South Jersey Republican

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Pay for the S. J. R. to-day.

W. C. T. U.

The ladies have taken this space by the year, and are responsible for all that it may contain.

Science has established that alcohol destroys first and most those parts which are most delicate, and most recently developed. These are those wonderfully delicate brain-cells, upon the proper formation of which the difference between men and beasts chiefly depends.

These delicate structures are undeveloped in the very young child, or are only just beginning to unfold. The child is at first, therefore, deficient in speech, reasoning power, intellection, judgment, and all higher moral sensibilities which govern our thinking, feeling, and willing.

How the drunkard, by paralyzing these brain structures, can sink to the level of the animal, and lower, is well known. Whoever, then, gives wine and beer to a child, injures these delicate structures in their formation, and thoughtlessness, flightiness, passion, coarse sensuality, and all base characteristics attain domination.

PRESS SUPT.

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 6:30. Topic, "Missions: the missionary awakening. In my heart, my Church, Christ's Church everywhere." Rom. 13: 10-14. Led by Missionary Committee.

Y. P. S. C. E.,—Baptist Church: Meets Sunday evening, at 6:15. Topic, "Missions: the missionary awakening. In my heart, in my Church, Christ's Church everywhere." Rom. 13: 10-14. (Consecration.) Leader, Miss Hoyt.

Jr. C. E., Sunday afternoon at 3:00: Topic, "Make the best of things." Phil. 4: 4-7, 11, 12. Leader, Evelyn Gilbert.

Epworth League,—M. E. Church: Meets Sunday evening, at 6:30. Topic, "A great awakening in my heart, my Church, Christ's Church everywhere." Rom. 13: 10-14. Leader, A. L. Jackson.

Junior League on Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

Y. P. C. U.,—Universalist Church: Meets Sunday evening, at 6:30.

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

Church Notices.

Topics in the various Churches tomorrow will be as follows:

M. E. Church,—Rev. F. L. Jewett, Pastor. 10.30 A. M., "Conflict and victory." Responsive Psalm 9. 7.15 P.M., "The rich man and Lazarus." Evangelistic meetings continued every evening, excepting Saturday.

Baptist Church,—Rev. H. F. Loomis, Pastor. 10.30 A.M., "Religious tactics." 7.15 P.M., "Only two." Baptism at this service. Extra meetings every night during the week, except Saturday, with special music at each service.

DID YOU KEEP YOUR RESOLUTION?

Go and ask your printers.

The Price of a Drink.

"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?
"Five cents a glass," I hear you say,
"Why, that isn't very much to pay."
Ah, no, indeed; 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb;
And if that were all that you gave away,
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink? Let me decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,
And lies a groveling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast, to-day.

The price of a drink? Let that one tell
Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,
And feels within him the fires of hell.
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth,
Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame
High endeavor and noble aim,
These are the treasures thrown away
As the price of a drink, from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed
As over the bar the young man quaffed
The beaded liquor; for the demon knew
The terrible work that drink would do!
And ere the morning the victim lay
With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away;
And that was the price he paid, alas!
For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink? If you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go
Through that wretched tenement over there,
With dingy windows and broken stair,
Where foul disease, like a vampire, crawls
With outstretched wings o'er mouldy walls.
There poverty dwells with her hungry brood,
Wild-eyed demons for lack of food;
There shame, in a corner, crouches low;
There violence deals its cruel blow;
And innocent ones are thus accursed
To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all,
The sacrifice would indeed be small!
But money's worth is the least amount
We pay; and whoever will keep account
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follows the ruinous appetite.
"Five cents a glass!" Does anyone think
That that is really the price of a drink?

The County Sunday Schools.

To the Sunday School Workers of Atlantic County, N. J.

The work of another year is closed. Atlantic County Sunday School Association has completed its work and reports 82 schools in the County Association, with reports from 80.

There are 995 officers and teachers, 7,753 scholars, with a total enrollment including Home Department members of 9,234,—a gain of 1,348 over 1900.

391 have joined the church, a gain of 61. 57 of the schools contributed $114.83 toward county, state and international work.

The Spring conference was held at Central Church, Linwood; attendance was good. The addresses and conferences were helpful. Township associations were held, with one exception, and the meetings were means of social gatherings and exchange of methods of work.

There was much difficulty experienced in getting some of the reports. It is hoped that the officers will assist the Township and District Secretaries and make prompt reports.

The County Convention, held in First Presbyterian Church, Atlantic City, Nov. 8th, was a spiritual convention. The speakers were Rev. L. O. Manchester, Miss Josephine Baldwin, State Supt. Primary Work, Rev. J. W. Lyell, D. D., Rev. E. Morris Ferguson, and Rev. Hilliard Gage. The ladies of Atlantic City furnished entertainment in Odd Fellows Hall.

The plans for 1902 have been outlined by the President and Secretary at a conference held Dec. 13, 1901, and we ask for your prayers and co-operation.

We want an increase of enrollment; a home department in every school; more conversions among the scholars; a larger attendance at Spring conference and annual convention; two meetings held by each township organization; prompt report and liberal collection from each school toward county and state work.

The officers are anxious to accomplish better results this year than ever before attained. We will accept invitations to attend meetings throughout the county, and will give our services free of charge toward the advancement of the Sunday School work in Atlantic County.

We want your help. May we have it? Yours truly,

E. D. RILEY, Secretary.

GOOD Short Stories

Mark Twain tells a story of a man who received a telegram telling him that his mother-in-law had died, and asking: "Shall we embalm, bury, or cremate her?" Twain says he wired back: "Yes, and if these fail, try dissection."

Frederic Villiers, the well-known war artist and correspondent, declares he saw the following sign in a prominent hotel in an Australian town where water was scarce: "Please don't use soap when washing, as the water is required for tea."

Peter Cunningham was telling one evening where he had been dining and what he got. "We had a thing I never saw before—a soup made of calves' tails." "Extremes meet," was the remark of Douglas Jerrold, at that time the prince of wits in England.

Douglas Jerrold, the English wit, was once sitting with George Henry Lewis and a poet named Herald, who was something of a bore and a good deal laughed at. Lewes asked Jerrold: "Have you ever seen Herald's Descent Into Hell?" "No; but I should like to," tersely replied the wit.

An actor named Wright, who was once impersonating the First Gravedigger in "Hamlet," prepared to take the house by storm by incasing his person within a dozen or more waistcoats of all sorts of shapes and patterns. When about to commence the operation of digging the grave for the "fair Ophelia," Wright began to unwind by taking off waistcoat after waistcoat, which caused uproarious laughter among the audience. But as fast as he relieved himself of one waistcoat, Paul Bedford, who was playing the Second Grave-digger, incased himself in the cast-off vests, which increased the salvos of laughter, for as Wright was getting thinner Paul grew fatter and fatter. Wright, it is said, seeing himself outdone, kept on the remainder of the waistcoats and went on with his part quite crestfallen.

As a young man, Paul Kruger was regarded as an authority on psalm singing, and the farmers used to come to him to learn the key-note for starting the psalms at the next Sunday's service. Kruger, even in those days, was no believer in the policy of giving anything away—not even a note of music—so he had a uniform charge of a double-handful of dried peaches for his instruction. Even the fact that the work was in the service of religion did not deter him from resorting to strategy, for he made a point of giving each applicant a different note. The result when the pious Doppers attempted to raise their voices in sacred harmony next Sunday may be imagined. The result was that each man concluded he had lost the key, and had to return for a further lesson. "I nearly bankrupted them of their dried peaches," said the President.

A certain Congressman who had instructed his butler to say to all undesirable callers that he was in the bath and could not be seen, was recently visited by a constituent with a grievance to exploit. He called every day at the house, but no matter at what hour he presented himself he was invariably informed that the Congressman was bathing. "I must see him," he finally said one day to the servant; "my business is most important; I'll wait until he is through with his bath." "De's no use," replied the negro butler; "gen'leman done waited foh hours de udder day; he wa'n't through den." Whereupon the disappointed constituent is said to have written this upon his card: "You may succeed, if you persevere, in getting your body clean one of these days; but if you should spend the rest of your life in a bath-tub it would not purify your conscience or your political record."

Shop Rents in London.

With the gradual improvement in the Strand rents have been steadily advancing, but the prices realized by the shops under the new building of the Hotel Cecil appear to have touched the high-water mark.

There are in all twelve shops, and the applications for them have been numerous, and £800 and £900 a year will be paid for those of normal size and position, while £1,500 a year is the rent of the shop at the corner of the hotel entrance. Three shops are only twelve feet wide, but as much as fifty-six feet deep, and have a frontage both in the Strand and in the court yard of the hotel.

The same high rate prevails, even with the smallest shops. There are two such, measuring no more than nine feet three inches wide and eighteen feet deep, and yet a rent of £500 a year is being cheerfully paid for them. Nor are the leases long, being for the common periods of seven, fourteen and twenty-one years, determinable by the tenant at the end of every seven years.—London Mail.

We will admit that there are some people to whom we would never give flowers, unless it was to send them to their funeral.

CHEAP CITY LIVING.

ARCHITECT PRESENTS A VERY INGENIOUS IDEA.

Has Planned Comfortable Apartments for People of Limited Means—Here the Bachelor of Either Sex May Live Nicely in One Room.

"I have an anarchist friend," said the man who knows a good many people, "who has a design for an apartment house that will work a revolution in accommodations for those persons who cannot afford to have more than one room. He has fitted up an apartment in his own house as a sample, and it really promises amazing results. I was talking to him the other evening on the problem of city living for people of small means, bachelors and bachelor maids, and that kind principally, when he asked me to come with him and see what he had evolved on that line. We went up to his third floor—he is able to own a house of his own—and he ushered me into an apartment which was about twenty feet long and ten feet wide, with a fine large window at one end and a small door at the other. He asked me what I thought of it, and I looked around a minute to reach a conclusion.

"It was nicely carpeted. There was one chair, and there was a two-light chandelier about the center of the ceiling. The room was nicely papered on one wall and at the ends, but the opposite side wall was entirely wainscoted, as I thought. I told him it looked all right for a sitting-room for one, but added that its usefulness seemed to me to be somewhat restricted. He laughed and asked me if I really thought so, and going over to the wainscoting he turned up a little handle—really opened a door. It revealed a closet big enough to accommodate all the clothes an ordinary person would care to have. Below it there was a drawer for shoes and that sort.

"Then he went right on with his revelations, leaving me to stare at him. He turned down a nice bed similar to the sleeping-car variety, adjoining it was a chiffonier with half a dozen drawers in it and a glass at the top, the glass being concealed by a lid which dropped down, making a shelf for toilet articles. Beyond was a wash stand opening up in the same way, with water tank, bowl, slop jar and all. In another place was a door that fell down, making a small table, and revealing a cupboard where dishes and food might be kept; in still another, a similar lid dropping made a writing-table, and revealed space and shelving for a good-sized library with a book for inkpens and such things. A half-dozen leather-covered seats were hidden in the same way, ready to be pulled down for use, and behind each of them was shelving, the depth of the wainscoting being about two feet. Above the bed and elsewhere about the wainscoting were drawers and shelves, room for a trunk, and little cubbyholes for storing things, until really in that one wall, twenty feet long and ten feet high, was room for more stuff than nine-tenths of people have.

"I forgot to say that the inside of the high closet for clothes was a mirror 2 feet by 6 feet in size, and hung just right to see one's self in when he was ready to go out. I looked at the lay-out of household conveniences in amazement, and when he had shut it all up again, leaving the handsome, well-lighted sitting-room, I could scarcely realize that I was not in the home of a magician who touched the walls and brought forth what he wished. My friend told me he had more conveniences in mind for rather larger rooms, one being a shower bath to take the place of the wash stand. He said his idea was that this kind of a room could be used in houses of any kind, but he designed it especially for the apartment house of the future, where in small space a man or a woman might get some of the comforts of a home in a room that would cost only $45 a month rent, and still be a good investment for the real estate owner. The Lord only knows when that good time is coming," concluded the talker, "but thousands are waiting for it."—New York Sun.

Easily Pleased.

"Daughter, is your husband amiable?"

"Well, ma, he's just exactly like pa; when he gets his own way about everything he's just perfectly lovely."—Hebrew Weekly.

Proved He Was an Expert.

Cyclist—You must be an expert rider by this time?

Pedall—Well, I rather fancy I am. Knocked a man down at the crossing to-day.—Cyclist.

Cyclist—Well? I don't see the point.

Pedall—Don't you? If I hadn't been an expert rider I should have lost my nerve and dismounted.—Stray Stories.

"John," she said, "do you think you can afford a new gown for me?"

He looked at her sharply.

"Have you ordered it?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then," he said, with a sigh of resignation, "I can afford it."—Chicago Post.

AND THE BAND PLAYED ON.

How Charles Bellamy Played a Joke on the Springfield Republican.

