

South Jersey Republican

Hoyt & Sons, Publishers.

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HAMMONTON, N. J., FEBRUARY 2, 1895.

NO. 5

TO ALL OUR PATRONS
GREETING!

We hope the year 1895
will be the most
prosperous of any they
have yet seen.

And we shall endeavor
to do our part
to make it so.

In these days of sensational
advertisements, we believe
square dealing to be better
than unfulfilled promises;
and as most people buy their
goods from dealers who give
them the best value for the
least money, we propose to
continue our efforts in that
direction.

To Cash
Customers

we are making liberal
concessions.

GEORGE ELVINS,

Bellevue Ave. & Main Road.

Chase & Sanborn's

(Boston)

Imported, Roasted,
and Packed

COFFEES!

Guaranteed.

For sale by

P. S. TILTON & Co.

Hammonton.

Henry Kramer,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

FANCY SHINGLES

Posts, Pickets, etc.

BERRY CHATES.

Folsom, N. J.

Lumber sawed to order.

Orders received by mail promptly filled.

Prices Low.

Frank C. Hartshorn,

PRACTICAL

HOUSE PAINTER,

Hammonton, N. J.

Satisfaction guaranteed on all work.

Orders by mail attended to.

Triumph Asparagus

In large flat cans,
30 cents.

Pepper Sauce

10 c. per quart.

Pickles

8 cents per dozen.

Canned Goods

of every description.

Frank E. Roberts,

Grocer,

Second St., Hammonton.

Real Estate Office.

In the Brick Fay building,
at Hammonton Station.

We offer for sale

Several Improved Farms,
Nice Homes in Town,
Wild Land by the acre.
Building Lots.

Also, Properties for Rent.

Come and see us, and learn particulars.
English, German, French, and Italian
spoken and written.

B. Albrici & Co.

BOOTS and SHOES

All kinds and makes.

The Best and Cheapest

In the market.

Shoes made to measure.

Repairing of all kinds done.

D. C. HERBERT.

Wm. Rutherford,

Commissioner of Deeds,
Notary Public,
Conveyancer,

Real Estate & Insurance Agt

HAMMONTON, N. J.

Insurance placed only in the most

reliable companies.

Beeds, Leases, Mortgages, Etc.

Carefully drawn.

OCEAN TICKETS

and from all parts of Europe. Corres-

pondence solicited.

Send a postal card order for a true

sketch of Hammonton.

HONOR ROLL.

Pupils who have been neither absent
nor tardy during the month ending
Friday, Jan. 25th, 1895.

SCHOOL, NO. 1.

High School,--43 Pupils.

Fannie French	Mattie Swift
John E. Hoyt	Mamie Jacoby
Daisy Mathis	Robert Maxwell
Chas. Campanella	Emma VanBant
Maud Leonard	Phoebe Newcomb
Myrtle Smith	Lewis Smith
Emily Morrill	Mary Thomas
Frank Tomlin	Geo. Parkhurst
Harison Rutherford	Geo. Whiffen
Mabel Quinn	Beulah Jones
Katie Garton	Nellie Jones
Gertrude Thomas	Charles Fitting
Nelly Hurley	Maud Wilson
Anna Walther	

Second Grammar,--58 Pupils.

Oliver DePuy	Henry Whiffen
Edwin Thayer	Charles Laver
William Walther	Mildred Randall
Parker Treat	Garfield Kramer
Grace Thayer	Clarence Littlefield
Richard Busby	Morris Simons
Mary Logan	Howard Monfort
Anna Gillingham	Clarence Fitting
Harry Walther	

First Grammar,--54 Pupils.

Amelia Esposito	Geo. de Rubelli
Bena Loveland	Corra Crowell
Bessie Hoffman	Annie Newlands
George Busby	Mary Roberts
George Wilcox	Annie Littlefield
Willie Johnson	Mattie Cappucco
Harvey King	

Second Primary,--61 Pupils.

May Jones	Eddie Jones
Norris Hurley	Stuart Whiffen
Lillian Boyle	Robert Thomas
Mary Fitzpatrick	Emma Logan
Charlie Logan	Little Walther
Lewis Gillingham	Lewis Thomas
Fell Loveland	Ernest Hoppling
Louis de Rubelli	

First Primary,-- Pupils.

Harry Simons	Willie Lyman
Bessie Cunningham	George Tathill
Any Joslyn	Arle Austin
Gertrude Wescott	Arles Hurley
Edith Roberts	Charles Wilson
Alfred Waga	Marie Young
Charles Brown	Mattie D. Mill
Katie Hurley	Samuel D. Mill
Theodore Mitchell	

Kindergarten,--68 Pupils.

