmyra, at 6,500, 7,500, 8,500, and 10,500 A. M., and 14 o'clock, noun, 25,500, 25,00, 6000, 6 9, 7, 300, 10,90 and 11,50 Pc. M. Numbers, at 0,15, A. M., 1,30, 5,43 and 19 M.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS Palmyrs, from Philadelphia, Son A. M. 4,00 P. M. New York, Gan " \$15 " Palmyra, from Proc. York, San. S. Palmyra, for Philadelphia, S. Palmyra, for Philadelphia, S. Palmyra, for Philadelphia, S. Palmyra, J. P. M. A. Spritschen, P. M.

TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE OFFICE

PALMAKA. W. U. Telegraph Office at the Post Office. Telephone Office at Stager's Drug Store.

HILLHTON. W. U. Telegraph Office at Railroad Station Telephone Office at Competibivitie's Drug Store.

MORGAN HALL, PALMYRA LODGE MERTING Tuesday Evening, Cinnaminson, No. 2011

Wednesday Evening, Palmyra Castle, No. Thursday Evening, Pennsaukin Tribe, No. 79, I. O. R. M.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES

CHRIST CHURCH, PALMYRA, N. J. REV. R. G. MOSES, Rector in Charge. Morning Prayer at 10.30 a. m., and Evening Prayer at 4 p. m., Sunday School at 2 as p. m., every Samday, J. S. Borero, Superintendent, Lecture on Friday evenings of every excel at Sovicio k. Hotel Communion on the third Samday in the month, or according to notice. Special services during Lactu-Scassin on Wedne day afternoon at pricio k. Institution is extended in all at these springs.

CHRIST CHURCH, RIVERTON, N. I. REV. H. HASTINGS, WELD, S. T. D., Rector. On Sundays, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M. Monthly Meeting of Christ Church Guild at 3 P. M.

M STRODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Rev. J. L. Sechrist, Pastor. Services on Sundays at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P M., Bunday School 2.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. lass Meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30 P. L. Strangers are cordially invited.

Central Baptist Church RIVERTON AND PALMYRA,

Regular Sunday Services :

Commanion first Sabbath in each month.

Wednesday Evening S.P. M. Peryer and Conference Meeting. ALL ARE WELCOME. SEATS FREE.

Calvary Presbyterian Church,

IOHN H. FRAZEE, Pastor. Smilley Evening See. Social Religious Meetings: Riverton, Wednesday Evening, at 8 o'clock. Palmyra, Thursday Evening, at 8 o'clock.

Special Notices.

Cinnaminson Lodge,

L. O. O. F., No. 201, MEETS F CERY TUESDAY EVENING, AT 8 O'CLOCK, AT

MORGÁN HALL, PALMYRA. N.G. Joel Stout; V.G. Wm. B. Strong; Treas, Sam'l Slim Sec. Wns. E. Wimer

PENSAUKIN TRIBE, No. 79, IMP'D. ORDER RED MEN, meets in MORGAN HALL

Every Thursday Evening, For informa tion as to membership & apoly to the Chief of Record, Chas S Atkinson, P.O. B. x 52 Palmyra; N. J.

WM. BLEAKLY,
Manufacturer of CEDAR VALLEY WOOD

LIME,

and dealer in Coment, Plaster, Hair, Brick, &c. N. W. Cor. Front and Federal Sts., and Market Street,
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OGDEN IL MATTIE THOMAS BROS.

umber, Lime, Plaster, and Cement. VERTON. N. J.

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#### DR. H. B. HALL,

Fourth and Lippincott Ave., Palmyra Office : Concr. Ave. bel. Fifth, 1 to 3.0 to 8 p. m. 10 u. m. 1 105 f. m. nuncted by Telephone with Palmyra Drug Stor.

AW OFFICES OF GILBERT & ATKINSON. Hordentown and Beverly, N. J.

Notice to Contractors and Builders.

Building Stone! PALMYRA MEAT MARKET

JOSEPH A. DAVIS wishes to inform Contractors and Builders that he is now prepared to furnish STONE for BUILDING Purposes, from quarries recently opened, CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST. P. O. Box 35. Spi PALMYRA. N. .

#### WM. K. BAILLIE,

Stair Builder, DELAWARE VE., Roor West J rsey Horel, Comden, N. J. Hand-Rails, Newel Power and Rausters Pur-III SHIP NOF, TES OF STREET.

1. C. v. Street has an all all wed me to use there are telescory.

#### FAIRVIEW NURSERIES.

ESTABLISHED 1835. OLDEST IN THE STATE. OLDEST IN THE STATE.

A handsome stock of CAROLINA POPLAR, SIGN and some stock of CAROLINA POPLAR, SIGN AND AND ADDRESS OF STATE AD

JOHN PERKINS, MODRESTOWN, N. J. JOHN P. SAAR,

The Tonsorial Artist Broad St. and Delaware Ave.

#### MY HATS

ARE MY BEST

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

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and Explaintal Director Sentryon, U.S. N. Addense

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#### Building Brick

FOR SALT CHEAP. KINKORA, N. J. MURRELL DOBBINS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA

WE SLAUGHTER ALL OUR OWN MENT

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HARRY PEARCE'S

PALMYRA, N. J.

shall keep nothing but first class COUNTY SCRAPPLE, BACON, HAMS, DIGITO

My wagons will be supplied with meat in-from the market. Orders will be delicated all parts of the town.

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Manual for Amateurs, which gives ful-instructions for making the pictures, Outfits we furnish from \$10, upwards,

Out this we intrush from \$10, upwards.
Out "Photrographic HULLETIS," edited by Prof. Charles F. Chandler, head of the Chemical Department of the School of Mines, Columbia College, published twice a mouth for only \$2 per annual keeps Photographers, professional or an ateur, fully posted on all improvements, and and ters all questions when difficulties arise. Circulars and price lists free. E. & H T ANTHONY & Co.,

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friving a filtrary of r r new and valuable works, wort from fixer to file or annually, at the norm release of a y cents per month. Subscription, five yearly Stories by John Habberton, frances Hodgson flor will appear in early issues only C. Taller, at each will appear in early issues. J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPAN's 715 and 717 Market St., Philade phia



#### THE MODEL EDITOR.

And hold up the torch of knowledge lik midnight taper. He should be profound as Plato, Plant as a boiled pointo. And as humble to his patrons as a serve ing scraper.

He should honor in his ionrnal Every Captain, crank and Colonel, lish up their great achievements in

He must write the funny column
That makes all his readers solemn.
With the fashions, frills and flowers, furbelor what d'ye call em
Quell the copy-fiend's wid revel,
Squich and massacre the devil,
And quit on a brow of thunder year shall petri
artiall em,

He must be a news reflector

#### HOW IT HAPPENED.

Creak, creak, went the rigging.
Whire r-r, went the wind through it.
Tearing and straining at the cording, and tossing the great steamer about as if it were a toy, the wind caught at the masts and made them groan and quiver, then, in sheer wantonness, guthered up a might scrave and sent it tearing, a white she out foam, clear across the deck. A he passengers, most of them we vere huddled together in the cally, shivered and exchanged glances of commiseration, not devoid, in some cases, of very

human fear. Whirr-rr, went be wind; and caught on its way a jaunty, red-knitted cap, twirled trainft in derision, then left it bobbing desolately about at the mercy of the waters, and pre-pared to give attention to further disleaning over the bulyarts. There was a dismayed cry, and two hands grasped wildly at the empty air, returning to hold to the small, shapely herd, lest it should follow.

"That's a pity. It was such a pretty it!'said a masculine voice.
"Yes, wasn't it?' in delorous, wind-

tossed quaver.

Then they looked at each other a moment in silence red then laughed, softly, heartily, with Youth's gli duess. He spoke first, quickly and positively;
"Forgive me for speaking to you, but it was such a chance. I ve wanted to know you all along. My name is Neil Blake, and I live in Boston. May I talk to you? Do you mind?"

"My name is Eugenie Grant, and I live in Bullalo, I think I do not mind." And they leaned together, clinging to the bulwarks, and watched the bolbing red cap till it was lost to view; then she pulled her water-proof hood over her curls, and they sat down in the shelter of the wheelhouse, and talked together in youthful earnest-

Four days cut from Liverpool. For four days he had been a victim to the charms of the young woman who then sat comp scally in dripping waterproof beside him. He had seen her as she came on board, holding her gray skirts daintily about her, while her lacededged pettic ats peeped from beneath. He thought be had never seen a pretter, figure than that outlined by the gray suit, lovelier eyes than the ones gray suit, lovelier eyes than the ones that glanced at him, and looked away -- to glance again. He had wanted so much to know her, but she had seemed so shy; true, she had peeped at him from behind the floral tower in the centre of the table; she had looked at him and laughed when, the first rough day, he supported his next door neighbor in gasping misery from the table, but he had found no chance to speak to her. She had become prettier upon close inspection than he had at first thought, and most distractingly so in the ill-fated red cap, from under which her eyes had shone like twin, laughing

So, you may be very sure that he made the most of the episode of the cap, and, leaning on one elbow, talked to her most carnestly and confidentially he should give her no chance to escape—not, indeed, that she showed any inclination to describe. any inclination to desert her damp rope coil for the gorgeous upholstery of the sabon. She seemed very con-tented crossing her small feet in their rubber boots, and settling herseif com

fortably. It did not take them long to graw. It did not take them long to grow confidential, and before they went into dinner she had the pleasing assurance that he was the only child of a father who dealt in railroads—well, perhaps not "dialt" but something as sweeping and enviable, Eugenie was sure. And he found our that she was a Vassar girl, that she really was a Vassar girl, that she really was near-siglted ahough you would never believe of, and that "manima" was always desperately sick on the water. It is doubtful if the last fact produced the regret if naturally should, and as the days want be it sates. went by, it seemed to him a positive blessing that "manima" was safely

stowed away in invisibility.
Perhaps it was just a well, for otherwise, they might not have enjoyed the lovely moonlight nights that followed the stormy day; those nights when to sided int think of sleep was sacrilege; when the the sofa.

beams, when the stately ship glided on, leaving behind a path of shining silver, of ripples that blinked in an everwidening road that led straight into heaven. Eugenie said straight

ver, of ripples that blinked in an ever-widening road that led straight to heaven. Eugenie said straight to the shining stars at the distant horizon. They sat together, night after night, in the dangerous moonbeams and spoke to each other softly, and made of tri-vial things a low-voiced mystery, and her dark eyes drooped before the near, eager gaze of his brown ones. Oh! it was very well that mamma was quite eager gaze of his brown ones. Oh! it was very well that mamma was quite an invalid! They talked of the red cap that had led to their acquaintance, but he said she looked more lovely with that soft, white affair about her head, and she was very glad he thought her lovely, and foolishly told him so. After that, perhaps, it was not strange that they talked to "Genie," and maybe, it was possible that once or twice his hand happened to lie on hers and neither of them seemed to know.

