

South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

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HAMMONTON, N. J., JANUARY 30, 1892.

NO. 5

REDUCED PRICES!

Owing to the dull state of trade, we will, during the month of January, sell

Watches at Reduced Prices.

Now is the time to secure a Bargain.

Repairing done at Reasonable Prices.

W. F. DUDLEY,
HAMMONTON, N. J.

M. STOCKWELL,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Tinware, Furniture.

The Columbian Morning Light Furnace,

The best in the market. A large assortment of
RANGES AND STOVES.

PRACTICAL PHILADELPHIA

Sanitary Plumbing,

Hot Water and Steam Heating.

Deep Well Driving made a Specialty,
And the Best Pumps Furnished.

Particular attention given to underground drainage,
and ventilation.

WM. S. FARLEY,
Manager of Plumbing, etc.

The Philadelphia weekly Press

and the Republican, both a year

for \$1.25, cash.



I'm on the way to Jackson's,

For some of that delicious Sage Cheese, and

One of those 10 cent Beef Steaks.

Weekly School Report.

Week ending Jan. 23, 1892.

The following pupils received an average of 90 in deportment, and 80 or above in recitations, and were regular in attendance, which record entitles them to enrollment in this

ROLL OF HONOR.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Samuel G. Newcomb Teacher.
Edgar Cloud
Albert L. Jackson
Howard E. White
Hurlbut Tomlin
Mettie D. Tilton
Josephine Rogers
Laura Baker
Lela Denny
Nettie Ford

Bertie Adams
Willow Adams
Chas. Bradbury
Kirk Mythe
Win. Cloud
Chas. Campanella
Louisa Doerfl
David Davies
Harry Davison
Mabel Elvins
Ida French
Johnnie Hoyt
George Hewitt
Emma Jones
Lillie Jacobs
Lizzie Laver
Maude Loveland

GRAMMAR DEPT.

Carrie E. Alden, Teacher.

Bertie Adams
Willow Adams
Chas. Bradbury
Kirk Mythe
Win. Cloud
Chas. Campanella
Louisa Doerfl
David Davies
Harry Davison
Mabel Elvins
Ida French
Johnnie Hoyt
George Hewitt
Emma Jones
Lillie Jacobs
Lizzie Laver
Maude Loveland

FIRST-INTERMEDIATE.

Clara Cavilleer, Teacher.

Jos. Herbert
Martha McIntyre
Samuel Irons
Clarence Pitting
Paul Snow
Nita Watt
Eddie Thayer
Willie King
George Spaulding
Frank Tomlin
Harry Thomas
Maurice Whittier
Maude Howe
Walter Herbert
Charles Eitting
Margaret Roberts
Harry McIlwaine
Beulah Jones

SECOND INTERMEDIATE.

Lottie S. Cline, Teacher.

Eddie O'Neil
Morris Simons
Hathor Coast
Howard Bradbury
Alie Mick
Bertie Bond
Harry Walther
Richard Buzby
Willie Simons
Louie Colwell
Johnny Myers
Leonard Rogers
Frank Crema
Eugene Jackson
Albert Irons
Joseph Bowker
Howard Bakely
Harry Roberts

FIRST PRIMARY.

Nettie D. Fogg, Teacher.

Allice Berry
Isabel Const
Ollie Lear
May Jones
Sarah Roberts
Oo a Crowell
Eddie Lobley
Nettie Lobley
Edith Simons
Dora Crema
Amelia Fiedler
Geo. Buzby
Fred. McIlwaine
Harry Hinchman
George Dilks
Willie Taylor
Morton Crowell

SECOND PRIMARY.

Nettie Montfort, Teacher.

Mary Buzby
Nettie Laver
Marie Adoloroso
Charles Nelson
Mills Class

MAGNOLIA.

Grace U. North, Teacher.

Eddie Geppert
Chris. Heiser
John Heiser
Chas. Littlefield
Andrew Littlefield
Clarence Littlefield
John Macri

UNION ROAD.

Nettie Tudor, Teacher.

Beavina Muhl
Lizzie Werner
Ward Campanella
Wilbert Pitting
Annie Gilliam
Charles Julian
Nicholas Julian
Mary Pacano

STATISTICS.