Charles Bellamy, a brother of the late Edward Bellamy, of "Looking Backward" fame, and also proprietor of the Springfield, Mass., Daily News, in the way of recreation is fond of playing practical jokes on his friends. Here is one which he was responsible for and of which Samuel Bowles, the editor of the Springfield Republican, was the victim:

The latter had for several days kept up a strong editorial fire against the street musicians and their instruments of torture, the hand organ, the hurdy-gurdy and the squeaking violin. Mr. Bellamy consulted with several of his friends and in one corner of the Nayasset Club the joke was hatched. A committee was appointed to journey to the Italian quarter of the city and engage all the musicians and their instruments. They were all instructed to appear in front of the office of the Republican and to play continually in spite of all objections which should be made, and they were all well paid from the subscriptions which had been made up to carry out the joke.

Early next morning half a dozen hurdy-gurdies, as many hand organs and various other instruments were making things lively directly under the window of Editor Bowles' sanctum. The noise was deafening. The Italians soon discovered there was a joke under way and they entered into the scheme with increased spirit. From the window of a building opposite the plotters viewed the effect, and from one part of the town to the other the news of the "open-air convention of the Modern Order of Mendicant Musicians" was noised. Soon the neighborhood adjacent to the newspaper office suggested conditions on a circus day.

Face after face appeared at the windows of the editorial offices—faces adorned with beards, made gray with the time spent in studying and writing about nature, New York politics, Wall street finances and anti-imperialism. There was much gesticulating of arms to drive away the source of the agony. But each musician only stopped long enough to change a tune when he discovered that one of the others was playing the same one. All day long until dark the grind continued. But long before this time the editorial sanctums were empty except for the office boys, who enjoyed the music and their unexpected holiday.

The jokers and their aids carried the day, says the New York Times, and the town is still whistling the latest popular melodies.

SCARED THE BANK TELLER.

How a Black Cat Hoodooed His Cash Account at a Critical Time.

While eating his luncheon in the cozy corner of a downtown restaurant last Friday the teller of a New York bank told an interesting experience that he had had the day previous.

"I never had such a fright in my life before," he said. "When I left home in the morning I planned to have my wife meet me at the bank at 4 o'clock, when we were to start on a little spree—have a dinner at the Waldorf and attend the theater at night.

"I took a dress coat and wore a silk hat, so as to be all ready to start when she came. The hat was placed on a shelf above my window, and from the beginning I planned to be all ready when my wife called. I kept tab on my checks and my cash in such shape that but little time would be required to balance my accounts when we closed at 3 o'clock.

"Matters went along as usual, excepting that a black cat kept in the bank came to visit me shortly after luncheon, jumped on the shelf and knocked my hat down on my checks and cash. You know that black cats are supposed to bring bad luck.

"Well, 3 o'clock came, and I hurried with the closing of my accounts. As fate would have it, for the first time in weeks there was an error. I was $10,000 short. Then I was frightened. I went over everything again with the same result. Four o'clock and my wife came, and I could not account for the $10,000.

"I saw trouble, with a probable accusation of embezzlement. There was no leaving the bank with matters in that condition, so at it I went again—with the same result. Then I told the president of the situation, and he sent one of the bookkeepers to assist me. We went over everything, and yet the $10,000 could not be accounted for.

"My wife was patiently waiting for me, and when 6 o'clock came I devised to go with her to dinner, and come back afterward to renew the search for the error. I reached my hat from the shelf, and as I was placing it on my head out of it fluttered a check for $10,000. The black cat was responsible for all my trouble."

A Liner's Metal Work.

The boiler tubes on a liner, if placed in a straight line, would reach nearly ten miles, and the condenser tubes more than twenty-five miles. The total number of separate pieces of steel in the main structure of the ship is not less than 40,000.

MARRIAGE IN FRANCE.

More than Half the Men and Half the Women Unwedded.

It is a mere truism to say that the welfare of the individual, of society and of the state, is best served by marriage, and by early marriage, too, says Cyrus O. Adams in Alsalco's. The fact has been established for forty years that the death rate among all married men over 20 years of age is less than that among unmarried men, and that the death rate among all married women over 25 years of age is less than that among unmarried women. The home being the cornerstone of civilized life, society is enriched by the multiplication of homes and impoverished when they are not in normal proportion to the total population. Only within the last few years has world-wide attention been drawn to the startling fact that the well-being of a mighty nation is menaced by the predominance of celibacy. More than half the men and half the women of France are unmarried. The foreign immigration into France is to-day greater than the natural increase of its own people. The excess of births over deaths in any year among those many millions amounts to only about one-half the population of Newark, N. J. The result is that, while other nations of Europe are rapidly increasing in population, France is almost stationary. While a century ago French men comprised a fifth of the European population of the world, they now form only a tenth of it. The importance of their country as a world power is not growing. Their international commerce lags far behind that of other leading nations. How empty is the boast of orators that France will some day gloriously avenge Sedan when she can add only 300,000 conscripts a year to the army, while 500,000 recruits are annually enrolled across the Rhine! France is to-day an object lesson from which the whole world may derive warning and instruction on the questions of marriage and the family, those greatest of social influences."

HE WOULD NOT BE CAST DOWN.

Young Doctor's Hopefulness Stronger Than Dolefulness of Finances.

In West 125th street, New York, a hopeful young newborn, fresh from a post-graduate course at St. Luke's Hospital, opened an office eight or nine months ago. He had been engaged for some years to marry a Harlem girl, and the wedding bells were to peal just as soon as the doctor's income grew big enough to support a wife on. That time still seemed far distant. The girl had called for the hundredth time to see the office. He was still very sanguine; she inclined to be despondent. First of all he led her to the window looking out on 116th street. Electric cars whizzed east and west on the double track. Not far away the 8th avenue surface cars speeded north and south, and just above the Manhattan elevated railway received its stilted pathway.

"Grand location for an office, isn't it, Madge?" he exclaimed gleefully. "Thousands of people go by here every hour."

"I'd be better pleased, Dick," she replied with a sigh, "if fewer went by and more stopped to come in."

Not to be discouraged, Dick turned to the interior, and, pointing out a new chair that he had just bought on the installment plan, said:

"What do you think of that chair, Madge? Just the thing for my waiting room, don't you think?"

"Why, Dick," she replied, peevishly, "this is not your waiting room. You haven't got a waiting room for your patients. This is your office. I declare, you treat me as if I were a child. Waiting room, indeed!"

"Oh, well," exclaimed the unabashed Dick cheerily, says the New York Tribune, "it's the room where I wait for my patients, isn't it?"

Prominent People.

"Is young family prominent in the neighborhood?"

"Well, I guess! My father's in jail, me little sister broke her arm, an' I got do mumps."

Giving Him the Turn-Down.

He—Now, don't bother to help me on with my coat.

She—It's no bother. It's a pleasure.—Town Topics.

One Opinion.

"What's your individual? What's he growling about, anyway?"

"Oi he complains that he hasn't got what he deserved in this world."

"I should think he'd have cause to rejoice on that account."—Philadelphia Press.

Keeps the Soap Rigid.

When a cake of soap begins to slide around in the shaving cup it makes it difficult to obtain a good lather, and the owner is apt to replace the cake with a new one before the old one is half used. It is to prevent this waste and retain the soap until it is almost used up that the invention shown in the illustration has been designed. The binding plate which presses against the surface of the cake of soap is made of porcelain preferably, although aluminum may be utilized, and to insure a perfect fit around the outer edge a rubber packing ring is fitted in a groove on the edge. The tendency of the water to soften the outer edge of the cake is prevented by this plate, as the contact of the brush is limited to the small openings, but sufficient soap for a good lather is easily obtained, and as the soap wears beneath the openings the plate is turned to a fresh position and pressed lower in the cup to hold the cake in place. George M. Muller, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the inventor.

Satisfied with Themselves.

The Haitian loves to play at being a soldier. He delights in uniforms and gold lace, military titles and display. Let his neighbor, San Domingo, to push the frontier between the states farther and farther to the westward without offering the slightest objection. Here is a conversation reported by Hesketh Prichard between three colonels of Haitians, clad respectively in blue, green and pink uniforms thickly netted over with gold lace:

"General," remarks the blue one.

"What, my general?" respond the others.

"I am tired. But the review of to-day! What a spectacle!"

"O-ho!" cries the pink general. "Assuredly a great spectacle!"

"Without question," says the green general, "the most magnificent spectacle that one could imagine."

"I was much interested," remarks the Englishman.

"Our army is composed of brave men," says the blue.

"Our troops are the finest in the world. Do you not think so, monsieur?"

"I have seen none like them," agrees the Englishman, with caution.

"The army of Haiti has never been conquered. The French were here; we drove them out. The English fought with us; where are they? But we—we—we are here always. We have never been conquered."

This was the pleasure of the pink general, and the others agreed.

Women Doctors in Turkey.

Among the peasants of Turkey almost all the doctoring is still done by women. In Constantinople there are laws against these sealers, but they flourish nevertheless.

It requires no experience to dye with Diamond Dyes. Simply boiling your goods in the dye is all that is necessary. Sold by all druggists.

The Laplanders average four feet eleven inches in height, and are the shortest people in Europe.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured.

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, price, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A sea anemone taken from the Firth of Forth in 1829 lived and flourished in captivity until 1887.

Only a nuisance will quarrel with the statement that every man works for a living. Those who do not are the exceptions proving the rule, and they are exceedingly unhappy. And no man works harder than the millionaire, to whom the eight-hour law affords no relief whatever. The extreme penalty of financial law has been imposed upon him—he is sentenced to financial servitude for life.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

New Zealand's nearest neighbor is Australia, 1200 miles away.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, soften the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Auckland, the most important town in New Zealand, has 60,000 inhabitants.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Slippery customers are often to be found in shoe stores.

All Surprised.

Bessie—I was surprised when Mr Dashleigh asked me to marry him.

Tessie—Everybody else was!—Olde State Journal.

People differ as to what's good; some men like a dirty old pipe.

MUTE WITNESSES.

The soft lamp gilds my desk to-night;
My books stand all a-row,
I turn them over, and to my sight
They seem to sorrow so!

The ancient rhymes of love and death,
That were such comforters,
Seem to know some living breath
That all about them stirs.

Story and fable, quaint and good,
They speak so bitterly!
Not as the hand that penned them would
That they should speak to me.

A little comment scribbled fine,
A finger print, a bit
Of folded paper at some line,
Tells how we talked of it.

Alike the poet and the sage,
Gold-edge and russet-brown—
A penciled word upon a page,
A corner folded down!

The glamor of the verse is flown;
The cut leaves seem to bleed.
In the dim light I read alone
The books she loved to read.

Reality, Not Acting.

"WON'T you give us some of your acting this evening, dear Mrs. Sterling?"

Through the window we could see the rain sweeping over the lawn, as it had never ceased to do for the last forty-eight hours, and my guests lounged about the big, uncomfortable hall in various stages of ennui.

They had been discussing the vital question of how the evening was to be got through. Music, suggested by our Wagner enthusiast; dancing, by the waltzing girl, had been gloomily rejected. And then suddenly, as though smitten by an inspiration, the little blonde widow had turned on me, and burst out:

"Now, you give us some of your acting to-night, Mrs. Sterling?"

The truth was, in the days of her maidenhood, the wife of Hen. Felix Sterling had toured three years as leading lady of a provincial comedy company. And now, she still occasionally amused her friends with such amateurings of the histrionic art as she possessed.

"O, yes. Please act for us!" came in a chorus from all parts of the hall. And young Charlie Fleetwood excitedly sprang up and offered to improvise a temporary stage if I would consent to perform it.

I would not make any rash promises and the subject was still under discussion when tea was brought in, and with its fragrant presence carried our thoughts away from things theatrical to the more important matter of satisfying the cravings of physical nature.

* * * * * * *

Over the sodden lawn, battling with the wind and rain, half a dozen eager-looking men advanced and steered straight for the entrance porch.

We watched their progress in mild surprise, and then suddenly my curiosity was whetted by recognizing the foremost of the six as one of the keepers at the big lunatic asylum which stands, grim and silent, about a league from Winston lodge.

This man—a burly, hard-faced Yorkshireman—asked to see Mr. Sterling. My husband lazily rose and went with him to the door.

The keeper immediately commenced to talk to him in a loud, excited voice—so loud, in fact, that we could not avoid overhearing part of what he said. And that had the effect of throwing my guests into something like a panic, for the keeper spoke of a lunatic who had escaped from the asylum that morning after nearly murdering an attendant. The lunatic was still at large, and had been seen, not half an hour ago, lurking in a plantation near our house.

"Hadn't we—hadn't we better have all the doors locked and bolted?" the waltzing girl suggested, with a shudder.

"What sort of a chap is he?" we heard Felix asking the keeper.

"Tall chap, sir. Thin, snow-white hair, face deathly pale, eyes like fire."

"Dimple! No, we have not seen or heard anything of him. If we do, we will let you know at once."

* * * * * * *

"Well, have you prepared your program for to-night, Mrs. Sterling?" Charlie Fleetwood asked when we met in the dining-room.

"Don't ask questions!" I answered. "Let it be a pleasant surprise for you."