I had grown to be quite a serious thing for both of them by the time New York harbor was an immediate possibility; and the last night out, as

possibility; and the last night out, as they parted in their sheltered corner, he held fust both her hands, and the two shadowed heads on the deck melt-planation.

two shadowed heads on the deck melt-ed into one-at any rate that is the way it looked, and Eugenie ran with hot, red cheeks to the cabin.

The next morning all was hub-bub; the bustle of disembarking, the ner-yous flurry of righteous desire to evade the bustle of disembarking, the nervous flurry of righteous desire to evade the custom officers, the collecting of mislaid luggage, all made the scene a lively one. Eugenie was in her state room, frantically trying to make one satched do the work of two, when a rap at her door was followed by Nei's mistake."

"Oh, this will never do," said Mrs. Grant, in calm dismay. "Mr. Blake, I kind wyour father, he is a gentleman. I think his son is one; it is impossible that you should try to deceive us," Neil bowed gratefully. "And it is equally impossible that my daughter should do so. "There-must be some mistake."

rap at her door was followed by Nein's voice.

"Please do a favor for me," he said, in his emphatic way, "Wear this ring off the boat for me. It's very valuable; a friend sent by me for it, but I don't know"—with smiling eyes—"that I shall let him have it now. You wear it, and I'll come to your hotel to-night for it—if I must take it; but I hope—you know what, "Genie!"

The was going and Eugenie stead.

"There is not," declared the belligerents in a breath.

"There must be some mistake," repeated the mother, calmly. "Eugenie may have overlooked the ring in her hurry. Of course you are sure you did not, my dear. But it may be." She prodered a moment while Neil and Eugenie watched her breathlessly, "If we could," she said, at last, "if we could go on the boat, before our statements.

He was gone and Eugenie stood with happy blushes on her fair face, clasping tight the small package con taining the ring. Her ring, it might be, if she said so, and was there any doubt what she would say? She pressed

it to her lips.
"Hurry, 'Genie!" cried a querulous voice, "harry, child!"

She startled, and tore open the set the whole matter aside.

"Not much ; it is time to go. But from the gem within will see you to-morrow won't I.

do you suppose?"
"The diamond?" in amazement. "There was no diamond!"
He stared a moment and then

Mr. Blake."
"Of course I did not ask you to

fore invisible mamma, ' "You are sure the ring was in your package, Mr. Blake?" after an ex-

planation.
"It was," said Neil, firmly.
"It was not," said Eugenie, as firmly.
Then they glared at each other.
"Oh, this will never do," said Mrs.
Grant, in calm dismay. "Mr. Blake.

we could, she said, at last, "if we could go on the boat, before our state-room had been swept—do you think it possible, Joseph?"

He of the gold watch chain thus appealed to smill a source of the comes home.

Who says it is unhealthy to sleep in

pealed to, suffed contemptuously.
"Absurd! Out of the question! The
whole affair is ridiculous, and comes
from allowing your daughter to make indiscriminate acquaintances, against which I particularly warned you. I

She startled, and tore open the package with eager hase, bringing forth on the end of her finger a ring. Her face fell. What a wretched little thing! A cameo of the cheapest variety, and considerably too large for her stender finger.

"Worse than ordinary!" said Eugenic to take off the pretty party-stress and bathe her tear up the tracks of some of the ocean stained face.

"Worse than ordinary!" said Eugenic flourest by him and stared me to wear such a paltry affair! Well, the strike of the saying that it is not pleased to give than to receive" applies only to medicine and advice.

The story that the strikes of some of the ocean steamers is no doubt a mere rumor.

A Western lecturer has selected for his subject "A Bad Egg." This subject often strikes a lecturer unfavorable in the saying that it is not pleased to give than to receive" applies only to medicine and advice.

The story that the strikes of some of the ocean steamers is no doubt a mere rumor.

A Western lecturer has selected for his subject "A Bad Egg." This subject often strikes a lecturer unfavorable in the partition of the control of th

gene. What does he mean by asking me to wear such a paltry affair! Well, I don't care," she decided, at last, "but he needn't have said it was very valuable," and it is greatly to be feared that Eugenie's door shut forcibly after her.

The cuckoo on the clock in the hotel parlor had just screeched for 9 o'clock when Neil ran up the stairs and tapped on the door of the parlor alloted to "J. D. Grant, wife and daughter, Buffalo."

Very handsome and eager he looked and it is a small won-fer that Eugenie blushed brightly as he took her hands. "What a swell you are!" he said admiring the white billows of face that fell about her, leaving bare the soft neck and rounded arms. "How much time can you give me?"

"Not much; it is time to go. But I will see you to-morrow won." I

The lost ring! Down upon a pile of Here is your ring; I've been afraid I should lose it, it is so large for me."

She holds it out to him. He takes it, and with it both her hands.

The lost ring! Down upon a pile of rubbsh, waiting to be swept out by careless hands, had lain the little package that had caused so much heartache and so many tears.

Here is you'ring; I've been atrant; should lose it, it is so large for me."
She holds it out to him. He takes it, and with it both her hands, "Then you'll keep the other, 'Genie?"
in anxious inquiry.
"The other! What other?" said happened to think of it. Take eare of that step, 'Genie," and Neil was feft allone.

Here is you'ring; I've been atrant; careless hands, had lain the little package that the fleas rise to the surface. Then bury the cat.

An Irishman who had on a very ragged coat was asked of what sfuffit hat step, 'Genie," and Neil was feft allone.

Left alone; with drooping head and a very real ache at his heart. And so this was the end of it all; of the moon He stared a moment and then light nights; of the waispered words; of the clasped hands. And he must prepare to forget it all. The curving rosy mow I'm more interested in something them! It would be very hard to do sey mouth, the shining eyes. Forget sem! It would be very hard to do

There came a soft touch on his arm

They were speaking of a Buffalo bride's trousseau. "Were her robes made in Paris?" one asked. "Oh, no,"

"But there was no diamond, what and a jaunty hat rested against his do you mean by saying so?" in won-shoulder.
"Oh, Neil! How could I know the ing but Buffalo robes." We'll's face flushed, and his voice wretched ring was there? Can you was more than unusually positive—forgive me? D) forgive me, and then almost offensively so, Eugeme thought | I can forgive you. We'll not think

A pretty hood-Childhood. Hard to beat-A boiled egg.

The worst thing out -Out of temper. A question of time-What o'clock is

The mind is the atmosphere of the The place for a pic-nic--The Sand-wich Islands.

An eclipse of the son-Cut off without a penny.

What word contains all the letters? The alphabet.

The last glass before going to bed— The looking glass. A dentist's office is not improperly called his drawing room.

"Company Drill"—Instructing the servants before your party.

When does a man have to keep his word? When no one will take it. Sweetening one's coffee is generally the first stirring event of the day.

Women do not talk more than men. They're listened to more, that is all. Some of those women who are most afraid of lightning have hearts of steel.

Why is a whale like a water lily? When is a small fish pend like a pird-cage? When there is a perch in it. What is better than presence of aind in a railway accident? Absence

Some lawyers can't sleep. They lie on one side, and turn over and lie on the other. It is a queer woman who asks no questions, but the woman who does is

When a wife reigns, it seems natural that she should storm too. She generally does.

Who says it is unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring chicken,

how tough he is.

Why are kisses like creation? Because they are made out of nothing, and are all very good. The saying that "it is more pleasant to give than to receive" applies only

"How can I get rid of fleas on my cat?" asks a subscriber. Easy enough, Soak the cut in four feet of water until

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a com-sumptive, "and you will never cough again," "Is it as fatal as that?"

gasped the consumptive.

said another, "they were made in Baf-falo. She takes pride in wearing noth-When a man takes two cigars from

was more than unusually positive—
almost offensively so, Eugeme thought as he said:

"You know perfectly well what I mean anot, forgive me, bat it is in rather poor taste to continue that unwelcame joke."

"I don't know what you are talking about," she replied, with dignity. "I wore your valuable ring; if there we say diamond about it I faile to see at I shall have to wish you good evening. Mr. Blake."

When a man takes two cigars from his pocket, puts one in his mouth and offers you the other with the information that they are two for, a quarter, you can generally make up your mind that he is going to smoke the twenty-two cent, ne.

Bagley—"What in the world have you good evening, ow, and daily letters fly back and forth, letters long and tend"r, but I shall have to wish you good evening.

Mr. Blake."

When a man takes two cigars from his pocket, puts one in his mouth and offers you the other with the information that they are two for, a quarter, you can generally make up you ran generally make up you find that he is going to smoke the twenty-two cent, ne.