SCHOOLS.

	Total on roll.	Average Attendance	Percent of Attendance	Payroll	Number of Pupils	Number of Teachers
1 High School.....	20	19	95	7	3	1
2 Grammar Dept.....	58	58	91	25	7	1
3 First Intermediate.....	62	51	82	41	11	1
4 Second Intermediate.....	44	35	81	41	2	1
5 First Primary.....	47	47	83	50	1	1
6 Second Primary.....	26	26	77	28	1	1
7 Total Central.....	257	229	89	191	30	1
8 Lake School.....
9 Union Road.....
10 Magnolia.....	31	25	80	23	1	1
11 Union Road.....	41	38	91	19	6	1

The man who doesn't believe in any hereafter has got a dreadfully mean opinion of his self and his chances.

Here would be a right corner's verdict, oftentimes: Death by hanging—around the tavern.

Brood not upon misfortunes. If you must take the bitter pills, do not chew them.

J. S. THAYER, Contractor & Builder

Hammonton, N. J.

Plans, Specifications, and Estimates furnished. Jobbing promptly attended to.

Lumber for Sale.

Also, First and Second Quality Shingles

Shop on Vine Street, near Union Hall.

Charges Reasonable.

P. O. Box 53.

A. J. SMITH, NOTARY PUBLIC

AND

Conveyancer.

Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Bills of Sale, and other papers executed in a neat, careful and correct manner.

Hammonton, N. J.

HAMMONTON Real Estate For Sale.

1. Two lots on Pleasant Street, large house—handsome, with every convenience, heater, conservatory, etc.
 2. Lot on Second Street,—fine 7-room house, heated,—very reasonable price.
 3. Another on Second Street,—fine house—cheap enough.
 6. Nine acres on Central Ave., large house and barn. All in first-class order. A bargain for somebody.
 7. Twelve acres on Thirteenth Street,—well fruited, good 8-room house, barn, etc. This is very cheap, owner having other business.
 8. Over three acres on Chew Road, near 12th St. 5-room house, nearly new. Berries and fruit. A "daisy" place for chicken business.
 9. A pretty home on Third St., ten minutes from stations, in sight of four churches and new school-house,—two lots, 9-room house, heater, vines, flowers, fruit, berries.
 10. Prominent corner on Bellevue Avenue—fine business location. 144 feet on the avenue, 100 deep. A good house included.
 11. A fine cottage on the lake, several acres of land,—just the nicest thing in the market for a country house.
 12. Twenty acres on Pleasant Mills Road, ten acres of berries in bearing, good 6-room house. Cheap enough.
- Fine 9-room house on Fairview, heater in cellar, a good barn, windmill and force-pump, some fruit, 7 acres. At fair price, favorable terms.
- For particulars, inquire at the REPUBLICAN office—over the post-office.

JOHN ATKINSON, Commissioner of Deeds

and
PENSION CLAIM AGENT,

Attends to all matters pertaining thereto.
Second St. & Bellevue, Hammonton.

D. F. Lawson, CONTRACTOR AND

BUILDER

Hammonton, N. J.

Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished.

Jobbing promptly attended to.

SEVEN SEVENTEEN SEVENTY

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy.

SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL Size (10 Little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT.

Price of either size, 25c per Bottle.

KISSING



Extract From a Letter

of the Rev. J. McGowan, Cadyville, New York:

"I recommend you to send for six bottles of Pastor Keenig's Nerve Tonic, and let her use it as directed. It cured several in my parish."

EAST GREENVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 10, 1890.

I used one bottle of Pastor Keenig's Nerve Tonic for dizziness and nervous headache, and it did all you claim for it and even more. I had been suffering for years. MRS. P. HANCE.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nerve Diseases sent free to any address. This medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Pastor Keenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1870 and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, I.

Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 62 5 Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

Talking of life and death, she said:
 "I wish that of the two of us, I
 Shall come back from among the dead
 To tell you of the things that I have seen."
 She died last night, and all this day
 I swear that things of every kind
 Come to my mind, and I am sure
 Some message to my troubled mind.
 I looked up from my tears: I saw her
 With her face dyed in the cup
 Was gazing at me with her eyes
 It blushed her blush as I looked up,
 I smiled then with an agony—
 "O my dear, my dear, my dear,"
 That would, I think, bring peace to me
 And to the world, and to the life.
 And when the wind rose at my door,
 It clamoured with a plaintive din,
 Like a woman's voice, as though she said
 "To be let in, I let it in."
 It blew my light out: round my head
 It whirled, and swiftly in my ear
 It murmured, "I am here, I am here."
 It had her voice, so low, so clear.
 The looking-glass this livelong day
 Reminds me of the face that was there;
 I feel it when I look away
 Behind me, as though she were there.
 For hours no breath of wind has stirred,
 Yet tickle the lamp's flame all it flouted;
 But I think my dear one's face
 Is looking at me from the light above."

"I shall be glad," whispered Babbette, clinging to his arm in the dark night.

"Have you heard any news?" asked Uncle Wilton at dinner one day some weeks later.

"No, papa," chorused his daughters.

"Pray tell us."

"I have heard," said he, "the rector's son has fallen heir to a mint of money."

"The death of a relative he becomes sole heir to his property, worth about a million or so?"

"Yes," said he, and he is handsome and a college tutor."

"The slimpet Kate, who was fast approaching the old maiden line."

"We must invite him to our party down the river," put in Clara.

"I will do so," said he, "and I will, and, besides, a millionaire at the Wilton's rowing party would be quite the thing; we shall be the envy of our set."

"But Babbette didn't join in the conversation; she grew very quiet."

The family knew nothing of the secret, and went on discussing the rector's son and his money, not aware that the girl left her dinner untouched and sat away to her room to think it all over.

Her cousins had never recognized their young neighbor before, but now, because he was fortunate in a financial inheritance, they were ready to inveigle him into companionship—and matrimony if they could.

That evening Babbette walked slowly up and down under the darkening cedars, alone; she wanted to be alone and in gloomy shadows were fitting the occasion.

But she was not alone; no, some one was coming. "I am so glad to find you, Babbette," said the voice that always thrilled her, "for I have glad news, my little friend."

"What news?" asked the gleaming girl, wearily.

"You are a wealthy gentleman now."

"Won't you congratulate me?" he asked.

"Aren't you glad for Max?"

"Why should I congratulate?" and her white face was turned to him in the glad surprise of the moment.

"You like you so far from home, and like you up so far from home."

"Away from you? Why, Babbette, don't you know me better than that? It only brings me nearer to you if— if you will; it gives me liberty to tell you something very dear to my soul."

"What is it?" she asked, her face glowing.

"Then he did love her. She opened her lips; but the answer would not come."

"I have thought sometimes that I loved me, dearest; was I mistaken?"

"No," she whispered; "how could I help it?"

"I don't know; I am sure I don't want you to help it," he said, with a happy laugh.

"Then you will be my wife, won't you?"

"Oh, Max!"

"Why not, if you love me, dearest?"

"I cannot appear well in society and in church and take up with that girl."

"Are those the Max Lawler's you cannot be Max Lawler's wife?" asked he, holding her hands while he waited her answer.

"I believe they are," she said faintly.

"I believe they are," said he, "and should cobwebs," he said, drawing her near him. "Will you marry me, little one?"

"Yes, Max," and the lonely, friendless orphan cast into the arms of the millionaire; he whom she thought shut away by a wall of gold.

At the boasting party Max was the lion of the hour, but he degusted Kate very much by devoting his attention to the slimpet. "He doesn't know she is as poor as a church mouse, in spite of her good looks," she almost sneered to her companion.

"Why do you ignore the pick of our set?" asked Clara, with that girl's scornful smile.

He noticed his own daughter's wiles prove futile in ensnaring the young man.

"Because, Uncle Wilton, she is my wife," answered Kate, calmly.

"If a thousand-fold at that moment the very heavens the surprise and astonishment could not have been greater."

"You mean to say that you are in earnest?" gasped Uncle Wilton, recovering from his helpless wonderment.

"You may see any deficiencies in dress or manner," and talked of her favorite books and authors in an easy, chatting way that made her feel at ease in spite of her misgivings.