Lizzie Cunningham	Edwin Crowell
Oecilia Coart	Laurence Lear

SCHOOL No. 2,--39 Pupils.

Edna Hannan	Mary Kreschotte
Mary Jackson	Philip Fitting
Mary Santoro	Rock Santoro

SCHOOL No. 3,--42 Pupils.

Laura Wills	Artie Werner
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SCHOOL No. 4,-- Pupils.

Mary Campanella	John Recci
Annie Campanella	Willie Recci
Any Campanella	

SCHOOL No. 5,--53 Pupils.

Annie Emper	Susie Monica
George Pinto	John Monica

SCHOOL No. 6,--27 Pupils.

Dow Seely	Marie Stayer
Jane Seely	Frieda Stayer
Henry Seely	

SCHOOL No. 7,--36 Pupils.

James Delzeit	Helen Miller
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AN ORDINANCE to authorize the Dela-
ware & Atlantic Telegraph & Telephone
Company to establish and maintain a Tel-
ephone Exchange in the Town of Ham-
monton, and for that purpose granting
them the privilege to erect and maintain
poles and place wires thereon, on any
Street, Lane, or Alley within the limits of
the said Town.

Introduced Nov. 24th, 1894.

Adopted Dec. 25th, 1894.

Sec. 1. Be it ordained and enacted by the
Town Council of the Town of Hammonton,
that the Delaware & Atlantic Telegraph and
Telephone Company be, and they are hereby
authorized and empowered to establish and
maintain a Telephone Exchange in the Town
of Hammonton; and for that purpose they
are hereby granted the privilege of erecting
and maintaining poles, and place wires
thereon, in and along and upon any street,
lane, or alley in said Town. Provided, how-
ever, that the erection and location of said
poles shall be under the supervision of the
Highway Committee of the Town of Ham-
monton, and provided, that the said Delaware
& Atlantic Telegraph & Telephone Company
shall be held responsible for all damages
accruing from the erection of poles or the
stringing of wires, or for any cause growing
out of the erection and maintaining of the
Telephone Exchange in the said Town of
Hammonton.

Sec. 2. And be it further ordained and
enacted, That the said Town of Hammonton,
in granting the privilege above named, does
hereby reserve for itself the right to place
wires on the poles that may be erected by the
said Telegraph and Telephone Company, and
that the wires placed on the poles by said
Town shall be used by the Town of Hammonton
for fire alarm purposes only.

Sec. 3. And be it further ordained, that this
Ordinance shall take effect immediately.

Ordained and enacted into an Ordinance at
the Council Chamber, on the 25th day of
December, 1894.

WM. BERNHOUSE,

Chairman of Council.

Attest:
A. J. SMITH, Town Clerk.

A Des Moines woman who has been
troubled with frequent colds, concluded
to try an old remedy in a new way, and
accordingly took a tablespoonful (four
times the usual dose) of Chamberlain's
Cough Remedy just before going to bed.
The next morning she found that her
cold had almost entirely disappeared.
During the day she took a few doses of
the remedy (one teaspoonful at a time),
and at night again took a tablespoonful
before going to bed; and on the follow-
ing morning awoke free from all symp-
toms of the cold. Since then she has, on
several occasions, used this remedy in a
like manner, with the same good results,
and is much elated over her discovery of
so quick a way of curing a cold. For
sale by druggists.

The Weather:

Special Forecast for New Jersey.

Lower temperature, heavy frosts, and high
thin winds, are predicted for South
Jersey, especially in the vicinity of
Hammonton. Vessel owners, land-
lords, farmers, business and profes-
sional people would do well to make
immediate provision for cold wave,
purchasing stoves, ranges, and heaters
from S. E. Brown & Co., whose goods

are known to be the best of their class. All stations in
territory described will continue to display cold wave
signal till further orders.

By order
A. D. V. R., Supt.

New Goods February 1st At Steelman's

(Merchant Tailor).

Suits made to order, on short
notice, and guaranteed.

In Black's Building.

Hammonton.

SPECIAL!

CLOTHING

Below Cost.

Boys' Coats for \$2.85,

worth \$4.

4-4 Chenille Cloths,
only 50 cts. per yard.

J. GOODMAN,

Bellevue Ave., Hammonton.

Chas. Cunningham, M.D.
Physician and Surgeon.

High's Block, Hammonton.

Office Hours, 7:30 to 10:30 A.M.

1:00 to 3:00 and 7:00 to 9:00 P.M.

John Atkinson,
Justice of the Peace,

Commissioner of Deeds

Pension & Claim Agent.

Bellevue Ave. and Second St.,

HAMMONTON, N. J.

All business placed in my hands will
be promptly attended to.

Tin Roofing

Put on by experienced
workmen.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

S. E. BROWN & CO.

The Hardware Store.