Bagley—"What in the world have you got got there?" Bailey—"A dog collar. I shi't it a pretty one? Got, it for \$7.1 tell you it's a bargain." Bagley—"But you haven't got a dog, h've you?" Builey—"No, but I know where out into the night.

All this was a year ago.

The diamond is on Eugenie's finger now, and daily letters fly back and forth, letters long and tend r, but which, with May's first flowers, will cease, for then it is, their wedding-day will come.

But you haven't got a dog, have you? Builey—"No, but I know where I can get one for 50 cents."

"Or course I did not ask you to wear this," in contemptions designs tion of the cames. "It was simply in the package with the other, the diamond that you do not seem to remember.

"How dare you!" cried angry Eugenie. "You are teiling a faischood. Papa shail—" "Papa!" in elevated. hysteric voice as the doar opened; "ine says I have stolen a ring!" and subsided into a crushed, tearful heap on the sofa.

"How dare you!" cried angry Eugenie. "You are teiling a faischood. Papa shail—" "Papa!" in elevated. Ethel—"Oally a dollar a pound, dear. And it melts any our month so sweetly as a dream of abbrosial nectar."

George—"A dyllar a pound, you say, it thought you said it was a new kind?"

Jupson—"That is a fine painting you've got there, Smith." Smith—"Well, I flatter mys-if that it is, you know." Jupson—"Is it one of the old masters, do you think?" Smith
"Well, I ain't exactly sure, but I going to have the opinion of a to the point to-day." Jupson—"Is it one of the old masters, do you think?" Smith
"Well, I ain't exactly sure, but I going to have the opinion of a to the point to-day." Jupson—"Is it one of the old masters, do you think?" Smith
"George—"Oally a dollar a pound, dear.
And it melts any our month so sweetly as a dream of abbrosial nectar."

George—"A dyllar a pound, you say.
I thought you said it was a new kind?"

The best thing out-Out of debt.

A mile has been introduced in the New York Legislature which provides that each window of a hotel, presuma bly of the sleeping apartments, shall be provided with a rope so as to give the occupant a chance of escape in case of fire. Should this bill pass, it will be in order to provide for a squad of inspectors, or in some way arrange to detect violations of the law, or the ropes will not be around, be in a serviceable condition.

A nonume murder was brought to light at Rahway last Saturday morning. The victim was a girl of perhaps on the rope in the ro

A nominina moder was brought to light at ladway hot standay mere the neighborhood. She was found by the standay mere the neighborhood. She was found by the way of the way should be controlled and the standard was a particular than the way of the way of

THE WERLI NEWS,

The state of a possible property of the possible prope

and will give the same their prompt attention. 1. W. HEULINGS' SONS.

THE PALMYRA PHARMACY,

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All of which will be sold at the very lows our immense stock before purchasing else WILSON FITZGERALD & Q CAMDI

THE FRANCE OF THE CONTROL OF THE CON

doing a good work in his new field.
Last Sunday twelve were baptized and at the prayer meeting, on Sunday

The President of the Young Peoples'
Association, Rev. J. F. Sechrist, has appointed the following committees:
Devotional.—Horace E. Githens,

A counterfeit of the new nickel 5 cent piece of 1887 is being extensively dog to have on a mozzle, in define circulated. It is almost all lead, and the letters "ety" of the word "liberty" are entirely obliterated.

December 1887 is being extensively dog to have on a mozzle, in define the letters "ety" of the word "liberty" are entirely obliterated.

December 1887 is being extensively dog to have on a mozzle, in define to the demand numerous dogs run the streets without them. Let the dig plates from life. Send three 2 cut stamps to pay postage, to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass, and receive a copy free.

December 1887 is being extensively dog to have on a mozzle, in define the interval of the demand runerous dogs run the streets without them. Let the dig have been a copy free.

December 1887 is being extensively dog to have on a mozzle, in define the interval of the free ment to a life of the ment to the free ment to a life of the demand to the free ment to a life of the free ment to a life of the demand to the truck should indrowning as to what to do and how to do it, will be found in Dr. Kaufmann's M-sheat Work; the colored plates from life. Send three 2 cut stamps to pay postage, to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass, and receive a copy free.

Advertise in the News.

Advertise in the News.

originated from matches in the hands of a little son of Mr. Eldridge while



JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN.
Rochester, N. Y. 49 South THIRD St., Phila.

WHAT LACK WE YET?

When Washington was President As cold as any icicle, He never on a railroad went, And never rode a bicycle.

He read by no electric lamp, Nor heard about the Vellowstone He never licked a postage stamp, And never saw a telephone.

His trousers ended at his knees,
Hy wire he could not words dispatch;
He tilled his lamp with whale oil grease.
And never had a match to scratch.

THE OLD BIG BIBLE.

"Well," said old Mrs. Bettine, three days after the funeral of Mr. Edmund Spicer—"well there's no will then Msy?"
"Can't be found," said the young man shoaddressed, "I have searched

everywhere. Mr. Spiger must have destroyed it, if he made it."

destroyed it, if he made it,"
"He's made three since I worked
about the place," said Mrs. Bettine,
"He left all to his second wife once
She died. Then he gave the whole to "He's made three since I worked about the place," said Mrs. Bettine, "He left all to his second wife once She died. Then he gave the whole to the little boy. He died, too. Then he'left it to a society; but he got an idea it was a humbug, and I saw him burn that will. Then he adopted Tiny—Christine Hall's her name—when her mother-a widow-died. And he said he'd made his will for her a year ago. Told me so. Mr. Norris made it, but he is idead. Mr. Spicer

Spicer?"
"He's the next to kin," said the young man. "And now, Mrs. Bettine I'll let you into a secret. I am glad the will cannot be found, because I mean to marry Christine Hall, if I can get

"Af amily Bible," said, he, "a fine said young May. "And I shall beg her to marry me at once. There will be no need of any postponement, Meanwhile take her home with you, Mrs. Bettine. You sham't lose by it."

Mrs. Bettine drew herself up. .

"If I do go out to a day's work and laundry things at home, I guess I can have company how and then, and I suppose Mr. Spicer will let Tiny have her clothes. Any one clse would give her a few hundred, anyhow. He won't."

"She sham't need them. I'll work for her," said young May.

"A family Bible," said, he, "a fine estition, elegantly illustrated, with family record; solid old binding. Perhaps, however, it is entered by mistake. Do you wish to sell the Bible, "Nathan Spicer—your family Bible?"

"Sell away," said old Nathan. "One Bible is enough for me I don't bother that much. What's down is to be sold Mr. Bang."

The auctioner nodded.

"How much for this Bible?" he be gan. "A rare old family Bible; orecthe property of a distinguished fellow-

"Well, Mr. May, you seem to feel sure she'll lave you," said Mrs. Bet tine; "and I sort o' think she will." Poor Tiny, in her black frock, was

The watched Mrs. Bettine while she removed trunk, buildle and umbrella to the porch, and locked the door be-"That's a very grasping woman," he

said to himself. "I thought she'd take the whole library. She's got nine

good books with nice covers."

He looked at the well-lined shelves,
"I don't read much," he said, "I
guess VII sell these books-have a kind

parlor to see young May.

Very soon a little ring on the girl's Very soon a little ring on the girl's finger told the story. They were engaged; very soon they were 'married, and began life in a little four roomed house, with as much hope and faith in a happy future as the wealthiest young. and began hie in a little loar resoned, house, with as much hope and faith in a happy future as the wealthiest young couple could have, though when the simple furniture had been bought May had only ten dollars left in the saving bank.

and it was on the twenty-second that little Mrs. May, glaufing at a column in the morning paper, burst into tears, and cried out:

and cried out:

"Oh my dear, Nathan Spencer is going to sell poor pa's books—all of them—at auction on Christmas eve.
The library of the—late Edmund Spicer, Esq.' What a wretch!"

"Just like him, my dear," said young May. "Now, tell me; is there any particular book you would like me to buy for you? We can go to the sale and bid for it if there is, though we are not very rich."

and out for it there is, though we are not very rich."

"The old Bible. I should like that if it is sold," said Tiny, "It seems like one of the family, somehow. Papa used to read me the stories, and show me the pictures, when I was a little creature; and every night he used to read a chapter. It always lay upon read a chapter. It always lay upon his desk. Perhaps old Nathan would not sell that. If he does it seems as if

not sell that. If he does it seems as it I ought to have it,"
"I'll take the bit of money out of the bank," said young May. "I'm as anxious to get it as you be; any other.

year ago. Told me so, Mr. Norris made it, but he is dead. Mr. Spicer kept it to himself, I know. Well, I've scarebod and hunted; and so have you.

And that child won't have a parny. Who will it go to? That old Nathan Spices? the autioneer's convenience. Catalogues were handed to each per-

son who entered. Tiny glanced at hers.
"The Bible is to be sold," sne whis

If was so strange to be in that room again—that quiet room, where she had gain—that quiet room, where she had gone so many peaceful hours—and to see it so altered! Old Nathan Spicer in her adopted father's armchair; the crowd had gathered there; the auctioneer, with his hands in his pockets, looking about him waiting for the hour of sale. Quite a little crowd had corned had he crowd had gain ere she had greet a fine property. The sale was off like a bird for the American shore at such a gain that Jessop, who was rather fat, could not have hoped to overtake her, if he that Jessop, who was rather fat, could not have hoped to overtake her, if he crowd had gain ere with a given to some who give a little crowd had gain the property. The amount of the crowd had gain ere when the crowd had for the American shore at such a gain that Jessop, who was rather fat, could not have hoped to overtake her, if he crowd had lad the property is sufficiently from 1 is surprise he appreciated that this something kie'ved. Pursuing to secure books as mememtos of the dead man theires I had the property of a fine boy baby about two weeks who hoped things would go off cheaply some who only came from curiosity. At last the auctioneer, provided with a kitchen chair on which he perched himself, began the sale.