"Won't you allow me to walk home with you?" asked Max as Babbette rose to go; "it is quite dark."

"I have run across here after night fall alone quite often," answered she, "but I might fancy myself cowardly in the dark, and, smiling, she accepted the escort."

"It seems to me that we were never strangers," Miss Wilton said. Max walked slowly along under the gloomy sky. "Father and I have written me so much about you that I was anxious and glad to get home that might make your acquaintance personally."

"It isn't much to know me," she rejoined Babbette wearily. "I am not a cipher, and such a miserable, no account cipher, too."

"Please don't say such sad things, Babbette," said Max, in a pained way; "try to see the good in me. I am sure you will find it for others. Let us be friends and cheer one another up to grand, good purposes in life."

"I shall be glad," whispered Babbette, clinging to his arm in the dark.

"Have you heard any news?" asked Uncle Wilton at dinner one day some weeks later.

"No, papa," chorused his daughters.

"May tell us," he, "the rector's son has fallen heir to a mint of money. By the death of a relative he becomes sole heir to his property, worth about a million or so."

"That is good," said Babbette, "and he is handsome and a college tutor," whispered Kate, who was fast approaching the old maiden line.

"We must invite him to our party down the river," put in Clara. "I'll be sure to get him."

And, besides, a millionaire at the Wilton's rowing party would be quite the thing; we shall be the envy of our circle."

But Babbette didn't join in the conversation; she grew very quiet.

The family knew nothing of the secret, and went on discussing the rector's son and his money, not aware that the girl left her dinner untouched as she got away to her room to think it all over.

Her cousins had never recognized their young neighbor before, but now, because he was fortunate in a financial inheritance, they were ready to invest him into companionship and—matrimony if they could.

That evening Babbette walked slowly up and down under the darkening cedars, alone; she wanted to be alone and her lonely shadows were fitting the occasion.

But she was not alone; no, someone was coming. "I am so glad to find you, Babbette," said the voice that always thrilled her, "for I have glad news, my little friend."

"What news?" Babbette answered the girl, wearily. "You are a wealthy gentleman now."

"Won't you congratulate me?" he asked. "Aren't you glad for Max?"

"Why should I congratulate?" and her white face was turned to him in the moonlight. "You should let, when it lifts you up so far from Babbette."

"Away from you? Why, Babbette, don't you know me better than that? It only brings me nearer to you if— if you will; it gives me liberty to tell you something very dear to my soul. Can't you guess, Babbette?"

Then he did love her? She opened her lips; but the answer would not come.

"I have thought sometimes that you loved me, dearest; was I mistaken?"

"No," she whispered; "how could I help it?"

"I don't know; I am sure I don't want you to help it," he said, with a long, happy laugh.

"Then you will love my wife, won't you?" asked Babbette.

"Oh, Max!"

"Why not, if you love me, dearest?"

"I cannot appear well in society and I shall lose my position as a child."

"Are those all the reasons why you cannot be Max Lawler's wife?" asked love, holding her hand while he waited for an answer.

"I believe they are," she said faintly, "and I am tired and sick, as I should coughs," he said, drawing her near him. "Will you marry me, little one?"

"Yes, Max," and the lonely, friendless orphan and Uncle Wilton, recovering from his grief, were both glad to see him; for whom she thought thus away by a wall of gold.

At the bustling party Max was the lion of the hour; but he disgusted Kate very much by devoting his attention to the guest Babbette. "I don't know she is as poor as a church mouse, as spite of her good looks," she almost sneered to her companion.

"Why do you ignore the pick of our circle?" asked Max, looking at her.

"I noticed Uncle Wilton, pompously, and he asked his own daughter's wiles prove futile in ensuring the young man."

"Because, Uncle Wilton, she is my wife," he said, calmly.

"If a thunderbolt hit at that moment the very heavens the surmise and astonishment could not have been greater."

"You mean to say that you are in earnest?" asked Babbette, recovering from his helpless wonderment.

Recently on the little branch narrow gauge from Bowersville to Hartwell, I met a native Georgian, irrepressible, native Georgian. He's a cheerful Georgian.