HARNESS.

A full assortment of hand and machin
made,--for work or driving.

Trunks, Valises, Whips,
Riding Saddles, Nets, etc.

L. W. COGLEY,

Hammonton, N. J.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

Best in the World!
Get the Genuine!

Sold Everywhere!

GO TO

Wm. Bernhouse's

Lumb'r Yard

For all kinds of

Lumber, Mill-work,

Window-glass,

Brick, Lime, Cement,

Plaster, Hair, Lath, etc.

Light Fire Woods

(For Summer use.)

We manufacture

Berry Crates & Chests

Of all kinds. Also,

Cedar Shingles.

We have just received our Spring
stock of goods.

Can furnish very nice

Pennsylvania Hemlock

At Bottom Prices. Manufacture our
own Flooring. Satisfaction
Guaranteed.

Our specialty, this Spring, will
be full frame orders.

Your patronage solicited.

GEO. W. PRESSEY,
Hammonton, N. J.,

Justice of the Peace.

Office, Second and Cherry Sts.

The People's Bank
Of Hammonton, N. J.

Authorized Capital, \$50,000

Paid in, \$30,000.

Surplus, \$12,000.

R. J. BYRNES, President.

M. L. JACKSON, Vice-Pres't

W. R. TILTON, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

R. J. Byrnes,

M. L. Jackson,

George Elvins,

Elam Stockwell,

G. F. Saxton,

C. F. Osgood,

A. J. Smith,

J. C. Anderson.

Certificates of Deposit issued, bearing
interest at the rate of 2 per cent. per an-
num if held six months, and 3 per cent if
held one year.

Discount days--Tuesday and
Friday of each week.

O. W. PAYRAN,
Attorney at Law.

Master in Chancery,

Notary Public.

Atlantic City, N. J.

Hammonton office over Atkinson's

SONG OF THE STARS.

They trace the daylight fables in the evening shades
To tell the woe of the world in the language of
We speak out truths to the firmaments
To tell the woe of the world in the language of
And we gather the broken sunbeams up
To tell the woe of the world in the language of
We make and build the crown, and lift
To tell the woe of the world in the language of
With gladness we sing we dwell the tresses
To tell the woe of the world in the language of
We weave as we mount into the skies;
And the flowers we sprinkle with many /
That flow from our sparkling eyes.
But we are not the stars that shine
To tell the woe of the world in the language of
As we wander across the sky.
And we are not the stars that shine
We hide, till the storm goes by.
The sun is our master, and no disaster
Can we do him with light or with
For constant union on the dim horizon
We are not the stars that shine
We confound and where the comet hides,
And we frighten him out of his lair
To tell the woe of the world in the language of
To his light we are the great power,
We sometimes pause in our journey because
We see ourselves in the glass
Of the face of the moon, and that takes
Our picture as we pass
But when the daylight quivers and breaks,
And the gray world into the blue,
The stars are seen and our
And are found in the morning dew.

Returning from New York City by the E.—Railroad a few years ago, I bought of the trainboy a copy of a Cincinnati paper, in which I read a long account of the robbery of the city bank, and the disappearance of its teller, Harry W. Swope. As usual in such cases, he had been a trusted employee of the bank, and was a well-known society young man. The robbery was a particularly cool one, the gentleman having quietly slipped \$90,000 in notes into a valise on the previous day morning, and at ten o'clock left his office, and walked out into the cold world. That was the last seen of him, and it was not until after the bank opened on Monday morning that the directors learned of the loss. The affair created an immense sensation, "society" was shocked, the church scandalized, and the bank directors furious. The newspapers printed stories of the crime, and—Mr. Hyde sort of existence the young man had led for a number of years, and numerous friends of the bank parted knowingly shook their heads; but no one knew what they knew something like that was sure to happen soon.

This sensation so interested me that I actually realized the Cincinnati paper carried the name of the teller, and, an hour behind time and had failed to make connection with the train to L——. I should therefore have taken my departure earlier than going west—that night, which would cause me to stop over night in a one-horse town in Indiana that did not contain a single comfortable hotel.

I had some business affairs to settle, came in contact with him on a number of occasions while doing business with the bank of which he was teller. The Cincinnati papers I bought in the city were full of accounts of the affair, and contained also the announcement that the bank directors had offered a reward of \$3,000 for Swope's capture and 10 per cent. of the money recovered. He must have a total of \$10,000 if the rascal was caught before he got rid of his booty.

After eating an unsatisfactory lunch I took a seat in the general passenger car of the depot, fully awaiting my train. As I did so I noticed a young man approach my seat, and placing his valise on the floor alongside my own, to which it seemed attached, he turned around, he looked cautiously around at the clock on the wall and then at the officials moving about.

