South Jersey Republican

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Moving the Capital.

MAY'S LANDING, N. J.,
Feb. 4, 1897.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN: Kindly allow me space to say a few things in regard to the project of removing the County Capital from this place to Pleasantville.

I am informed that the tax-payers of the county, generally speaking, are opposed to such a project, and think the present location is desirable enough.

The Pleasantville *Press* and a few agitators of that place, are harping aloud for their removal for land-boom purposes solely, and want the poor tax-payer who owns a small farm and is already overburdened with tax, to pay the freight of the removal, if they are ever moved.

The buildings, as they are now located, will answer the purpose for which they are intended for years to come, and recent improvements made to the same place them in such a condition as they rank second to none in South Jersey.

Both Atlantic City and the County proper, at this time, have outstanding bonds amounting to $1,000,000, and all efforts to liquidate these bonds should first be made before adding to the amount. Down with the agitators.

PICKEREL.

[Our fishy correspondent has done well, in a short article; but we call his attention to a few facts:

It costs a Hammontonian three dollars to hire a team to go to the present County Capital, and he must spend a whole day to transact ten minutes business there.

While the proposed removal will cost considerable, tax-payers are in the habit of looking ahead, and see that their money is not wisely spent in repairing and re-modeling already out-of-date buildings.

Very few in this locality favor the removal to Pleasantville,—thinking it would be little improvement on the present location. The town would be more accessible, but the buildings not so,—a mile away,—and hotel accommodations are missing.

By heavy expenditures, the county jail is now up-to-date; but the Clerk's office is not adequate, the Sheriff's office now requires enlarging; the old court-house is in appearance a disgrace to Atlantic County, and lacks convenience, which no one will deny.—ED.]

George B. Roberts, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, died on Saturday last, after a long illness, aged 64 years. Mr. Roberts was without doubt the foremost railroad man in the country. By perseverance, industry, and the development of his native talent, he rose from the lowly position of rodman to the Presidency of perhaps the greatest, best organized, and best equipped railroad corporation in the world. As to his standing in railway circles, the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, President of the New York Central Railroad, has this to say: "The appreciation of his associates was best indicated by their electing him President of every association they have formed in the last ten years. A great railway man, a conscientious and chivalrous gentleman, and a patriotic citizen has been lost to the country." Mr. Frank Thomson, First Vice-President, has been elected President.

The Pennsylvania Capitol Building, at Harrisburg, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday,—loss about $600,000 The fire is supposed to have caught from an open grate. The public records were mostly in another building. The state house was more than seventy years old, and a new one was needed.

Grover Cleveland and family will go to Princeton to take up their residence on March 5th, and the house and surroundings are being put into shape for their reception.

Republicans insist that it will be better to raise revenue on foreign-made goods than to issue bonds to run the government. Anything wrong with that business policy?

Most of us know a good thing when some one else has it.

A German who has not spent much time learning English, had a horse stolen from his barn, whereupon he advertised as follows: Von nite the odder day I vas been awake in my ahleep, I hear sometings vot I tinks vas not yust right in my barn, and out I shumps to bed and runs mit te barn out; and ven I vas dare coom, I sees dot my pig gray iron mare he vas been tied loose an run, mit de stable off; and whoeffer vil him back bring I yust so much pay as vas kushtomary.

Two bills have been landed up there in Trenton, and yet the public thinks nothing has been done by the Legislature in the past four weeks.

If Mr. Bryan isn't careful he will drop out of sight before Maj. McKinley takes the oath of office.

To Florida via Penna. R. R.

The mid winter exodus has begun. The discomforts and dangers of wet winter weather are here, but to the southward, from a cloudless sky beams a beautiful sun upon a blooming land.

The next Penna. R.R. tour to Jacksonville, allowing two weeks in Florida, will leave New York and Philadelphia Feb. 9th. Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals en route in both directions while traveling on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York $50, Philadelphia $48, Canandaigua $52.85, Erie $54.85, Pittsburg $53, and at proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries, and other information, apply to ticket agents, Tourist agent at 1196 Broadway, New York, or to Geo. W. Boyd, Asst. Gen. Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Phila.