Afterward both question and answer proved to have a strange significance.

We were sitting in the drawing-room after dinner. Felix was talking to the blonde widow about a curious book of heraldry he had been reading. He said he would show her the volume in question, and rose to go to the library to fetch it.

"Now, Winston lodge, which we have been accustomed to take each year for the shooting season, consists of an imposing central pile, with two long wings extending east and west. The house was too big for our requirements; consequently we occupied only the center and the west wing. But it was into the east wing that my husband had now gone, the library being there.

He had scarcely left the room when I recollected that the book he wanted was not in the library at all; and, to save him the futile task of looking for it, I ran after him.

I crossed the hall and plunged down the narrow corridor leading to the east wing. My course was unillumined, save for the dim moonlight that penetrated the mullioned windows; but I knew my way well enough, and marched along without hesitation.

I passed through the lofty picture gallery. Out into a second passage I dashed, and smelling of musty tapestry, suddenly, as I was groping my way along, I saw a slight movement in front of me; and there, but a few feet away, stood a gray, silent human figure.

"Felix, is that you?" I said. And I won't be positive that there was not the suspicion of a quiver in my voice.

There came no answer to the question, and the figure commenced to glide down the passage.

Without waiting to get thoroughly frightened, I followed it, quickening my pace a little. The mysterious form did the same.

Along and along we went, twisting and turning among the labyrinth of passages, and then at last, coming round a sharp corner, there was a shaft of light through a half-open door—the door of the library, where my husband was.

I darted forward, feeling quite brave, now that I was in the vicinity of Felix. But I was too late. The form glided into the room, silently closing the door, and I heard the key turning in the lock.

I tried the door. It was securely locked. A few yards down the passage, high up in the wall, was a small window looking into the library. Directly underneath it was a heavy oak table. On to that table I scrambled, and glued my eyes to the dust-dimmed pane.

"Felix! Felix, turn around! Look! Those were the words I shrieked as I dashed my hare brand through the window, and withdrew it, bleeding.

And my warning was not a moment too soon. As my husband knelt in a corner over a pile of books, the tall, white-haired figure was already close on him, an upraised, weighted stick in his hand, the raging fire of insanity gleaming in his eyes.

But I was just in time. On hearing my voice my husband sprang around, caught the descending stick on his arm, and closed with his adversary in a fearful life and death struggle.

With a cry of encouragement to my husband, I sprang down, hunched up my skirts, and raced back along the passage. I ran as I never had run before. I knocked against furniture in the darkness; I stumbled and fell, but still, impelled by a supernatural force, I rushed on.

I must have looked a remarkable figure as I rushed in amongst my guests. My hand was bleeding, and the blood had stained my white evening gown. My hair was half down, my dress was torn. But what did appearances matter to me?

"The madman?" I gasped, panting for breath. "The escaped madman! He has got into the east wing, and Felix—my husband—. We must burst the door open. Come! Come!"

All eyes were turned upon me, but not a soul offered to move.

"Don't you understand me?" I cried, wringing my hands in my impatience. "There is not a moment to lose. My husband is fighting for his life! Why don't you come? Mr. Fleetwood, you hear me? Have pity—have pity!"

I sprang to Charlie Fleetwood and strove to drag him from the room by main force. What diabolical spell possessed them all that they were indifferent to my appeal? It all seemed like a horrible dream unreal, grotesque.

"You will be too late!" I screamed, in a perfect frenzy. "Felix will be dead strangled by that madman's fingers strangled, strangled!"

I began to reel, clutching desperately at the air. And then, of a sudden, a strange, half-remembered sound rippled through the room—a sound terrible to listen to at first, yet giving me in the end an inkling of the truth.

It was the sound of hands clapping in applause. They thought I was acting!

I stormed and raved and shrieked as surely no actress could or would. I entreated and implored and struggled the while with the feeling of faintness and nausiness that was steeling over me.

And then at length seeing that my efforts to make them understand were utterly useless, I suddenly stopped and

"YOU WILL BE TOO LATE!" I SCREAMED.

"Dimple" Felix, turn around! Look!

"Dimple" Felix, turn around! Look!

"Dimple" Felix, turn around! Look!

"Dimple" Felix, turn around! Look!

"Dimple" Felix, turn around! Look!

"Dimple" Felix, turn around! Look!

"Dimple" Felix, turn around! Look!

"Dimple" Felix, turn around! Look!

"Dimple" Felix, turn around! Look!

"Dimple" Felix, turn around! Look!

summoned up a smile as I listened to their applause and congratulations.

Somehow or other I induced them to follow me from the room, telling them that I had something to show them in the east wing—a further entertainment, which my husband and I had prepared. Their curiosity was whetted and they consented to dawdle along behind me, laughing and chattering the while.

Only when they heard that last despairing cry of Felix did Fleetwood and one or two of the other men begin to gain a glimmer of the truth. It was with ever-increasing alarm that they hurried forward and tried to force the library door, and, finally, using the oak table as a ram, burst it open.

I have a vague memory of looking into the room and seeing several persons there and a struggle going on. I can recall the sight of Felix running out, pale and limping, but smiling, and of his holding out his arms to me. I went to meet him, and then—I swooned.—Utica Globe.

DIDN'T SELL HIS PLUNDER.

Dealer Recognized a Stolen Volume and Restored It to Owner.

It was an old bookshop. A man came in and offered for sale an odd copy, one volume of a rare book, which, when complete, is much sought for by collectors. He was a slovenly dressed, illiterate person, with a peculiar hangdog expression. His offer was not taken and he departed with the book under his arm.

"Do you think that was a stolen book?" a favored customer asked of the wisehead of the place, according to the New York Mail and Express.

"No; probably not. My experience of book thieves is that they are—more often than not sleek, well-favored individuals. One of the most audacious I ever encountered during a good many years in this business was a fellow who came in here one morning, large as life, and offered me Vol. II. of Dibdin's Bibliophiled Decameron.' It was a book which I happened to know belonged to a gentleman in Chicago, who knew books when he saw them—Gen. McClurg.

"I took the book and looked it over, made some talk about the price he asked—for it—a trifling price, too—and at last asked him to look in about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and I would let him have my answer. Then I made the wires hum to Chicago. I had details from Gen. McClurg all in hand before my smart book peddler arrived. He sauntered in as if he owned the shop and inquired:

"'Well, have you decided to buy my book?'

"'No,' said I.

"'Perhaps my tone of voice made him restless, for he spoke rather quickly as he said: 'Where is it? I'll take it along, then.'

"'No, you won't,' said I. That book is going back to Gen. McClurg by express as soon as I can get time to do it up properly to send. If you want to explain how you got it to a policeman—' But by that time he was up and out, and shaking the dust of my place from his shoes as fast as he could."

MILITARY CAMP IN SIBERIA.

How the Russians Pitch Their Tents—Sturdy and Happy Men.

On the Sunday morning when all the church bells were clanging and good Blagovestchensk folks were hastening, armed with prayer books, to worship, I took a solitary walk along the Amur side. On the way I passed through the camp where are stationed some 3,000 soldiers. It was well situated near a wood. The officers' quarters were of timber, painted white, and there were scraggy gardens in front. There were great long sheds for the troops, but most of the men were under canvas.

Their tents were pitched on quite a different plan to that adopted by British troops. There was first built up a square of sods, not unlike a sporting man's shelter you see on the moors at home, with an entrance on one side. On the top of this was fixed the tent, which was really a sort of square canvas lid which would throw the rain beyond the bank. In each were six beds and there was plenty of room to stand up. At every point was a soldier on guard, bayonet were continuously rounding, officers and their orderlies were galloping about. "Foreign" was, of course, stamped all over me, and, although I received many curious glances, I strolled where I pleased, with never a word of kind once.

These Russian white-bloused Tommies were just as "larky" as their red-jacketed friends at Aldershot, says a correspondent of the London News. In one or two places men were plu out in parade, but most of them were spending their Sunday as they pleased. Around some of the tents came the bleat of accordionas and young fellows were laughing and singing. Then I came across a group having wrestling matches; next some young fellows were testing their jumping powers, then groups squatted in the shade of the trees smoking and gossiping. I must say that they were all sturdy, well set and healthy men, clean and neat, and quite happy.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

Lively Game for Indoors.

The painter, and the colors is an amusing indoor game. The leader is the painter. The rest of the players are colors, each taking a name—orange, blue, green, etc.—to which he must respond directly it is mentioned. Beyond this there are four words which must be answered in various ways.

When the painter names the palette, all except the painter cry out, "Colors, colors!" When he speaks of colors in general, all cry, "Here we are!" When of his pencil, the answer exacted is, "Brush! brush!" Finally, when he names turpentine, general consternation is excited and the colors with one accord exclaim, "Help, help!"

Any "color" mentioned by name must immediately name another "color" of the party. The latter replies simply, "Here, sir." Any mistakes or hesitation in giving replies is punishable by a forfeit.

Here is an example of the game:

Painter—I am commissioned by my noble patron, the Marquis of Carabas, to paint a picture of Hamlet and Ophelia. I have made my design and shall begin to set my palette.

All the colors—Colors! Colors!

Painter—I intend astonishing the critics by the brilliance of my colors.

All—Here we are!

Painter—I can't employ you all at once—too heavy a task for a single pencil.

All—Brush! Brush!

Painter—Silence, or I'll exterminate you with a dose of turpentine!

All—Help! Help!

Painter—Be quiet, or I won't employ one of you! I'll begin with the eyes of Ophelia. They ought to be black. (If the painter names a color not in the collection he pays a forfeit.)

Black—Green! Green!

Green—Here, sir!

Painter—No. She was called "the fair Ophelia." Her eyes must have been blue.

Blue—Orange! Orange!

Orange—Here, sir!

Painter—As she was in trouble, her cheeks ought to be pale, almost white.

White—Purple and cherry color!

Purple and cherry (together)—Here, sir!

Painter—All the colors—

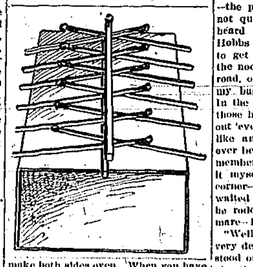
All—Here we are!

Painter— —of the rainbow shall be employed, etc.

And so the game goes on, another member of the party taking the place of the painter when one of them makes a mistake.

An Amusing Match Trick.

Procure a box of matches, out of which select 14 as perfectly cut as possible. Take one of these and lay it on the match box, placing it so that one of the ends protrudes over the edge as shown in the accompanying illustration. They lay 12 matches across it in the manner shown, being careful to



make both sides even. When you have done this lay the fourteenth match right on the top of the bottom one, only it will not rest on the latter, but on the 12 upper ones, being careful not to let it protrude over the edge of the box. Then carefully catch hold of the bottom match, lift it gently, and if you have done the trick correctly you will find that you have been enabled to lift 13 matches with one.

An Expensive Fruit.

A very curious fruit has been discovered growing wild in Batavia, and a sample has been sent to a French professor of botany at Paris. It appears to be a species of bean, resembling a cigar both in form and color, though only about an inch in length. But it has a peculiar characteristic that renders it a very unique and interesting object, and this is the exceedingly energetic manner in which it scatters its seeds. If one of these little fruits be thrown into a basin of water, it will rest quietly on the surface for from two to five minutes, then it will explode with violence, hurling most of its contents into the air with a noise and force for all the world like a small torpedo. It is hardly necessary to say that this phenomenon is caused by the pressure of the elastic substance of its interior, which overcomes the resistance of its hard outer shell.

The fruit usually splits open lengthwise. If plucked before maturity and allowed to ripen in a warm spot, it opens gradually from apex to base, making, as it were, a pair of diverging horns starting from the same point. If left to ripen on the plant, since the process is quicker and the internal moisture greater, the opening is sudden and accompanied with a slight noise, though this is much less than that which takes place when it has been placed in water. In this case the dry but porous tissue of the surface of the fruit quickly absorbs the liquid, especially at the grooves caused by the junction of the two valves or outer shells of the fruit. The internal tissue, being very elastic, exerts upon the latter a tension that soon results in the violent bursting already described. The curious property of explosion is given the little plant for the dissemination of its seeds, which would otherwise stand a poor chance of propagating its species.—Montreal Witness.

Papa's Idea of Heaven.

"Mamma," said small Tommy, "hasn't papa got a queer idea of heaven?"

"I'm sure I don't know, dear," replied his mother. "Why do you think he has?"

"Because," answered Tommy, "he said the two weeks you spent at grandma's seemed like heaven to him."

Wanted the Lord to Persevere.

Much to the astonishment of her mother a little 4-year-old miss recently concluded her evening prayer as follows: "Please, Lord, make me a good girl, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Financier in Embryo.

Mamma—Now, Willie, here's your medicine, and here's the dime your papa left to pay you for taking it.

Willie (aged 5)—Mamma, you take the medicine and I'll give you half the money.

Ethel's Moist Eyes.

One day little Ethel was watching her father grating horseradish, when she suddenly exclaimed: "I can't watch you any longer, papa; it makes my eyes sweat."