"How long he sat beside me I don't remember," said the man, as he arose and walked over to the telegraph office at the farther end of the room. Before he came back a strong breeze from the vestibule in uniform stepped up to me and asked if I was from one of the towns to which the train about to start was bound. For hurriedly picking up my valise. I made hastily a dash for the door and was soon aboard my train for the east.

The journey was the most pleasant and uneventful I had known. The depot at N—— Y—— Ind., where I boarded the train, was a fine place, the next morning had been, and since my last visit, that town, and remembering too well my hotel experience there a year before, I remembered that I had found the depot waiting-room with a few other passengers who shared my misfortune.

It was that night the face of the stranger who had occupied a seat beside me, and who had haunted me. There was something about him that reminded me of Teller Swope. He was just his size and shape, and that, to be sure, was wanting, but that, to be sure, was covered off this appendage was to be considered a matter of course. The cold spectacles he wore very much resembled those that had associated with the face of the Indianapolis looking teller, and I had observed on his fingers a number of rings, jewelry that Mr. Swope was said to be very fond of wearing. It was all over in my mind the more convinced I felt that I had lost a splendid chance of capturing the thief and securing a good reward.

When six o'clock came round I boarded the train for L not in the best of humor, and two hours later arrived at home feeling very tired and longing for a slight breakfast. I went down stairs and found the big robbery was still the talk of

the clerks. Each of them had a key to the door, so where had the bag gone, and when they appealed to me for my opinion, I doubtfully recounted my experiences of the previous evening. Of course they said that I was a young man, and very foolishly allowed the fugitive to slip out of my fingers.

Just before going out to lunch, a messenger boy languidly entered the office and handed me a note from a man, saying "thinking it was the usual commission to get your car, I have stuck the sample inclosed," and thrust it into my pocket and started out to dinner. I had not gone far before I suddenly stopped and took out the envelope the boy had given me, opened it and read it. At first I could not understand what it said, but then I turned it over and it read as follows:

"Dear George: Come home at once. In opening your valise to get your suit, you have been careless. The bag is packed with bank notes. What does it mean? Is anything wrong? Come home at once."

My first thought was to haste home, but upon reflection I resolved to wait until I could get a more accurate opinion from the men who were in the bank. I went to the bank for a discovery. I found the President of the bank in his private office, engaged with several lynx-eyed individuals who were suspicious of their appearance and to whom I was given no attention as it turned out they were detectives.

When I was granted an interview and explained my discovery it created a great sensation, a sensation. At first the old gentleman, who was the President, regarded me as a crank, but when I asked him to allow a clerk to accompany me home he seemed to be satisfied with my earnest. He consented to my proposal, and I was escorted home, although he said an escort was unnecessary, thinking, doubtless, that the handsome reward would be a sufficient inducement to insure the safe return of my young man. He then said to me that he would immediately feel into discussing the matter with the members of his bank. He congratulated me on my good fortune, and knowingly hinted that "the old gentleman" had been very clever in the way of reward.

I said this young man was a very generous fellow, but somehow I soon began to feel an instinctive distrust. He had implied in his questions concerning the valise that he was one of the members of the missing teller, but he returned evasive answers. In one or two little things he contradicted himself, and finally when I asked him to let me see the valise he had been employed in the bank, he replied, after looking at me in a amazed sort of way: "Oh, about a year or two." At once the thought came into my mind that the young man was one of the young men I had seen outside the President's office; perhaps he had overheard our conversation, and had planned this neat scheme of the valise. I was not sure, but the bank sent me for "protection" and I was insatiably put it. If so, I readily agreed to get his hands on the valise and to bid him good-bye.

This theory was strengthened when I noted that my "protector" seemed gradually to become very uncomfortable, and the conversation during the rest of the day was very uninteresting and full of yawns. Try as I might to pass objects and sights. Try as I could, I failed to get any thing satisfactory out of him concerning the robbery.

When I went home I politely asked the young man to take a seat in the hall while I stepped up-stairs to get a glimpse of the treasure. I found my wife at the head of the stairs, and she said that the young man and I were in the room when we examined the valise, and at a rough estimate we placed the amount at about the figure the newspapers said Swope had carried off with him—somewhere about \$90,000.

I did not tell my wife of my suspicions of the young man down stairs, but I resolved at once to arm myself with a revolver, the weapon the worst of all is a well-known fact that the valise is the sixth commandment has been broken and declared unconstitutional, and I quickly made up my mind to get the valise. I showed no sign of playing my false role, but let him have a dose of cold lead.