☞ For the benefit of those who desire to attend the ceremonies incident to the inauguration of President-elect McKinley, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Washington, March 1, 2, 3, and 4, valid to return from March 4 to 8, at the following rates: From New York, $8.00; Philadelphia, $5.40; Baltimore, $1.60; Harrisburg, $5.06; Williamsport, $8.79; Buffalo, $11.89; Rochester, $10.48; Altoona and Pittsburg, $10.00; and from all other stations on the Pennsylvania system at reduced rates. This inauguration will be a most interesting event, and will undoubtedly attract a large number of people from every section of the country. The magnificent facilities of the Pennsylvania Railroad make this line the favorite route to the national capital at all times, and its enormous equipment and splendid terminal advantages at Washington make it especially popular on such occasions

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IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY.
To William Bryan:

By virtue of an order of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, made on the day of the date hereof, in a cause wherein Annie C. Bryan is Complainant, and you are Defendant, you are required to appear and plead, demur, or answer to the complainant's bill, on or before the thirteenth day of March next, or the said bill will be taken as confessed against you. The said bill is filed to secure a divorce from the bonds of matrimony.

Dated January 12th, 1897.

ALLEN B. ENDICOTT,
Solicitor of Complainant.
P. O. address, Atlantic City.

THE UNBROKEN HEART.

He was sitting at the window, and his
little nose was flat,
As he pressed his face to kiss me, with
his lips against the pane;
Then I lost—but without kissing—in vex-
ation seized my hat;
It had jostled, and I knew that it would
barely catch the train,
Came just faintly, "Papa, kiss me!" as I
hurried out the gate,
But my time was all to scanty and I
really couldn't wait,
For I heard the distant whistle and I
knew that I was late,
And my work accumulating in the town.

He was sitting at the window, and as
townward rolled the train
I looked back to see the house and into
distance watched it pass,
And I knew that he was crying with his
little might and main
For the kiss I hadn't time to express
against the window glass.
I could see him with his "choo-choos"
quite disowned upon the floor,
And his wooden blocks, forgotten—and
my parent heart grew sore,
And I thought: "Dear God—what—what
if I should never see him more
At the window when I started for the
town?"

He was sitting at the window, and his
cry a little moan,
As my mental vision saw him all that
long and wretched day,
And my foolish, fearful fancy knew him
dying there alone,
With his kiss that still was waiting for
his papa, far away.
He was dying of the grieving—of the
awful, awful ache
Of his little baby heart that love had only
filled to break,
And I pushed the papers from me and de-
clared that I would take
The returning train and hurry from the
town.

He was sitting at the window as I clat-
tered at the gate,
And his tiny nose was flattened as he
pressed it to the pane,
And I heard his joyful clamor, as with
baby heart elate
He screamed out a royal welcome with
his little might and main,
With a brown and sugared doughnut held
in either chubby fist,
And his cherry lips a-pucker in the quaint-
est sort of twist,
To my arms he came a-leaping, and he
clamored as I kissed:
"Now, ven papa, what you bling me
f'om ve town?"
—Chicago Record.

GARRISON IN A ROUND HOUSE.

"Smoky Hill was the end of the track at that time," said the old engineer, shifting his lame foot to an easy position. "We had built a round house—a square one—with two stalls and room at the back for three or four bunks and a work bench. To protect ourselves against the Sioux we had lined, or wainscoted, the house up to about five feet from the ground and filled in behind the lining with sand.

"Indians were thicker than grasshoppers in Kansas in the days of the building of the Kansas Pacific, and scarcely a day—never a week—went by without a fight. At first they appeared to be awed by the locomotives, but in a little while their superstitious fear had vanished and they were constantly setting lures to capture the 'big hoss,' as they called the engine. One day we were out at the front with a train of steel, some eight or ten miles west of the Hill. It had been snowing all day in little fits and spits, and near nightfall the clouds became thicker and darker, and before the sun had gone down the snow was falling fast. By the time the last rail had been unloaded it was pitch dark, and as the engine was headed west, we were obliged to back up all the way to Smoky Hill. The conductor and the captain of the guard, composed of government scouts, took a stand on the rearmost flat-car, and when I got a signal I opened the throttle and began to poke the blunt end of the construction train into the darkness. Ordinarily, I hate running backward at night, but in a case of this kind it is a real relief to know that there are a dozen or more well-armed soldiers between you and whatever the darkness holds. Three or four men with white lights were stationed at intervals along the tops of the ten or twelve cars that made up the train. The house car, or caboose, was next the engine, and upon the top of this car stood the foreman of the gang, and from him I was supposed to take my 'tokens.'