A New Definition.

"Mamma," said little Willie, as he watched her transforming one of his father's old coats into a new one for himself, "is that what they call a cutaway coat?"

WINTER FUN IN THE OLD DAYS.

Reminiscences of Good Times Boys Used to Have.

"Boys don't see fun in winter nowadays, as we used to," an elderly farmer-lawyer, or lawyer-farmer, maintained. "Why, when I was a boy, out in the country, we used to set snares and catch as many as twenty rabbits every night. I remember one prank I played with rabbits' heads about that time. My uncle had a blacksmith's shop and I had to work nearly all day in it just making horseshoe nails—awfully tiresome work for a boy who would rather be out in the woods setting rabbit snares.

"One day I had thirty rabbits' heads—the proceeds of two nights' snares; not quite as many as usual. I had heard my uncle say that Farmer Hobbs was coming in the afternoon to get his horse ready to shod. So at the noon hour I slipped off down the road, out of sight of the shop, taking my bag of rabbits' heads with me. In the road I made a big pyramid of those heads, the long ears all sticking out every which-way. It didn't look like anything that human eyes had ever beheld—it rather scared me, I remember, although I knew I had made it myself. Then I hid in the fence corner—old rail fence, mind you—and waited for Farmer Hobbs. I knew he rode a rather skittish little black mare—Kitty.

"Well, sir, Kitty came pacing along very decently, and all of a sudden she stood on her hind legs and pawed the air, then jumped off the road sideways, then whirled around and tried to run away. Farmer Hobbs had a hard time of it. He whipped Kitty and he said bad words at her, but go ahead she wouldn't and didn't. He had to dismount, tie her to the fence—the very corner behind which I crouched, snickering in a whisper. Then he walked up the road to the rabbit monstrosity, which he inspected and then kicked all to pieces, saying more bad words. Even then he couldn't lead the mare past the scattered rabbits' heads, so he had to tie her up again, until he had picked them all up and hidden them in the woods.

"Of course," continued the farmer-lawyer, according to the Detroit Free Press, "I slid off through the bushes and was hard at work making horseshoe nails long before he got to my uncle's shop."

Could Not Stand Cigarettes.

An educated Indian girl has left her husband and returned to savagery because he would persist in smoking cigarettes. How curiously does the feminine mind work!—Buffalo Express.

The Republican.

[Entered as second class matter.]

SATURDAY, JAN. 25, 1902.

Who Shall Supply Water?

Next Wednesday, Jan. 29th, is the day appointed for the special election, when all legal electors in the Town of Hammonton will have an opportunity to vote *for* or *against* "The adoption by this Town of the provisions of an act entitled 'An act to enable towns to supply the inhabitants thereof with pure and wholesome water,' and a proposition to bond the Town in a sum not to exceed Thirty Thousand Dollars ($30,000), to carry out the provisions of said act."

The regular Election Board will conduct the election, polls will be open from six o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening, at the usual place in each precinct. Official envelopes and tickets (which the law requires) are already provided, and the usual revision of the registry lists was made on Tuesday last.

Now, why all this trouble and expense? Just this: our Town Council have long been convinced that Hammonton needs more protection in case of fires than is afforded by private wells and few scattered public cisterns.

Twice have they granted a water franchise to companies who promised to provide sufficient water, with mains in the public streets; but in each case the parties failed to keep their agreement, because no capitalist would invest money in the enterprise unless the Town agreed to buy and maintain a certain number of fire hydrants. These would cost the Town from $1200 to $1500 every year, and more as the pipe lines were extended and the number of "plugs" increased. Council has the power to make such a contract, and taxpayers would be compelled to pay the bills; but they hesitated to do so, believing that it would be better for the Town to own and operate the plant, receiving rent from private consumers, and using as few or many plugs as were deemed desirable.

This matter has been persistently agitated for years, until now, by the Council's action, and a vote at special Town meeting, the question will be finally and legally settled, whether the Town shall suppy water or pay others to do so.

It is currently rumored that some voters, who reside beyond the proposed line of water-pipes, will vote against the proposed bonds, because they will not be benefitted. To these we will say that properties within said piped territory pay more than half of the taxes every year, including highway tax. Few of these men have teams, yet without a murmur see a large proportion of their taxes used to build and maintain roads which are mostly used by those who call themselves "outsiders."

This is too small a community to have divided interests. Every building destroyed by fire deducts its value from the taxable property in town, and adds just that amount to others. A fire might quickly destroy fifty thousand dollars' worth in the business section, and the consequences be seriously felt by other tax payers.

We hope to see all sectional feeling dropped, next Wednesday, and a good majority of votes cast in favor of public water-works.

Men with experience in the business say that in five years the water rents will bring a handsome profit to the owner,—whether the Town or a private company.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, JAN. 25, 1902.

Mail Time.

Mails will close at the Hammonton Post Office as follows:

—LEAVE—	
DOWN	UP
9:10 A.M.	7:10 A.M.
5:35 P.M.	12:20 P.M.
	3:50
—ARRIVE—	
8:56 A.M.	7:25 A.M.
9:22	4:10 P.M.
5:48 P.M.	

☞ Council meeting to-night.

☞ Miss Lurene Campbell is visiting Hammonton friends.

☞ Chronothanatoletron, Feb. 11th, Universalist Church.

SMALL sitting-room Stove for sale. 218 Washington St.

☞ Vote for public water-works to be owned by the Town.

☞ John A. Dodd spent last Sunday with friends in Hammonton.

☞ Rev. W. K. McKinney spent this week at Princeton Junction.

SEVEN ROOM HOUSE for rent, near the station. First-class condition. 218 Washington St.

☞ Vote, next Wednesday, and vote in favor of the proposed water bonds.

☞ Don't miss the Chonothanatoletron in the Fasnacht Klatch, Feb. 11.

☞ There will probably be baptism to-morrow night, in the Baptist Church.

WOMAN WANTS WORK by the day or hour. Good washer and ironer, baker and house cleaner. Very neat and clean. Address Box 22.

☞ Rev. Henry T. Taylor visited friends in Haddonfield and Camden, last week.

☞ The Postmaster has added a new writing desk in the north window of the Post-Office.

☞ Twenty cents takes you to the Fasnacht Klatch, Feb. 11th, in the Universalist Church.

GOOD working Horse for sale cheap. W. B. SCOTT, Main Road.

☞ Don't be a clam, and lie becalmed while the world moves on over you. Vote for progress.

☞ While chopping wood, Wednesday afternoon, B. C. Ordis cut his foot badly, nearly severing a toe.

☞ Rev. H. E. Lesh, of Boston, will occupy the Universalist pulpit to-morrow morning and evening.

ORGAN WANTED. Must be good, and cheap. "Organ," this office.

☞ John W. Stokes was up from Atlantic on Wednesday. He looks well, and is pleased with his position.

☞ E. Cordrey, of Elm, announces an auction sale of household goods and farm tools, on Wednesday, Feb. 5th.

☞ Pension-day, Tuesday, Feb. 4th. Comrade Beverage will be in the office opposite the Post-Office all day, to execute vouchers.

DEAD HORSES BOUGHT—at $1.25 each; Live horses up to $4. DAVID A. PERINA, Middle Road. Formerly John Miller's farm.

☞ Special services will be held in the Baptist Church every evening next week except Saturday. Attractive music will be provided.

☞ A very heavy rain and wind storm visited us on Tuesday night. It was force for several hours, and an immense quantity of rain fell.

☞ Mrs. Cullamore, an aged lady known to many, died at the residence of her son-in-law, Scott Doerr, and was buried on Tuesday, Rev. F. L. Jowett officiating.

NOTICE. Taxes not paid on or before Jan. 31st will be returned to the County Clerk and filed as a first lien on the property, with additional costs. A. B. DAVIS, Collector.

☞ That picture entitled "Longing for Home," offered by druggist Rogers, was won by Mr. Bennett, a frequent visitor in Hammonton, residing in Wilmington, Del.

☞ I hereby tender my thanks to Doric Lodge, Shield of Honor, and to all those who assisted me, for kindness and sympathy during my recent bereavement. ELLEN MCNANEY.

☞ On Tuesday, as A. E. Millard was caring for his horse, in the barn, he attempted to cross to the opposite side of the stall, when his horse stepped back suddenly, his leg striking Mr. Millard's left knee, dislocating the knee-cap, displacing it badly. It is a painful injury, and takes a long time for recovery. Dr. Crowell is attending him.

ADVERTISEMENTS in this size type, one half cent per word for each insertion. No charge less than 10 cents.

☞ Vote for the water bonds.

☞ The electric lights came on in good shape last Saturday, and were welcomed. Now if they would give them to us a half-hour earlier each evening, they would save eye-strain in the printing office, and please all other patrons.

☞ The second trial of Bonafiglio, the Italian who was convicted of the murder of a countryman at Absecon, has been postponed until April 1st, because of the absence of certain papers not received from the Court of Errors and Appeals.

☞ The late Frank McNaney, who died Jan. 8th, was a member of Doric Lodge, Shield of Honor, of this town. This week, Mrs. McNaney received a check for five hundred dollars from the order, the amount due on his membership certificate.

☞ A Camp of the Patriotic Sons of America is to be organized in Hammonton, with a good number of members. It is a beneficial order, with a death benefit provision. The first meeting will be held in Red Men's Hall on Friday evening, 31st, at 7.30.

☞ Claude Brown, the three year-old son of John Brown, got hold of a bottle of household ammonia, Wednesday morning, and swallowed a small quantity of it. Fortunately, Dr. Biler was able to reach the house in a few minutes, and by prompt measures relieved the little fellow's intense suffering and he will recover.

☞ The Republican members of our State Legislature held a caucus Thursday afternoon, to nominate a U. S. Senator. Nineteen ballots were taken, resulting in the nomination of Mr. John E. Dryden, of Newark. The decisive ballot resulted as follows: John F. Dryden, 32; Edwin C. Stokes, 29; J. W. Griggs, 2.

☞ Many a man, and many a town, lay dormant, with little sign of life, until roused by some outside shock, and in desperation they stepped forward, even into debt for what was needed for development, and prosperity followed. Hammonton will grow but little until money is invested in public improvements. Now is the time to begin.

☞ "I will not forsake thee," a sacred solo by H. W. Petrie, published in the January number of the J. W. Pepper Piano Music Magazine, is alone worth the price to all those who appreciate good music wedded to appropriate words. Nothing better has appeared in its pages. The magazine also includes twenty-two pages of entertaining musical literature and half-tones. 21 complete pieces for the piano—10 songs, 11 instrumental—25 cents. For sale by all newsdealers.

☞ A Hampton, Va., paper, in its account of a recent concert given in Old St. John's Episcopal Church parish house, in that city, has this to say of Miss Emma Pressey; and every one will be pleased to read so pleasant news from Hammonton's favorite singer:

"Miss Pressey, of Hammonton, N.J., who is the guest of her brother, Dr. J. H. Pressey, made her initial appearance before a Hampton audience, but she will now probably find herself deluged with invitations to sing. Miss Pressey possesses a rare contralto voice, of deep volume, which she controls with perfect ease. Miss Pressey was forced to respond to two encores, and the audience tried very hard to induce her to respond to a third."

☞ The Union and Red Men basket-ball teams came together on Wednesday evening, in Union Hall, which resulted in the defeat of the Red Men by a score of 29 to 5. Field goals, Coggey 4, Cordery 8, Stack 5, Keyser 1, French 1. Offense goals, Coggey 4, Cordery 1, Keyser 1. Offenses, Coggey 1, Anderson 1, Cordery 1, King 5, Keyser 2, Gillingham 3, Ikor 4, French 2, Referee, Herbert. A game was played, first, between Hammonton, Jr., and Union, Jr., with a score of 10 to 9 in favor of the latter. A good-sized audience witnessed the games, nearly half of them being ladies.

☞ List of uncalled-for letters in the Hammonton Post Office on Wednesday, Jan. 22nd, 1902:

FOREIGN
Loglovano Salrno
Giovanni Savino
Francesco Sforzo, 2
Antonio Ulisfeo
Angela Ingliaro

Ten cents postage due on each of the following:
Guiseppe Speranza
Sabbato Pignatella
Gennaro Carmo
Paolo Sacco, 2
Alessandro Divnes

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

M. L. JACKSON, P. M.

ELWOOD NOTES.

Mr. Wm. MacSparrow, a good old Scotch veteran of the civil war, who has resided in this town for a number of years, died on Monday morning last. The kindest thoughts remain for this good-hearted jovial man, who faced the battles of life with a cheerful spirit and an open Bible. The funeral service was held Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Bertha Barron, Mr. Roberts and Mr. and Mrs. Shermer, of Philadelphia, were late guests of Mr. Thos. Barron.

Mrs. Pond is visiting her son, John D. Carver, and family.

Mr. Wm. Beckley, a former resident of Elwood, employed on the Reading Railroad, met with a serious accident a few days ago. The freight train was making a flying switch. The engine passed, and Mr. B. turned the switch, but before he could get out of the way the car they were shifting struck him, cutting his head very badly. He is now receiving treatment at a hospital.