Contrary to my expectations the young fellow made no offer to carry the valise, but he said that he would go back to the bank. At the end of the short street on which I lived we stopped to take a car. My friend and I again became very affable, and he said that he would be glad to see me a cigar. I took it, thanked him, and placing my valise carefully on the ground between my feet, I struck a match to light it. Just as I was in the act of lighting it, I saw a shadow from the left that sent me staggered into the middle of the street. At the same moment my "protector" disappeared in the other direction.

For a moment I stood there, wondering what the fellow in the red-trousered fellow in uniform at my side, as he shook me violently, "I

I thought you told me you were going to take the train west to-night. I have just pulled out and you're left here opening my eyes. I rocketed around the room in a daze, and in a few minutes and then reached for my valises.

It was nowhere to be found.

My brusque arouser instantly took to the situation, and, with a look of relief at seeing his face, said, "I've turned away."

"I guess that student-like sportsman who was sitting beside you has taken care of your baggage. He passed me the moment you left, and he was carrying a train with a couple of valises." Next time you go traveling, young man, you had better take some one along with you to care for you while you sleep."

SUEC

THE ASSISTANT IN RUSSIA

Aged and Sick Tchukhtschis Sacrificed with Strange Ceremonies Even to-day.

Very few persons in Europe or elsewhere are aware that the part of the Russian Empire, among the most backward, is still the scene of the most barbarous sacrifices still take place, says the *Gazette de Yakoutsok*, and seem likely to be practiced for a long time to come. At the same time no blame is therefore laid on the Government or the Russian Government or to the orthodox church, for efforts by both to stop the custom have proved ineffectual. The sacrifices attributed to those of the Tchukutchi who, who, finding no pleasure in life, resolve to have done with earthly existence, to rejoice their dead relations and go to increase the number of the spirits. The Tchukutchi has made up his mind to die immediately notifies his neighbors and nearest relatives. The news spreads in the circle of his friends and all of the Tchukutchi people endeavor to influence him to change his mind. Prayers, reproaches, complaints, and tears have no effect on the fanatic. Who explains his reasons, speaks of the few moments of life he has left, and to him in his sleep, and even when he is awake, calling him to them. If's friends, seeing him thus resolved, go away to make the customary preparations. At the end of from ten to fifteen days, they return to the hut of the Tchukutchi with white mortuary garments and some weapons which will be used by the spirits in the other world to fight evil spirits and to defend the Tchukutchi. Making his hut the Tchukutchi draws into the corner of the hut. His nearest relative stands by his side, holding in his hand the instrument of execution, a knife, a pick, or a rope. After the sacrifice the assistants place the body on a sledge drawn by a reindeer, which draws it to the place of the funeral. Arrived at the place, the assistants cut the throat of the reindeer, take from the dead body its clothing, which is torn to pieces, and place the corpse on a wooden funeral pile. The assistants then take the body and offer up prayer for the happy soul to other world, and supplicate these to watch over them and theirs. These horrible practices are followed to-day with the same exactness as in ancient times.

WORTH A THOUSAND DOLLARS.

One naturally thinks of butterflies in connection only with flowers, and flowers suggest sunshine and warmth. But there is no place on this earth except upon its great seas and oceans where butterflies can be found. Of course the plains of tropical countries abound with them; but some of the most beautiful forms are found in the mountain passes of Darjeeling and the Himalayas. In the Himalayas, on the frigid altitudes of Tibet, Cashmere, Touristan, and the Pamirs. Lieut. Peary has told that when he planted the United States flag on the ice cap at the farthest point north a moth lit on the poles for a moment. Prices of butterflies vary in the catalogues of professional dealers from 16 cents to \$500. According to the *Ice Cap* of the *Herald*, from which these facts about butterflies are gleaned, "fine types," beautiful and rare "varieties," and wonderful uniques are practically sold for the ice cap. The *Herald* says the collection of Mr. Neumoen of New York, is his wonderful papilio-neumoen. This insect, the only one of its kind ever seen, was first seen at the island of Sumatra, southeast of Java. Received in a shipment from his collector at that place, Mr. Neumoen is once concluded that it was new to the world, and, exporting there, decided that he was right. It is of a wonderful metallic green. Special expeditions have been sent to the island to find another, but this one remains unique. It is valued at \$1,000.

DID NOT PART OF HER DUTY.

The umbrella of a Catholic penitent was stolen while she was in confession; She went with the story to Cardinal Wiseman, hoping probably to obtain compensation for the loss. The cardinal told her the Cardinal said this: "My child, I am sorry for you; but the Scriptures tell us to watch as well as pray."

The washerwoman's motto—"Let us soap for the best."

[TONSILLITIS.]

Vainate Information Concerning a Very Common Disorder.

The common name of this disorder, says the *Youth's Companion*, is "sore throat," although a distinction should be made between the inflammation of the tonsils and an invasion of any other part of the throat.