"We had been in motion less than ten minutes when I saw the conductor's light (we were going with the storm) stand out, and following this movement all the lights along the train's top pointed over the plain, and I began to slow down. Instantly a dozen shots were fired from the darkness. Muffled by the storm, the sound came, as if a pack of firecrackers were going off under a dinner pail, and we all knew what we had run into. 'Injuns,' shouted the foreman, leaping across the gangway, 'and they're on my side.' 'Keep your seat,' said I, 'they're on my side, too.'

"Now all the white lights, following another signal from the conductor, began to whirl furiously in a short circle. That was my notion precisely. If they had prepared to ditch us we might as well go into the ditch so as to remain on the tops of the cars to be picked off by the Sioux, so I opened the throttle and began to back away again as fast as possible. The Indians had prepared to ditch our train. They had placed a great pile of cross-ties upon the track, expecting that when we struck them our train would come to a dead stop. This small party which had fired upon us was the outer watch, the main band being huddled about the head of ties, where they expected us to halt, and where most of the amusement would occur. The track was newly laid, and as billowy as a rough sea, but this was no time for careful running.

"The old work engine soon had the empty train going at a thirty-mile gait, [illegible] on the rear car, which was now the front, had anticipated a wreck, and retired in bad order to the center of the train. The Indians, who had only a faint notion of the power and resistance of a locomotive, stood close together about the pile of ties. The falling snow had made the rails and timbers so wet and slippery that when we hit the stack of wood the ties flew in all directions. Some of them were thrown to the tops of the cars and others flew into the mob of redskins, knocking them into confusion. A fine buck, who must have been standing on the track, was picked up in the collision and landed upon the top of the second car right at the conductor's feet. The fellow was considerably stunned by the fall, and, taking advantage of his condition, the scouts seized and bound him with a piece of bell cord, taking care to remove an ugly knife from his rawhide belt. The band were so surprised to see the train plough through the wreckage that they forgot to fire until we had almost passed them and a great flood of fire from the engine stack was falling among them. They then threw up their guns, those who were still on their feet, and let go at us, but none of the bullets affected our party.

"When we had reached the station the Pawnees who were among the scouts recognized our captive at once as Bear Foot, a noted and very wicked chief. When the Sioux came to himself and realized that he was a captive he became furious. He surged and strained at the bell rope, but it was all in vain, and finally he gave it up.

"When we had eaten our supper we all went into the round house—soldiers and all—for we knew the Sioux would make a desperate effort to secure their chief before the night was out.

"It was long after midnight when one of the men on duty heard a low scraping sound like that made by a hog crawling under a gate. A moment later the noise was repeated, and when the same sound had been heard three or four times the lieutenant in command flashed a bull's-eye lamp in the direction of the door and the light of it revealed three big braves standing close together, while a fourth was just creeping in under the door. With a we-are-discovered expression, the tall Indian, who appeared to be the leader, glanced at his companions. Then, as though the idea had struck all of them at once, they threw their guns up and let go along down the ray of light, and the lieutenant fell to the ground severely wounded.

"Appreciating the importance of our capture, the captain in command had set four powerful Pawnee scouts to guard Bear Foot, the Sioux chief. It was no sure thing that we would be able to stand the Indians off till morning, and as the storm had knocked the wires down we had been unable to telegraph to Lawrence for reinforcements. The fact that their brave chief was without a captive would increase the wrath of the red men without, and inflicting even a moderate view of the situation, we were in a hard hole. I, for one, would have gladly bartered our captive and the glory of the capture away for an assurance of seeing the sun rise on the following morning, but I dared not hint such a thing to the captain, much less to the Pawnees.

