

South Jersey Reporter

Hoyt & Son, Publishers.

Terms—\$1.25

VOL. 43

Eight
Page

HAMMONTON, N. J., JANUARY 21, 1905.

Dr. Note's Pine Balsam

is made for your

Cough and Cold.

Prepared by

W. J. LEIB,

Druggist, Second and Bellevue, Hammonton.

UNDERTAKER

EMBALMER

ELWOOD P. JONES,

Successor to

W. A. HOOD & CO.

Office and Residence, 216 Bellevue Ave. Phone 3-Y

Wax Flowers, Figures, etc., for funerals and memorial services, furnished on short notice.

Young People's Societies.

This space is devoted to the interests of the Young Peoples Societies of the various Churches. Special items of interest, and announcements are solicited.

Y. P. S. C. E.—Presbyterian Church:
Meets Sunday evening, at 6:45.
Topic, "How to win souls for Christ."
John 1: 40-45.

Y. P. S. C. E.—Baptist Church:
Meets Sunday evening, at 6:30.
Topic, "How to win souls for Christ."
John 1: 40-45. Leader, Mrs. F. A. Lehman.

Jr. C. E., Sunday afternoon at 3:00.
Epworth League, M. E. Church:
Meets Sunday evening, at 6:45.
Led by J. H. Myroos.

Junior League, Thursday afternoon,
at 3:00 o'clock.

Study the topic on our religious page.

A cordial invitation is extended to all
to attend these meetings.

Church Announcements.

Notices of Church meetings are of public
interest, and so charge is made for their
insertion. Weekly changes required.

Baptist Church.—Rev. Wilshire W.
Williams, Pastor. 10:30 a. m., "Three
epochs of man's pilgrimage." 7:30 p. m.,
"Greatest power in the world." Thurs-
day evening, "Sufficient grace." 3 Cor.
12.

M. E. Church.—Rev. G. R. Middleton
Pastor. 10:30 a. m., "Is Hammonton a
second: Laodicea?" 7:30 p. m., "The
preludes of Christ."

Universalist Church.—The Rev. J.
Harner Wilson, Pastor. 11:00 a. m.,
"Is the world growing better? and how
the individual can better it." 7:30 p. m.,
"Peter."

Presbyterian Church.—Rev. H.
Marshall Thielow, Pastor. 10:30 a. m.,
"The unending kindness of God." 7:30
p. m., "Doried alive."

St. Mark's Church.—Rev. Paul F.
Hoffman, Rector.

W. O. T. U.

This space belongs to the Women's Christian
Temperance Union, and its members are
responsible for what they publish.

We Belong to the Union

Because, 3rd, while the evil of the
saloon is almost universally acknowl-
edged by the churches, yet there are
weapons which must be wielded
against the saloon, before it is abo-
lished, which cannot now be freely
advocated under the auspices of the
church, without dissension, which
would be deplorable to many, even of
our white-ribboners.

The church has not yet washed its
hands from complicity with the sa-
loon; and while declaring that "the
liquor traffic cannot be legalized with-
out sin," a majority of the voting
members sanction its perpetuation by
their ballots, thereby insuring to the
traffic the protection of government.
Pass. Supr.

NEW ENGLAND CLUB.

This recently organized Club met on
Thursday evening at the residence of
A. P. Simpson, 115 N. Third Street.
Thirty-four members responded at roll
call.

The program, though not lengthy,
was crisp, and highly tinged with
the spirit of the occasion. The music
rendered by Mrs. Austin and her
assistants was highly appreciated and
decidedly appropriate. The chorus by
the young ladies was a decided hit.
Great results are expected from that
contingent, in the future.

That very potent factor of advance-
ment and civilization, the New Eng-
land school teacher, was very much
in evidence, nearly a half-dozen of
them being present, all of whom took
a lively interest in the proceedings,
and promise to become a valuable
adjunct of the Society.

The fine rendering of the response to
the toast, "The women of New Eng-
land," by the Rev. J. H. Wilson, was
applauded.

In accordance with the old New
England custom, the Club adjourned
at an early hour, voting the initial
meeting a decided success.

Messrs Dobbs and Frazier write
as their protest against a local item
published last week, to the effect that
"two people" had abandoned their in-
tention of building on the D. & B. tract,
etc., fearing that it would reflect injur-
iously upon their business. Well, we
didn't say "two people." The fact is,
one man gave a contract to build two
houses, and has since, for personal and
private reasons, changed his mind. The
lots are fine ones, and if he sells them it
will be nothing to the disparagement of
the town or the tract on which they
are located.

Mrs. C. H. Sparks died on Tues-
day last, Jan. 17th, 1905, at her resi-
dence on Twelfth Street, Hammonton,
after long suffering from cancer, aged
57 years. Funeral services were held
at the house last evening, conducted by
Rev. G. R. Middleton. This morning
the body will be taken to Philadelphia,
service held in Bethlehem M. E. Church,
Nineteenth and Mifflin Streets, and in-
terment in Fernwood Cemetery. Her
husband, two sons and two daughters
are among the mourning ones.

List of un-called-for letters in the
Hammonton Post Office on Wednesday,
Jan. 18, 1905:

Barrett, Frank
Benedict, Angelo
Nicola, Dio Guard
Maria del Luce

Persons calling for any of the above
letters will please state that it has
been advertised.

M. L. Jackson, P. M.

Quality—not quantity is our motto.

Do you want
any

Repairing Done

Picture Framing

Carpet Laying

Sewing Machines, Etc.

P. O. Box 692.

The Christian Churches at
Constantinople, Turkey, and Yokohama,
Japan, have long used the Longman &
Martinez Patent for painting churches.
Liberal contributions of L. & M. paint
will be given for such purpose wherever
a church is located.

F. M. Scofield, Harris Springs, S. C.,
writes: "I painted our old homestead
with L. & M. twenty-six years ago. Not
painted since; looks better than houses
painted in the last four years."

W. B. Barr, Charleston, West Va.,
writes: "Painted Frankenburg Block
with L. & M. Shows better than any
buildings here have ever done; stands
out as though varnished, and actual cost
of paint was less than \$1.50 per gallon.
Wear and covers like gold."

These celebrated paints are sold by
Harry McD. Little

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

People's Bank of Hammonton

At the close of business on Wednesday,
Jan. 11th, 1905.

RESOURCES:
Loans and Discounts \$218165 79
Overdrafts 12
Stocks, securities, etc. 56897 50
Banking House, Furniture and
Fixtures 7000 00
Bonds and Mortgages 20085 80
Due from other Banks, etc. 16952 18
Checks and cash items 20 50
Cash on hand 9801 37
\$381393 23

LIABILITIES:
Capital stock paid in \$30000 00
Surplus 25000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses
and taxes paid 12636 23
Due to other Banks, etc. 4445 87
Dividends unpaid 86 50
Individual deposits not to check 126723 85
Time deposits 126383 06
Demand certificates of deposit 2193 00
Time certificates of deposit 800 00
Certified checks 907 00
Cashier's checks outstanding 4 25
\$381393 23

STATE OF NEW JERSEY,
County of Atlantic,

E. J. Byrne, President, and W. R.
Tilton, Cashier of the above named Bank,
being severally duly sworn, each for himself,
says that the foregoing statement is true, to
the best of his knowledge and belief.

E. J. BYRNE, President,
WILHELM R. TILTON, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 19th day of January, A. D. 1905.
J. L. O'DONNELL,
Notary Public.

Correct Attest:
C. F. Osgood,
W. J. Burt,
E. STOCKWELL, Directors.

20 words (or less) 10c

is the Republican

**Lakeview
GREEN-
HOUSE**

Central Ave., Hammonton, N. J.

Large assortment of
Palms, Ferns, House Plants,
Cut Flowers. Funeral Designs
in Fresh Flowers, Wax, or Metal.

WATKINS & NICHOLSON,
Florida and Landscape Gardeners.
Phone 1-17

Leaky tin roofs

Repaired

by

WILLIAM BAKER,

No. 25 Third Street,
Hammonton.

By a special arrangement with

the publishers, we will send
the

Both of these papers

one year

for only \$1.25

if you send your

order and money to

Hoyt & Son,

Hammonton, N. J.

ill the

is en-
which
on the
ningham
Street.

Additional
by paying
eight for 2
cents; or 6 c
include envel
desired. They
the Secretary
Chairman of Pr
and at Henson's p
The cost of these
exceeds the above
money obtained from
be kept separate from
funds of the Board of Tr
used exclusively for adv
Town in other ways.

Dr. C. E. DARE

DENTIST

Office Hours: 8:30 a. m. to 12:15 p. m.
Evening by engagements.