A party of our young people went to Pleasant Mills last Saturday night, to skate. They found the ice in good condition, and had a very enjoyable time; but they did not enjoy the wetting they received coming home.

We have heard no more about that mysterious light, so think it must have been an optical delusion. U.

Married.

BERENATO—ROSSI. By Joseph H. Garton, Justice of the Peace, on Wednesday, January 22nd, 1902, Nicholas Berenato and Joanna Rossi, both of Hammonton, N. J.

Borrowing is sorrowing; and so is lending, half the time.

Have something to say; say it, and stop when you're done.

Earnest moral principle is the balance wheel of character. It regulates and keeps the whole man in order.

Worry is much more apt to kill than small-pox.

At the close of the fiscal year 1900, there were 76,088 post-office in the United States, or one to every 1,000 inhabitants.

SPECIAL ELECTION

Notice is hereby given to legal voters of the Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic, that a special election will be held in the said Town on

Wednesday, Jan. 29, 1902,

For the purpose of voting FOR or AGAINST

The adoption by this Town of the provisions of an act entitled "An act to enable towns to supply the inhabitants thereof with pure and wholesome water," and a proposition to bond the Town in a sum not to exceed Thirty Thousand Dollars, to carry out the provisions of said act.

The First Precinct Polls will be in the Town Council Room.

Second Precinct Polls in the basement of Union Hall.

The Polls will be open at six o'clock in the morning, and close at seven o'clock in the evening.

By order of the Town Council.

J. L. O'DONNELL, Town Clerk.
Hammonton, N. J., Jan. 19, 1902.

SERMON
BY
Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Subject: God Does the Impossible—Some Wonders of Divine Power—Superior to Every Law of Nature Which He Has Made For Mankind.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage makes practical use of an occurrence in the Orient which has seldom attracted particular attention; text, II Kings vi, 6, "The iron did swim."

A theological seminary in the valley of palms near the River Jordan, had become so popular in the time of Elisha, the prophet, that more accommodations were needed for the students. The classrooms and the dormitories must be enlarged or an entirely new building constructed. What will they do? Will they send up to Jerusalem and solicit contributions for this undertaking? Will they send out agents to raise the money for a new theological seminary? Having raised the money, will they send for cedars of Lebanon and marble from the quarries where Ahab got the stone for the pillars and walls of his palace? No; the students propose to build it themselves. They were rugged boys, who had been brought up in the country and who had never been weakened by the luxuries of city life. All they ask is that Elisha, their professor and prophet, go along with them to the woods and boss the job. They start for the work, Elisha and his students. Plenty of lumber in those regions along the Jordan. The sycamore is a stout, strong tree and good for timber. Mr. Gladstone asked me if I had seen in Palestine any sycamore tree more beautiful than the one we stood under at Hawarden. I told him I had not.

The sycamores near the Jordan are now attacked by Elisha's students, for they must have lumber for the new theological seminary. I suppose some of the students made an awkward stroke, and they were extemporized axemen. Stand from under! Crash goes one of the trees and another and another. But something now happens so wonderful that the occurrence will tax the credulity of the ages, so wonderful that many still think it never happened at all. One of the students, not able to own an axe, had borrowed one. You must remember that while the axe of olden time was much like our modern axe, it differed in the fact that instead of the helve or handle being thrust into a socket in the iron head the head of the axe was fastened on the handle by a leathern thong, and so it might slip the helve. A student of the seminary was swinging his axe against one of those trees, and whether it was at the moment he made his first stroke and the chips flew or was after he had cut the tree from all sides so deep that it was ready to fall we are not told, but the axe head and the handle parted. Being near the riverside, the axe head dropped into river and sank to the muddy bottom. Great was the student's dismay. If it had been his own axe, it would have been bad enough, but the axe did not belong to him. He had no means to buy another for the kind man who had loaned it to him, but God helps through some good and sympathetic soul, and in this case it was Elisha who was in the woods and on the river bank at the time. He did not see the axe head fly off, and so he asked the student where it dropped. He was shown the place where it went down into the river. Then Elisha broke off a branch of a tree and threw it into the water, and the axe head rose from the depths of the river and floated to the bank, so that the student had just to stoop down and take up the restored property. Now you see the meaning of my text, "The iron did swim."

Suppose a hundred years ago some one had told people the time would come when hundreds of thousands of tons of iron would float on the Atlantic and Pacific—iron ships from New York to Southampton, from London to Calcutta, from San Francisco to Canton. The man making such a prophecy would have been sent to an asylum or carefully watched as incompetent to go alone. We have all in our day seen iron swim. Now, if man can make hundreds of tons of metal float, I am disposed to think that the Almighty could make an axe head float.

"What," says some one, "would be the use of such a miracle?" Of vast, of infinite, of eternal importance. Those students were preparing for the ministry. They had joined the theological seminary to get all its advantages. They needed to have their faith strengthened; they needed to be persuaded that God can do everything; they needed to learn that God takes notice of little things; that there is no emergency of life where He is not willing to help.

Standing on the banks of that Jordan, those students of that day of the recalled axe head had their faith re-enforced, and nothing that they found out in the classrooms of that learned institution had ever done more in the way of fitting them for their coming profession.

I hear from different sources that there is a great deal of infidelity in some of the theological seminaries of our day. They think that the Garden of Eden is an allegory, and that Moses did not write the Pentateuch, and that the book of Job is only a drama, and that the book of Jonah is an unreliable fish story, and that water was not turned into wine, although the bartender now by large dilution turns wine into water, and that most of the so-called miracles of the Old and the New Testaments were wrought by natural causes. When those infidels graduate from the theological seminary and take the pulpits of America as expounders of the Holy Scriptures, what advocates they will be of that gospel for the truth of which the martyrs died.

Hail the Polycarps and Hugh Latimers and John Knoxes of the twentieth century, believing the Bible is true in spots! Would to God that some great revival of religion might sweep through all the theological seminaries of this land, confirming the faith of the coming expounders of an entire Bible!

Furthermore, in that scene of the text God sanctions borrowing and sets forth the importance of returning. I do not think there would have been any miracle performed if the young man had owned the axe that slipped the helve. The young man cried out in the hearing of the prophet, "Alas, master, for it was borrowed!" He had a right to borrow. There are times when we have not only a right to borrow, but it is a duty to borrow. There are times when we ought to lend, for Christ in His sermon on the mount declared, "From him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."

It is right that one borrow the means of getting an education, as the young student of my text borrowed the axe. It is right to borrow means for the forwarding of commercial ends. Most of the vast fortunes that now overshadow the land were hatched out of a borrowed dollar.

Those students in the valley of palms by the Jordan had a physical strength and hardihood that would help them in their mental and spiritual achievements. We who are toiling for the world's betterment need brawn as well as brain, strong bodies as well as illumined minds and consecrated souls. Many of those who are now doing the best work in church and state got muscle and power of endurance from the fact that in early life they were compelled to use axe or plow or flail or hammer, while many who were brought up in the luxuries of life give out before the battle is won. They are keen and sharp of mind, but have no physical endurance. They have the axe head, but no handle. The body is the handle of the soul.

Do not feel lonely because your nearest neighbor may be miles away, because the width of the continent may separate you from the place where your cradle was rocked and your father's grave was dug. Weakened though you may be by lion's roar or panther's scream. God will help you, whether at the time the forest around you raves in the midnight hurricane or you suffer from something quite insignificant, like the loss of an axe head. Take your Bible out under the trees, if the weather will permit, and after you have listened to the solo of a bird in the tree tops or the long meter psalm of the thunder, read those words of the Bible, which must have been written out of doors: "The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted, where the birds make their nests; as for the stork, the fir trees are her house. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats and the rocks for the conies. Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening. O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made all. The earth is full of Thy riches." How do you like that sublime pastoral?

My subject also reminds us of the importance of keeping our chief implement for work in good order. I think that young theological student on the banks of Jordan was to blame for not examining the axe before he lifted it that day against a tree. He could in a moment have found out whether the helve and the head were firmly fastened. The simple fact was that the axe was not in good order or the strongest stroke that sent the edge into the hard sycamore would not have left the implement headless. So God has given every one of us an axe with which to hew.

Let us keep it in good order, having been sharpened by Bible study and strengthened by prayer. The reason we sometimes fail in our work is because we have a dull axe or we do not know how aright to swing it. The head is not aright on the handle. At the time we want the most skill for work and perfect equilibrium we lose our head. We expend in useless excitement the nervous energy that we ought to have employed in direct, straightforward work.

Your axe may be a pen or a type or a yardstick or a scales or a tongue which in legislative hall or business circles or Sabbath class or pulpit is to speak for God and righteousness, but the axe will not be worth much until it has been sharpened on the grindstone of affliction.

Go right through the world and go right through all the past ages, and show me one man or woman who has done anything for the world worth speaking of whose axe was not ground on the revolving wheel of mighty trouble. It was not David, for he was dethroned and hounded by unfilial Absalom. Surely it was not Paul, for he was shipwrecked and whipped with thirty-nine stripes from rods of elmwood on his way to beheadment.

Surely it was not Abraham Lincoln, called by every vile name that human and satanic turpitude could invent and depicted by cartoonists with more meanness than any other man ever suffered, on the way to meet a bullet crashing through his temples.

But I have come to the foot of the Alps, which we must climb before we can see the wide reach of my subject. See in all this theme how the impossibilities may be turned into possibilities. That axe head was sunken in the muddiest river that could be found. The alarmed student of Elisha may know where it went down and may dive for it and perhaps fetch it up, but can the sunken axe head be lifted without a hand thrust deep into the mud at the bottom of the river? No; that is impossible. I admit, so far as human power is concerned, it is impossible, but with God all things are possible. After the tree branch was thrown upon the surface of Jordan "the iron did swim."

Some one asks me, "Did you ever see iron swim?" Yes, yes; many a time. I saw a soul hardened until nothing could make it harder. All styles of sin had plied that soul. It was petrified as to all fine feeling. It had been hardening for thirty years. It had gone into the deepest depths. It had been given up as lost. The father had given it up. The mother, the last to do so, had given it up. But one day in answer to some prayer a branch of the disfoliaged tree of Calvary was thrown into the dark and sullen stream, and the sunken soul responded to its power and rose into the light, and, to the astonishment of the church and the world, "the iron did swim." I have seen hundreds of cases like that. When the dying bandit on the cross beside Christ was converted. When Jerry McAuley, a ruffian graduate of Sing Sing prison, was changed into a great evangelist, so useful in reclamation of wandering men and women that the merchant princes of New York established for him the Water street and Cremorne missions and mourned at his burial, amid the lamentations of a city. When Newton, the blaspheming sailor, under the power of the truth was brought to Christ and became one of the mightiest preachers of the gospel that England ever saw.

When John Bunyan, whose curses shocked even the profane of the fish market, was so changed in heart and life that he could write that wonderful dream, "The Pilgrim's Progress," in such a way that uncounted thousands have found through it the road from the "city of destruction" to the "celestial city." In all these cases I think iron was made to swim. I worship the God who can do the impossible.

You have a wayward boy. Only God knows how you have cried over him. You have tried everything for his reformation. Where is he now—in this city, in this country, or has he crossed the sea? "Oh," you say, "I do not know where he is. He went away in the sulks and did not say where he was going." You have about made up your mind that you will never hear from him again. Pretty hard pay he gives you for all your kindness and the nights you sat up with him when he was sick. Perhaps he struck you one day when you were trying to persuade him to do better. How different was the feeling of that hard fist against your face from his little hand in infancy patting your cheek! Father! Mother! That is an impossible

that I would like [illegible] the conversion of that boy, for he will never be anything but a boy to you, though you should live to see him fifty years of age. Did you say his heart is hard? How hard? Hard as stone? "Yes," you say, "harder than that. Hard as iron." But here is a God who can lift the soul that has been deepest down.

Here is a God who can raise a soul out of the blackest depths of sin and wretchedness. Here is a God who can make iron swim, the God of Elisha, the God of the young student that stood in dismay on the banks of the Jordan at the time of the lost axe head. Lay hold of the Lord in a prayer that will take no denial.

Alas, there are impossibles before thousands of people—called to do work that it is impossible for them to do, called to bear burdens that it is impossible for them to bear, called to endure suffering that it is impossible for them to endure. Read all the gospel promises, rally all your faith, and, while you will always be called to worship the God of hope, to-day, with all the concentered energies of my soul, I implore you to bow down and worship the God who can turn the impossibles into the possibles. It was no trivial purpose, but for grand and glorious uses I have spoken to you to-day of the borrowed, the lost and the restored axe head.

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COASTING IN THE TROPICS.

Sport that Has Been Enjoyed Time Out of Mind in Hawaii.

In one form or another coasting is among the most ancient and universal of amusements. Incongruous as it sounds, this has been a favorite sport in Hawaii time out of mind. The author of "Hawaiian America" describes the possibilities of coasting in the tropics.