"At all events, no one can now," said young May, "And I shall began the sale.

"A family Bible," said he, "a fine shall was well dressed, and pinned to its gown was a slip of paper bearing these words, written in a handsome feminine hand:

"Please care for my boy, and when he grows up make a custon officer of him." Nathan Spicer—your family again—that quiet room, where she had spent so many peaceful hours—and to see it so altered! Old Nathan Spicer

"How much for this Bible?" he be gan, "A rare old family Bible; orce the property of a distinguished fellow-townsman; a perfect copy, beautifully illustrated. How much for the Bible?" Some one had bid a dollar. May

seal. The young lawyer seized it and read what was written on the back. "It is the missing will!" he said "Mr. Patmore, will you open it?"

Then she went home and nursed poor little Tinyas though she had been a sick baby for some days, rejoicing when the girl felt able to sit in the parlor to see young May.

The she went home and nursed home, rich and happy in each other, and they bre ght the large sum of one hundred and forty dollars to the former. If Natham Spicer had kept it out of the sale, this story would not have been written and instead one hundred and forty dollars to the former. If Natham Spicer had kept it out of the sale, this story would not have been written and instead one hundred and forty dollars to the former. If Natham Spicer had kept it out of the sale, this story would not have been written and instead one hundred and forty dollars to the former.

DIDIN'T WAST THAT KIND OF A

simple furniture had been bought May had only ten dollars left in the saving bank.

No more was put to it. The young couple found it hard to make both ends meet. Love, kept them happy, but clients did not make haste to present themselves. Christmas approached without matters bettering themselves, it is the ends of the most promising of the without matters bettering themselves.

A CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICER SOLD. "One of the most thoroughly amus-

one of the above the most of the cloth.

Sit in a street car next to an open window.

Leave off you heavy underclothing on percent to an open window.

Leave off you heavy underclothing on heavy underclothing on a mild day.

Leave off you heavy underclothing on a mild day.

Leave off you heavy underclothing on a mild day.

Leave off you heavy underclothing on a mild day.

Take a hot drink before going out into the cold or damp air.

Let the boys romp at school during recess time wilhout their hats.

Sit in the passage or near an entry after dancing for half an hour.

Sit in a barber shop in your shirt stationed at Prescott a zealous and efficient officer named Jessop, who determined to endeavor to check the abuse by giving it his personal attenng incidents that ever came under my termined to endeavor to check the abuse by giving it his personal atten-tion, catching one of the offenders in the act and making an example of her. With this in view he watched until he With this in view he watched until he saw a woman setting out just before dusk to cross the river, some distance below the town. He could see by his glass, that she carried a large parcel, and so set out in such a way that he intercepted her before she had quite reached the Canadian side.

"'Madam, what have you in the parcel?' he asked, severe y.

"'Nothing dutiable, sir, I assure you, answered the woman, with great

apparent agitation.
"'That won't do,' said Jessop. 'You

must either tell me what is in the par-cel or open it and show me."
"I decline to do either," growing in "I decline to do either," growing indigant. "I have given you my word that its contents are not dutiable, and if you were a gentleman fit to serve the queen you would not pry into a parcel carried by a lady." "Come, come! No more of this. Open that package, or I shall be obliged to take it from you an examine it."

"Take it yourself then. I shall never open it," said the woman, placing it in his arms. No sooner had she done so than she was off like a bird for the American shore at such a gait that Jessop, who was rather fat, could

A LAMB AT SCHOOL Most of our young readers will be "She shard near three sheeps are shell share youn," said Mrs. Bet ine; "small search think she will."
For Tiny, in her black frock, was thinking post now af-nothing but the good old many who had been the guaranteed with kind Mrs. Bettine, and no better the sheep sheeps and recived with kind Mrs. Bettine, and no better three sheeps and the sheep sheeps and recived with kind Mrs. Bettine, and no better three sheeps and the sheep sheeps. The sheep s sachusetts. She was very fond of going with her father into the fields to see making the complete poem as we know

"Mr. Patmore, will you open it?"
Mr. Patmore—an old lawyer who
was present—advance1, and the rest
crowded about them. The parchment
was, indeed, the last will and testament
Boston—As soon as it became known was, indeed, the last will and testment of the shocking was made from the late Edmund Spieer, and it was that the stocking was made from the Parameter of the late Edmund Spieer, and it was that the stocking was made from the the such rubbish."

Meanwhile Mrs. Bettine paid an expressman to take away the things she had secured, cautiously sat upon them before the miser's door until they were the source of all present were with the source peaks.

DIDN'T WANT THAT KIND OF A WIFE .-- A little Bagg street boy begged his mother to lend him her cutting

"What do you want it for, Eddie?" she inquired.
"I'm goin' to be married, and keep

house an I want it to set the table for

HOW TO UATOR COLD.

Go to an evening party in a dress suit without putting on heavy under-wear to compensate for the lightness of the cloth.

girl. Fail to change your shoes and stockings after coming in on a rainy day.

Have your hair cut and shampooned when a change takes place in the

weather. Wear one of the new ladies' cutaway coats without a chamois or flaunel vest

underneath.

Throw your overcoat open on a blustering winter day to show off your nice new neck tie.
Send the children out in autumn for

exercise in short, thin stockings and short skirts. Take a hot bath in the evening, and

take a not bath in the evening, and six up in your room to finish the last pages of an exciting novel.

Throw off your heavy overcoat when you reach the office in a great hurry, and put on your thin knockabout.

Go down to breakfast without a wrap

Do your back hair up high when you have been accustomed to wear it

you have been accustomed to wear it low, and go out on a windy day. Take a long bicycle ride, and stand for a while describing and showing off the beauties of your machine. Come in from a rapid gailop on horseback, and stand talking in the open air to a friend for five or, ten

If you are bald-headed or have a ery susceptible back, sit during the grand opera near one of the side doors.

BEECHER AND HIS COW.

Frank G. Carpenter tells the following story of Henry Ward Beecher:

He could tell a story well, and I remember seeing one he once told about a csw which he had received in payment for a debt. I think he told the story in one of his lectures. He said:

"It was a very bad debt, and I came to consider it a had townent. She surprised to hear that the well known mursery song of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" is a true story, and that 'Mary' is still living. About seventy years ago she was a little girl, the daughter that the market was better than she looked, being a cross between a Jersey and the little girl, the daughter than she looked to the little girl, the daughter than she looked to be the market was better than she looked to be the market was better than she looked to be the market was better than she looked to be the market was better than she looked to be the market was better than she looked to be the market was a little girl, the daughter than the market was a little girl, the daughter than the market was a little girl, the daughter than the market was a little girl, the daughter than the market was a little girl, the daughter than the market was a little girl, the daughter than the market was a little girl, the daughter than the market was a little girl, the daughter than the market was a little girl, the daughter than the market was a little girl, the daughter than the market was a little girl, the daughter than the market was a little girl, the daughter than the market was a little girl, the daughter than the market was a little girl, the daughter than the market was a little girl, the m ed, being a cross between a Jersey and the Dutham. She looked as though she might have been a cross between an old hair trunk and an abandoned

The customer who always down weight, is equally careful to pay twelve cents for every shilling. Don't take the buyer's word that his jug "just holds a gallon." Four quarts never crowd soch a jug.

The trade of the small buyers who settles weekly, is more valuable than that of the rich man who is too solid to pay oftener than once in six months,

When credit is asked, stop and enquire of yourself whether you would have lent the man ten dollars if he had stopped you on the street, and asked for the accommodation.

If an account cannot be paid at the stipulated time, don't let it grow any larger. If your customer cancot pay a ten dollar account, how can be pay one of twenty dollars.

Never expect a profit by selling goods to a picuic committee. When granting credit to a man it is immaterial as to whether he is a church

"Don't flounder around so," said the crabbed mackeral. "Shut up, or I'll whale you," said the other. "Will you do it a porpoise?" asked the mackeral. "Not a shadow of a doubt of it," replied

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For 1886 87.

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THE WAR SERIES. nch has been followed with untlagging interest by creat and there will recome been a new-darting the ming star, (relly-sing will be described by the interest before the many relibered their Longstreet of p. M. Law and other; Chekamanana, by the

NOVELS AND STORIES.

The Hamilestin Man, "a novel by Frank I water author or "the Lady 1 the Tiger" et-timin in November. The many-delives his teory, we have stories by Mary Holl ek Foote, "There it is, Januar Hootheries, Februari Egglestime as er principal Aractic ar authors will be printed SPECIAL FEATURES.

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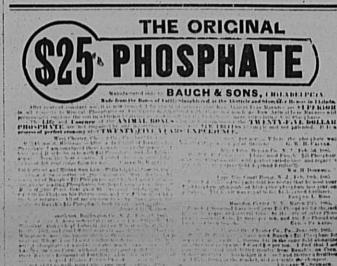
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# WEEKLY NEWS.

A BRIEF CHRONICLE OF CURRENT EVENTS.

VOL. II. NO. 39.

PALMYRA, N. J., SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1887,

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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PAIMTRA, N. J.

Entered at the Post office for transmit

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

PALMYRA.—On and after Monday, November 15
1889, trains leave Philadelphia for Palmyra, at 16,39
2,89, 8,30, and 10,50 A. M., and 12 o'clock, near
2,50, 4,30, 4,50, 5,00, 5,10, 6,00, 6,37, 7,59, 10,50 and
11,50 P. M. Sundays; at 0,15, A. M., 1,50, 5,15 and
0 P. M. 

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS Palityra, from Philadelphia, Soo A. M. 100 P. M. New York, 9200 W 845 W

Palmyra, for Philadelphia, S.po A. M. 7-15 P. M.

"New York, 7-30 " 3.30 "

A. SPRINGER, P. M.

TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE OFFICE PALMYRA.