106 Bellevue Ave., Hammonton.

Did it ever occur to you?

That it costs about 2 per cent
of the price of your subscription
to send out bills?

Make checks or money orders
payable to Hoyt & Son, Publishers,
South Jersey Republican

J. A. OFFICER,

HOUSE PAINTER,

Estimates given.
Central and Park Aves., Hammonton.

DR. J. A. WAAS,

Resident Dentist

Cogley Building, Hammonton, N. J.

Chas. Cunningham, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

W. Second St., Hammonton.
Office Hours: 7:30 a. m. to 10:30 p. m.
1:40 to 2:00 and 7:00 to 8:00

Harness, Bl

Robes, Whip

Trunks, etc.

At L. W. COGLEY

GEORGE ELVINS.

We have some very nice

1904 Crop

Crimson Clover Seed now

in stock.

It is quite a little lower

in price

than it was earlier.

Herbert G. Henson

ALL THE

DAILY PAPERS

AND

PERIODICALS.

Cationery & Confectionery.

317 Bellevue Avenue,

Hammonton, N. J.

ronize home men

MISS SHURTLEFF.

Every day, when he could persuade them to go, Gifford took the two women out rowing or fishing or exploring. Before they came to camp he had been too lazy to go out on the water unless Tommy pushed the boat, but now he was always ready to row a boat containing both Miss Shurtleff and her mother any number of weary miles, while Tommy, with a smile hidden under his brown mustache, came skimming along behind, with nothing but the lunch basket in his skin.

When you consider that Gifford's arms were short and thick, that his wind was bad and his hands tender, and that he had never done any rowing before that summer, you may begin to realize the power of love. Big blood blisters came on the palms of Gifford's pudgy hands, and he suffered almost continually from pains in his back and legs, but not for a moment did he ever think of giving up the battle. Miss Shurtleff expressed an admiration for water lilies; Gifford waded out in ten inches of water and two feet of mud to get them, greatly to the damage of his feet and trousers. Miss Shurtleff casually remarked that the great hairy woodpecker must be a curious looking bird; Gifford, fat and round, climbed a forty-foot pine stump, and took a young bird out of its nest to show her. Incidentally the stump broke as he was coming down and Gifford fell into the creek. Fortunately the creek bottom was good and soft.

The climax came on a Saturday. Tommy, the guide, precipitated matters the night before.

"Mr. Shurtleff is coming Sunday morning," he said.

Gifford started as if he had been shot. In the more than two weeks which had passed since Miss Shurtleff came to the camp, he had never once had an opportunity to speak with her alone. And now her father was coming. For some reason Gifford felt much afraid of Mr. Shurtleff, though he had never seen him. He was anxious to reach some sort of an understanding with the daughter before the old man put in his appearance. Only one day remained in which to make the attempt. Gifford's back ached and his arms were sore; his hands were one mass of blisters and his legs pained him at every step. But he was game.

"What do you say to a little row down to Big Dog lake?" he asked airily that Friday evening after supper. Big Dog lake was a good twelve miles to the south. Altogether the trip meant a row of twenty-five miles.

"I'd like to go," said Miss Shurtleff, "but it's a terribly long row."

"Not at all," said Gifford, and Tommy, the guide, retired to the porch and laughed noisily, with one hand over his mouth.

"I'll take you in my boat," said Gifford, desperately, "and—"

"No," interrupted the young woman, "I think we'd better go together. We can both go in Tommy's boat and you can—"

"Not at all," said Gifford. "I will row you both, of course, if you prefer to go together."

They started at five o'clock in the morning. Gifford felt sure he should faint before they covered the first five miles. But he gripped his teeth and kept on, though every stroke was agony. He had laid out his plan of campaign. He would wait until they landed for luncheon, and then make an opportunity to speak to the young woman alone.

Luncheon had come. Gifford ate almost nothing. When they had finished their coffee he waited for the boat to be pulled up to the shore. Then he came the spring of a gun.

"Come here, quickly," he called, holding the gun in his hand. He had not moved, but the young woman came up in an instant. He pointed the gun at her. "I'm not a hunter," he said, "but I'm a lover."

The old party sat still and looked on. Gifford's heart was beating wildly. He had expected no more.

"Miss Shurtleff, I love you," again declared the red-faced Gifford. And then Miss Shurtleff's face broke into a smile.

"Why, my dear man," she said, "I am Mrs. Shurtleff. Julia, there on the bank, is my step-daughter, and the only Miss Shurtleff I know of."

Poor Gifford's face was purple.

"You see, my husband is thirty-five years older than I am. But I'm not angry with you. In fact, you've paid me a great compliment. But I thought you knew all the time."

Mrs. Shurtleff wanted her step-daughter to help her row to camp in Tommy's boat, but Gifford would not listen to it. He was game to the end.

He left the camp that night and went back to Milwaukee. He didn't care to wait and meet the aged Mr. Shurtleff.

HOW A WATCH WORKS.

A Vibrating Wheel Takes the Place of the Clock's Pendulum.

A watch differs from a clock in its having a vibrating wheel instead of a vibrating pendulum and, as in a clock, gravity is always pulling the pendulum down to the bottom of its arc, but does not fix it there because the momentum acquired during its fall from one side carries it up to an equal height on the other, so in a watch a spring, generally spiral, surrounding the axis of the balance wheel, is always pulling this toward a middle position from either side carries it just as far past on the other side, and the spring has to begin its work again. The balance wheel at each vibration allows one tooth of the adjoining wheel to pass, as the pendulum does in a clock, and the record of beats is preserved by the wheel which follows. A mainspring is used to keep up the motion of the watch instead of the weight used in a clock, and as a spring acts equally well, whatever be its position, a watch keeps time, although carried in the pocket or in a moving ship. In winding up a watch one turn of the axle on which the key is fixed is rendered equivalent by the train of wheels to about 400 turns or beats of the balance wheel, and thus the exertion during a few seconds of the hand which winds up gives motion for twenty-four or thirty hours.

A Striking Individuality.

It does not pay to be too striking a one's individuality unless that characteristic is the outspringing of one's own nature. Directly little eccentricities are assumed criticism is invited. We become conspicuous and the unconventional beauty which we wish to achieve turns to gall and wormwood in what the world calls only "queerness." Unless you can be artistically out of the ordinary do not try to be other than commonplace. It does not pay to bring down reproach and sarcasm upon your unprotected head for the sake of winning notoriety. Better by far to pursue the even tenor of your way, exactly as thousands of other mortals do, than to strike out into new paths which lead only into the jungle of ridicule and condemnation.

SCIENCE NOTES.

According to "Notes for Visitors to the Georgia Aquarium," issued by the Public Works Department of Cairo, in November, the tanks at that establishment contained specimens of no less than 23 species of native fishes, including the Nile perch, the electric cat-fish and the elephant fish (Mormyrus).

The Emu for October contains reproductions of two very interesting photographs, the first showing the "run" or "play-houses" of the great bower-bird (Chlamydera nuchalis), and the second a flight of bare-eyed cockatoos (Cacatua gymnotus), estimated at between 60,000 and 70,000 in number. Considerable interest attaches to a note on bird-sanctuaries in New Zealand, where, it appears, all the surviving flightless species are now protected by the Government. The want of such sanctuaries, both for birds and mammals, in Australia forms the subject of comment in the same number of the Emu.

Dr. Henry H. Conrad, for years Harrison fellow and now instructor in botany in the University of Pennsylvania, is about completing his monograph of the water-lilies (Nymphaeaceae), which has occupied a large part of his time since 1899. The book will be published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington. It is expected to appear soon.

Conway MacMillan, in a recent number of the Bontanist Gazette, describes some very interesting British Columbia dwarf trees. They grow on the rocks close to the sea, but outside the influence of the surf, and represent three species. These are: *Chamaecyparis heterophylla* and *Thuja gigantea*, and of them was less than two feet high and was 65 years old; another less than a foot high was 80 years old; and the third about a foot high, with a trunk one inch in diameter was 28 years old.

A Hungarian Government document notes a great decline in the manufacture of corsets; some factories have been closed, others have largely reduced their working force. It attributes this result to the growing custom of wearing reform clothing, and to the persistent denunciation of corsets by physicians.

The smallest inhabited island in the world is that on which Eddystone Lighthouse stands, for all low water it is only 100 feet above sea level. At high water the house of the lighthouse, which is a danger to only a little boat, is completely covered by the sea.

HOW INDIANS TELEGRAPHED.

Scouts Using Smoke Signs in Various Forms as Warnings.