It seems impossible that any speed can be obtained with the long native sledges without the aid of snow; and yet there is abundant evidence to prove it. The course, made of dry grass and smooth stones, was laid down the side of a steep hill, and the pace attained sent the coaster quite a distance across the plain at the foot of the runway.

In my travels over the islands I noticed these old courses, very plainly marking several precipitous hillsides and suggesting a considerable amount of toil in their original making. The sledge was only six inches wide by three inches deep, and about twelve feet long, made very stoutly of hard wood.

A curious variation of the sport of coasting still lives in Hawaii, and serves to keep alive the native skill of the inhabitants. This is surf-riding in a canoe or on a onini.

The onini is a board made of the famous koa wood about twelve to eighteen inches wide and from six to eight feet long, often with a flat surface, but usually with both sides slightly rounded. Pushing the boards before them, the natives swim beyond the breakers, where they wait the approach of a suitable incoming wave. When a big one comes, they lie on the board face downward, and paddle with both hands and feet shoreward, until the wave overtakes them, when by expert manipulation the onini is kept on the face of the waves and coasts toward the shore at steamboat speed. As the board rests on the face of the wave at a considerable angle, some idea may be had of the skill required to keep it there during the quarter-mile rush for shore, yet some of the natives become so expert that they stand upon the board during the steadier periods of its flight.

In a canoe with two strong paddlers and a helmsman of experience and skill, the sport is not less exciting. In front, the bow, cutting the water, sends strings of spray backward and upward. At the stern the great blue-green wall curls above and over you, and if you are a sentient creature, your pulse thrills with an exhilaration that no other sport can supply. It is tobogganing without its blinding, gasping speed.

ROYAL SLEEP

Wooed on Couches of Varying Degrees of Comfort.

European monarchs have very different notions of comfort at night.

Kaiser William is as much a soldier in bed as he is out of it. He sleeps on a regulation camp bed, such as his officers often use, and the clothing is of the rough regimental pattern. He retires at 11 o'clock sharp, and is up and dressed soon after 5 a. m.

The Czar of Russia has the greatest difficulty in getting a good night's rest. He dreads the night. His bedroom is always brilliantly lighted, like a reception room. He often suffers from acute insomnia, and frequently uses chloral.

Queen Wilhelmina goes to bed about 11 o'clock and gets up early. On rising she takes a stroll around the park and visits the stables. Her bedroom is of monumental size.

Leopold III., the King of the Belgians, goes to bed late. He spends half the night working and reading. In strong contrast to his neighboring sovereign, he uses an ordinary bedstead, without any other luxury than a quilt of swansdown. He is a very chilly mortal.

The King of Italy cannot sleep except upon a very hard bed. He dispenses with the use of pillows. He uses sheets of the very coarsest web and sleeps like a top.

Military Kite.

Russian engineers are experimenting with a military kite which will, it is hoped, prove useful for reconnoitering purposes.

Sunday School Lesson.

HELPS TO THE STUDY OF THE LESSON.

Lesson 4. January 26.

THE LAME MAN HEALED.

Acts 3: 1-16. (Read Acts 3.) Memory verses: 6-8.

Golden Text: The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation.—Exod. 15:2.

THE LESSON OUTLINE.

The Picture of a Soul's Salvation.

I. A SINNER'S CONDITION.

1. Deformed:
   Lame from his mother's womb (v. 2.)
   In my flesh dwelleth no good thing (Rom. 7:18).
2. Needy:
   To ask alms of them that entered (v. 2.)
   Thou art the wretched....and poor....and naked (Rev. 3:17).
3. Outside God's House:
   Laid daily at the door of the temple (v. 2).
   Ye were....separate from Christ, alienated (Eph. 2:12).

II. A SEEKER'S FINDING.

1. Seeing:
   Seeing Peter and John (v. 3).
   Now is the....day of salvation (2 Cor. 6: 2).
2. Asking:
   Asked to receive an alms (v. 3).
   Ask, and it shall be given you (Matt. 7: 7).
3. Helped:
   Took him by the right hand (v. 7).
   Touched him....Be thou made clean (Matt. 8:2, 3).

III. A SAVED MAN'S REJOICING.

1. Power:
   Received strength (v. 7).
   In Christ, he is a new creature (2 Cor. 5:17).
2. Worship:
   Entered with them into the temple (v. 8).
   Fellow-citizens with the saints (Eph. 2: 18, 19).
3. Praise:
   The people saw him....praising God (v. 9).
   Thanks unto the Father....made us meet (Col. 1:12).

CRITICAL NOTES.

Verse 1.—Peter and John were going up: "Together" belongs to chapter 2: 47; see "Notes" on that verse.—Into the temple: Compare 2: 46.—The ninth hour: At the time of the evening sacrifice; the other hours of prayer were the third and sixth; that is, 9 A. M. and noon.

Verse 2.—Was carried: While Peter and John were going up.—At the door: "Gate" in verse 10.—Beautiful: The Greek word suggests freshness and bloom as much as beauty. On the locality see Lesson Surroundings.

Verse 3.—About to go: They would pass through this gate to reach the usual place of prayer.—Asked to receive an alms: So the Greek.

Verse 6.—What I have, that give I thee: More literal than the Authorized Version.—Walk: The best authorities omit "rise up and."

Verse 7.—Took him: The term is often rendered "seize," or "take hold on."—Feet: Literally, "steps" then the means of walking.—Received strength: Literally, "were made firm." The account is such as a physician, like Luke, would write.

Verse 8.—And leaping up: A stronger term than "leaping" in the latter part of the verse.—And he entered: This was a sequel to the cure.

Verse 10.—Took knowledge of him: As the verb is often rendered.—Beautiful gate: See on verse 2. The word "Gate" is here a proper name.

Verse 11.—And as he held: So the older authorities.—In the porch: Or, "portico." One of several long colonnades outside the temple courts.—Solomon's: Compare chapter 5: 12; John 10:23. It was near the Beautiful Gate, whatever the locality of the latter.—Greatly wondering: Placed last for emphasis.

Verse 12.—At this man: Or, "thing," the Greek pronoun admitting of either sense.—Fasten ye your eyes: The same verb as in verse 4.—Godliness: So rendered everywhere else in the Authorized Version.

Verse 13.—The God of Abraham: Many manuscripts repeat "the God" before "of Isaac" and "of Jacob," giving greater emphasis.—Hath glorified: By this miracle there being no direct reference to the exaltation of Jesus.—His Servant Jesus: Or, "Child." The term means, literally, "boy," and was applied to children and servants. A different word is used in the phrase "Son of God." The reference is, doubtless, to the Old Testament phrase, "Servant of Jehovah," which the Jews accepted as a title of the Messiah.—Whom ye delivered up: "Ye" is emphatic, and contrasted with "God" in verse 15.—Denied before the face of Pilate: Before him as judge. See the Gospel accounts, and notice how each detail adds force to Peter's indictment.

Verse 14.—But ye: Again emphatic.—The Holy and Righteous One: A further designation of the Messiah.—Asked for: Stronger than "desired."—A murderer: Literally, "a man a murderer;" namely, Barabbas.—To be granted unto you: As a favor, the verb suggests.

Verse 15.—Killed the Prince of life: The climax. The word is rendered "Captain" and "Author" in Hebrews 2:10 and 12:2. Probably both ideas are combined here. He is the source of eternal life, and he leads into it.—Whom God raised from the dead: In contrast with what they had done, as just described.

Verse 16.—By faith in his name: Put first in the Greek. The miracle was wrought "by" or "on the ground of," faith in the name of Jesus on the part of the apostles, and also of the lame man.—Hath his name made this man strong: "His name" had been used (v. 6). "Made strong" corresponds with "received strength" (v. 7).—Behold: Implying that they were looking at him.—The faith which is through him: This faith itself was "through him;" he was its author as well as its object.—This perfect soundness in the presence of you all: The last phrase differs from that in verse 14. The account of the cure ends here, the application follows.

TEACHING POINTS.

This world with its laws, forces, interactions, changes from dead to live matter, has been past our finding out. It is yet.

But undeniably there must be a higher realm of wisdom and power. No realm of this world is sufficient of itself for unaided origin or unwearied continuance. There may be evolution, but that necessitates a previous involution from a superior source. Confessedly, by all scientists, this universe began with only one force, and that the lowest; that is gravitation. Obviously, it could not begin itself, nor could a dozen higher forces be evolved out of this one and it remain undiminished.

A superior realm being necessary for origin and development, we may expect to have it visibly break into this world occasionally.

That it should be occasional, besides being regular, is necessary to its being a sign. If regular, it is called a law, and no wonderment of mind ensues. If occasional, it is a mind-awakener, a sign of surpassing power and personality.

Our personality overmasters the laws of nature daily. To answer the child's prayer, "Please pass the butter," the earthly parent must overmaster gravitation. To answer prayers more general the heavenly Parent may overmaster every law of the universe. The most natural thing in this world is the supernatural.

The miracle of tongues had palled on the dull brains of men. A new sign or wonder was necessary. It was not lacking. A new sermon was to be preached. There was no bell to call the audience. But a man well known to be a cripple from his birth, now walking, leaping, and praising God, was a far more efficient cause to make all the people run together greatly wondering. It was an audience exceedingly well waked up. What did it learn?

1. That Jesus of Nazareth still had power on earth (v. 6).
2. That he helped the helpless. The Church must be like its head.
3. That the blessings of God should be acknowledged. In this case, his very vehemence was necessary for gathering the people. Every man's blessing should be a help to all the people.—The Sunday School Times.

ATROCITIES ON THE KONGO.

American Says Free State Murders and Defrauds Natives Wholesale.

Edgar Canisius, an American, who for five years was in the employ of the Kongo Free State and of one of the concessionary rubber companies, being asked as to the position of affairs on the Kongo said:

"The recent statements of Capt. Lemaire, missionaries and others that the condition of the country has shown some improvement of late are, in a way, true. As a result of the agitation in the British and Belgian press certain restrictions have been placed upon the companies working concessions in the Free State which have brought about some amelioration of the condition of the natives in the regions in which those companies operate, together with an immense reduction in the supply of rubber; but up to the time I left the far interior in March last no improvement has taken place so far as the operations of the State itself were concerned. I challenge the authorities at Brussels to show that any improvement is possible while the rubber traffic is conducted on the present iniquitous lines.

"What can be expected of a system under which the natives receive the equivalent of one penny per pound (paid in merchandise valued at 100 per cent above invoice price) for rubber which fetches three shillings a pound in Antwerp? The State cannot exist without rubber and the natives will not work on such terms, except at the muzzle of the rifle. This is the crux of the whole business. As late as November last year in my own district a force of State troops, assisted by some of the Mongala company's men, under the command of Lieut. Braeckman, went against the Gwaka tribe for refusing to bring rubber to the post of Libanza. Three weeks later, when they returned, the Belgian officer himself told me that 300 Gwakas had been killed.

"They brought back forty or fifty prisoners, mostly women and children. These were like skeletons when they reached my post, and I did my best to provide them with food. One died of starvation in my post and the others when marched off to the police post of Bokula were indeed pitiable objects. "Last year," continued Mr. Canisius according to the London Chronicle, "I was on a rubber expedition with Maj. Lothaire, and during the six weeks it lasted 900 natives were killed and scores of villages burned. On one occasion during this journey a young woman and a little boy who were prisoners with the column, were asked the name of a village through which we were passing. They replied that they did not know—as indeed was most probable, seeing that they were far distant from their own homes—but they were taken out on the roadside and shot while the column halted."

The Superfluous Baby.

Bobby—Did he come from heaven, mamma?

Mother—Yes, Bobby.

Bobby—What's the matter; did he make too much noise up there?

Why He Didn't Tremble.

"Tremble, monster!" shrieked the heroine as she pointed a long, white accusing finger at the double-eyed ruffian.

But the villain didn't tremble.

"You spoilt the scene," hissed the heroine, when they stood in the wings.

"I really couldn't help it," apologized the unhappy man.

"But I've always claimed you were the best trembler on the stage," said the heroine.

"It was awfully good of you," replied the actor.

"But why couldn't you tremble to-night?"

"It's easily explained," said the villain. "Hitherto I've always played that scene with my wife!"

Life Not One Grand Sweet Song.

Parson—Why, John, what are you doing there?

John—It be too wet to work, zur.

Parson—Well, if it's too wet to work, why don't you go home?

John—Well, my old 'oman, she do jaw so!—Punch.

AWFUL BOER MORTALITY.

British Reconcentrado Camps in South Africa to Be Abolished.

The horrors of the British reconcentrado camps in South Africa are to be abated. The appalling mortality that has marked these camps from the beginning has at length aroused the Government to action and the system under which thousand of Boer women and children have perished unnecessarily is to be changed.

The reconcentrado policy of England in South Africa will be one of the darkest chapters connected with the Boer war. Even Secretary Broderick, under whom they were instituted and maintained, does not defend them. The death rate in them has been awful. In six months 13,941 persons perished in them. During one month 3,156 deaths of whites are recorded, and of the victims 2,633 were children. The death rate for six months approximates 253

MISS HOBHOUSE.

per 1,000; and if children alone be regarded the death rate will exceed 400 per 1,000.