W. U. Telegraph Office at the Post Office Telephone Office at Stager's Dong Store. RIVERTON.

MORGAN HALL, PALMYRA.

LODGE MEETINGS, Wednesday Evening, Palmyra Castle, No. Thursday Evening, Pennsaukin Tribe, No. 70, L.O. R. M.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES

CHRIST CHURCH, PALSIVILA, N. J. HEV. R. G. MOSES, Rector in Charge. Morning Prayer at 10, po at m, and Jevenin Prayer at 4 pt m, Sunday School at 2, sept m, eve Sunday, J. S. Bioren, Superintendent, Lestiness Friday evenings of every week at Viclosk. Hol Communion on the third Sunday in the month, a according to notive. Special services during Landes Season on Wednesday afternoon at pecilosk. Invi-tation is extended to all at these services.

CHRIST CHURCH, RIVERTON, N. L. REV. H. HASTINGS, WELD, S. T. D., Rector. On Sundays, 10.30 A. M. and S.P. M. Monthly Meeting of Christ Church Guild at 3.P. M.

M STHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Rev. J. L. Sechrist, Pastor.

Services on Sundays at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., Sunday School 2:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Class Meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30 P. M. Strangers are cordially invited. Central Baptist Church

RIVERTON AND PALMYRA, Regular Sunday Services :

PREACHING, Wednesday Evening S.P. M. Prayer and Con-SEATS FREE: ALL ARE WELLOWE.

Calvary Presbyterian Church, JOHN H. FRAZEE, Pastor

PREACHING, Sunday School.

#### Special Notices.

Cinnaminson Lodge L O. O. F., No. 201, MEETS EVERY TUESDAY EVENING,

AT 8 O'CLOCK, AT MORGAN HALL, PALMYRA. N.G. Joel Stout; V.G. Wm. B. Strong;

Treas, Sam'l Slim Sec. Wm, E. Wimer PENSAUKIN TRIBE, No. 79.

MORGAN HALL Every Thursday Evening. For informa

tion as to membership & apply to the Chief of Record, Chas S Atkinson, P.O. B x 52 Palmyra, N. I

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his trans as releasing.

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## SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

ATENTS. State. Thirty

NAVAL BATTLES.

#### NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

Nobody knows of the work it makes. To keep the house together; Nobody knows of the steps it takes, Nobody knows but mother.

Nobody listens to childish worst Which kisses only smother; Nobody's pained by naughty blows, Nobody—only mother.

Nobady knows of the sleepless care flectowed on baby brother; Nobady knows of the tender pray'r, Nobady-only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught Of losing one another; Nobody knows of the patience sough Nobody - only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears last darlings may not weather The storm of life in after years Nobody knows—but mother. Nobody kneels at the throne above To thank the Heavenly Father, For that sweetest gift—a mother's love Nobody can—but mother,

#### FAITHFUL TO THE END.

"I've just been learning the leason of life. The sail, sail leason of loving. And all of its powers for pleasure or pain Been slowly and sailly proving."

Here the sweet, girlish voice falters, and Jessie Gray sighs as she picks up her sewing again. She is sitting in the garden, under the apple trees, and a very pretty picture she makes. At least Arthur Thorne thinks so, as he walks quielly up the path and over to where she is sitting.

"I don't see why you sigh, Miss Jessie. There cannot surely be any application in that song to yourself."

"How your voice startled me, Mr. Thorne, I did not see you coming on account of the intervening trees."

As she says this, Jessie locks up at him, tainly trying to sup ress the blush that rises to her face.

"Of course there isn't," she continues, referring to his remark. "vas not

referring to his remark. \* vas not thinking of myself, and I suppose I

thinking of myself, and I supp se I sighed unconsciously."

"I didn't think it could apply to such a heartless little coquette," says Arthur, holding her little brown hand a trifle longer than necessary.

Noticing this, Jessie draws it away, and Thorne throws himself on the grass at her feet. While they are talking we will take a picture of them.

Arthur Thorne is unquestionably handseme. A perfect blonde, tall, well-formed, and features as finely cut as those of the purest cameo. He is the only son of a very wealthy wildow lady, who is spending the summer at Scarborough. Arthur has been with her until about three weeks ago, when he suddenly tired of the round of fashable gayety he was indulging; and hidding his mother a hasty good bye, he stated off, and soon found himself in

he stated off, and soon found himself in a quiet, fittle Hants village. Upon questioning different ones he was di-rected to Gray's pleasant farmhouse, where he received a cordial welcome.

Of course the plain, though comfortable room, with the great feather beds was something very nevel to this fash-

was something very nevel to this lash-ionable young gentleman; still every-thing was so sweet and clean that he rather liked it, and decided to stay as long as he was contented. At first he thought a few days would suffice; but when he caught a glimpse of his kind host's pretty daughter, he changed his mind. Jessie Gray is indeed pretty enough to attract any one, either young or old. She is just eighteen: a pretty, slight, gtrlish figure; short, black hair, curl. ing all over her proud, little head and low, white forehead; a small, straight nose, and the sweetest little mouth in the world. But best of all are the leading the sweet hear from Arthur, but finally with poor little Jessie; each week finals her longing more and more for some word that will tell her she is remember. "We ain't never had dese knives on before." beautiful grey eyes, that one minute flash fire as she says something unus-ually saucy, and the next grow sad and

tender as she listens to some touching story that awakens all the sympathy of her warm, womanly nature.

'Come don't be so industrious, Miss Jessie," says Arthur, as he tries to take the sewing from her. "I want you to come for a row, as it is too lovely an afternoon to stay away from the water." And he looks at her with a coaxing

expression that she, poor little girl, cannot resist.

So they start off across the fields, and soon reach a very pretty lake, nestling in the midst of Mr. Gray's mesting in the midst of Mr. Gray's many acres. Unmooring a dainty little loat, just large enough for two, they get in, and as soon seen skimming over the water by Arthur Thorn's master strokes. After a while he stops, and, resting on his oars, looks up to find dessie's beautiful eyes fixed on him

sual."

As he says this, a strange feeling cores over him, and he suddenly realizes why he has been so contented during the last two weeks. Yes, he loves her, not as he has thought he loved a dizen other girls, to tire of them in a week, but with the strong, overmastering love that comes but once in a life time. He longs to hold her in his arms and tell her of it; but thoughts of his proud, haughty mother drive back the words; so he only takes her little hand in his and waits for her

answer.
"I was thinking," says Jessie, in her own sweet voice, "how much-I shall miss you when you really go, and how very picasant the last two weeks have

been."
This is too much for him to with--tand, and in another moment Arthur's arms are ground her, and Jessie's curly head is pillowed on his breast.

"She has already selected a great belle for me to marry, darling, and it may be rather difficult to convince her that I shall be far happier with my dear little Jessie."

"Are you sure you will be Arthur?" asks Jessie, looking at him rather wist-

fully, "My dear little girl, when I am not contented a moment away from you, I am sure I would never be happy with Esther Hamilton," answers Ar-thur, kissing the sweet lips so near his

own. Two more weeks pass, which they enjoy to the utmost, when at the end of that time a telegram arrives, telling Arthur of the daugerous illness of his mother, and asking him to return at

once.
"I can't bear to have you go, Arthur I feel as if something would happen to keep you from me," and tears dim the brightness of her eyes as Jessie says

"What a fanciful little girl you are?"

"What a fanciful little girl you are?"
he answers, as he kissed them away.
Don't you know, my darling little
girl, that nothing could do that?"
Finally the good byes are said, and
he is gone. Arriving in Scarborough,
he goes directly to the house at which
his mother is staying, to find her indeed very ill. The doctors say a trip
to Menton is all that can save her, and so he goes without seeing his little fiancee To be sure he writes her a loving good-bye. Still she is sorely disappointed. At the time of Arthur Thorn's first

At the time of Arthur Thorn's first coming to the farm-house, there were several of the neighboring farmers' sons who paid Jessie a great deal of attention. Of course she received them graciously enough; still she had never cared particularly for any. There was one, who had loved Jessie all his life. He worked a very fine farm, and Mr. Gray and his wife wanted Jessie to marry him; still, when he proposed and was rejected, they thought too much of their daughter's happiness to urge the matter. He felt very bitter about it, and Arthur Thorn's coming only added fuel to the flame, especially when he saw how much the latter and Jessie were together.

He always brings the letters from the post-office to Mr. Gray's, so when letters come from Arthur Thorne it is a very easy matter to keep them. At first Jessie thinks Mrs. Thorne's illness prevents Arthur's writing, but as the

prevents Arthur's writing, but as the bered and loved.

But time passes on ; autumn, winter and spring come and go, and it is once more beautiful June. Jessie is again sitting in the garden; but now there is no song on her lips, and there is a sadness in her beautiful eyes that never sadness in her beautiful eyes that never used to be there. Finally the door of the farm-house opens, and kind, moth-erly Mrs. Gray comes out. There is an anxious look on her face as she sees an anxious look on her lace as she sees her daughter. A few weeks before, on being questioned, Jessie told her mother about her engagement with Arthur Thorne, and of his strange silence during the months of his absence. The kind mother said a sthing to re-proach her, as she pitied her to much

hardy acres. Unmooring a many fittle boat, just large enough for two, they get in, and as soon seen skimming ever the water by Arthur Thorn's master strokes. After a while he stops, and, resting on his oars, looks up to find Jessie's beautiful eyes fixed on him with an expression in them he has never before seen.

"Of what are you thinking, little girl! You are not half as merry as usual."

"Of what are you thinking, little girl! You are not half as merry as usual."