"The four Pawnees with their rifles once were placed in the coal tank of the locomotive, while the foreman and I occupied our places in the cab and kept the steam up to 140 pounds. If at any time it seemed to me the fight was going against us and the Sioux stood a chance to effect an entrance I was to pull out for Lawrence with the captain and fetch assistance, provided I did not meet a west-bound train and lose my locomotive. I rather liked this arrangement, risky as it was, for it was preferable to remaining in the round house to be roasted alive. Then, again, I disliked fighting—that's what we fed and hauled these soldiers around for. They were so infernally lazy in time of peace that I used almost to pray for trouble that they might be given an opportunity at least once a week to earn their board and keep. Now that the opportunity seemed to be at hand I had no wish to deprive them of the excitement and glory of being killed in real battle, and so set nodding in the cab of the old 49 until the flash of the bull's-eye caused me to look ahead.

"The report of the rifles in the hands of the Indians had been answered by a dozen guns from the interior of the building and immediately a shower of lead rained and rattled upon the wooden doors from without. One of the scouts picked the bull's-eye lamp up and placed it upon the work bench, training the light upon the double doors immediately in front of my engine. Our men knew how useless it would be to fire into the sand-stuffed sides of the building, and not caring to put themselves into a position where they could fire effectively above the wainscoting, they very wisely kept close to the ground and allowed the Sioux to empty their guns into the sand.

"Presently, hearing no sound from within, the attacking party ceased firing and began to prowl about the building in search of a weak spot through which they might effect an entrance. The fate of the three early callers who had begged it under the door kept them from fooling about that trap for the remainder of the evening. In a little while the whole place was as still as the tomb, save for the soft flutter of steam from the safety valve of the 49. Bear Foot knew what was going on. Even though he could see nothing, he knew that his faithful followers were working for his release, and how when all was silent he shouted from the coal tank to his braves to break the door and come in. Before the Pawnee scouts could pound him into a state of quietude he had imparted to his people the particulars of his whereabouts, and immediately the whole band threw themselves against the front of the building.

"The house fairly trembled, the Indians surged from without and the great doors swayed to and fro, threatening at any moment to give way and let the flood of bloodthirsty redskins in upon us.

"'Stand together,' called the captain to his men.

"'Put on the blower and get her hot,' I called to the fireman, for I knew the frail structure could not withstand the strain much longer. As often as the fireman opened the furnace door to rake his fire, the glare of the fire-box lit up the whole interior and showed three dead Sioux near the door. One of them lay across the rail, and I found myself speculating as to whether the pilot of the 49 would throw him off, or whether I must run over him. Now it seemed that the whole band had thrown themselves against the building, and the yelling was deafening. Above it all I heard our captain shout: 'Get ready, Frank.'

"'I am ready,' said I.

"'All right,' said he, 'shoot it to 'em,' and I opened the sand valves and the throttle. I have often thought what a temptation it was for those soldiers to leap upon the engine and make their escape, but, although they all understood perfectly what was going on, not one of them took advantage of this 'last train out.'

"Just as the 'Big Hoss' moved with all her ponderous and almost irresistible weight toward the front of the building, the double doors sagged toward me like the head gate of a great reservoir that is overcharged and then I hit 'em. The big doors, being forced from their hinges, fell out upon the redskins and they were caught like rats in a trap. The pilot ploughed through them, maiming and killing a score of them, and on went the 49 over the safe switches, which had already been set for her before the fight began. The confusion caused by the awful work of Big Hoss, which they regarded as little less than the devil, was increased when the Indians, who remained unhurt realized that the engine was making away with their chief, for he had told them how he was held a captive in the belly of the big horse.'

"All effort for the capture of the round house was instantly abandoned and the Sioux as one man turned and ran after the locomotive. The captain in command of the scouts, taking advantage of the confusion of his foe, and of the fact that his force was in the dark building, while the Sioux were out upon the whitened earth, quickly massed his men at the open door and began to pour a murderously wicked fire into the baffled Sioux, who, like foolish farm dogs, were chasing the 49 out over the switches.

