Pennsgrove Record.

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Delaware River Railroad.

TIME-TABLE.

Northw'd, leave	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Penn's Grove,	7 10	8 15	12 30	3 30
Pedricktown,	7 20	8 24	12 40	3 40
Bridgeport,	7 34	8 36	12 52	4 23
Paulsboro,	7 54	8 56	1 11	5 00
Woodbury, Arr.	8 10	9 11	1 28	5 30
Philadelphia, Arr.	8 50	9 50	2 10	6 50

Southw'd leave	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Philadelphia,	8 00	11 40	3 10	5 40
Woodbury,	8 35	12 16	3 45	6 11
Paulsboro	8 58	12 37	4 08	6 26
Bridgeport,	9 18	1 19	4 22	6 46
Pedricktown,	9 30	1 30	4 35	6 59
Penn's Grove, Arr	9 39	1 32	4 45	7 09

SUNDAY TRAINS

Northward.	Leave	A. M.	P. M.
Pennsgrove		7.25	4.40
Pedricktown		7.35	4.50
Bridgeport		7.42	5.02
Paulsboro		8.07	5.22
Woodbury		8.22	5.45
Philadelphia		10 05	6.23

Southward.	Leave	A. M.	P. M
Philadelphia		8.00	5.00
Woodbury		8.40	6.00
Paulsboro		8.55	6.15
Bridgeport		9.13	6.33
Pedricktown		9.26	6.47
Pennsgrove		9.35	6.55

MYSTIC ORDERS.

PARADISE ENCAMPMENT, No. 41, I. O. O. F. Meets on the 1st, and 3rd Friday evenings of every Month, in Odd Fellow's Hall. C. P., J. D. Whitaker; S. W., R. M. Featherer J. W., J. G. Murphy; Scribe, C. G. Auborn; Treas., J. Featherer; H. P., H. M. Flanagin.

UNION LODGE, No. 38, K. of P., meets every Wednesday eve., in Odd Fellow's Hall. C. C., F. B. Naylor; V. C., Jas. Denny; K. of R. & S. Geo. W Bevis: M. of F., W. S. Avis.

VIOLA COUNCIL, No. 20, Jr. O. U. A. M. meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, every Monday evening at 7 o'clock sharp. C., Charles Kidds; V. C. Simon Cunningham; Rec. Sec., Henry Blohm; F. Sec., C. C. Blohm.

PENN'S GROVE CONCLAVE, No. 34, I. O. H., meets every Monday evening in the RECORD building, at 7½ o'clock. Archon, J. R. Smith; Provost, E. D. Strimple. S. D. Archon, W. F. Yeager; Financier, G. S. Kille; Secretary, S. M. Denny.

POST OFFICE.

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S. R. LEAP, P. M.

CHURCHES

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
REV. J. H. HUTCHINSON, PASTOR
Preaching—10 A. M. and 7 P. M.
Sunday School - 2 P. M.
Prayer-meeting Tuesday Evenings.

METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH
REV. J. L. WATSON, PASTOR
Sunday School 10 A. M.
Preaching 2 P. M. and 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday Evenings

IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

New Year's next Tuesday.

A white Christmas "indeed."

Get that new leaf ready to be turned over next Tuesday.

It was a merry Christmas to some in spite of the rain.

The owners of sleighs have made good use of them during the last week.

William Haines took charge of the railroad bridge over Oldmans creek, recently.

If you wish to make your out-of-town friends a very appropriate New Year's present send them the RECORD for one year, it will only cost you a dollar.

Don't fail to go to the Band's festival in the Hall this evening. A large lot of glass and silverware is to be chanced off. You may miss a bargain if you fail to attend.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of D. Webster Shoemaker, of Philadelphia, practical and ornamental paper hanger, in another column. All orders left at the segar store of W. S. Avis, will receive prompt attention.

The Annual Missionary collection will be continued in the M. E. Church next Sunday, the 30th. Every person is earnestly desired by the Pastor to return his missionary envelope with his contribution enclosed, if it be within his power.

A pillow case well saturated with water and having a small hole torn in it to look through, placed loosely over the head, will be found an admirable impromptu respirator in the densest smoke.

The Pennsgrove Band will turn out in masquerade suits on New Year's morning at six o'clock, and will give their neighbors and friends a visit; so be prepared and have plenty of cakes and coffee for them.

Mr. Joseph R. Elkinton, of Pennsgrove, this county, who was appointed a year ago as one of the Special Examiners of the Pension Office, has, according to the Baltimore *Sun*, succeeded in ferreting out some pension frauds in Worcester County, Md., and has had the parties arrested.—South Jerseyman

Maurice D. Rochester, who pleaded guilty to forgery in forging the name of Wm. H. Springer, to two checks at the Woodbury bank, and who was caught while in the bank, was sentenced to a term of 18 months in State prison on Tuesday week.