"Don't mother dear! I can't bear to hear you speak bitt.rly of Arthur. for that.

to hear you speak bitt rly of Arthur. Remember I love him, and cannot, will not, believe anything against him." Jessie's impetuosity brings the color to her face; but as it receles, leaving it so white, its delicy is very percepti-ble. She is very fragile these days, so different from the rosy-checked little beauty of last summer.
"I don't understand how you' can

"I don't understand how you' can believe in his love after a year's si-lence," says Mrs. Gray; but regrets it instantly, as she notices the pained expression on her daughter's face. "I will not try to explain, but I have perfect faith in him, if I wait for years or forwer."

or forever." Saying this, Jessie leaves the seat and walks towards the lake. Arriving there, and feeling tired after the exer-

"My darting little girl," and his voice is inexpressibly tender as he speaks, "do you realize how dearly I love you? and can you feel any of that deep love for me?"

"Arthur, I fear you already know that I do," and Jessie's glorious eyes looked bravely and tenderly up at him.

They sit quietly talking for awhile, till finally the sinking of the sun in the west reminds Jessie that she has household duties to attend to; so Arthur rows her back to the land, and they return to the house.

In the evening after the farmer and his wife have retired, the lovers have a long talk, and Arthur explains to Jessie that it is best not to tell her parents of their engagement till he had arranged everything with his mother.

"She has already selected a great belle for me to marry, darling, and it may be rather difficult to convince her that I shall be far happier with my dear little Jessie,"

never writing."
In an instant she is in his arms, and, awakening, looks once more on his

loved face.
"Arthur," is all she says and quietly

"Arthur," is all she says and quietly faints away.

He carries her to the house, and she is laid in her bed, from which she does not rise for six weeks. Brain fever confines her, and from her wild ravings they learn of the fearful suffering she endured so patiently. Finally consciousness and strength return, and she is carried down stairs, for the first time, just a year from the day she met Arthur Thorne.

During their conversation, it dawns upon Jessie that William Black must be responsible for all her suffering; but she is so happy now that she insists that nothing shall be done to him—"Everything is explained now, dear Arthur, and his conscience must repreach him more bitterly than ever we could do!" And Jessie looks at him pleadingly.

could do!" And Jessie looks at him pleadingly.
"Of course you will have your own way, my darling, and if the color will only return to these dear little white checks, I will forgive him," answers Arthur, tenderly kissing the checks in question until there is a good deal of color in them.

In a few weeks Jessie's health is fully recovered, and then there is a In a few weeks Jesses health is fully recovered, and then there is a quiet wedding in the little parish church. The sun never shone on a lovelier bride than Jessie Gray makes

as she stands at the altar in her simple white dress and veil, and gives herself into Arthur Thorne's keeping forever. "We will have elegance afterwards," Arthur says, as he insists on her simple dress. "I want you to come to me as I found you—a sweet little wayside

flower.' Not the Same.—The children who the Tribine fresh air fund sends to the country are less noted for their good manners than for their well developed faculty of observation.

A lady in the western part of New York state—the wife of a minister—

entertained a youngster from the Fourth ward during his stay in the

Country.

One evening after the "fresh air" boy had been with her about a week, the lady invited a number of people to

"Hush, James," said the hostes "Hush, James, said the hostess, blushing slightly, "Hush, my eyes!" reforted James; you can't play no saide racket on me"—then, glancing around the table— "You got dose silver knives on jis because dose udder blokes is here to

The mortified hostess was obliged to admit the truth of the statement, and the Fourth warder ate his meal in dis-She had gone up to visit a lady friend, with whom her acquaintance was slight, and she wanted to let her

now something that is usually among adies rather important. "You know I am engaged to be

"Indeed! He's a nice fellow, of urse. "Yes, charming; a delightful gentle-"And when is the ceremony to take

place?"
"Well, I don't quite know." "There 'needn't be any delay about uch a thing as that. He's wealthy, is

"Yes; he's very well off. But you see-well, there's a slight incumbrance."
"A slight incumbrance?"

"I mean--well "he's not divorced

He was a sadeyed man. He must have been henpecked. She said: "Now make haste. I don't believe me if I were dying." He said:
'wouldn't I? If I only thought you
would—But his eye caught the
woman's, and he never concluded that
speech. you would hurry to do anything for

How's your back 2 Hop Plaster cure cak back, rheumatism, and strengthens ired parts.

Subscribe for the NEWS.

A tussle with a boarding house steak is now called a "bull fight."

The poet who wrote "man wants but little here below' lived many years ago. Man, in these days, wants all he can get.

A young man in Covelo recently thrashed a clergyman because the church would not receive his mother as a member.

"What makes the girl walk so

Don't call a large, strong, sinewy man a prevaricator. If you are sure he is a prevaricator, hire another man to break the news to him.

A New York court recently decided

tomer has nothing to say in the matter. If it takes a boy twenty-live minutes to cut three sticks of wood to get sup-per by, how long will it take him-next

town? An irate female seeks admittance to an editor's sanctum. "But I tell you madam," protests the attendant, "that the editor is too sick to talk to anyone today," "Never mind; you let me in; I'll do the talking."

police detectives." Spriggs—"How much older is your sister than you, Johnny?" Johnny— "I dunno. Mand used to be twenty-

five years, then she was twenty, and now she ain't only eighteen. I guess we'll soon be twins.

She was decorating her room with pictures, and she perched her husband's photo on the topmost nail. Then she sat'down to admire her work, and re-

remarked:
"We ain't never had dese knives on fishes; and in the wintah we lives Mr. Fourstar's little girl was there. I must tell you of one of her odd little sayings. Her father has a small round baid spet on the top of his head, and kissing him at be time she remarked, "Stop down, papsy dear, I want to kiss the place where the lining shows.

Our attention has been called to another dreadful crime in Vermont. A man walked delilierately in the railroad library in St. Alban's the other day and took the life of Macauly. The wretch has so far escaped, but it is suspected that he had gone to Read-

The Present, A. T., Miner has the following: "Is this reservoir water healthy?" asked a newcomer of an old Hassayamper. "Do you see that mule stranger?" "Yes, sir." "Well, ten months ago that mule was a jack rabbit, and drinking this water made him what he is to-day."

"Does everything happen for the best?" "Don't know. If I get a chance to try those things that don't happen I'll find out."

Why is a watch-dog larger at night than he is in the morning? Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

The City Council at Blackbear, Ga., has fixed the price of a liquor license at \$10,000. No saloon-keeper has set-tled there yet.

funny? Is she intoxicated?" "Oh, no; she's not intoxicated. It's only her shoes that are tight."

"Dese beah kears are mighty dan-gerous," said the porter "and hit's mostly de las' kear what's smashed up," "Well," replied the old woman, "why don't they leave off the last car?"

that were the foreman of a cloak fac-tory, backed by two lady assistants, declares a cloak to be a fit, the cus-

morning to walk three miles in the country to meet a circus coming to

"I hope you will be lenient with me, Judge," said the thief, as he stood up to be sentenced; "I have a good many depending upon me for their support." "Children?" asked the Judge. "No;

A scientific writer tells how water can be boiled in a sheet of writing paper. We don't doubt it. We have known a man to write a few lines on a sheet of writing paper that kept him in hot water for three years.

marked quietly: "Now everything is lovely, and the goose hangs high. That wonderful little darkey boy of Jacksonville, Fla., has turned up again.
When asked the other day how he lived, he gave the well-known answer:

The comple novel in the May number of 'Lippineat's Magazine will be furnished by Captain Cearles King, U.S. A., the popular author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "Marion's Faith," and other tales of army life. It is entitled "The Deserter," and is equal in interest to any of its predecessors.

A carpet merchant in Vienna has a curious collection of ancient woolen and linen cloths. Many of them have and linen cloths. Many of them have been taken from tombs. Some of the fragments made up an entire Roman toga, which is said to be the only one in the world. There are a great many embroidered dresses and a deal of knitting and crewel work. Double chain stitch seems to have been familliar to the Egyptian scamstresses, sewing with bone needles, as it is to modern women. It is curious to find that the common blue check pattern of our dusters and work-house apron were in general use among the Egyptians more than a thousand years ago.

WASHINGTON LETTER

pox scare in Waterbury, Conn., Henry WASHINGTON, April 27, 1887.

THE WEEKIN NEWS

TOTAL T

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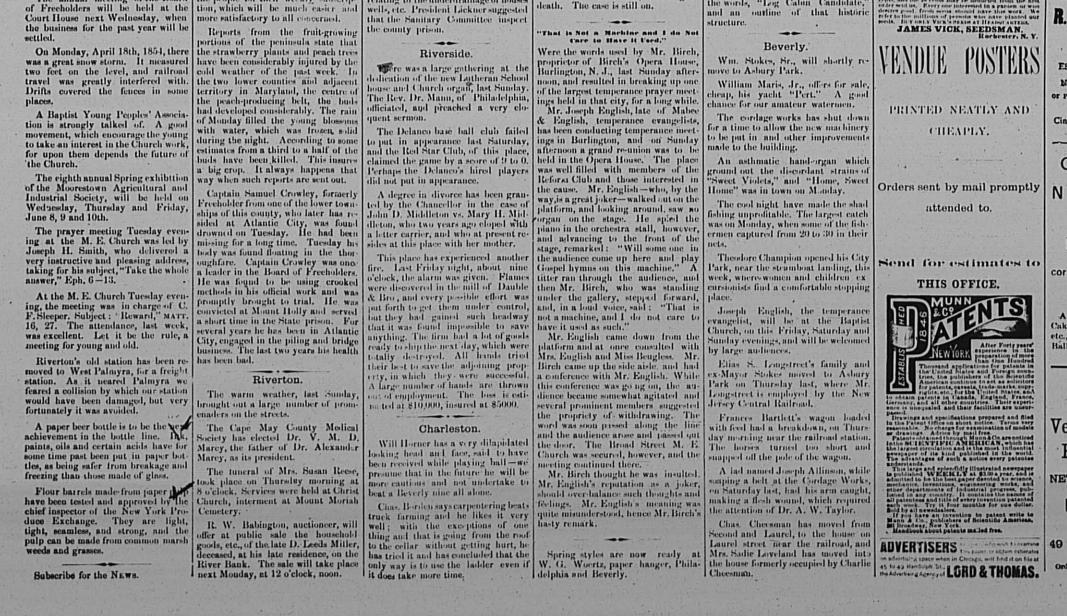
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E. D. HOOPER,

A New Mother Hubbard.