To a good many people in Georgia, to me, everybody in northeast Georgia, the sheriff is a native Georgian. In deduction and description, for everybody in that country knows Jim Roberts.

Crouched under Jim's seat was a mass of black and white fur, and the dog's air of mortification and bewilderment was something ludicrous, and all the more noticeable because it was so comical.

The brute's looks were against him, decidedly. His countenance would have convinced him of anything—sneaking about, stealing, killing, chicken stealing or what not. He was a miserable, mean looking dog.

Uncle Billy Bowers sat just behind Jim. The two talked like old friends, and, in the course of conversation, Uncle Billy recalled an experience of his own in which a very intelligent dog had figured.

"I can't hardly wait for the old man to finish his story," I said.

"Talk about dogs," in a matter of fact tone, as Uncle Billy concluded his story, "I don't know the smartest dog in this country, Uncle Billy. He don't look like fine as some dogs," reaching under the seat for the black and white cur.

"That was that dog's miracle," I said.

The miracle was when the hump of the neck for Uncle Billy's inspection, as non-committal as a disrag, "Them eyes," continued the owner, around in a vague effort to escape, "just look at them eyes."

Uncle Billy's face was a study. Evidently he was not certain in his own mind that the dog was really what he said.

"Uncle Billy," in the same matter of fact tone, as the miracle was let go, "the dog has as much human nature in him as you and me. You wish that dog does. You know that little brack in my bottom? Well, sir, he goes fishin' every day at dinner time, and he don't go there do, and the other day I watched him. Well, sir, he will run his paw up under a root or rock to scare out the fish, and then he'll allow the fish to come in, and then he'll swallow the fish. He is not go over the shallow place, 'em as they go over the shallow place, 'em as they go over the shallow place, 'em as they go over the shallow place. A whole drove of silver fish come wiggle and squirm over the shallow place, 'em as they go over the shallow place. I call him Tucker after Dr. Tucker, in Atlanta. But just let a good sized fish start down—you oughter see him. He'll dance down on that fish like a kingfisher. He gets 'em every time."

"Don't bother the little fish?"

"Except when he goes for the big ones. That's one of his tricks, 'em as he does. That's one. He's got sense, that dog has."

"About six weeks ago," continued the owner, "he brought me a young pointer pup. Old Tucker has a box out in the back yard, but he sorter depended on the pup. He took out for himself. First night after he was big, he brought a puppy got out on the back porch, and howled and whined until I just couldn't let him any longer. Finally I got up and carried him out and put him in Tucker's box. I hadn't more got back in bed before that puppy was back on the porch. I carried him back to Tucker's box. He began to sleep when that puppy set up a whine. He was back on the porch. I hated to let that puppy. I just carried him back to Tucker's box, and turned a new scheme on him. I bundled him under Tucker's nose and put one of Tucker's forelegs around him, like a woman's arm. 'Now, Tucker,' says I, 'hold him.' I went back to bed and to sleep. I never heard anything more of the puppy that night."

"I carried him back to the puppy gets his supper, old Tucker picks him up and puts him to bed. When the puppy is frisky and don't want to go, he just picks him up by the back of the neck and then lies down to box and holds him till the puppy goes to sleep."

"He's a mighty polite dog, Tucker is."

The doubtful look on Uncle Billy's face had given place to one of vivid interest. The owner of that miracle cur narrated a baby.

"Polite?" repeated Uncle Billy.

"Mighty polite dog—mighty polite," George Parker came over a week or two ago, and brought that old sound of his and said, "I don't know the smartest dog in this country, Uncle Billy. He don't look like fine as some dogs," reaching under the seat for the black and white cur.

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"About six weeks ago," continued the owner, "he brought me a young pointer pup. Old Tucker has a box out in the back yard, but he sorter depended on the pup. He took out for himself. First night after he was big, he brought a puppy got out on the back porch, and howled and whined until I just couldn't let him any longer. Finally I got up and carried him out and put him in Tucker's box. I hadn't more got back in bed before that puppy was back on the porch. I carried him back to Tucker's box. He began to sleep when that puppy set up a whine. He was back on the porch. I hated to let that puppy. I just carried him back to Tucker's box, and turned a new scheme on him. I bundled him under Tucker's nose and put one of Tucker's forelegs around him, like a woman's arm. 'Now, Tucker,' says I, 'hold him.' I went back to bed and to sleep. I never heard anything more of the puppy that night."