It was a spot of interest. We were standing on one of the old signal stations of the Dakota Indians in the very heart of what was once the buffalo country, and what is to-day a prosperous cattle range. Here and there fragments of charcoal proclaimed where the signal fires had burned, while in the crevices and weathered adobe of the butte's summit the writer found war points and chips of obsidian, flint and moss agate, a few heavier points of flint that had once tipped hunting arrows, a flint knife and fragments of the scorched bones of the buffalo, elk, mountain sheep, deer, antelope, dog, badger and skunk. In every nook and cranny of the place small fragments of a creditable article of Indian pottery were ground beneath the heavy soles of our hunting boots. More than a hundred snows have come and gone since that pottery was burned.

With their body robes of finely tanned buffalo hide held raised, lowered, dropped and swung in certain well-known peculiar ways, the Indian scouts and watchers used to telegraph thence to the distant village of the presence of strangers or enemies in the country, of the approach of the buffalo bands, and of the return of war and hunting parties. If the camp was too distant for the blanket signal to be made out, the information was communicated by fires at night and by pillars and balloon-shaped puffs of smoke by day, discernible to the distance of at least fifty miles. When the traders came up the Missouri River, the Indian scout added the small, circular hand mirror to his meager but all-sufficient outfit, and in time learned to communicate with his distant friends by flashes of sunlight. The first Indian hunter or horse herder who caught the danger signal from the lookout station repeated it to the village by riding his horse furiously in a circle or by other forms of sign.

BUILT OF BOTTLES.

Unique Building in a Remote Mining Town in Nevada.

In the remote little mining town of Tonopah, Nev., there is a dwelling the walls of which are made of empty glass bottles laid in mud. Its dimensions are 16 by 20 feet, and it is divided into two rooms. The bottles were placed in rows, the bottoms outward, the walls being about a foot in thickness. The corners are of wood covered with mud. As one approaches the walls suggest a great mass of honeycomb, a section of cement side-



HOUSE BUILT OF BOTTLES.

walk turned on edge or an immense wasp's nest. This architectural freak was erected by a miner, who used bottles because other material was scarce. It is claimed by the owner that his house in winter is the warmest in Tonopah. The interior walls are covered with thick roofing paper, which adds to the warmth and excludes the light, which otherwise would flood the inside of the dwelling.

Boulevard Repartee.

"Why do you need a horn?" asked the wagon. "I have no use for one."

"Yes," replied the automobile, "but then you have a tongue."

Alternate Rulers.

Singleton—Who rules the house—you or your wife?

Wedderly—Neither. The baby and my wife's mother take turns at it.

No Impression.

He—May I print just one kiss on your ruby lip?

She—No; I don't like your type.

Thorns in the Cushion.



Editor—How much do you want for this sketch?

Artist—O, I want ten guineas.

Editor—Don't open the door as you go out. The door is closed.

HAN JOHN BLAST.

Warning Given by the Chinese to the Americans.

NO GUISSE is too good for sin to appropriate. Frudery is the foe of purity. Most models are made of wood. There are no swordless saints. O'er in millions must go before a commission. Theology bothers nobody but the theologians.

A man finds as much good in people as he looks for.

Yesterday's remedies cannot work to-day's reforms.

A principle in the heavens is a room thing to pray to.

David's brightest thoughts came to him in his darkest days.

When a man brags of his virtues the devil is the first to applaud.

Gingerbread on the house is not as good as coal in the furnace.

It is the gifts we have and not the ones we have that make us.

When a man's wife breaks his heart it is not likely to be his last.

The man with a crooked back can live a straight life, but not a long one.

Faith is a telescope. Vision comes from looking through it, not at it.

The worst thing in this world is not dying; it is being dead and not knowing it.

Pride over the things we have not done does not procure pardon for those we have.

Prayer is simply our expression when we become conscious of God's presence.

A minute with the Redeemer in the morning may save an hour of regret at night.

Temptation has gold in her teeth; but men always get the teeth instead of the gold.

The new thought will be worth heeding when it wipes out our old thought of sin.

People who throw out flattery always look for it to grow before they catch it on the rebound.

The man who shuts his eyes to God in the blade of grass is not likely to find Him in the cathedral.

You might as well hope to live in the plans of a house as to satisfy the soul with outlines of theology.

FORTUNES IN PRECIOUS GEMS.

Extravagant Display of Jewels Made by Women.

The desire for jewels and the extravagantly splendid displays now made by women who delight in such manifestations of wealth, says the London Mail, are two of the main characteristics of the power dress exercises over women in this luxurious age.

A million sovereigns sounds like an incredibly huge sum of money to sink in precious stones, but the gem caskets of some of our great ladies represent that value very closely, and it is actually touched in a few notable instances.

Quite moderately wealthy young married women do not consider their catalogue of jewels complete without two or three tiaras, a string of pearls capable of being measured by the yard, a stonemacher brilliantly ablaze with gems, a dog collar and numerous necklets, rings of various colors to match various gems, to say nothing of pignettes of diamonds, bracelets, brooches and little ornaments by the hundred.

One single necklet of pearls, only a string that closely clasps the throat, has been known to cost £20,000; a tiara swallows up any sum up to £25,000, and even more when it contains practically priceless stones; one brooch may easily represent £500, while a stonemacher can scarcely cost less. Hence to be bedazzled in gems that represent £100,000 is not a difficult task for the woman who likes a barbaric display and can afford to indulge her whim.

The extravagance this craving for gems leads to is excused by some people on the score that precious stones are a sound investment, while the dealers in imitation gems truthfully aver that it fosters their trade.

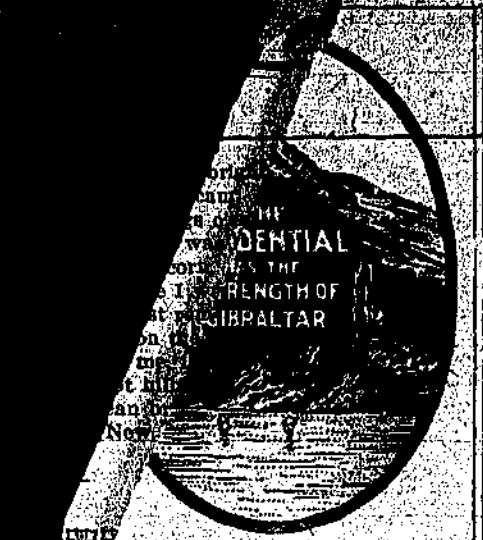
There is more than one brand of smokeless powder that is dangerous to mankind.

Paris proposes to hold an international sports exhibition in 1907, to be followed, in 1909, by one devoted to industrial affairs and the laboring classes.

The "Royal Company's Islands," supposed to be in the Pacific Ocean, have been removed from the maps of the hydrographic institute of the British Admiralty because all efforts to find them have failed.

Petroleum production grew in the United States from 21,000,000 gallons in 1869 to 4,210,000,000 in 1903, and exports increased accordingly.

Extal nuts were first made by very poor Hugenots, refugees in France after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, because oak tails had no market value.



The Republican

Published daily, except on Sundays and holidays.

Subscription price, \$1.00 per year in advance.

Single copies, 5 cents.

Advertising rates on application.

Published by The Republican Co., Inc.

100 N. 10th St., New York, N. Y.

Telephone BR 1-1000.

Entered as second-class matter, May 1, 1906.

Postpaid.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917.

Postmaster: Please send address changes to The Republican, 100 N. 10th St., New York, N. Y.

Copyright, 1935, by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

If you want that fully satisfied feeling, bring us your

Watches Repairing Jewelry

Clocks.

ROBT. STEEL

Watchmaker & Optician.

Careful attention given to the examination of the eyes.

Kenyon's Cold and Grippe Tablets

Will cure a cold in twenty-four hours.

Information costs nothing—Ask about them.

RED CROSS PHARMACY, Hammonton.

(Matlack & Pierson.)

At Eckhardt's Market

will be found a full line of

Beef, Pork, Veal, and Mutton

of the best quality. Our Hams, Bacon, and Smoked Sausages are unsurpassed by none.

PRICES RIGHT

Single Guns, \$4.50 up

Double Guns, \$11 up

A BARGAIN—Army Legging, 50 c. Others up to \$1.75

Gun Cases Gunning Coats Caps

Vests Canvas Pants

A full line of Loaded Shells

Cartridges, Primers, etc., etc.

Cordery of course.

City Dressed Meats

My own make of Sausage and Scrapple.

VEGETABLES - CANNED GOODS

H. L. MCINTYRE.

Watch this space for the

GAS COMPANY

Advertisement.

The Republican

Published daily, except on Sundays and holidays.

Subscription price, \$1.00 per year in advance.

Single copies, 5 cents.

Advertising rates on application.

Published by The Republican Co., Inc.