"All the Indians who were crippled by the engine were promptly, and I thought very properly, killed by the Pawnee scouts, and the rest were driven away with fearful loss.

"It was a desperately risky run from Smoky Hill to Lawrence, with no running orders and due to collide with a westbound special, or an extra that might be going out to the rescue with a train load of material, but the officials fearing that something might arise which would cause us to want to come in, had very wisely abandoned all trains the moment the wires went down, and so we reached Lawrence just before day without a mishap.

"My first thought was of our captive, Bear Foot, who had made track laying dangerous business for our people for the past three or four weeks, but upon looking about I saw only four Pawnees, and concluded that the fierce fellows had killed the chief and rolled him off.

"'Where's Bear Foot?' I demanded.

"'Here,' said a Pawnee, who was quietly seated upon the manhole of the engine tank, and he pointed down. During the excitement in the round house at Smoky Hill, the Sioux had made a desperate effort to escape, and had been quietly dropped into the tank, where he had remained throughout the entire run.

"Now, it's one thing to stay in a tank that is half filled with water when the engine is in the stall, and quite another thing to inhabit a place of that kind when a locomotive is making a flight run over a new track. After much time and labor had been lost fishing for the chief with a chinkie hook, one of the scouts got into the tank, which was now quite empty, and hauled Bear Foot out.

"When we had hailed him out and placed him along side the depot where the sun would catch him early, the curiosity came and sat on him and pronounced him a good Indian." Cy Warman, in the Evening Star, Washington.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Old Vesuvius Wakes Up.

Old Vesuvius has begun grumbling again and spitting out fire and ashes. For more than eighteen months the grim old volcano kept quiet, and the people of Naples, Italy, who are always more or less afraid of its eruptions, began to think that it had gone out. But it was only taking a nap; now it has waked up, and down its sides two streams of boiling lava are flowing, and some of the settlers on the mountain may yet have to flee for their lives. A fussy old volcano isn't a pleasant thing to live neighbor to, is it?

Two Hundred Feet of Fish.

A few thousand years ago there must have been high water out in Wyoming. And that water must have been full of fish. Geologists have recently discovered immense hills and plains, a mile and a half above the level of the sea, made entirely out of the backbones of fishes turned to stone. These beds of petrified fish, containing millions upon millions of individual specimens, cover hundreds of square miles in the northwestern part of the State. In some places these beds—almost a solid mass of perfectly fossilized fish—are from 150 to 200 feet in thickness.

Wouldn't some of our boys like to have lived then, so that they could go out with a can of angle-worms and a hickory pole to catch a string of fish?

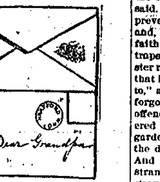
A Milk-White Frog.

No doubt you have seen albino girls and boys at the circus, with pink skins, yellow hair and pink eyes, and possibly you may have seen albino raccoons and other albino animals, but did any of you ever hear of an albino frog?

You know an albino animal is one that lacks coloring matter in its skin, eyes and hair, and such a specimen is always interesting to scientists. Consequently, it was considered a great find when one of the students of Packer Institute, in New York State, caught an albino frog. You can imagine how funny a creamy-white frog with beautiful pink eyes might look. It is supposed to be the only specimen of the kind ever captured, and it will be kept alive as long as possible, so that visitors may see it.

Spectacle Wiper.

Here is something nice for grandpa. Cut out a piece of chamois skin three and one-half inches by two and one-half, and on one-half of it make the address side of an envelope, putting on a stamp and the address. On the other half make the other side of the envelope. This can be done with pen and ink, or better still with water-colors. Then fold the chamois soft together and fasten on a tiny ribbon bow where it is folded.—The Household.



Sad Story of Rosa Brown.