Many persons have a tendency to tonsillitis, and upon the slightest exposure the throat becomes inflamed and swollen, causing considerable pain as well as actual pain. The inflammation may even go on to ulceration. Then the disease is commonly known as "quinsy."

What happens in tonsillitis is briefly this: the membranes and underlying tissues of the tonsils, which are usually soft and spongy and covered with a secretion which keeps them always swollen, become congested, and the secretion being wholly or nearly stopped the surface becomes dry and hot. There is also more or less of fever accompanying the disturbance.

One of the causes of tonsillitis is probably exposure to cold and damp, although it may be set up by any form of direct irritation.

With those in whom there is a tendency to tonsillitis, there is often present a general weakness of the muscles of the upper tract. Some writers even go so far as to say that these cases are hereditary in their nature, and it is true that very often two or more members of a family are afflicted with tonsillitis, with the same disposition to the trouble.

Proximity to the sea-coast or other places of a damp and changeable temperature conduces to the chronic form of the disorder.

The onset of an attack is usually sudden, and in a short time symptoms of a very disagreeable nature appear. Headache, pain in the throat, inability to swallow, and general discomfort follow. The next day the throat is frequently carmine, from the extension of the inflammation to the canal of the ear, aids to the sufferer's distress.

Fortunately, however, this disagreeable disturbance is speedily amenable to proper treatment. The throat should be made upon it from every quarter; the general feverishness should be dispelled by a suitable perspiration starter, like a drink of hot lemonade, and the swollen throat should be cooled and reduced by hot gargles and by applications of heat or cold to the angles of the jaw.

Above all, if there is the slightest appearance of ulceration upon the surface of the tonsils, the patient should delay in calling a competent physician, since there is danger of mistaking for simple tonsillitis what may really be diphtheria or quinsy.

Nothing more to advocate cutting of the tonsils, especially where there is a pronounced tendency to inflammation. This may be safely left to the judgment of the family physician, although it may be said that an enlarged tonsil is in itself an exciting cause of tonsillitis.

FIND IN OLD FIDDLERS.

An Old Violin Made in the Seventeenth Century Recently Discovered.

Ledbury, Herefordshire, a charmingly old-fashioned place close to the Malvern hills, in the midst of beautiful scenery, was the other day the scene of two very peculiar finds.

Mr. John Crook, a resident of that town. One is a very old English violin, labelled:

John Crook at ye 3
London 1684. The Lane
near Prince St.
London 1684.

Nothing more to advocate concerning the maker, and this may be the only specimen in existence, says the *London Violin Times*. We have inspected the instrument at Messrs. Hill's, who are in a position to guarantee the genuineness of the find, and who have the instrument to bear. The "find" is interesting, inasmuch as old English violins of that period (seventeenth century) are very rare. Perhaps the first specimen in existence in England of whom we have any record is a Jacob Jacquetman, whose date is variously given as having been in 1720, by others 1641, and also by others 1650. However that may be, the "find" closely resembles the one made in 1720, and the first violin that has yet been seen dates from 1668, so that it will readily be seen that the Crook is a very early and rare specimen of that maker. The condition is surprisingly good, excepting the absence of the tail-piece and its original head and neck, and of course, its original label. The second "find" was a Joana Baptista Guadagnini, violin, 1780, which was found in the garden of a house at Little Wymondley last summer, about forty miles from Ledbury. It had been entirely discarded by its owner in an outhouse, and was lying in a heap of old clothes, bridges, stringless, and covered with dirt. It was found by a young man, and its original condition, retaining its head and neck, and only having a few cracks in the upper table. It was labelled Petrus Guarnieri, Filius Jos. and was being taken to Messrs. Hill & Son yesterday.

At the slightest inspection it was a genuine Guadagnini of considerable value. Our correspondent has been a lover and collector of violins for about thirty years, and he has seen scores of instruments, the last is the first Italian violin that has ever fallen to his lot.

Messrs. Hill, after hearing the history of the violin, were amazed at the manner in which it had been found, and declaring that in the whole course of

their experience they had never heard of aluminum.

Bicycles of the Future.

"Now, here is our new machine," said the bicycle agent of 1894. "It was a great jump from steel, which was very heavy, to aluminum, so much lighter, and which will greatly reduce the weight of the aluminum to aluminum, the new metal which they have lately discovered. This wheel is made of it.