100 N. 10th St., New York, N. Y.

Telephone BR 1-1000.

Entered as second-class matter, May 1, 1906.

Postpaid.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917.

Postmaster: Please send address changes to The Republican, 100 N. 10th St., New York, N. Y.

Copyright, 1935, by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

The Republican

Published daily, except on Sundays and holidays.

Subscription price, \$1.00 per year in advance.

Single copies, 5 cents.

Advertising rates on application.

Published by The Republican Co., Inc.

100 N. 10th St., New York, N. Y.

Telephone BR 1-1000.

Entered as second-class matter, May 1, 1906.

Postpaid.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917.

Postmaster: Please send address changes to The Republican, 100 N. 10th St., New York, N. Y.

Copyright, 1935, by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

The Republican

Published daily, except on Sundays and holidays.

Subscription price, \$1.00 per year in advance.

Single copies, 5 cents.

Advertising rates on application.

Published by The Republican Co., Inc.

100 N. 10th St., New York, N. Y.

Telephone BR 1-1000.

Entered as second-class matter, May 1, 1906.

Postpaid.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917.

Postmaster: Please send address changes to The Republican, 100 N. 10th St., New York, N. Y.

Copyright, 1935, by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Printed by The Republican Co., Inc.

Printed at the New York Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Printed on high-grade paper.

Printed in New York, N. Y.

Bicycles

Don't fail to

\$25 BIC

They are good value

A. L. PAT

With the advent of Spring,

we think of cleaning

and re-papering our rooms.

Remember that we are headquarters

WALL PAPERS

of all grades

and styles

and have some especially good values

for the coming season.

W. L. BLACK

GAS STOVES

Store.

call at the store and see these up-to-date views in

actual operation. Gas is to be the popular and

Under Houses.
It is recorded that the
Smiles caused to be
the foundation stone of a
house built at Blackheath a
few decades ago. It was
found that coins and other
valuable objects deposited
beneath the foundation
stones of new public buildings
were only too frequently
appropriated by cunning
workers—and this despite
the efforts of contractors
and their foremen—and
it then became the custom
always to deposit the volume
which formed the current
local directory, and scores
of these lists of the inhabitants
of towns at given time have
been thus placed.

In the north of England, and
especially in Yorkshire and
Lancashire, it was found
that coins and other valuable
objects deposited beneath the
foundation stones of new
public buildings were only
too frequently appropriated
by cunning workers—and
this despite the efforts of
contractors and their foremen—
and it then became the custom
always to deposit the volume
which formed the current
local directory, and scores
of these lists of the inhabitants
of towns at given time have
been thus placed.

In many cases copies of the
works of authors whose names
have been identified with a
given locality have been
placed beneath the foundation
stones of public buildings in
such districts, cases in point
being furnished by Dickens,
Harrison Ainsworth and
others. Near York a gentleman
built a mansion upon the site
of a dwelling formerly in the
occupation of Laurence
Sterne, and he placed beneath
it a complete set of the works
of that author, one of these
being a valuable autograph
copy.—London Tit-Bits.

What Worried Him.
Alloway—Debt is causing
Skimpieigh a great deal of
trouble now.
Jennings—Is that so? I
wasn't aware that he owed a
dollar.
Alloway—He doesn't, and
that's just the trouble, nobody
will give him credit.

An Appropriate Name.
"Show me some Rip Van
Winkle rugs, please," said
the lady shopper.
"Pardon me," said the
puzzled salesman, "but I
don't think I exactly understand."
"Rip Van Winkle," replied
the lady, "is the name of the
rugs for twenty years."
"Yes, I know," assented
the salesman, "but—"
"Well," she interrupted, "I
want to look at some rugs
with an unusually long nap."

An Awful Jolt.
"You can't name one of the
lower animals that I cannot
imitate," boasted the
amateur ventriloquist.
"Perhaps not," replied the
wary maid. "Neither can I
name an animal that would
lower itself by trying to
imitate you."

Friendly Comment.
Muggsy—I'm going to thrash
Bilbrow the first time I meet
him.
Wiggins—Because why?
Muggsy—He's been telling
it around that I am a liar and
a scoundrel.
Wiggins—Is that so? Why, I
never heard any one say you
were a scoundrel.

Somewhat Different.
Bilbrow—Are you one of the
stockholders in the Bunko Oil
Company?
Jaysmith—Well, I labored
under the delusion that I was
for a time.
Bilbrow—How's that?
Jaysmith—I discovered later
that I was merely one of the
stockholders.

Difference.
Gunner—So she has refused
you on account of your poverty?
Guyer—She has, indeed.
Gunner—Perhaps there is
another "Richmond in the field."
Guyer—No, there is another
rich man in the field.

The Worm Turns.
"You let people domineer over
you too much, Henry," said
Mrs. Impeck.
"You should learn to say
no occasionally."
"Yes, that's right," rejoined
Impeck, "and I wish to the
land you had said it on a
certain occasion."

Had No Kick Continue.
"See here!" exclaimed the
lecturer, "how many more
times shall I call for the
balance due me?"
"My dear sir," replied the
audience, "you never call
again, and I don't see how
you can expect to be of
further use."

Good for a Press Boy.
The Sourette—The young
lady claims to have been
married to one man for seven
consecutive years.
Low Comedian—Huh! Some
women will do almost anything
to gain a little notoriety!

A Police Officer.
In his decided that ending
the brains of the police
officer.

A SUMMER'S PLEASURING.

Mary Makepeace sat down in
her favorite chair in her own
room, and threw her head
back with a long sigh.
"No words can tell how glad
I am that I've made my last
visit for the summer," she
said. "Now I shall have
some peace, not to mention
pleasure."
"My dear," said her mother,
reproachfully, "I mean it."
"Of course I like change of
scene, but I am tired of
adapting my whole life to
others, as I am expected to
do as a welcome guest."

"My dear!" said her mother
again. "Think how kind
everybody has been to you!"
"They meant to be—they
were kind," Mary said, wearily,
"yet I feel as if I had barely
escaped with my life, and you
will admit that is not just
the right kind of after-feeling."

"Let me tell you, mother,"
Mary continued. "At the
Fosters' I changed my hours
for rising, for retiring and
for eating my meals. At the
Lanes' I changed father's
politics—for of course I
haven't any of my own—to
please Mr. Lane, and I had
all I could do to keep from
changing my religion to please
Mrs. Lane."

"At the Jenkins' I changed
all my views about what
constitutes diversion to suit
the family in general. At the
Pages' I entirely changed my
point of view concerning
music and books. And at the
Nevins', where I was ill, I
changed my doctor, and took
stuff which I felt sure would
poison me, just to please
them."

"I ate cheese, which I abhor,
and gave up fruit, which I
like, at the Fisks'. I slept
with closed windows at
Great Aunt Maria's because
she is afraid of a breath of
air, and drank twenty-one
pints of hot water the four
days I was at Cousin Thomas' to
flush my system."

"No," said Mary, in a firm
voice. "I pay no more visits
for months to come. Home-
keeping youth may have
homely wits, but if I go about
much more I shall not have
any wits at all."—
Youth's Companion.

TELLS OF MEXICAN GOATS.

Consular Agent Gives Facts
About the Profits of the
Industry.
Consular Agent Hendon writes
from Puebla, Mex., as follows:
"The ordinary domestic goat,
so well known in the United
States, is the species raised
throughout Mexico. It is
valued for its pelt, its tallow,
and its flesh, both fresh and
dried. As yet no use has been
made of either horns or hoofs.
In the vicinity of San Luis
Potosi the goat is raised in
great numbers, and the skins
and the meat are exported
by mail, in small parcels, to
Chicago and New York."

"The Angora breed is not
appreciated in Mexico, though
it finds favor in western
Texas, near the Mexican border.
If of pure blood and if
neglected during the season
for pulling it is apt to leave
its hair scattered upon the
scrub and brush. Furthermore,
whether pure or crossed, it is
more of a sheep than a goat,
its skin being less than
one-fourth as valuable as
ordinary goat skins. This
depresses the value of the
Angora in Mexico."

"The ordinary goat, when
slaughtered, yields four
pounds of dried meat and
six pounds of refined tallow,
which, together with the
skins, are worth here in the
home market, in Mexican
silver, \$8.45 (\$1.37 in gold)—
four pounds of dried meat at
20 cents; the six pounds of
refined tallow, at 16 cents;
the cured skin, two pounds,
at 85 cents, \$1.70. The
original cost of goats for
breeding purposes is, on an
average, \$2.50 a head in
Mexican silver \$1.30 in gold.
The common goat, well
cared for, is hardy and well
suited to the country. It
breeds four times in three
years."