At points along the railroad from this place to Bridgeport can be seen the experiments of farmers trying to reclaim swampy places by cutting off the brush and covering the ground with a coat of sand. The land thus made is said to raise very profitable crops of sweet potatoes.

Sleigh...

Slippery sidewalks of late.

"Well I do indeed." "It is indeed." "He is indeed," &c.

Cold turkey meals have been in order this week.

The smooth sidewalks are responsible for many a cuss word these days.

The Christmas entertainment of the Bethel M. P. Church last Saturday evening was well attended.

A man breathes about eighteen times a minute and uses three thousand cubic feet of air per hour.

Young America's have enjoyed themselves this week with their sleds and skates as there was no school.

We hope dear readers that yours was a Merry Christmas, and make it a Happy New Year for us by dropping in and paying that small bill.

The drawings in the Wheeler Watch Clubs this week is as follows: Club No. 1, 28th drawing, D. G. McCaig, No. 20; Club No. 2, 15th drawing, S. P. Smith, No. 19.

Gloucester county has one hundred and seventy pensioners; twenty-four are widows; fifteen mothers; and father and two children. The amount paid monthly is $1,365.50.

The M. E. Sunday school No 1, and Sunday-school No. 2, held their entertainments on Monday evening, No. 2 in the Hall and No. 1 in the M. E. Church. Both were well attended, the houses being crowded.

One of our learned and lobby orators in speaking of the cold weather said, "There is a good deal of ice in the river but not near as much as there would have been had it been colder." Please give us some more information like the above.

Mr. Pemberton Pierce's term of Instrumental Music closed with the present week. The next term will begin the 2d week in January. He will limit his number to twenty-four scholars and must necessarily made an additional charge of $2 for each scholar. All who desire his services for the coming term must apply to him at once.

Notwithstanding the cold, stormy and disagreeableness of the weather on Tuesday evening, the entertainment of the Central Sunday-school was well attended. Profs. Avis, Shoemaker and Summerill were there and rendered some fine music.

The large chandelier which has hung in the Centre Square Church for over twenty years fell with a crash on the evening of the 14th, as the congregation was gathering. The chandelier was a large and an old fashioned one with eight long arms. In falling, one of the arms barely escaped striking one of the congregation. The only damage done was by the oil from the lamps spreading over the seats and floor.

Mine host and hostess, Mr. & Mrs. J. G. French, have perhaps received the most handsome and costly present and memento of any in the land and which is worthy of our mention. It consists of a large Silver Ice Pitcher, with Receptacle and Goblets. On the pitcher is engraved the following: "Mr. & Mrs. J. G. French, From the Guests of 1883." The receptacle and goblets, as well as the pitcher, are solid silver and lined inside with gold, making it the most gorgeous gift of remembrance we have yet had the pleasure to look upon. It was presented by the "guests of '83" as an evidence of their appreciation of Mine Host's efforts to promote their pleasure and comforts while abiding with him, and for his constant and devoted attention to their bodily and spiritual welfare. The Hotel de French is indeed gaining a wide spread reputation, and all those who spend a a short vacation there once, will not, and do not fail to go again.

Says the Woodstown "Register:" "About fifteen years ago a farmer named Bradshaw, living in Gloucester county, failed in business and decided to take Greeley's advice and 'Go West' His wife in a fit of vexation told him to go as far as he could get. Nothing was heard from him until a few months ago, people generally supposing him dead. A letter then came from the Sandwich Islands, entreating his friends, if any were living, to send him a full account of the old folks at home, as he had not heard a word from them during all that time. He had surely taken his wife (who is still living) at her word with a vengence."

The census of illiterate children in this county outside of the city of Salem has been completed and shows that the number is 54, four of these being feeble minded. From the returns given to County Superintendent Holme, it appears that twenty-five, at least, of the whole number are colored. Elsinboro, Lower Creek and Oldmans report none: Lower Penn's Neck, 4; Mannington, 15; Pilesgrove, 8; Upper Alloways Creek, 13; Quinton, 3; Upper Penn's Neck, 2; Upper Pittsgrove, 5; Pittsgrove, 4. Of these 9 are aged 12 years; 17 aged 13; 8 aged 14; 7 aged 15; 7 aged 16, and 6 aged 17.

Two young ladies of this city recently saw in the western sky, while witnessing in wonder the beautiful crimson following the sunset, a well defined hand, and while gazing upon it in almost speechless awe, another hand came floating from toward the east and met the first, but they did not clasp, as our young lady friends expected they would. Lying their thumb to thumb, with fingers extended, the growing dark

scene. We ... young ... story ... at two ... ged them ... e thumbs ... ragged ... his ... pocket- ... sum ... time at ... LO ... b ... alone ... ally rew ... this offic ...