"I carried him back to the puppy gets his supper, old Tucker picks him up and puts him to bed. When the puppy is frisky and don't want to go, he just picks him up by the back of the neck and then lies down to box and holds him till the puppy goes to sleep."

"He's a mighty polite dog, Tucker is."

The doubtful look on Uncle Billy's face had given place to one of vivid interest. The owner of that miracle cur narrated a baby.

"Polite?" repeated Uncle Billy.

"Mighty polite dog—mighty polite," George Parker came over a week or two ago, and brought that old sound of his and said, "I don't know the smartest dog in this country, Uncle Billy. He don't look like fine as some dogs," reaching under the seat for the black and white cur.

"That was that dog's miracle," I said.

The miracle was when the hump of the neck for Uncle Billy's inspection, as non-committal as a disrag, "Them eyes," continued the owner, around in a vague effort to escape, "just look at them eyes."

Uncle Billy's face was a study. Evidently he was not certain in his own mind that the dog was really what he said.

"Uncle Billy," in the same matter of fact tone, as the miracle was let go, "the dog has as much human nature in him as you and me. You wish that dog does. You know that little brack in my bottom? Well, sir, he goes fishin' every day at dinner time, and he don't go there do, and the other day I watched him. Well, sir, he will run his paw up under a root or rock to scare out the fish, and then he'll allow the fish to come in, and then he'll swallow the fish. He is not go over the shallow place, 'em as they go over the shallow place, 'em as they go over the shallow place, 'em as they go over the shallow place. A whole drove of silver fish come wiggle and squirm over the shallow place, 'em as they go over the shallow place. I call him Tucker after Dr. Tucker, in Atlanta. But just let a good sized fish start down—you oughter see him. He'll dance down on that fish like a kingfisher. He gets 'em every time."

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"Except when he goes for the big ones. That's one of his tricks, 'em as he does. That's one. He's got sense, that dog has."

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Respect for others governs our behavior.

The uglier a man is the better his wife likes him.

If thou hast little, make it not less by murmuring.

Happy is the man who can laugh at his own jokes.

Anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor.

Grief is frozen pleasure, and bears the sure sign of a thaw.

All that does not touch the heart leaves the mind free.

Fill a man with enthusiasm and no room is left for doubt.

The trouble with the crank is that he will turn only one way.

Bliss with bright plumage do not always make good poetry.

When you bury animosity don't set up a headstone over its grave.

It is the unstrutted delegate that is ordinarily the most intelligent.

Isn't it often that a man gets a fortune without paying too much for it?

The most insupportable company are those who insist on their rights.

The reason men are down on religion is because it is down on their vices.

This devil has no use for the man who always does as he would be done by.

A great many men are like new ground—do better after they are broken up.

Men defy remorse and then complain when they are called upon to endure it.

Man's love for his sweetheart is often two-thirds jealousy of some other fellow.

Live as long as you may; the first twenty years are the longest half of your life.

Rumor can wear a bank as well as a reputation.

All the world's a stage, and it's full of bad actors.

It is a giving act, not on the impulse. Never choose a gift.

Virtue may be its own reward, but most people expect more.

Dead men tell no tales, but their biographers weave romances.

Some charming ladies never grow older—years, only in looks.

Meddlesome people never have models to strive after.

The fellow who is always in deep-water is usually shallow himself.

Many a luckless wight has fallen down through failing to take a tumble.

Truth doesn't have to hump itself to be stronger than most modern fictions.

One time in a thousand, possibly we find a thing wiser than we thought it was.

Men who itch for office are frequently scratched when voting time comes.

There is more joy than sorrow in the world, for man smiles a thousand times where he weeps once.

Not merely to know, but according to his knowledge to do, is the destiny of man.

He who can take no interest in what he will say will take false interest in what is great.

Corn is well provided with ears, but his talk don't amount to much—its too husky.

Every man stamps his value upon himself. The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.

A CURIOUS COAT OF MAIL.