"You see it weighs a good many pounds less than steel. You notice that it is chained to the floor securely. If it were unchained, it would fly up and knock a hole in the ceiling, and it would be hard work to pull it down again. Owing to the lightness of the wheels, which are made of aluminum, the air by the same process, precisely that aluminum is extruded from the virgin clay, there is great difficulty in putting it into the shape of a wheel, and it is very hard to work while being worked; for the pieces often slip up out of the mechanic's fingers and take him on the nose, causing great soreness and swariness. The first machine we succeeded in completing was very heavy, but it got away from us and soared upward, and, my friend, there is little doubt but that the man in the moon is having a time all to himself with it, hang

"Our show room is not exactly fitted to display these new cycles. Common cycles, of course, are displayed on the floor. We intend to put in a great number of galleries, and to order them with a proper row of stairs to order them down for inspection. We are not expected to get everything in proper shape all at once; it takes time. Now, the usual question will be asked in your mind, 'Will this machine weigh?' It will keep it down. Just the reverse, you see, as the law of gravitation is just the opposite now to the center of the earth; and so this is regulated to the amount of ballast you want in your machine. You want to chase tame ducks along the earth or catch wild geese up in the air. The weight of your ballast brings you safely down, of course. The tires can be filled with gas, and you can go up or ascend or descend. Please step on these scales and let's see what guage of he airium you require."

A Brave Frenchman.

Few Frenchmen distinguished themselves more in the Franco-German war than Roch Donzella, who has just died as keeper of the light-house of Bonifacio, on the Corsican coast. M. Donzella was a Corsican, and can hardly—when he is in a bounding name—enjoyed the confidence of Gambetta, who employed him on some dangerous and delicate missions, and the government was desirous of national defense. Gambetta was desirous of conveying instructions to Marshal Bazaine during the investment of Metz, and it was to Donzella that he entrusted the task. The courageous Corsican started out for the scene of war, and one dark night he swam across the channel under a heavy fire from the German forts. It is said that the only way he was able to make his greater part of the way under water and reappearing above the water now and then just long enough to take breath and swallow the hail of bullets. Having delivered his message, Donzella was returned by the name was as a hero and with the same success. It was in recognition of his services Gambetta after the war got him the post of head of the harbor, which he retained until his death.

A Church of Ice.

The officers of the Neptune line steamship Patapasco, which arrived in port recently from Rotterdam, have just returned with a strange tale of a church in mid-Atlantic which First Officer Popham says was beyond description and any human power of reproduction. The beautiful sight was seen by the ship's company on August 7, and continued for fully ten minutes. The iceberg was 270 feet high and 650 feet long, and was on the edge of dense fog. It was a shaped exactly like a church, being a dome and a towering spire which tapered near the top of the spire in immaculate white.

About fifty feet from the top the spire was a beautiful balcony, and the dome was most beautiful to behold. Back of the spire was a glancing roof that in action of the fog and sun caused to appear in a deep blue. Near the spire was a perfectly shaped Gothic arch in which were three windows. The spire window was to almost make one believe it was built there by a mechanic. The sun shone through in all its brilliancy and dazzled the eyes of those who beheld it. The spire was a magnificent globe near the water and made a marvellous picture that could never be painted. Besides all this, the sun, shining on the many small projections of the berg, caused it to sparkle and becom millions of sparkling diamonds all been pulled together. The officers say that many statues and fantastic figures were discernible—about the thousands of ice. The spire was a tower of the beauty—a Baltimore American that you ladies to make it easier to reach and to find the way to your own town?

FOR FATE WOULD SAY

Long years. The shudders fell
Far more than sunny hours;
Nerbro stopped; and clouds,
Unbroken was by gleams
Of light; the wild winds howled
And laid his castles low—
I never dared speak for I knew
Fate would not have it so!

All passed: There dawned a
day.
The softest zephyr-breze
Sung myriad fresh-died branches
And stings among
In surdure of a thousand-sting
As skimming sweet
The time is wondrous fair—now
For fate would have it so

HIS JEALOUSY

"Mr. Andrew Frosty came
side in one of a long row of
houses, no one of which
special mark on its front
could be distinguished from
Each had seven steps at
Tack on another tier
was terribly jealous of him
It is an awful thing for
jealous of his wife at
without reason. When
falls into such a habit he
may as well draw their
over their eyes and say
the world. Living is n
object to them.

But whether Mr. Fro
reason to be jealous of
what we are going to
yet we never thought he
for a more amiable w
made him it would be h
Mrs. Frosty was beautif
ful, and her manners w
ing. It may be that th
Frosty's reasons for his
If so, why didn't he ma
woman?

Not many doors off a
row of dwellings lived
who rather prided him
esteemed a gentleman.
suming to be a man of
tarned a ladies' man, he
was extremely particula
riety toward them, aimi
impress them with a sen
fect purity, chivalry, an
and true, and fathers
to their daughters, and
their ever thought of i
would be satisfied with
than a character like th
Coming home, one of
his head bent, one o
Colonel thought no suc
possible as that he sho
own house, especially a
in and out that way
Perhaps the very fact
such a confidence was
reason why he should m
after all. But as he wa
occupied with his reaso
denied himself entirely
knew of the way home,
he should reach there in
The consequence was t
slipped himself through
front door, hung up hi
in the hall, and start
lug-room.