To an English lady, Miss Hobhouse, the modification of the system under which so many unfortunate Boer women and children perished is due. This lady, who comes of a good English family and whose interests in the Boer reconcentrados is merely a feeling of pure humanity, visited South Africa last spring and sought to ameliorate their condition. She appealed to the Government to act and it did. It expelled her from South Africa. On her return home Miss Hobhouse again appealed to the Government to interpose and end the system under which Boer prisoners, or pensioners, were being judicially—murdered. Nothing came of her appeals. She then published the facts she had collected in South Africa and the result has been an awakening of the British conscience. The Government felt constrained to take notice of the opinions and feelings created by the publication of her pamphlet and the order was given for a change in the concentration system.

ALPHABET ON A PINHEAD.

Wonderful Achievement of a Baltimore Engraver Excites Surprise.

H. A. Houseal, an engraver employed by George Walter, jeweler, has accomplished a task in the engraver's art which eclipses the engraving of the Lord's prayer upon a silver dollar, which was supposed for a long time to be the triumph of fine work in engraving. He has managed to engrave the alphabet complete on the head of a common pin. Mr. Houseal, who rarely uses a glass in his work, can read the letters with the naked eye, and although there are few persons whose eyesight is so strong, a common magnifying glass serves to make them easily distinguishable. The letters range from left to right and are all capitals.

In the first circle around the edge of the head of the pin are the letters from A to M, inclusive. Within this is a second circle beginning at N and ending at Z, and directly in the center is the &c mark. The diameter of the pinhead is barely a sixteenth of an inch, and it can be understood how small the letters must be. They are about one-fourth the size of the letters in the Lord's prayer engraved on a dollar. The work occupied about an hour and a half, Mr. Houseal occasionally leaving it to attend to customers in the store. It was done with an ordinary engraver's tool.

"I had heard of some man who had done this," said Mr. Houseal in explaining his design, "but I did not believe it could be done, and determined to try myself. I first rubbed the head of the pin on an oil stone to obtain a flat surface. Then I heated the cement on the disk which we use for holding such small articles. When the cement cooled I screwed the disk tightly to the stand. The most difficult part of the matter to me was in keeping track of the pin. I used a four-inch lens on the job, but I am not accustomed to using a glass of any sort, and frequently I'd lose the pin and go digging around like a man in the dark. But I managed to keep pretty well on its track."

The regularity of the letters as they are seen under the glass testifies to this. Mr. Houseal says he will keep the pin as a curiosity. Mr. Houseal is 25 years of age.—Baltimore American.

To fall out of love is joy; into it misery. To love is difficult.

WHEN WILD ANIMALS SLEEP.

Heavy, Peaceful Slumber of Lions, Tigers and Bears.

There is nothing odd or peculiar about the sleep of the lions and tigers. In captivity they show the same indifference to danger that they manifest in the jungle, and by day or night will slumber through an unusual tumult, unmindful or unconscious of the noise. Their sleep is commonly heavy and peaceful.

Bears are also heavy sleepers, but less disposed than lions and tigers to slumber in the daytime. Grizzly bears usually curl up under the rocks, but sometimes they crawl up to the very top of the rocks, and with front paws spread around the iron cage bars go to sleep in what seems an uncomfortable position; but bears never release their muscular grasp of any object when asleep.

The black bears will curl up among the branches of a tree when they have the opportunity and go to sleep in this peculiar position. The polar bears show a peculiarity in the selection of their sleeping places. They choose one particular corner of the cage for the purpose, and invariably seek this out for the night's rest.

The high-strung, nervous animals are the most interesting to watch at night. They usually belong to the hunted tribes, whose lives are in constant danger in the forest, and they possess such a highly developed nervous system that they really sleep with one eye open. The slightest noise will instantly awaken them.

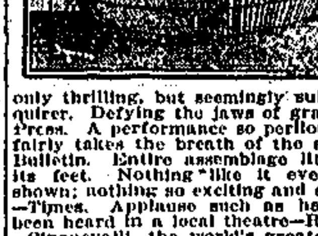
The prairie wolves merely seem to close their eyes for an instant and then open them again to see if all is quiet. Many vain attempts have been made to photograph these animals by flashlight, and without exception the camera has revealed the fact that one eye at least was partly open.

The day sleepers in the menageries are for some reason the heaviest slumberers of all, and when they close their eyes in early morning they seem almost as stupid as if drugged. This is in marked contrast to the light night sleepers, who, on the approach of danger, are instantly awake and on the alert.—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

KEITH'S SENSATIONAL ATTRACTIONS.

Keith's Philadelphia house has been jammed to the doors and the assemblages have embraced daily theatre parties from this and adjoining cities.

B. F. Keith's Cycle Whirl is the most thrilling bicycle act ever presented on the stage. Newspaper expressions follow: Sensational—Record. One of the world's wonders—Press. Marvelous — Inquirer. Audience went wild—Item. Greatest card that Manager Keith has yet presented—Telegraph. Enormous audience rose to its feet and cheered—North American. Not



only thrilling, but seemingly suicidal—Inquirer. Defying the jaws of gravitation—Press. A performance so perilous that it fairly takes the breath of the audience—Bulletin. Entire assemblage literally on its feet. Nothing like it ever before shown; nothing so exciting and successful—Times. Applause such as has seldom been heard in a local theatre—Record.

Cinquevalli, the world's greatest entertainer, is also an attraction, and the North American speaks thus of his success: A background of standing-room patrons which would do honor to Calve's "Carmen." From a box office point of view Bernhardt herself couldn't do more.

The Groom Was Forehanded.

Ministers have many interesting and amusing experiences.

A local clergyman was engaged in conversation with a number of friends the other day, when each started telling stories of weddings he had performed. One of the party had this to offer:

Some time ago a great big fellow, roughly dressed, and a wee mite of a young woman came to him. They had no witnesses, and, in fact, did not care to have any. Nevertheless, a bridesmaid and groomsman were selected from the household, and the ceremony began. They had promised to love and obey and all the rest of the service, when the preacher announced: "Kiss the bride."

The groom, on bended knee, hesitated a little, tried to say something and couldn't.

"Kiss the bride," said the pastor.

"Why, parson, I did, afore I came here at all," replied the groom, whose face had taken the color of a June rose.

The witnesses burst forth in laughter, while the minister had all he could do to retain the serious expression which he always wore when wedding people.—Duluth News-Tribune.

His Idea of a Recluse.

"It seems funny to find a recluse living right here in the heart of a great city."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean Peter B. von Gossler."

"Why, he's not a recluse."

"He isn't, eh? Then why hasn't he a telephone?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Monuments at Gettysburg.

In Gettysburg Park there are about 500 monuments. In addition to this patriotic ornamentation there are 225 mounted cannon and over 200 monumental tablets.

To Preserve Old Chapel.

The lovers of the antique and picturesque architecture of former centuries in the City of Mexico are pleased at the announcement that an ancient landmark, the little chapel of La Concepcion, is not to be destroyed. It has been variously claimed for this chapel that it marked the spot where Guahtemoc surrendered to Cortes, also that it was the first Catholic temple in which mass was said in the City of Mexico. A recent investigation of these points among the best authorities on ancient history of the capital did not establish them positively, but the little chapel is without doubt one of the earliest places of Christian worship built in the city by the Spaniards and probably in the whole of North America.

The chapel of La Concepcion now stands in the rather neglected little plaza of the same name, which is the public stand for the heavy carts and wagons licensed for hire. It is to be rescued from this unromantic surrounding, however, and a park laid out about it. The chapel will be given a few needed repairs and protected by a suitable railing. It has been proposed that the new garden to be called Jardin Berriozabal, after Mexico's late minister of war.

PUNCTUALITY WON.

How the Indefatigable Life-Insurance Agent Run Down His Prey.

A life insurance agent who resides in this place deserves great credit not only for the energy and persistency with which he pushes his business, but for his punctuality in keeping engagements. He had been after a man who resides in Anita for the past two years, and had received some encouragement. He called one day last week, and when the man saw the insurance agent approaching he ran and hid. But the insurance agent had caught a glimpse of his fleeting form and was not to be foiled. He finally smoked his man out and told him he had come to talk insurance.

"I am too busy," said the man; "call again when I have more time."

"When may I call, then? Set your own time, and I'll be there."

The man thought a moment, then made reply:

"You may call next Friday morning at 3 o'clock."

"I will be on time."

When the appointed day arrived our indefatigable insurance man arose at 1:30 o'clock, and walked to Anita a distance of nearly five miles, arriving there at 2:55. He sat down on the porch and waited until precisely 3 o'clock, then rang the door bell.

"What's wanted?" inquired a female voice from an upstairs window.

"Is Mr. Jones at home?"

"He is."

"Tell him to come down right away. I have some very important business with him."

Mr. Jones hustled downstairs in his night shirt, and there was the life insurance agent.

"I have called," he began, "as you requested, to talk life insurance."

Jones was somewhat astonished and bewildered, but, realizing that he was up against it, said:

"Such punctuality deserves to be rewarded. I surrender."

And he gave him his application for a policy.—Punxsutawney Spirit.

Sir Henry and the Cabby.

Sir Henry Irving, while filling his Brooklyn engagement, made his home at the Hotel Margaret on Columbia Heights, and it was his custom every pleasant afternoon to drive in Prospect Park, writes the New York correspondent of the London Express.

One afternoon the driver came with the usual vehicle—a closed carriage—and set out ignorant of the fact that the spare, silk-hatted old gentleman who had climbed in was the distinguished actor.

In what seemed to be a very short time for an afternoon outing the carriage returned, and cabby came into the office looking much concerned. With the air of one imparting grave news, and, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction whither Sir Henry had disappeared, he said to the clerk:

"The old lad is dotty. Shortly after we got into the park I heard a groaning inside, then I caught the words: 'Hates any man the thing he would not kill.' At that I drove out and brought him back as quickly as possible. He was a kind-lookin' old gent, too, but I didn't like that kind of talk!"

Every time a man gets on war paint, he ought to get into a fight; it would do him good.

HAMMONTON Directory.

MUNICIPAL.

CLERK. J. L. O'Donnell.
COLLECTOR & TREASURER. A. B. Davis.
JUSTICES. Chas Woodnutt, Jos H Garton, E L Caufman
CONSTABLES. Geo Bernshouse, C C Combes.
OVERSEER HIGHWAYS. Elias A Joslyn.
OVERSEER OF THE POOR. Geo. Bernshouse
NIGHT POLICE. Robt McC Miller
ATTORNEY. E H Chandler.
FIRE CHIEFS. J Walther, H M Phillips.

VOLUNTEER FIRE CO. D. S. Cunningham, president; Wm O Hoyt, secretary. Meets on 3rd Monday evening of each month.

Independent Fire Co. Meets first Wednesday evening in each month.

TOWN COUNCIL. Michael K Boyer, Chm; E W Batchelor, J E Watkis, W D DePuy, Andrus E Holman, John Rothfuss. Meets last Saturday eve each month.

BOARD OF EDUCATION. C. F. Osgood, president; D. S. Cunningham, clerk; Edwin Adams, J L O'Donnell, Mrs J H Ransom, Mrs Kirk Spear, Mrs E A Joslyn, Thomas C Elvins, Dr J A Wass. Meets first Tuesday evening each month.

BOARD OF HEALTH. M. L. Jackson, President; Dr. Charles Cunningham, Inspector; John T. French, J. C. Anderson, Wm. Cunningham, Geo. Bernshouse, Jos. H. Garton.

FRATERNAL.

ARTISANS ORDER OF MUTUAL PROTECTION. A P Simpson, M A; A B Davis, Sec'y. Meets first Tuesday evening in each month in Mechanics' Hall.

WINSLOW LODGE, No 40, I.O.O.F. Manley Austin, N. G.; A. V. W. Setley, Secretary Meets Wednesday eves. in Odd Fellows Hall

SHAWMUNKIN TRIBE, Imp O R M. Steve Woolbert, Sachem; Chas W Austin, Chief of Records. Meet every Tuesday'asleep in Red Mens' Hall.

M. B. TAYLOR LODGE, F. & A. M. D C Herbert, W Master; Alonzo B. Davis, Sec'y 2nd and 4th Friday nights in Masonic Hall.

JR. ORDER UNITED AMERICAN MECHANICS Coun.; A T Lobley, Secretary. Meets every Friday eve in Mechanics' Hall.

GEN. D. A. RUSSELL POST, G. A. R. Otto Greis, Post Commander; Chas A Leonard, Adjutant; H. F. Edsall, Q. M. Meets 1st and 3rd Saturday nights in Mechanics Hall.

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS.

GEN. D. A. RUSSELL CAMP SONS OF VETERANS, No. 14. Capt, Charles C Combe; First Sergt., Harry C Leonard. Meets 2nd and 4th Monday eves, Mechanics' Hall.