The full armor worn by a warrior of the Caroline Islands, is one of the most curious of his savage workmanship in the world.

The clothing, worn next to the skin, is made by weaving (or rather, twisting) the hair of the women nowhere else, out of the husks of coconut, each cord being tied into a hard knot between each mesh.

But the folds are crowded close together, and thicken the cloth so that it would not be easy to stab or cut through it; it also protects the legs against burning from thy sharp shrubs or scratched and clambering over the sharp coral rocks.

But the main curiosity of this armor is its cuirass, or chest protector, the like of which the women nowhere else wear.

The woof, or substance of the cloth, is of cocoanut thread, the size of wrapping twine, but tightly twisted and long, while the weft uses yellow straw, or woven is much heavier, so that the finished cloth is as thick as our heaviest canvas.

The threads are crowded very compactly together also, so that no slight force would be needed to force a blow through. The selvage is bound over a strong strip of wood, by alternate plates of black hair and yellow straw. Ornamental designs are worked in with horse hair, too.

But the chief of this entire war jacket is still more remarkable. It consists of two parts, joined into one garment by the bands covering the shoulders. Through the round hole between the shoulder bands the head emerges, while the broad, back part is folded around under the arms on each side, and is sewed firmly to the front flap by stout cords.

This done, the stands erect behind the wearer's head a fan-shaped shield, the top of which is the well-bound border and held erect as fixed by cords passing down to the shoulder on each

[illegible]

Blossy was five years old that morning and her birthday gift, coral necklace with a diamond of pretty trifle, and a costly one, for her father was a millionaire.

She sat on the cushion of a chair, the dainty little lady sun herself in the great pier mirror, and unclasping the necklace completed her toilette. She took delight over the possession of toy.

The voice of the footman from the hall attracted her attention.

"No, sir," he was saying, earnestly; "nothing here for tramps or gars. Take yourself off."

"I am not a tramp or a beggar," replied a plaintive voice. "I begged before in my life; but mother's so sick, and the baby is ill."

"No matter—they all tell that—be off!" cried the aristocratic man, and the hall door closed—banned.

Blossy hopped from her perch sparrow, and was at the front door in a breath, pressing her face and golden curls against the splashboard.

It was snowing, and a keen wind was blowing, and down below the marble steps a little boy was asking as if he were a beggar.

Blossy could see him through glass, and her sapphire eyes, with childish wonder. She did not pretty curls and a tugged-up skirt, the might of her two fat arms a heavy shield.

Up it went at last, and the snow whirling in, almost taking away breath.

But Blossy did not mind the she-gale! it bravely, and leaning peered down at the little wanderer in the snow.

"Little boy, what's the matter?" The child, shivering in his tattered garments, and dreading to go forth to beg, winced at the woman's amazement at the sound of the bird-like voice. Looking up, fix-like a rare picture in the lofty window he beheld it, and in a moment saw Blossy's rosy face and curls.

"Little boy," she cried "what do you want? What makes you cry?"

"I am hungry, and my money sick, and we've no money to buy thing to eat, and the baby's for dead. We've got no fire," sobbed the little boy.

Blossy's pearl-white brow contracted in a thoughtful frown. What could she relieve this poor creature? The child's heart was tenderly compassionate. If papa only was at home! he was off at the greatest store in Broadway. Blossy's heart was full of her elegant bondoir, with a French romance in her hand, was not the man to take an interest in a street urchin. Blossy's heart was full of French romance; she had no idea of appeal to mamma. A dim thought of a raid on the pantry and the coffee-flower cure for the feverish child, the thought of the little boy, and she came down from the window.

The coral necklace, glittering of Turkish gold, and the hair ring she caught it up with her childish delight and flew back to window.

"Here," little boy," she cried, "here, Blossy," and papa and cost over and ever so much; do ye sell it back, and you'll get her money, and then your mother and the baby will be well."

And down through the white, wing snow, flashed the jeweled neck, half thinking on the marble steps the boy's feet, and the French romance raised his eyes in a bewildered way the sweet face above him.

"Run," said Blossy; "run, I will tell it back, and you'll save for your mother. You may have and welcome, and I know papa mind."