Mary C. Turtle, one of our girls, who lives in Washington, D. C., writes about a wonderful cat named Rosa Brown, which was a pet of her mother's, when a girl. Rosa was full of odd pranks, such as pulling the pins out of all the pin-cushions in the house and gratifying her queer appetite by stealing canteloupe from the pantry. She lived to a good old age with her children around her, and when she died she was buried with all the pomp that a cat of her standing deserved, and her little mistress wrote the following:

Haste to my aid, ye sisters mine,
Ye surely can't refuse
To sing, for me, her praises,
Of a dear, though silent Mews.

Her voice was never "still for war,"
Unless she "smelt a rat;"
"Let us have piece"—of fish or fowl—
The motto of this cat.

High her position—on the fence,
Though often found—yet wise;
Down would she spring, on either side
Where tempting morsel lies.

No "saving clause" did she affect,
But at it, tooth and nail;
Of many a hard-won battle
Was left us but the tail.

Language nor pen can ever paint
Her virtues and renown,
In life as death, what e'er she did,
"Twas always "done up Brown."

Record-Breaking Spiders.

It takes an American longer to get used to the venomous spiders of the South American countries than to any of the other discomforts and dangers of the tropics. To be always on the alert for a pest which at home is disliked only for its untidy web, is a nuisance. The immense hairy spider of the South American pampas is especially feared. Its jaws are black and hooked, and when it bites it bites to good purpose. Its poison acts rapidly, and the effects of its bite are felt for years.

On the same pampas is found another of the arachnidae, whose villainous had temper distinguishes him among his fellows. It is not necessary to stir him up with a stick to arouse his evil qualities. Looking at him over a hedge is enough. This "king of spiders" has been known to pursue a horseman for a hundred feet, and keep up with a running horse at that.

Pies the Size of Rats.

A hog that was no bigger than a house rat would hardly seem like much of a hog, would it? Yet in Australia there is a breed of pigmy pigs no bigger than that. They are like the larger breeds in every respect, except in the size of their squeals and their appetites. They are said, too, to be quite as unclean in their habits as are those with which we are familiar.

A Camel's Long Memory.

In Central Park, New York City, is a dromedary so vicious that the keepers dare not enter his paddock for fear of being trampled to death. The other day, however, an Arab dared what the park man feared to attempt.

Three Bedouins, in their native dress, visited the menagerie, and quickly found their way to the camel's paddock. One of the Arabs spoke to the vicious dromedary in his native tongue. The animal pricked up his ears and grumbled in reply. In a flash the Arab responded to his old friend's invitation, jumped the fence and spoke again. At the camel's third reply he walked over to the old man and rubbed his nose against his arm, while the two Arabs who accompanied him smiled approvingly from outside the inclosure.

Just then the keepers became aware of what was going on and made haste to get the man out of danger. The old man kissed his newly found friend good-by, apologized for breaking the rules and went away.

Quaint Sayings of Children.

A little boy, noting the solemnity of people in church, and connecting it with the promised joys of a future state, remarked "Mother, I hope when I go to heaven they will let me have a Saturday half holiday, that I may go and have a game in hell." We like that boy, also the infant daughter of Dr. Hamilton of Regent Square Church, who prayed: "O Lord, open pussy's eyes and make her tail grow." Here is an even prettier anecdote of children's prayer: "A little girl told a friend who was visiting her father that her brothers set traps to catch birds. He asked her what she did. She replied: 'I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds.' 'Anything else?' 'Yes,' she said. 'I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps,' and, as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works, 'I went and kicked the traps all to pieces.'" Another youngster reminded the Deity on one occasion that his petition "had not been attended to," and requested that it might not be forgotten in future. The same child, offended by his governess, was discovered burying a piece of paper in the garden. It proved to be a request of the devil to take the governess below. And children can sometimes preach strange sermons as well as invent strange prayers. At the age of 3 a child "who subsequently became an eminent minister and professor at college" took for his text, "Learn to do evil; cease to do well," and at the same age Mr. Ruskin, we are told, began a sermon with the inspiring words, "Be good, people, be good." If our young barbarians all at play are not more "spiritual" than this, we can bear it with equanimity.