- Miss Polly Betsey Patterson In a Mother Hubbard cloak And a Mother Hubbard bonne With a most bewitching pok
- One morning met a curly dog He was of medium size; His ears were drooped, his tail was ilim And tears stood in his eyes,
- Said Polly to the curly dog: "Why do you look so said?" "Because," replied he, with a "The times are very bad."
- You see," said be, "the streets are full Of little Mother Hubbards, lot though I've wagged my tail most off, They never speak of cupboards."
- Said : dy Betsey; "Come with me, Twould melt a heart of stone! I'll give you lots of bread and milk, And a Juley mutton bone."

#### HOME.

Of all the words in the English lan Of all the words in the English language there is none so full of meaning as that one little word "Home." "Tis where children will ever meet with kind and loving sympathy. When the world has turned its cold shoulder upon us, we need not stop and ponder, where shall I go? what shall I do? but at once fice to that refuge home. "Tis where the one who has labored hard shall I go? what shall I do? but at once flee to that refuge home. Tis where the one who has labored hard all day will find a happy greeting, and a bright and cheerful fireside. The Apostle Luke tells us, that "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also;" hence the inference, that home is where our treasure is. But in what does treasure consist; how shall we distinguish it? It seems to me that its meaning embraces a far wider scope than lexicographers accord to it, and it largely depends upon education, dispositions, associations, and surroundings.

ngs.
To the miser, treasure is accumulated wealth, abundant hoard of money, gold wealth, abundant hoard of money, gold and jewels; the antiquarian esteems old, worm-eaten books, musty manu-scripts, ancient ruins and quaint objects of vertu as treasures; the artist, rare gems from the matchless creations of the "old masters;" the scholar finds his in the realms of classic literature; the scientist in the unearthed secrets of nature; the religionist regards saintly piety as the chiefest treasure, whilst to the majority of mankind any object, so priceless as to claim their adoration, priceless as to claim their adoration, constitutes treasure. In truth treasure is as infinite in variety as the tastes and desires of man. I would, however, alightly vary the declaration in this wise. Wherever home is, there will the heart be, and I think that this more nearly accords with Luke's utterances, for he counsels us to lay up treas-ure in Heaven, and we all cherish the hope that Heaven may be our eterna home. In my opinion man's best earthly treasures are only to be found earthly treasures are only to be round in one consecrated repository—home. Home is the object of his sincerest wor-ship, his hope in defeat and disappoint-ment, and each day as worn and exhausted in life's unequal struggle, he escapes from the conflict, it is his ark escapes from the conflict, it is his ark of safety. When storms of misfortune and adversity assail, and disaster envelopes him in her sable mantle, thoughts of home, like oil upon troubled waters, still the tempest, and bring comfort and encouragement out of desolation, and as his fainting footsteps tread home's threshold, he realizes that he has reached a layer of peace and he has reached a haven of peace and tranquility. Then home is rest.

In all ages and by all people, the sweet word "Home" has been embalmed a song, and beautiful in story. Home, is the one thing whose hallowed influence never forsakes us. No matter how far we have wandered, how utterly exiled we may be from friends and relatives, whether through misfortune, inclination or crime, our hearts instinc-tively turn for succor and relief to twely turn for succor and relief to home. I think one of our poets makes use of these words; "God is home." The idea is beautiful, come whence it may. You who have homes epideavor by fond recollections and tender memories, round which perhaps cluster succeed traditions, therish them, eling to them, forsake them not; you who are now laying the foundation of a who are now laying the foundation of a home, build wisely, let love, truth, faith and charity be the corner-stone, and home shall be to you a joy and happiness throughout time.

Would you make your home specially attractive and insure its utmost en-joyment for yourself, keep ever in view that you must of necessity live amid the surroundings you create, and take heed that you so build as to secure the greatest comfort and happiness for those about you, Make home the depository of your treasures, increase and multiply them, add to their charms sugment the ent their value, and vigilantly

Never bring your business troubles within the sacred precincts of home; have them where they belong, in your have them where they belong, in your shop, office or counting room. Do not come home cross and ill-tempered because disappointment has overtaken you, some beguiling speculation has encountered disaster, customers or clients have failed to meet engagements, friend have dealt falsely with you, losses have occurred imperilling your credit, and matters have gone generally wrong; don't scowl and growl at your wife, snap at your children, and be altogether disagreeable. What had your wife or children to do with your reckless speculations; your mismanaged wife or children to do with your reckless speculations; your mismanaged
business or your prospective failure?
Why vent your unreasoning spitefulness upon their innocent heads instead
of upon your own stupidity? Leave
business where it belongs. Bravely,
manfully bear your reverses. Lock
the knowledge of them in your own
bosom until opportunity presents for
confiding it to your best counsellor and
most trusted friend-your wife. Create
uround you an atmosphere of brightness and gladness by tender words and
loving embraces, kind and gentle demeanor, and your troubles and grief
will be dwrated and dimmed in the
genial radiance of home. I repeat,
leave business where it belongs.

The wife has her share of duties, a

large one, too, in creating and main-taining their home surroundings. She should refrain from the oft comshould retrain from the oil com-plaining and repinings and incessant scolding of children and servants, fault finding with her husband, because their home is not located in the place that most suits her fancy. Perhaps her parlor is not as nicely furnished as her neighbors, or he has kept her waiting dinner beyond the customary hour, and the thousand other trivial waiting dinner beyond the customary hour, and the thousand other trivial matters constantly arising to her imagination. Constant fault finding means a gradual sourness of disposition. You will unconsciously become one of the most unhappy creatures living. With such disposition you would make the most handsome place cold and gloomy and unworthy of the name home. Suppress all such habits and inclinations, advrn and beautify, home with smiles and kind words. Remember fine horses, rich carpets, and costly curtains, do not make up our happiness. As one cannot have all they desire in this would of ours, let us make up our minds to look upon the bright side, and if you camot see any bright side to your life, I would say polish up the dark side, and you shall reap your reward in the love and devotion of your husband, the adoration of your friends. Home is rest.

#### PAT'S COURTING.

"She's consinted at last! For two years I'd thocht a dale ov Nellie Mc-Cusker, only I had nothin' ov an Irish hye's bouldness to up and tell her that same. But yisterday, sez I to meself: "Pat Murky, now's your toime or niver!"

"Nellie was in the pantry washin' the dishes, and sumthing shouted: 'Ax her! She's too busy to look at ye ony

way."
"So I starts on wud. 'Troth, Nellie, it's a bad loife fur a bye to be livin'

alone."
"Yes," says she wid nary a twinkle,
"Mike Ryan, that's just been sint to
prison, is in a bad way indade."
"Och," sez 1, "there's money a bye
that's lonely livin' right wid his friends an' naybors. Sure an' I'm lonesome myself."
"How can I b'lave that," sez she,

"whin you've the fiddul?"
"Fidduls," sez I, "are cheerin', but

the pond in Marchuary."

"Indade!' sez she, flirtin' the dish-rag, "An' it's a pity ye iver come river.

"Yis," scz I; "Jane sed that same in her last lether."
"An' who's Jane?" axt Nellie, get tin' red loike the crabs on the table

besoid her.

"She thinks a power o' me," sez 1, "Shure an' that's quare. Is she

"Yis."

"An' bether lookin'?"

"Paple moight think so."

"An' she's waitin' fur ye?"

"Yis,"
"She'll be chapgin' names sure,

"What's her name now?"
"Jane-Murky!" cried I, wid de-

fight,
"Thin she's your sister," Nelly said,
cross ez her mistress, "Well, it ain't
much matter, seein' ez how I've got a
bye watchin' fur me over in Ballyco-

"What's his name?" axt I, turnin' hot an' cold to wanst.

"Barney Flynn," sez she,
"About me size?"
"Yis,"

"An' duz he love ye?" "Next to himself.

"Is he comin' to Ameriky sure?"
"No."
"Why not, bedad?" Och, l'at, he's married alriddy.

"The spalpeen!" sez 1.
"Don't give him hard names," she, "Barney Flynn's me stip brother,"
"Then she lafft that purty laugh o'
hern, an' I wint up close,"
"Nellie," sez I.
"What Pat ?"

"Cud ye luv a bye loidke me?"
"Troth, an I wudn't thry"

"Why not, darlint?"
"Faith, I was never axt to."

"Then I'll ax ye now."
"Don't do it, sez she. 'I'm that full o' work I couldn't raply fur a mouth,' an' the dishes flew'd ivery which way as she sed it.

But i sat down on the stip. "I kin wait," sez I. "The mistress will come an' foind ou here."

"I'd be plazed to mate her." "I'll tell her ye're a robber,"
"Begorra, that's just what I am, for I'm afther Nellie McCusker's heart!"
"Ye'll be arrested."

"I've bin alriddy, an' ye blu' eyes did it, sez l. 'Cum, Nelly, lock me up in yer warm heart foriver." "Och, it's boulted an' I've lost the

key."
"Thin I'll cloimb in at the winder." She hung her curly hed fur a minit, an' when she lookt up I axt her to be

A MOTHER IN JAIL.

"Did you put my mother in jail?" asked a little tot of a girl, while she pushed her sun-bonnet back, and looked from one officer to another, as she stood in the police station. She was so young that she could hardly speak plainly, and so small that a policeman had to help her up the steps of the station house.

tion house.