She heard the nursery-maid appearing, and beat a resolute retreat.

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The tunic, worn next to the skin, is made by weaving (or rather, matting), by hand, a web of coarse noddies, twisted out of the husks of cocoanut, each cord woven into a hard knot between each mesh.

The knots are crowded close together, and thicken the cloth so that it will not stretch or cut through it; it also protects the wearer against being torn by thorny shrubs or scratched in clambering over the sharp coral.

But the main curiosity of this armor is the cuirass, or chest protector, the like of which is known nowhere else.

The cuirass is made of the cloth, the web of cocoanut thread, the size of the body, wrapped twice, but tightly twisted together, while the wrapup upon which these threads are wound is so tight, so that the finished cloth is as thick as our heaviest canvas.

The threads are crowded very compactly together also, so that no slight force would be needed to force a knife through. The selvage is bound over a stout cord and ornamented by alternate bands of red and white cotton fibre. Ornamental designs are worked in with horse hair, too.

But the form of this entire war jacket is small, more like a corset, consisting of two parts, joined into one garment by the bands covering the shoulders.

Through the round hole between the shoulders, the arms are thrust, while the broad, back part is folded around under the arms on each side, and laced firmly to the front flap by cords.

This done, there stands erect behind the wearer's head a sun-shaped shield, kept stiff by its well-bound border of cords, and held close to the body by cords drawn down to the shoulder on each side.

[illegible][illegible]

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HE MISSED HIS OPPORTUNITY! DON'T MISS YOURS! Reader, The majority of men have their opportunities, and from them cause live in poverty and die in destitution! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. A life is passed in suffering, heart-ache, lie up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Gods, on Fortunes, offer a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life; to embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so, and she departs, never to return." Now shall you find the golden opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all men need. A golden opportunity, that is what all men need. Useful moral. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often with the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, it will teach, a grand start in life. The golden opportunity for which you are born. Money to be made rapidly and honorably by any Industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can work and live at home, wherever you are. Even bed-ridden are easily cared for, from \$5 to \$10 per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Say no more. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, free. Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all for free, and return mail. Unwise to fail. Address—Orestes A. Smith & Co., Box 880, Ferndale, Maine.

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Philadelphia.....	8 00	4 20	5 19	4 00	8 02	4 10
Wilmington.....	8 10	4 30	5 10	4 10	8 10	4 10
Haddonfield.....	8 30	4 30	8 30	4 30
Bryn Mawr.....	8 55	5 07	8 56	4 45
Coatesville.....	9 02	5 13	9 02	4 57
Philadelphia.....	9 10	5 10	9 10	5 05
Wilmington.....	9 20	5 29	9 20	5 29
Camden.....	9 28	5 36	5 51	9 28	5 36
Coatesville.....	9 34	5 41	9 34	5 41
Philadelphia.....	9 42	5 48	9 42	5 48
Camden.....	9 51	5 55	6 05	9 51	5 55
Philadelphia.....	10 12	6 15	6 21	10 12	6 15
Philadelphia.....	10 23	6 25	6 35	5 27	10 23	6 17

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	Expr. s.m.	At Ao. s.m.	Exp s.m.	Exp s.m.	Acro. p.m.	Exp m.m.	Ac. s.m.	At s.m.	Acro. p.m.	Exp m.m.
Philadelphia	8 59		10 31	4 10	8 35	10 10				
London	8 42		10 28	4 10	8 26	10 10				
Addonfield	8 52		4 10	4 10	8 38	10 31				
Berlin	7 58		4 2	4 2	8 38	10 31				
Leo	7 52		4 12	4 12	8 42	10 31				
Stord	7 40		4 08	4 08	8 33	10 31				
Enlow	7 37		4 08	4 08	8 33	10 31				
Enlow	7 21		4 08	4 08	8 33	10 31				
Costa	7 16		4 08	4 08	8 33	10 31				
Wood	7 12		4 08	4 08	8 33	10 31				
Harbor City	7 10		4 08	4 08	8 33	10 31				
Harbor City	6 51		4 08	4 08	8 33	10 31				
Harbor City	6 40		4 08	4 08	8 33	10 31				

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