There is a ... in the river.

Steam barge, Ranger, ... W. Webber & Son, arrived with a load of lumber for Sunmerill & Bro., on Saturday.

A first-class spar buoy has been placed near the whistling buoy, on the south shoal entrance to Delaware Bay. Its color and number correspond with the whistling buoy, and the object is to have the shoal marked in case the latter buoy is carried from its position.

There has been very large tides for some days back.

The steamer "Reybold" did not make her usual trip to Philadelphia on Monday on account of the ice in Salem creek. She resumed her trips on Wednesday.

Justice & Sons, of Pedricktown, have a sloop fastened in the ice in the creek below the Railroad bridge. The creek is entirely closed.

A large floating buoy, lighted with compressed gas, was anchored on the Sandy Hook shoals several months ago as an experiment by the Government Lighthouse Board. The trial has been very successful thus far. It is claimed that the light will last nine months longer without renewing. The light is unusually strong.

Woodstown Items.

A new store has been opened at Auburn by Mr. John Harbison.

Our band seranaded Mr. Ernest Becker the other evening.

Mark Ayares closed his shops on Christmas and will do the same on New Years day.

Joseph Committi of our borough drew the 19th watch in the Massey Watch Club on Saturday.

The two cows sold near the hotel last Saturday by E. Atkinson, brought $60 and $46.

The sociable ... New Year's night ... promises to be a grand af...

The Christmas ... tainment in the M. E. Church ... evening was a grand success. Hundreds of presents were given out and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves.

Some of our young men went to Salem to attend the entertainment in Lecture Hall on Friday evening, and report says became involved in a dispute with some Sadmites which lasted nearly an hour.

Sheriff Coles was to have sold the store goods of Lippincott & Hollingshead, who recently made an assignment on Wednesday, but the assignee, John Holmes, has secured an injunction, restraining the Sheriff from selling the goods. The matter will now be settled by the Supreme Court.

David Walker, living near Sharptown, went out to knock a horse in the head on Thursday morning of last week which had its leg broken on the road the day before, and after he hit the animal it plunged forward and knocked him down, dislocating his arm at the shoulder. Dr. Newton was soon called in and the joint replaced.

On Sunday evening two young men went to Salem in a sleigh to see their girls. Everything passed off smoothly until they started home, when the horse started to run. The young men failing to catch the horse saught a neighbors stove to warm themselves. A young man who was on his way home to Salem, caught the horse at about 3 o'clock Monday morning. The team was secured by its owner on Monday.

OLD STINGER'S LETTER.

MY OLD FRIEND POINT:—

Christmas is past
And the holidays are her,
So God bless old Stinger
Whom the threats of many failed to scare.

The above we caught from the lips of one of Pennsgrove's poets. We think it would have been very appropriate if he had finished up with this verse,

Yes, Christmas is past,
And the dude is afraid
He will have to lay by his cane
For the hoe and the spade.

We will not dare to say much about Jack's fighting qualities this week, as he will soon have his net knit, and then he says he expects to take a week to settle with me. Just as you like, but remember if you get hurt, don't blame me.

There is one kind-hearted man in this place, and would it be wrong to tell you who it is and what he done? No! Well it was Mr. Joseph Clark, and he made a snow plow and cleaned the snow from the foot paths on Monday morning last. Did the pedestrians thank him? Some did and others forgot it. A man that does a generous act free of charge don't receive thanks of many, but if he had charged the township ten dollars they would have thought it kind in him. We hereby extend to him our best wished for a happy New Year.

A certain young man ... very reckless and spent every cent he had to buy his girl a Christmas present. He had better saved the greater part of it for future needs. There may come a time when a few dollars will go a good way towards buying furniture, and if your girl had been one of the most sensible she would have advised you in the ... way. We would have made it plainer but for the love we have for your expected, not intended.

Some South Pennsgrove girls while plodding homeward on Saturday evening last, said they wished they could get a ride home. A sleigh was approaching, and when opposite one of the trio asked for a ride to the Cove. It being one of these large old fashioned sleighs and only two occupants, the driver answered in the affirmative and stopped on the railroad. The belle of the crowd, in fact of the Cove, advanced to inquire of the gentlemens handle, or more properly speaking, names. So much time was lost in parleying that the fellows became cold and drove on, their teeth playing the old time melody "Yankee Doodle," with variations thrown in. I felt like walking home with the girl that went to the sleigh, when I saw the small trio proceed towards their destination on foot, as she has always been my heart's desire, but I could not raise the courage, and so they passed on, quarreling between twemselves because they did not get a ride.