MARRIED THE WRONG PARTIES.

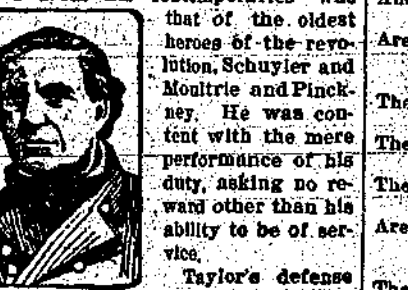
A Curious Mix-Up at a Double
Wedding in Hungary.
A curious incident is reported
from the town of Sandorvalva,
in Hungary. Gonerich and
his brother, Franz, were
engaged to be married to two
sisters, Katica and Marie. The
two couples were properly
and legally united before
the registrar, and Gonerich
promptly to church with his
Katica, and Franz with his
Marie. Whether through the
negligence of the assistant,
the nervousness of the bride-
couple, and their relatives, or
the awkwardness of the priest,
nobody can explain, but the
fact remained that the
benediction of the church was
pronounced over the union
of Gonerich and Marie and
Franz was espoused to his
brother's legal wife. The
words of the church declared
that the couples were united
before God by a bond that
no man dare sever, and the
mistake was only discovered
when they got into the
sacristy and paid the fee.
The father of the two
brides played the procurator.
He is a man of good living,
and an excellent wedding
breakfast was awaiting the
consumption of the guests
at home, when he declared
that they should all enjoy
their meal that day. When,
however, the

feast was over and all had
freely quaffed the flowing bowl,
the hitherto prevailing
harmony was roughly and
cruelly disturbed. The newly
wedded couples were about
to make their departure
when the father-in-law
stepped up to the two
bridegrooms and informed
them that his head was not
clear enough at that moment
to pronounce a suitable
opinion as to which of the
two weddings was legal, so
that they would have to
leave the house and abide
the decision of the law court.
While the newly married
brides would meanwhile
remain without their
husbands under the paternal
roof. Remonstrance proved
of no avail—not even the
tears of the brides, who
avowed that they would
accept any decision and
would leave the selection of
the husband to their father.
If only he would let each of
them depart, either with
Gonerich or Franz.—
London Telegraph.

A Little Lesson In Patriotism

"Let our object be our country,
our whole country, and
nothing but our country."
—Daniel Webster.

The type of character that
distinguished Zachary Taylor
in his own times from his
contemporaries was that
of the oldest heroes of the
revolution, Schuyler and
Moultrie and Pinckney. He
was content with the mere
performance of his duty,
asking no reward other than
his ability to be of service.



ZACHARY TAYLOR of Fort
Harrison in the war of 1812
against an attack of the
Miami Indians. One of the
most memorable incidents of
the struggle.

Although himself almost
disabled with fever and
with a force of only fifteen
competent men, he saved the
fort by his amazing courage
and pluck.

In the Black Hawk war of
1832 and in the Florida war
of 1836 Taylor distinguished
himself for his valor under
the most trying circumstances.
When the Mexican war broke
out it found him in command
of the frontier. From Palo
Alto to Resaca de la Palma,
from Monterey to Buena
Vista, Taylor was ever in the
thick of the conflict.

Two years after the battle of
Buena Vista the brave
commander of the American
forces was installed as
President of the United States.
The first President elected on
a purely military reputation.

His death came so soon
afterward that it is difficult
to estimate what his
administration would have
been. It is not too much to
say, however, that a man
who had shown his patriotism
as had Zachary Taylor upon
the field of battle would not
have failed in the executive
department of the government.

SANG SIXTY-SEVEN YEARS.

Woman Holds World's Record
for Faithful Service in Church
Choir.

When every Sunday morning
and evening the opening tones
of the processional hymn sound
out in the Episcopal Church
of the Annunciation, Auburn
Park, Chicago, a gray-haired,
pleasant-faced woman
marches out with the cap
and gown clad girls—and
white-robed men who
comprise the choir and
take her seat next the organ.

This is Mrs. Cella E.
Jennings, of English birth,
but fifty-four years' residence
in America, who holds the
world's record for devoted,
faithful service as a church
singer.

Mrs. Jennings, who is now
70 years old, was born in 1825.
Almost as soon as she could
speak she began singing and
always in church she sang
heartily. When, in 1837, public
funeral services for King
George IV. were held in
London, Mrs. Jennings, then
a child of 12, and taught by
her father, sang Pope's ode,
"O, Vital Spark," with the
adult choir singers. And when,
in 1898, the jubilee of Queen
Victoria was celebrated, Mrs.
Jennings received a special
invitation from the director
of the Chicago Apollo Club to
sing with his trained vocalists
in the jubilee concert. In
England, as a young girl,
Mrs. Jennings learned and
sang all the famous oratorios
and much of the finest
church music, in connection
with various choirs and singing
societies.

Mrs. Jennings' voice, always
a deep, full alto, still does
fine service in giving body
to the choir tone of the
Church of the Annunciation,
where she has worshipped and
sung steadily for over ten
years.

OLD FAVORITES

O, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?

O, why should the spirit of mortal be
proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying
cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the
wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the
grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow
shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be
laid;
As the young and the old, the low and
the high,
Shall crumble to dust and together shall
lie.

The infant a mother attended had
laid,
The mother that infant's agonies
probed,
The father that mother and infant
watched,
Each, all, are away to that dwelling
rest.

The maid on whose brow the
check, in whom the
Shone beauty and pleasure, triumphs
are by;
And alike from the dust of the living
are raised.

Are the memories of portals why
loved her and played?
The head of the King, that the scepter
bath borne;
The brow of the priest, that the miter
bath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the
brave;
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the
grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow
and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his
goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of
his bread—
Have faded away like the grass that we
tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or
weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we
behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been
told.

For we are the same our fathers have
been;
We see the same sights our fathers have
seen;
We drink the same stream, we see the
same sun,
And run the same course our fathers
have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our
fathers did think;
From the death we are shrinking our
fathers did shrink;
To the life we are clinging our fathers
did cling;
But it speeds from us all like the bird
on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot
unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the
haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their
slumbers will come;

They joyed—but the tongue of their
gladness is dumb.
They died—ah! they died—we, things
that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over
their brow,
And make in their dwelling a transient
abode,
Meet the things that they met on their
pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and
pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and
rain,
And the smile and the tear, and the song
and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon
surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught
of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the pale-
ness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and
the shroud;
O, why should the spirit of mortal be
proud?
—William Knapp.

Almost Wrecked.

A clergyman who was totally
devoid of knowledge of seamanship
once preached to a congregation of
seafarers. Thinking to impress his
lesson upon his hearers more
distinctly, he pictured a ship
trying to enter a harbor
against a head wind. Unfortunately
for the success of his metaphor,
his ignorance of seamanship
placed the ship in several
singular positions.
"What shall we do next?" he
cried.
"Come down off the bridge,"
cried an old tar in disgust, "an
lunatic takes command, or you'll
ave us all on the rocks in
another art a secondly
Bare Momenta.

Well, Hardly Ever.
Faith—I wouldn't marry the
man in the world.
Hope—Of course not, you
goose, bridle, never marry the
best in Philadelphia Bulletin.

A QUEST

Long since, there lived a man reputed wise. (Some better things were said of him, some worse.) Who made his life a tireless quest to know The Why and Wherefore of the universe.

He wandered through solutions intricate, And old and new philosophers he read; This one converted, but another spake, And made his faith apostasy instead.

His life was girt with vain analysis, And subtle disputations held in thrall His soul, that wildly dreamed to overleap The mystery Life offers to us all.

But when Age left him twisted, gray, and worn, He felt the barren purpose of his quest, And longed to quite forget his mocking doubts.

And live his last, few, trembling days at rest.

But Death had watched him with a cruel eye— Had marked his shuffling step, his sight dim, And one still evening stood before his chair, And smiled half kindly, as he beckoned him.

He passed through a certain field of graves, And saw a stone of rather ancient date, Which bore these words, the last philosophy: "Of him whose life they thus commemorate—

"Here sleeps a man who sought to question God— Who conjured with the everlasting Why; Delved deeply into science, creeds and schools, And learned this truth—that Man is born to die."

—New York Sun.

Libby the Unloved.

LIBBY ANDERSON hung the discloth on its accustomed nail, and stood there surveying it. It was plain, from the way she looked, that she had determined to speak.

"Ma," she asked of the woman who was sitting before the little round stove, "what were those papers Dave put in his pocket, as I came in?"

"Some things he was showin' me."

"Ma," she asked, inquiringly, "you didn't sign anything, did you?"