As all the houses in t
so much alike on the o
internal arrangement was
much on the same pat
Frosty's hall seemed lik
the dining-room door o
he did.

The instant he opened
began to awaken to his
table was spread in the
room, and Mrs. Frosty
gazed reading.

"Ah!" he exclaimed,
scraping confusedly. "I
Really, Mrs. Frosty, I a
In a moment the inste
was on her feet, her fac
the natural excitement lo
looked for a visit. Sh
what to say.

"This is a ludicrous m
claire, Mrs. Frosty," said
"Here I am invadine
when I thought I was
in my own. This com
houses wearing such a
But it is my first mistak
you will excuse me."

Mrs. Frosty stood con
stantly, and laughed ho
"I may get caught so
know," she said, "and v
grateful for a call from y
ver. Now you can hear
wait soon be on the ba
sit sit down with us! I
my husband every m
The Colonel began to
and excuse himself, bu
urgent business consequen
evening, but while he w
the front door was heard
"There," said Mrs.
line and becoming mor
be detained any longer
would at home. Come, I
better stay."

Along came Frosty t
hall, and his sour face
turned awestruck at the
The instant he caught
of a male voice in the
his old suspicions began
again. As soon as he c
along as far as the doo
way and look in throug
and see who was ther
burst all bounds and r
tem oratory madman. Col
and his wife were in the

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

LESSON TEXT.
(Luk. 9: 28-35). Memory verse.

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus Christ, our Son of God.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER:
We beheld his glory, the glory which he had from the Father.—John 1: 14.

LESSON TOPIC: The Son of God.

LESSON RECOGNITION.

LESSON OUTLINE:

1. Supernatural Light.
2. Specially Chosen.
3. Divine Endowment.
4. Saving.

GOLDEN TEXT: This is my Son, my Beloved. I am well pleased in him.—Matt. 17: 5.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Luk. 9: 28-36. T.—Matt. 3: 13-17. W.—John 6: 28-39. Th.—Matt. 17: 1-13. F.—2 Cor. 3: 7-18. Gl.—Luk. 9: 28-36. S.—Rev. 1: 9-18. The Saviour. S. Pet. 1: 16-21. Peter's memory.

(These Home Readings are selections of the International Bible Reading Association.)

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. SUPERNATURAL RADIANCE.

The Changeling Countenance:
The fashion of his countenance was altered (28).
His face shined as the sun (29).
His face did shine as the sun (30).
His face shined as the sun (31).
His face shined as the sun (32).
His face shined as the sun (33).
His face shined as the sun (34).
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His face shined as the sun (98).
His face shined as the sun (99).
His face shined as the sun (100).

II. SAINTLY COMPANIONS.

The Visiting Saluta:
There talked with him two Moses and Elijah (30).
So Moses came in the cloud (31).
Moses (Deut. 34: 6).
Elijah went up by a whirlwind (2 Kings 2: 11).
There appeared unto them Elias and Moses (Mark 9: 4).
The Surrounding Glory:
Who appeared in glory (31).
And we beheld his glory (John 1: 14).
There shone round about his head as the sun (32).
We were eyewitnesses of his glory (2 Pet. 1: 16).
The Momentous Theme:
His decease which he was to accomplish (31).
My soul is exceeding sorrowful (Matt. 26: 38).
My Son must suffer (30).
I killed Mark (8: 31).
I, if he be lifted up, will draw all men unto myself (John 12: 32).
The Ecstatic Outcry:
Master, it is good for us to be here (33).
Lord, I will make here three tabernacles (Matt. 17: 4).
There was not what to answer (9: 6).
Joy unspeakable and full of glory (1: 8).

III. DIVINE ENDOWMENTS.

The Cloud:
There came a cloud, and covered them (84).
And the Lord descended in the cloud (Exod. 34: 5).
Behold, a bright cloud over them (Matt. 17: 5).
And a cloud received him out of sight (Matt. 1: 9).
The Voices:
And a voice came out of the cloud (35).
And lo, a voice out of the cloud (8: 17).
Behold, a voice out of the cloud (Matt. 17: 5).
There came such a voice to him the excellent glory (2 Pet. 1: 18).
The Utterance:
This is my Son, my chosen; him I love (35).
This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased (Matt. 3: 17).
This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased (Matt. 11: 26).
This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased (Matt. 17: 18).
The Honored One:
Jesus was found alone (36).
They saw no one, save Jesus (Matt. 17: 8).

[illegible][illegible]

 You can have a sample copy of each at this office.