Not a Christmas present did I get, but I will keep mum this time, for perhaps my "friends" will give me a New Year's present. Speaking about friends and presents, reminds me of when I was small. Those were the days that I had "friends," but I have none now. I don't suppose I have a "friend" in this town who would do me a favor. The dogs that run the streets are better friends to me than any human being. When a man makes a blunder in this place he never receives assistance, but instead, will receive a blow in the back from every source. A dog will not do that. But I must, and am contented with my fate, if the worst has not come. With love to the girls of the Surrounding towns, I am,

A. JOLLY STINGER.

Romance in Real Life.

My friend Patsy remarked the fates have decreed, that our excursion shall be alternately bright and glorious. I hope it will not be suggestive of our journey through life if we travel the same road, I remarked. She blushed and said, we will not anticipate but I am anxious to see the terminus of today's adventure. We are eighteen miles from home and there may be disagreeabilities strewn along our pathway. Just then we learned that a very companionable preacher was bound in our direction. We got a good send off, and had a spiritual guide as well as temporal. The roads were an abomination to civilization, and our slow progress gave us a chance of acquaintance. We soon learned he was marriageable and all the romance was not out of him. I did not take any stock in young preachers and before the horses had wallowed through half the distance to Forest Grove, I hated that chap from the inmost depths of my soul, as old Virgil says. His tongue was as glib as a soap venders, not one word could I get in edgeways. He was a library on legs and knew everything and seemed to have taken lessons of Chesterfield. Miss Patsy dropped her handkerchief and he nearly broke his neck to pick it up and I had a notion of breaking his neck for picking it up. Six or seven times I had intended to tell this girl how much I liked her during the past year and now when I should have had such a splendid interview, I must be thwarted by this ecclesiastical cuss. I saw a matrimonial twinkle in his eye and her winsome ways were drawing out his gallantry. This stirred up my wrath. It was evident I was a great sinner in his eyes, by the caustic sarcasm he applied, when I had no chance of repartee. I was burning up with rage and could have drug him by his long locks. The time had come when our paths were to diverge, he to the left and we to the right. But not without extorting a promise from her to come and hear him preach next Sunday, and go with him to her uncle's to tea. This was the only relative she had that disliked me. The gods were against me. I had already baptized her as a perfidous coquette.

We found the excursion, and our party in carriages led us homeward. The Sun was lingering in the western hills, pushing up its golden streams into twilight. The queen of the night came on duty, silvering our path, and dropping sparkling jewels along our pathway. Magnolias yet lived to spice the breeze. Patsy and the party chatted merrily, but I was as uncongenial as a mummy. I saw the hand writing on the wall like the discomfited king of old, and my kingdom of bliss was rent in twain. I knew a preacher would be the winner in a race of love.

Girls see in us sinners weakness, wickedness and worldliness. Mormonism and free-loveism come up in the world's history in many forms. Marriage vows often wane with the heavy moon. In the great drama of life there are often sad matrimonial scenes. The devotion of courtship will not always stand the wear, friction and pressure of life's duties, and the thoughtful, observant girl, as she telescopes the future, sees domestic tranquility a little out of line. But they look upon the clergy as the embodyment of all excellence. His white cravat is suggestive of his immaculate life. His clothes are free from the dust of toil. He mingles with the cultured. His classic band wields the pen of fame, and his voice and eloquence touches the ear of fancy, like the harp of Homer, while the grand old song, Home, Sweet Home, means something to the young maid when it has an ecclesiastic ring.

We were greeted at home by mothers' smiles, and ... family did the agreeable nevertheless, but head and heart-ache ... away on down to be touched ... of dreams. The multiplicity of business was a balm to a wounded spirit, and months of toil wore off my woe. I received a letter as frigid as an iceberg, and fifty-two weeks of evotion was numbered with things that were. Ten years after that we chatted over this little episode and I learned he did not care for the Divine that jilted me, and did all this to try my love; but it was a hazardous experiment and shows a kind good girl may torture to her sorrow, and there are metes and imits in love

SPRY.

DYSPEPSIA AND SICK-HEADACHE CURED.

Dear Sir: For the past ten years I have been almost a constant sufferer from dyspepsia in its worst form, accompanied with sick headache. Aromanna, I am glad to say, has entirely cured me. MICHAEL STACKENWALTZ,
Woodbury, N. J.

For sale by S. R. Leap & Bro. Pennsgrove, C. S. Plummer, Pedricktown, and dealers generally.

Pennsgrove, Dec. 2, '83.

The copartnership heretofore existing between H. J. Blohm and T. J. Torton, trading as Blohm & Torton, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

H. J. BLOHM,
T. J. TORTON.

TEN CENT POETRY.

The question was whether
This changeable weather
Would give me a cold that would stick, stick, stick,
But I've lost all my dread
For at ten cents a head
Brazilian Balm cures us quick, quick, quick.

FOR SALE!

15 pigs, three (3) and four (4) months old. For further particulars, apply to

SAMUEL C. SPRINGER.