Little Ha Ha Council, No. 27, D. of P. Mrs Ida Bowles, Pocahontas; Mrs Carrie A Kise, K. of R. Meets Monday evening in Red Men's Hall.

DORIC LODGE, No. 12, SHIELD OF HONOR. Worthy Master, Thos Skinner; R. S., Jos H Garton. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursday nights their hall.

RELIGIOUS

BAPTIST. Rev H F Loomis, pastor; Sunday services: Preaching 10:30 Sunday-school 11.30, Junior C. E. 3.00 p. m., Christian Endeavor 6.15, Preaching 7.15. Weekday prayer meeting Thursday evening, 7.30.

Baraca Union meeting, for men only, in old post-office building, Sunday eve. 3.45

ST. MARY'S, R. C. Rev. J. P. Rodier, P S M, Rector Sunday Masses at 8.30 and 10.30. After the last Mass, Benediction with the Most Blessed Sacrament. Rosary and Litany at 4 p m On each weekday, Masses at 6.30 and 8 a m.

EPISCOPAL, ST. MARK'S. Rev. Edwin C Alcorn, rector. Celebration of Holy Eucharist 1st and 3rd Sundays at 10:30 a.m. Other Sundays, 7:30 a.m. Morning Prayer, Litany, and Sermon, 2nd and 4th Sundays at 10.30 a.m. Evensong 7:00 p. m. Sunday School 9:30 a.m. Friday Evensong, 7.30. Saints Day Celebration, 7:30 a.m. Special services in Advent and Lent.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL. Rev F L Jewett pastor. Sunday services: class 9.30 a. m preaching 10.30, sunday-school 12.00 noon Epworth League 6.30 p. m., preaching 7.15. Class Tuesday and Wednesday evenings 7.30 Prayer meeting Thursday 7.30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN. Rev. W K McKinney, pastor. Sunday services: preaching, 10.30 a m., Sunday school 12.00 noon, preaching 7.15 p m. C. E. prayer meeting Sunday, 6 30 p. m. Church prayer meeting Thursday 7.30 p. m. Missions at Folsom and DaCosta.

Italian Evangelical. Rev A Minutille, Pastor. Sunday School at 9:30 a m. Preaching at 10.30 a m. C E Society at 6:30 p m Preaching at 7:15.

UNIVERSALIST. No pastor. Preaching at 10,30 a.m.; Sunday School, 12:00 noon; Y P C U. at 7.30 p. m. Sociables alternate Thursday evenings.

WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION. Mrs. Charles Smith, president. Mrs M Dunn cor sec'y, Miss W. E Gowdy, rec sec; Mrs P S Tilton, treasurer.

LOCAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

Advertising in the REPUBLICAN.

Estey Organ Co, Philada
R J Drake, sewing machines
James Baker, meat market
Keyser Brothers, painters
J. H. Garton, justice.
Jos. L. Taylor, painter.
H. C. Black, veterinary surgeon.
Chas. Woodnutt, justice.
Hood & Son, undertakers.
H N Rainier, groceries
L Beverage, notary public
A. L. Patten, bicycles.
S. A. Cordery, bicycles.
Hoyt & Son, publishers, printers.
Eli H. Chandler, attorney.
John Prasch, Jr., undertaker.
Wm. Baker, tinsmith.
Robert Steel, Jeweler.
Jackson & Son, meat and produce
L. W. Cagley, harness.
W. H. Bernshouse, notary, conv. deeds
Dr. J. A. Wass, dentist
John Murdock, shoes.
George Elvins, dry goods, groceries, etc.
Jacob Eckhardt, meat and produce.
Chas. Cunningham, physician and surgeon.
J. B. Small, baker and confectioner
H. L. McIntyre, meat and produce.
Wm. L. Black, dry goods, groceries, etc.

Business Organizations.

Hammonton Loan and Building Association W. R. Tilton secretary. Meets every 1st Thursday in Firemen's Hall.

Workingmen's Loan and Building Association, W. H. Bernshouse, secretary. Meets every 1st Monday in Firemen's Hall.

People's Bank, W. R. Tilton cashier.

Better give a kind "No" than a snarling "Yes."

An oath is a prayer to the devil.

A lie never stops to put on its hat.

A bad reputation is a very hard thing to lose.

Scrubbing a pig will never make it willing to give up mud.

ATLANTIC COUNTY—ORPHANS' Court. December Term, 1901.
On Application for Rule to Show Cause, &c.

Eli H. Chandler, administrator of William D. Arlitz, deceased, having exhibited to this Court, under oath, a just and true account of the personal estate and debts of said deceased, whereby it appears that the personal estate of the said William D. Arlitz is insufficient to pay his debts, and requested the aid of the Court in the premises;

It is ordered that all persons interested in the lands, tenements, and real estate of the said decedent, appear before the Court, at the Court House in May's Landing, on the eleventh day of March next, to show cause why so much of the said lands, tenements, hereditaments, and real estate of said decedent should not be sold as will be sufficient to pay his debts or the residue thereof as the case may require.

A true copy from the minutes.
J. S. BISLEY, Surrogate.
Dated December 10th, 1901.

AN ORDINANCE to regulate the rate of speed of horseless vehicles, commonly called automobiles, in the streets of Hammonton.

Introduced November 30th, 1901.
Passed December 28th, 1901.

Be it ordained by the Town Council of the Town of Hammonton.—

Section 1. That it shall be unlawful for any horseless vehicle, commonly known as automobiles, propelled by steam, electricity, gas, or other motive power, to be driven through, on, or over any of the streets or roads in the Town of Hammonton at a greater rate of speed than ten miles per hour.

Section 2. That any person who shall be convicted of a violation of Section 1 of this ordinance shall be deemed guilty of an offence and shall be subject to a fine of Ten Dollars or imprisonment for ten days for each and every violation thereof.

Section 3. That this Ordinance shall take effect immediately after its passage.

MICHAEL K. BOYER,
Chairman of Town Council.
J. L. O'DONNELL, Town Clerk.

These time-tables are correct.

WEST JERSEY & SEASHORE R. R.

Schedule in effect Oct. 7, 1901 Subject to change.

DOWN TRAINS. UP TRAINS.

Sun. Acc. p. m.	Sun. Acc. a. m.	Acc. p.m.	Ex. p.m.	Acc. p.m.	Ex. p.m.	Ex p.m.	Acc. a. m.	Acc. a.m.	STATION	Acc. a.m	Acc. a.m.	Exp. a. m	Acc p. m.	Acc. p.m	Sun Acc a.m.	Sun Acc p.m.
4 30	8 10	6 00	.....	4 20	.....	2 00	10 45	6 00	Philadelphia	7 31	8 55	8 55	1 50	5 25	9 05	6 25
4 38	8 18	6 08	.....	4 27	.....	2 07	10 52	6 07	Camden	7 23	8 27	8 47	1 42	5 27	8 55	6 15
4 48	8 29	6 20	.....	4 37	.....	.....	11 03	6 17	Collingswood	7 08	8 17	.....	1 30	5 14	8 42	6 02
4 55	8 38	6 28	.....	4 43	.....	.....	11 10	6 25	Haddonfield	7 00	8 11	.....	1 23	5 08	8 35	5 55
5 05	8 48	6 38	.....	4 52	.....	.....	11 20	6 35	Kirkwood	6 47	8 00	.....	1 12	4 56	8 20	5 43
5 16	9 00	6 53	.....	5 05	.....	.....	11 32	6 48	Berlin	6 34	7 48	.....	1 00	4 44	8 09	5 27
5 22	9 05	6 50	.....	5 10	.....	.....	11 38	6 53	Atco	6 28	7 43	.....	12 55	4 38	8 03	5 21
5 30	9 12	7 00	.....	5 17	.....	.....	11 47	7 01	Waterford	6 18	7 36	.....	12 47	4 28	7 55	5 12
*5 34	*9 16	7 15	.....	*5 21	.....	.....	*11 51	*7 05	Ancora	6 12	7 31	.....	12 42	4 10	*7 51	5 07
5 38	9 21	7 21	.....	5 26	.....	.....	11 56	7 10	Winslow Jc. (Pa)	6 08	7 27	.....	12 37	4 11	7 47	*502
5 45	9 28	7 30	.....	5 43	.....	2 43	12 05	7 17	Hammonton	6 00	7 20	6 11	12 30	4 04	7 41	4 55
5 56	*9 38	.....	.....	6 01	.....	.....	.....	7 28	Elwood	.....	7 10	.....	.....	3 53	7 31	4 44
6 03	9 54	.....	.....	6 10	.....	.....	.....	7 36	Egg Harbor	.....	7 03	7 40	.....	3 45	7 24	4 36
6 23	10 17	.....	.....	6 30	.....	.....	.....	7 56	Absecon	.....	6 46	.....	.....	3 27	7 06	4 17
6 35	10 30	.....	.....	6 42	.....	3 20	.....	8 08	Atlantic City	.....	6 35	7 40	.....	3 15	6 55	4 05

* Stops only on notice to conductor or agent, or on signal.
Express leaving Philada. at 5.16 p.m. lets off Hammonton passengers at 5.55.

J B HUTCHINSON, Gen'l Manager. J R WOOD, Gen'l Pass'r Agt.

Atlantic City R. R.

Sunday, Dec. 8, 1901
Subject to change.

DOWN TRAINS. UP TRAINS.

Sund p. m.	Sund a. m.	Sund a. m.	Ac p.m.	p.m.	p.m	p. m	a.m.	STATIONS.	a.m.	a.m.	a. m.	a. m	p. m.	p. m	Sun a m	Sun p.m
5 00	9 00	8 00	6 30	6 15	4 00	2 00	4 00	Philadelphia	6 25	8 55	10 40	11 40	6 25	6 55	9 25	6 25
5 12	9 12	8 10	6 42	6 25	4 10	2 10	8 10	Camden	6 1	8 44	10 28	11 30	6 10	6 44	9 14	6 14
5 19	.....	8 19	6 50	5 31	.....	.....	4 17	West Collingswood	6 05	.....	10 19	.....	6 03	.....	9 07	6 07
5 27	.....	8 28	6 58	5 43	.....	.....	8 23	Haddon Heights	5 54	.....	10 11	.....	5 55	.....	8 58	5 59
5 40	.....	8 45	7 12	5 57	.....	.....	8 40	Laurel Springs	5 38	.....	9 58	.....	5 40	.....	8 43	5 44
5 44	.....	8 48	7 10	6 01	.....	.....	8 43	Clementon	5 34	.....	9 54	.....	5 36	.....	8 39	5 40
5 58	.....	9 02	7 26	6 12	.....	.....	8 53	Williamstown Junc.	5 28	.....	9 40	.....	5 28	.....	8 27	5 30
6 02	.....	9 10	7 31	6 18	.....	.....	8 58	Cedar Brook	5 19	.....	9 40	.....	5 21	.....	8 21	5 21
6 08	.....	9 16	7 35	6 22	.....	.....	9 02	Blue Anchor	5 15	.....	9 35	.....	5 10	.....	8 16	5 18
6 13	.....	9 20	7 52	6 27	.....	2 40	9 12	Winslow Junc. (Pa)	5 11	.....	9 18	.....	5 10	6 14	8 12	5 14
6 19	9 49	19 20	7 59	6 32	4 30	2 44	9 10	Hammonton	5 05	8 09	8 50	10 55	4 58	0 09	8 04	5 07
6 25	.....	9 34	.....	(637	.....	.....	9 24	Da Costa	.....	.....	8 45	.....	4 53	.....	7 59	5 04
6 32	.....	9 42	.....	6 48	.....	.....	9 32	Elwood	.....	.....	8 39	.....	4 26	.....	7 51	4 55
6 39	10 05	9 50	.....	6 49	.....	2 57	9 40	Egg Harbor	.....	.....	8 22	10 38	4 19	6 54	7 44	4 39
6 47	.....	9 58	.....	6 56	.....	.....	9 48	Brigantine Junc.	.....	.....	8 14	.....	4 10	.....	7 35	4 27
6 56	10 20	10 10	.....	7 08	.....	.....	10 00	Pleasantville	.....	.....	8 15	10 24	3 50	.....	7 25	4 15
7 04	10 30	10 20	.....	7 18	5 10	3 20	10 10	Atlantic City	.....	7 35	8 05	10 15	3 50	6 30	7 15	4 05

Express leaves Philadelphia at 9.00 a.m., stopping at Hammonton at 9.47.
Accommodation leaves Philada. at 8.00 p.m., reaching Hammonton at 9.11.
Up accommodation leaves Hammonton at 5.38 a.m., reaching Philada. at 6.55.
Up accommodation leaves Atlantic at 6.25 a.m., Hammonton 7.06, Philadelphia 8.24.
Sunday night express up leaves Atlantic 7.30, Egg Harbor 7.55, Hammonton 8.11, reaching Phila. 9.00.
Weekday evening express down leaves Philada. at 7.15, letting off Hammonton passengers at 7.54.

W. G. BESLER, Gen. Supt. EDSON J. WEEKS, Gen. Passenger Agent