"I didn't sign your name to anything." And the needles clashed again. She knew her mother too well to press further.

"I just couldn't understand Dave coming here this time of year," she ventured; "and I thought he acted queer."

The old woman was folding her knitting.

"I'm going to bed, and you'd better come along, too," was her reply.

A week went by, and although Libby had twice forgotten to feed the chickens, and had several times let the kettle burn dry, she was beginning to feel more settled in her mind.

She did up the work one morning and went to town.

Her first call was at the solicitor's, and here she heard the worst. Ma had assigned their home to Dave. She did not make any fuss; she was too old-fashioned for hysterics.

It was not until the old place came in sight that she broke down.

"It's not fair," she cried out, "when I've stayed here and worked—it's not fair!" And, for the first time in many years, she was crying—passionately crying.

It was a feeling of outraged justice that made her speak, for she was just a woman—the daughter of pa.

"Ma," she said, "do you think pa would like to think of your assigning the place to Dave, when I've stayed here and kept it up the best I could for twenty years?"

The old woman put down her knitting.

"La, now, Libby," she said, not unkindly, "don't take on. You'll never want for nothin'!"

Libby stood there looking at her.

"I think you don't realize what you've done," she said; and turned to the bedroom to take off her things.

It was not until the next month, the blustering month of March, that all was made clear. It was early in the afternoon when Libby looked from the window and saw a man coming in at the big gate.

"That friend of Dave's from the city coming, ma," she said.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Anderson, "and such a day as this!"

The stranger warmed his hands, and poured a number of pleasantities.

"Well, Mrs. Anderson," he said finally, "your son wants me to make a little proposition to you."

Mrs. Anderson looked pleasantly expectant.

"Dave's always makin' proposts," she chuckled.

There had been a good deal worried about this winter—afraid you'd just comfortable out here—

"All right," she said, "I'll always thinkin' of his mother."

"I've always thought," she asserted, and looked over to Libby.

"Well," he resumed, turning back to the older woman, "it worries Dave to think of your being out here alone now that you're getting along in years, so he's rented a nice little place in town and he feels sure it would be better all around if you'd just go in and take it."

"If that ain't for all the world like Dave—always some new idea in his head. But you just tell him, Mr. Murray, not to be botherin'. We don't want to move to town—do we, Libby?"

"Not if we can help it," she replied.

"Dave's been away from the place so long that he don't see just how 'it is,' ma," explained, "Libby and me wouldn't feel at home no place else."

"It's too bad you feel that way," he went on persuasively, "for Dave was so sure you'd like the idea that he's gone ahead and made all arrangements, and I'm afraid there might be a little trouble about unmaking them."

He turned to Libby.

"How soon do you think you could move? By the first of May?"

"I suppose so," she answered, in a dull voice.

April came, and for the fiftieth time the old woman watched the white give way to the green on the hills that curved in and out around her old home.

As long as she could, Libby let her have her dream. Her heart was not hard toward ma now. Ma had not understood. And Libby was glad she could have those few spring days before she was torn from the old home.

"Ma," she began one morning, "I think I will have to be packing up this week."

"Packing up what?"

"Why, don't you remember, ma, we're going to town the first of May?"

"Oh, la, Libby, I've give that up long ago! I'm going to die on the old place."

"But you know, ma, the arrangements have all been made. I'm afraid we'll have to go."

She turned to her crossly.

"There's no use to argue wi' me, Libby Anderson. I ain't goin'!"

"But what about Dave?"

"You can't just write Dave and say his mother don't want to leave the place. Dave won't have nothin' further to say."

She looked off at the meadowland as if it were all settled. Libby would have to tell her.

"Ma," she said, "it's no use to write to Dave."

"Why not?" she demanded, in a half-frightened, half-aggressive voice.

"He's sold the place, ma!"

"What's that you say? Something about Dave selling my place? Are you gone crazy, Libby?"

"You know you decided it to him, ma. It was his after you did that. And he's sold it, and we'll have to move out."

Hearing no answer, she turned around, and it was then she coveted Dave's gift of saying things smoothly. The old woman was crouched low in her chair, and her face was quivering and looked sunken and gray.

"I didn't think he'd do that," she faltered.

"Never mind, ma," Libby said awkwardly. "Poor ma."

It was the nearest to a caress that had passed between them since Libby was a little girl.

Nothing more was said until after ma had gone to bed. Libby supposed she was asleep, when she called quaveringly to her.

"Libby," she said, "you mustn't be thinkin' hard of Dave. He must have thought it for the best."

Libby was used to caring for ma, and she needed care now.

"Yes, ma," she answered; "I'm sure he must."

It was not until the morning of the fourth day that the silence between them was broken. Libby got up to take down the clock, when she heard a strange noise behind her, and, turning, she saw that ma's head was down low in her hands, and she was rocking passionately back and forward, and crying as though her old heart had broken.

She put down the clock, and again she wished for a little of Dave's sweetness of speech. But she did not have it, and the best she could do was to pull ma's chair out from the barren room into the sunshine of the porch. The hills, she thought, would still look like home.

Ma did not get up at all next day. Perhaps she was ill, or perhaps it was only that she did not want to go out in the sitting-room and see how unlike home it looked. But the next day she did not get up either, and then Libby went to town for the doctor. He said the excitement had weakened her, and did not seem very certain she would ever get up again. That night, Libby wrote a letter to Dave, asking him again to let his mother die on the old place. A week passed, and an answer had not come, and still ma had not left her bed. The packing was all done, it was the first of May, and she was just waiting—she did not know for what.

Her whole soul rose up against moving ma from the old place now, when her days were so surely numbered; and so she sent a telegram to Dave, telling him his mother was ill, and asking leave to stay a little longer. There came a reply from his partner, saying that Dave was away and would not be home for two weeks.

That night the old woman raised

herself and sobbed out the truth.

"It's Dave that's killing me! It's to think Dave sold the place and turned me out to die!"

And then the way opened before Libby, and she saw her path.

The disinherited child wrote a letter that night, and to it she signed her brother's name. Out in the world they might have applied to it an ugly word, but Libby was only caring for ma. She was a long time about it, for it was hard to put things in Dave's hand, and it was hard to say them in his silky way.

The doctor said next morning that it was a matter of but a few days at most, for ma was much worse.

"It ain't that I'm goin' to die," she said, when Libby came in and found her crying; "but I was thinkin' of Dave. I keep thinkin' and thinkin' of him when he was a little boy, and how he used to run about the place, and how pretty he used to look; and then, just as I begin to take a little comfort in rememberin' some of the smart things he said, I have to think of what he has done, and it does seem like he might have waited till—"

But the words were too bitter to be spoken, and, with a hard, scraping sound in her throat, she turned her face to the wall.

Libby put her hand to something in her pocket, and thought of last night's work with thankfulness.

About 11 o'clock she entered the room with the sheets of a letter in her hand.

"Ma," she said tremulously, here's a letter just come from Dave."

"I knew it'd come—I knew it!" And the old voice filled the room with its triumphant ring. Then there crept into her face an anxious look. "What does he say?"

"He's sorry about selling the place, ma. He really thought you'd like it better in town. But he's fixed it up for us to stay. He says you'll never have to leave the place."

"I knowed it—I knowed it well enough! You don't know Dave like I do. But read me the letter."

She did read it, and the old woman listened with tears—glad tears now—falling over her withered cheeks.

"You can just unpack our things," she cried, when it was finished, "and get this place straightened out. The idea of your packin' up, and think we was goin' to move to town! Nice mess you've made of it! Just as if Dave would hear of us leavin' the place. I always knowed you'd never precluded Dave."

Before morning broke ma was dead. Happy, because she had back her old faith in Dave—the blind, beautiful faith of the mother in the son, and Libby—the homeless and unloved Libby—was happy, too, for she had finished well her work of caring for ma.

FOOLS HIS HENS.

Timothy Varney, who lives three miles east of Le Sueur, and keeps about 200 hens, has been greatly troubled, as have most people who keep hens, by the persistent desire manifested by the fowls to sit, in season and out, on eggs, stones or door knobs or anything else that comes handy; but he has got hold of a plan now, which he has quietly tried this season with perfect success, and which he warrants will cure the worst light Brahms cluck that ever vexed the heart of man of all desire to sit, and all in less than three hours.

The cure consists of a cheap watch, with a loud and clear tick to it, included in a case that is white and shaped like an egg. When a hen manifests a desire to sit out of season he gently places this bogus egg under her sheltering breast and the egg does the rest. It ticks cheerfully away, and soon the hen begins to show signs of uneasiness and stirs the noisy egg around with her bill, thinking, perhaps, it is already time for it to hatch and there is a chicken in it wanting to get out. She grows more and more nervous as the noise keeps up, and soon jumps off the nest and runs around awhile to cool off, but returns again to her self-imposed duty. It gets worse and worse with her, and she wiggles about and cackles, ruffles her feathers and looks wild, until, at last, with a frenzied squawk, she abandons the nest for good and all. That incubating fever is broken up completely.