The officers started at the little waif; they had arrested a tangled-haired woman, who spoke four languages in her rage, and fought the officers like a fury; they did not dream that this was her

child.

The little thing seemed so innocent and pure that they did not want her to see her mother caged like a wild beast behind iron bars; but the mother heard her voice and called for her, and

beast beaming from bars; but the mother heard her voice and called for her, and so they swung open the corridor door, and let the little creature in. She went to the cell, looked in and cried out: "Why, mother, are you in jail."

The mother shrank back ashamed. The child dropped on her knees on the stone floor, clung to the iron bars of the door and prayed: "Now I lay me down to sleep, and I hope that my mother will be let out of jail."

The strong men had a strange mois ture about their eyes as they gently led the little thing away. When the case came into court, His Honor whispered to the woman to go home, and for her child's sake behave as a mother slould. Perhaps she will do so—unless she should meet with some one licensed to deal out, for "the public good," that which makes fathers act like brutes, and mothers forget the sucking child.

which makes fathers act like brutes, and mothers forget the sucking child. Perhaps she will prove a true mother, unless some honorable and respectable citizen gets her crazy on a dram, on which he makes a profit of six cents. Strange things are done in this world, but few are more strange than the wonders wrought by the devil's drought, which in an hour turns love to hate, calmness to frenzy, quiet to confusion, and a mother to a fiend.

SAGAUITY OF UROWS.

The crows are a feature of Yezo, Japan, and one which the colonists would willingly dispense with. There are millions of them, and in many places they break the silence of the silent land with a babel of noisy dis cords.

They are everywhere, and have attained a degree of most unpardomable impertinence, mingled with a cunning thin' wuz, so I trotted off by another road sayin':

"Faith, Nellie, I'm goin' back 'cross the pond in Marchuary."

"Indade!' sez she, flirtin' the dish-rorse, "An' it's a pity ve giver can."

"An' it's a pity ve giver can."

In the inn garden at Mori I saw a dog eating a piece of carrion in the presence of several of these covetous birds. They evidently said a great deal to each other on the subject and now and then one or two of them tried to pull the meat away from him, which he resented.

he resented.
At last a big strong crow succeeded in tearing off a piece, with which he returned to the pine where the others were congregated, and after a much earnest speech they all surrounded the dog and the leading bird dexterously dropped the small piece of meat within reach of his mouth, when he imme-diately snapped at it, letting go the big piece unwisely for a second.

big piece unwisely for a second.
On this two of the crows flew away with it to the pine and with much fluttering and hilarity they all devour-ed it, the deceived dog looking vacant and bewildered for a moment, after which he sat under the tree and barked

at them insanely.

A gentleman told me that he saw a dog holding a piece of meat in like manner in the presence of three crows, which also vainly tried to tear it from him; and after a consultation they separated, two going as near as they dared to the meat, while the third gave the dogs tail a bite sharp enough to make him turn around with a squeak, on which the other villains seized the meat and the three feasted triumphanty upon it on the top of a wall .- Youths

#### AFTER MANY DAYS.

There is now, living in Beverly, a gentlemen, was once a little boy three or four years old. More than thirty or four years old. More than thirty years ago he was riding with his parents after a restive horse. They sat on the back seat, he on the front seat holding the reins, But unbeknown to him they were passed around him and were also in his father's hands. and were also in his father's hands.

As the horse did not go properly the father pulled them, when the little fellow looked around in surprise and exclaimed, "Why father, I thought I was driving, but I ain't am I?"

It was a lesson to the father upon which he has often acted since. It is convenient along with many people.

which he has often acted since. It is easy getting along with many people, if they think they are leading or driv-ing. Well let them think so as all goes right but keep hold of the reigns so as to straighten things up if these would be leading or driving are dis-posed to go amiss. And now, after many days and years this little inci-dent of by your years areas afeat. dent, of by gone years, appears afresh

ju print. How it was obtained the writer

NOT THAT SORT OF A REPORTED. Quick, now, a horse and buggy ! said

ment and no time to lose."

"Yes sir -yes sir!" answered the livery stable man, leading out a very dilapidated specimen of a horse.

"Great Scott, man!" exclaimed the reporter, eyeing the animal with disfavor. "Do you think I'm reporting for a monthly magazine?"

School Teacher—"Now, Master Kirhy, suppose I should say, 'I didn't have no fun at the picnic.' How would you go to work to correct me?" Master Kirby—"I sh'd say you'd bet-ter study grammar, teacher."

THE HUNTER'S STORY.

"Speaking of duck shooting on St. Clair Flats," sighed an old citizen, as he took a seat in a gun store yesterday, "I don't think there are as many birds up there as there was ten or fif-teen years ago. Why, sir, the chancels used to be just black with em, and they were so tame that you could knock 'em on the head."

Everybody sighed to think those good old days and ducks could never return, and the veteran hunter continued:

"I remember I was out one day in

"I remember I was out one day in April. I got in among the bipeds, and thow many do you suppose I counted?"

"Three hundred," ventured one of the audience after a long interval.

"Three hundred! Why, I always killed over a thousand every time I went out! No, sir, I counted over sixteen thousand, great, big, fat, plump, delicious ducks, and then I had only counted those one side of the boat!"

"How long did it take you?"

"I don't know, sir, I had no watch with me. Time is nothing to a man counting ducks. I counted aloud, and when the ducks were small I counted two for one. By and by I got tired of

two for one. By and by I got tired o counting and got ready for the slaugh-

"How many did you kill?"

"Well, now, I suppose I could lie about it and say I killed nine or ten hundred, but I'm getting too near the grave for that. No, I didn't kill a blasted one, and that's were the strange part of the story comes in. When I began to lift that gun up, those dicks knew just as well as a human being, and what did they do? Why, sir, about two hundred of 'em made a sudden dive, swam under the boat, and raised up on her port side at once and raised up on her port side at once and upset her! Yes, sir, they did, and there I was in the North Channel, in ten feet

I was in the North Channel, in ten feet of water, boat upset, night coming on, and I in my wet clothes."
"Well?"
"Well, I climbed up on the bottom of the boat, floated five miles, and was picked up by two Indians. We towed that upset boat to an island, and here another curious thing comes in. Under the boat was two hundred and sixty four large, plump ducks. They had been caught there when she upset, and all we had to do was to haul 'em out and rap 'em on the heal." and rap 'em on the head"
"Why, why didn't they dive down

"Why, why didn't they dive down and get from under the boat?" asked an annateur duck shooter. "Why didn't they, sir?—why didn't they? Well, sir, I might have asked 'em why they didn't; but it was late, a 'cold wind had sprung up, and I didn't feel like talking! All I know is that I counted over sixteen thousand ducks, was upset, captured two hundred and sixty-four, and have affidavits here in my wallet to prove everything I have stated. Does any man here

want to see the documents?"

No man, did. They all looked out
of the windows and wondered if they
could lie that way when they had
pissed three score years.

THE DOCTOR WAS CAUTIOUS .- H. was a young and of course cautious Wast End physician. The bright let-ters on his new gilt sign were still un-

rusted, and there was a spring to the bell handle that told of desuctude. The young physician had a patient last night, and while diagnosing the case fired a number of questions at him which flew wide of the mark. He was finally successful. was finally successful.

"You -er-sometimes have a -er-tired feeling come-er-over you, which-"

which—"
"Yes," interrupted the patient, sarcastically, "I feel it now. I'm tired,
very tired."
"Just as I thought," remarked the
young physician, gleefully. "I am
seldom mistaken in my diagnosis of a

"In cleaning your cost," he said, as he balted a gentleman on the steps of the post office, "I found these two letters in the lining. When your wife called for the garment I thought it best not to say anything about the letters." The gentleman received them flushed up, and then turned pale, and as he put them in one pocket and drew a silver dollar from the other he remarked: "You did exactly right Those are a couple of letters my wife wrote to me when we were sparking, and I wouldn't have lost them for a hundred dollar bill." "Quite right, sir, and I'm much obliged. If she writes you any more and I find 'em you can depend upon my discretion."

Bosten people will find it difficult to Boston people will and it difficult to believe that the following advertise-ment appeared in the Erening Post of Boston in 1742: "To be sold by the printer of this paper the very best Negro woman in this town, who has had the small-pox and the measles is as hearty as a borre as being as as hearty as a horse, as brisk as bird, and will work like a beaver.

Mother—"Did you pray in your Sunday-school to-day, Johnny?" John-ny—"Yes Mamma." Mother—'That's a good boy-always pray in Sanday-school." Father-"But what did you pray for?" Johnny-"I prayed for it to let out."

A naturalist notes that during the A naturalist notes that during the an ewspaper reporter to a livery stable man, "I've got an important assignment and no time to lose."

"Yes sir—yes sir!" answered the livery stable man, leading out a very dilapidated specimen of a horse.

"Great Scott, man!" exclaimed the reporter, eyeing the animal with discreporter, eyeing the animal with discreporter, eyeing the animal with discreporter.

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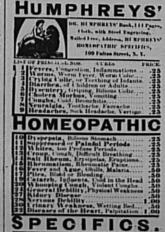
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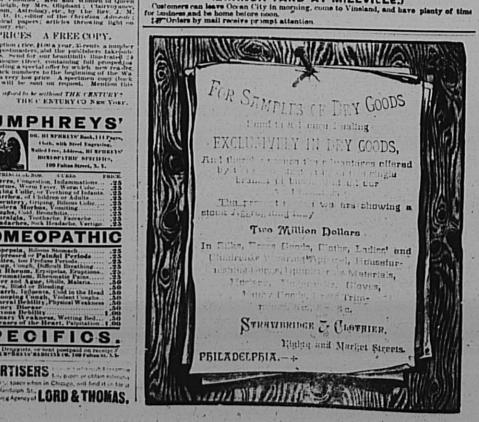
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