Mr. Varney finds use for half a dozen of these noisy eggs, and claims that they pay for their cost over and over during the year by keeping the hens at the business of laying and not permitting them to waste the golden hours in useless incubating.

What, Indeed?

"Tess—I think Hello acted rather shabbily in breaking her engagement to Jack Hargard. Tess—Well, he broke his arm. Tess—But, good gracious—Tess—Yes, good gracious! What was a dance with a broken arm?—Philadelphia Press.

When one of the town boys makes an out of town trip, it is not rare to find him with a broken arm.

A lawyer draws a line that he can't see.

Ma doesn't glare as much as Pa, Or make as big a fuss. But what she says is law is law, And when she speaks to us She's lookin' carelessly around, For something long an' flat, And when we notice it we're bound To be good after that.

So we ain't scairt o' Pa at all, Although he thinks we are; But when we hear Ma come an' call, No difference how far, We're away we answer quick, An' tell her where we're at, When she stoops down an' starts to pick Up something long an' flat. —J. W. Faler in New York Times.

Balinas.



Said Ann
"I'm feeling crusty—
I will eat this bit of
Yeast.
It ought to make my
spirits rise
To say the very
least!"

Hiding.

Little Peter hid from Paul,
In the corner of the house;
There he stood a long, long time,
Quiet as a little mouse.

On the other side the barrel
Little Paul from Peter hid.



Each expecting to be found
By the other little kid.

Mamma called quite loudly: "Oh,
Come to supper, Pete and Paul!"
But they stood and waited there
For each other—that is all.

What Will This Boast Do?
It is very easy to see by looking at
the picture just how this boast is made,
but it is not so easy to tell what it will
do. We will assume that the photo
shows exactly without fiction, and that
a good, strong wind blows steadily.
Now, what will the boat do? Will it
go forward, backward, or stand still?
It is not answered as easily as you



may at first think. Who saw that boat
at all? Of course the very easiest
way to find out is to make a boat and
try it.

The only part that might give you
any trouble is the propeller, and
that is not hard to make out.

Ma promises an' promises,
But never does a thing;
But what Ma says she does she
An' when I go to bring
Her slipper or her hair brush when
She says she'll dust my pants,
I think I could be better then
If I had one more chance.

Pa always says nex' time 'at he
Will have a word to say;
But Ma she is more apt to be
A-doin' right away.
Pa turns around at us an' glares
As fierce as he can look,
But when we're out of sight upstairs
He goes back to his look.

Ma doesn't glare as much as Pa,
Or make as big a fuss.
But what she says is law is law,
And when she speaks to us
She's lookin' carelessly around,
For something long an' flat,
And when we notice it we're bound
To be good after that.

So we ain't scairt o' Pa at all,
Although he thinks we are;
But when we hear Ma come an' call,
No difference how far,
We're away we answer quick,
An' tell her where we're at,
When she stoops down an' starts to pick
Up something long an' flat. —J. W. Faler in New York Times.

Reckon the
for days, month
Draw an ordin
Take it to the p
to get the cash,
Make neat and co
book and ledger.
Tell the number o
required for the par
Measure the pile of
shoes

Tell something about
health, and what to do in
agency.
Know how to behave in
society.
Have a good knowledge of
Have some acquaintance w
three great kingdoms of nature.
Have sufficient common sense
along in the world.

New Kind of Lamp.
A little country boy visited his aunt in the city and when he returned home his mother asked him what kind of lamps his aunt had. He said, "They don't have any lamps at all; they light the end of the towel rack." This is an actual experience and the boy is a relative of that little boy who, eating some pineapple for the first time and being asked his opinion of it, said: "I think it is a wooden lemonade." These bright and pleasing things coming from young America make wholesome reading.

Out of the Mouths of Babies.
Nellie (aged 5)—Mamma, do you really and truly love me? Mamma (a widow)—Of course I do, dear, Nellie—Then won't you please marry the man who owns the candy store?

Little Margie—Mamma, do you think grandpa has really gone to heaven? Mamma—Certainly, my dear. Little Margie—Well, I guess he sneaks once in a while to smoke his pipe.

"Willie," said the teacher, "what would you do if you had the goose that laid golden eggs?" "Why," answered the young schemer, "I'd make her an some of the eggs and hatch out more geese of the same kind."

Harry had been teasing his little sister, "Why, Harry," said his mother, "I'm surprised at you!" "Oh, that's nothing," replied the incorrigible youngster, "I'll be surprised if you ever quit being surprised at me."

"Now, sir," said the indignant mother to her naughty 5-year-old son, "I'm going to give you a good whipping." "If you'll cut it out, mamma," rejoined the diplomatic youngster, "I'll use my influence with papa to get you a new skinin' sack."

Old-Time Remedies.
Strange as it may seem to some, the ingredients of the witches' children in "Macbeth," at least a part of them, were once standard remedies among Europeans. In the tenth and eleventh centuries a sovereign cure for ague was the swallowing of a small toad that had been choked to death on St. John's eve, and a splendid remedy for rheumatism was to fasten the hands of clothing with pins that had been stuck into the flesh of either a toad or a frog. Physicians frequently recommended the water from a toad's brain for mental afflictions and that a live toad be rubbed near the diseased parts as a cure for the quinsy.

Our Girls Rest at Sea.
A ship's doctor who has made 100 voyages declares that the American girl does not become seasick so readily as her European sisters. The English girl is next in order of resistance, while the French girl succumbs most easily.

Child Weddings in India.
The custom of marrying they are more children of years, is disappearing rather gradually in Bengal and other India. The religious prohibition is becoming so obvious in India that it has been banned in several forbidden marriages of the courtiers.

No woman

MARSHALL

Teas, Coffees, Extracts, Baking Powders, etc.

Goods strictly First-Class.

New England handles G. U. Tea Co. goods, which are strictly high-grade.

Also, Sir Thomas Lipton's Coffees and Teas, known the world over.

See the **Wagon**, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Orders left at Simons's Candy Kitchen promptly filled.

226 Washington St., Hammononton

W. H. Bernshouse
Insurance Agent

Notary Public,
Commissioner of Deeds.

Office, 101 Railroad Ave.

Hammononton.

J. A. HOYLE. J. L. O'DONNELL

HOYLE & O'DONNELL,
Auctioneers.

Special Attention given
to House Furnishing Goods

Office, Real Estate Building

Hammononton, N. J.



Does your Chimney Smoke?

If so, let me put on one of our patent chimney tops that will stop it. Call and see them.

J. W. ROLLER
Bellevue Ave., Hammononton

UMBRELLAS REPAIRED and Recovered.
From 40 cents up.
Geo. W. Dodd.

The Peoples Bank
OF
Hammononton, N. J.

Capital, \$30,000
Surplus and Profits, . \$31,000

Three per cent interest paid on time Deposits.

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

R. J. BYRNES, President.
M. L. JACKSON, Vice-Pres't.
W. R. TILTON, Cashier.

DIRECTORS

R. J. Byrnes **M. L. Jackson**
O. F. Osgood **George Elvins**
Blair Stockwell **Wm. L. Black**
Wm. J. Smith **J. O. Anderson**
L. H. Parkhurst **W. R. Tilton**

Upholstering and Painting.

Wm. L. O'DONNELL
1115 Railroad Ave., Hammononton.

Schwartz's Greenhouse

12th St. and New Road.

Designs made up at shortest notice.

Patent glass and sash work.

And designs for bells, garden, etc.

EVERY CITIZEN

of Hammononton should be a member of the

Board of Trade.

Organized for the purpose of advancing the interests of Hammononton in all lines.

Membership fee, One Dollar per annum. Meets on second Tuesday evening each month, in Town Council Room.

H. M. PHILLIPS, Pres't.
DR. C. CUNNINGHAM, Sec'y.

THIS PAPER
is for sale every Saturday morning at
Henson's News Room
Back numbers can be had at the Republican Office.

Do you know all about paints?



R. M. CHASE
Sanitary Plumber and Gas Fitter

Over thirty years' experience in practical plumbing.
High-grade work specialty.
Postal orders receive prompt attention.
Stoves Repaired.
Fairview Ave., near Fourth St.
Hammononton, N. J.

Lyford Beverage
Notary Public

for New Jersey.
Breakfast, messengers,
and all the goods executed,
and that they are W. J.
at first. When.

Be sure and read the foot-notes.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (WEST JERSEY & SEASHORE R. R.)

Schedule in effect Oct. 4, 1904. Subject to change.

DOWN TRAINS.										UP TRAINS.									
Stn.	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.	Acc.	Ex.	Stn.	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.	Acc.	Ex.
4:30	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	4:30	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00
4:37	8:07	8:07	8:07	8:07	8:07	8:07	8:07	8:07	8:07	4:37	8:07	8:07	8:07	8:07	8:07	8:07	8:07	8:07	8:07
4:48	8:18	8:18	8:18	8:18	8:18	8:18	8:18	8:18	8:18	4:48	8:18	8:18	8:18	8:18	8:18	8:18	8:18	8:18	8:18
4:55	8:25	8:25	8:25	8:25	8:25	8:25	8:25	8:25	8:25	4:55	8:25	8:25	8:25	8:25	8:25	8:25	8:25	8:25	8:25
5:05	8:35	8:35	8:35	8:35	8:35	8:35	8:35	8:35	8:35	5:05	8:35	8:35	8:35	8:35	8:35	8:35	8:35	8:35	8:35
5:18	8:48	8:48	8:48	8:48	8:48	8:48	8:48	8:48	8:48	5:18	8:48	8:48	8:48	8:48	8:48	8:48	8:48	8:48	8:48
5:22	8:52	8:52	8:52	8:52	8:52	8:52	8:52	8:52	8:52	5:22	8:52	8:52	8:52	8:52	8:52	8:52	8:52	8:52	8:52
5:28	8:58	8:58	8:58	8:58	8:58	8:58	8:58	8:58	8:58	5:28	8:58	8:58	8:58	8:58	8:58	8:58	8:58	8:58	8:58
5:31	9:01	9:01	9:01	9:01	9:01	9:01	9:01	9:01	9:01	5:31	9:01	9:01	9:01	9:01	9:01	9:01	9:01	9:01	9:01
5:34	9:04	9:04	9:04	9:04	9:04	9:04	9:04	9:04	9:04	5:34	9:04	9:04	9:04	9:04	9:04	9:04	9:04	9:04	9:04
5:38	9:08	9:08	9:08	9:08	9:08	9:08	9:08	9:08	9:08	5:38	9:08	9:08	9:08	9:08	9:08	9:08	9:08	9:08	9:08
5:45	9:15	9:15	9:15	9:15	9:15	9:15	9:15	9:15	9:15	5:45	9:15	9:15	9:15	9:15	9:15	9:15	9:15	9:15	9:15
5:58	9:28	9:28	9:28	9:28	9:28	9:28	9:28	9:28	9:28	5:58	9:28	9:28	9:28	9:28	9:28	9:28	9:28	9:28	9:28
6:03	9:33	9:33	9:33	9:33	9:33	9:33	9:33	9:33	9:33	6:03	9:33	9:33	9:33	9:33	9:33	9:33	9:33	9:33	9:33
6:23	9:53	9:53	9:53	9:53	9:53	9:53	9:53	9:53	9:53	6:23	9:53	9:53	9:53	9:53	9:53	9:53	9:53	9:53	9:53
6:35	10:05	10:05	10:05	10:05	10:05	10:05	10:05	10:05	10:05	6:35	10:05	10:05	10:05	10:05	10:05	10:05	10:05	10:05	10:05

* Stops only on notice to conductor or agent, or on signal.
Evening express up, leaves Atlantic at 5:30, Hammononton 5:50, Philadelphia at 6:40.
Sunday morning express down leaves Philadelphia, 6:15, Hammononton 6:40, Atlantic 7:10.
W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass'g Traffic Manager.
Geo W. BOYD, Gen'l Pass'g Agt.

Atlantic City R. R.

Tuesday, Sept. 20, 1904. Subject to change.

DOWN TRAINS.										UP TRAINS.									
Stn.	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.	Acc.	Ex.	Stn.	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.	Acc.	Ex.
5:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	5:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00
5:12	9:12	9:12	9:12	9:12	9:12	9:12	9:12	9:12	9:12	5:12	9:12	9:12	9:12	9:12	9:12	9:12	9:12	9:12	9:12
5:19	9:19	9:19	9:19	9:19	9:19	9:19	9:19	9:19	9:19	5:19	9:19	9:19	9:19	9:19	9:19	9:19	9:19	9:19	9:19
5:27	9:27	9:27	9:27	9:27	9:27	9:27	9:27	9:27	9:27	5:27	9:27	9:27	9:27	9:27	9:27	9:27	9:27	9:27	9:27
5:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	5:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40
5:44	9:44	9:44	9:44	9:44	9:44	9:44	9:44	9:44	9:44	5:44	9:44	9:44	9:44	9:44	9:44	9:44	9:44	9:44	9:44
5:56	9:56	9:56	9:56	9:56	9:56	9:56	9:56	9:56	9:56	5:56	9:56	9:56	9:56	9:56	9:56	9:56	9:56	9:56	9:56
6:02	10:02	10:02	10:02	10:02	10:02	10:02	10:02	10:02	10:02	6:02	10:02	10:02	10:02	10:02	10:02	10:02	10:02	10:02	10:02
6:06	10:06	10:06	10:06	10:06	10:06	10:06	10:06	10:06	10:06	6:06	10:06	10:06	10:06	10:06	10:06	10:06	10:06	10:06	10:06
6:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	6:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19
6:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	6:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19	10:19
6:22	10:22	10:22	10:22	10:22	10:22	10:22	10:22	10:22	10:22	6:22	10:22	10:22	10:22	10:22	10:22	10:22	10:22	10:22	10:22
6:39	10:39	10:39	10:39	10:39	10:39	10:39	10:39	10:39	10:39	6:39	10:39	10:39	10:39	10:39	10:39	10:39	10:39	10:39	10:39
6:47	10:47	10:47	10:47	10:47	10:47	10:47	10:47	10:47	10:47	6:47	10:47	10:47	10:47	10:47	10:47	10:47	10:47	10:47	10:47
6:59	10:59	10:59	10:59	10:59	10:59	10:59	10:59	10:59	10:59	6:59	10:59	10:59	10:59	10:59	10:59	10:59	10:59	10:59	10:59
7:04	11:04	11:04	11:04	11:04	11:04	11:04	11:04	11:04	11:04	7:04	11:04	11:04	11:04	11:04	11:04	11:04	11:04	11:04	11:04

Morning accom. down leaves Phila. at 6:30, arriving at Hammononton 7:47.
Morning accommodation up leaves Hammononton at 6:55, reaching Phila. at 8:55.
Afternoon express down leaves Phila. at 2:00, Hammononton 2:42, Egg Harbor 3:54, and Atlantic 5:16.
Afternoon express up leaves Atlantic at 4:35, Hammononton 5:00, Phila. 6:05.
Evening express down leaves Phila. 5:00, Hammononton 5:40, arriving at Atlantic 6:10.
7:15, " 7:45, " 8:25.
Weekday night accom. down leaves Phila. at 8, reaching Hammononton at 9:16.
Sunday night express up leaves Atlantic 7:30, Egg Harbor 7:55, Hammononton 8:11, Philadelphia 9:00.
Sunday evening express down leaves Phila. 7:15, Hammononton 7:54, Atlantic 8:25.
Sunday morning express up leaves Atlantic at 10:15, Hammononton 10:40, Phila. 11:35.
A. T. DICK, Gen. Supt. EDSON J. WEEKS, Gen. Passenger Agent

Philadelphia Weekly Press
and the
South Jersey Republican
(two papers each week), for \$1.50 a year
to any address in this county, or \$1.75 outside.
Send subscriptions to this office.

LESTER PIANO

All over this broad land,
musicians praise the
Lester Piano because its tone resembles,
more than any other instrument,
the beauties of the human voice,
and it

LASTS A LIFETIME

Send for new illustrated catalogue and special easy payment plans.

F. A. NORTH & Co.

1808 Chestnut Street
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Look at our
Summer Shoes
and
Boots

JOHN MURDOCH
Bellevue Ave., Hammononton.

John Walther
the BLACKSMITH

WHEELWRIGHT
Has removed to the shop lately occupied by A. J. Heinecke, on the County Road, and is ready to do.
Any Work in His Line.

Baked Beans
and **Brown Bread**

every Saturday night
at
SMALL'S
Cor. Second and Bellevue,
Hammononton

PATENTS
50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
TRADE MARK DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Annual sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free of charge. We advise patentable cases, and secure for you the best protection. One moneyed note—no delay. Send a sketch and description to the nearest office of the American Patent Office, 100 Broadway, New York.