No book on children is complete, of course, without some curios in the way of childish logic. Mr. Lewis gives a few. "Mother, who was my mother when you were a little girl?" A youngster, breakfasting on eggs and bacon, asks: "Grandma, do fowls lay bacon?" Nurse: "How old is mother's new baby?" Small boy: "Oh, we don't know yet mother only had it on Sunday." Another small boy (watching a fly in a drop of water and told that to the fly the drop was a large pond): "I suppose God learned to do these clever things when he was a little boy." We offer Mr. Lewis a "fly" story in exchange: Small girl (to fly): "Ickle, fly, does 'oo love Dod?" Answer herself: "Yes." "Then (crushing fly) do to Dod." Of merely humorous anecdotes of children Mr. Lewis, preoccupied with proving their "spirituality," has room but for one or two. "A little boy sat on the stoop crying. After a while he stopped and seemed buried in thought. Looking up suddenly he said: 'Mamma, what was I crying about?' 'Because I wouldn't let you go out to play.' 'Oh, yes,' and he set up another howl." Children in Spain are enjoined always to leave a little food on their plates uneaten for the sake of politeness. A little girl, tempted by a peculiarly toothsome dish, whispered: "Please, mamma, may I eat politeness today?" A boy, worried with school tasks, sighed: "Oh, if all the world would but agree to know a little less!" London Chronicle.

Nutritious Food.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "what is meant by nutritious food?"

"Something to eat that ain't got no taste to it," replied Tommy.—Household Words.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Destiny—Heirlooms—Only That—A Family Secret—The Hash Slinger's Mistake—Cultivating the Muse, Etc., Etc.

If fate one kindly moment knows,
One smile her face adorns,
"Tis when a man steps on your toes
And it doesn't hit your corns.
—Detroit Tribune.

HEIRLOOMS.

Eastern Girl—"We have the cradle that my grandfather was rocked in."

Western Girl—"We have the boots that my grandfather died in."—Life.

ONLY THAT.

Author—"Only one thing kept my last novel from making a sensation."

Friend—"What was that?"

Author—"No one read it."—Chicago Record.

OUTRAGED.

Tramp—"Can I you give me somethin' to eat, ma'am?"

Kind Woman—"Yes; here is a piece of homemade mince pie."

Tramp—"I asked for food, madam, not work."—Truth.

CULTIVATING THE MUSE.

Poet—"I have here some verses I would like to submit. They are not perfect, I admit; perhaps they want fire."

Editor—"You are quite right, sir; fire is what they want, but the waste-basket will do just as well."

THE HASH SLINGER'S MISTAKE.

Sociable Teuton (to waiter)—"Wie gehts."

Hasty Waiter (yelling toward the kitchen)—"Wheat cakes!"

S. T.—"Nein, nein!"

H. W.—"You will be lucky if you get three."—Newport News.

A FAMILY SECRET.

Neighbor—"I hear your father intends to put up a new house. Who is his builder?"

Boy—"What's that?"

"Why, the—er—one who bosses the job."

—"Oh! Why, ma, of course."—Good News.

RAILROAD CIVILITY.

Old Lady (to fat party on seat in front of her)—"I'd thank you to close that window, sir. I'm literally covered with dust."

Courteous Passenger (opening his gripsack)—"I always like to be obliging, madam. Here's a whisk-broom."—Judge.

NOT HALF DRESSED.

Charles—"Aren't you going out to walk with me?"

Henry—"I can't go until I dress, can I?"

Charles—"What's the matter with your present costume?"

Henry—"I haven't got my chrysanthemum on."—Chicago Record.

FATAL GIFT OF BEAUTY.

"That is an awfully pretty girl that Timmins is engaged to just now."

"Yes. Too pretty, in fact. Timmins tells me that he is so fascinated with her beauty that he has never had the courage to turn down the gas when he was calling on her for fear of losing sight of her pretty face."—Indianapolis Journal.

NARROW ESCAPE.

"Yes," said Mr. Simawll to one of the guests, looking at his watch and then gazing dreamily off into vacuumy, "it was exactly twenty-five years ago at this moment that I fell—ah, my dear, I was just observing to Mr. Spoonamore that exactly twenty-five years ago by the watch you led me to the altar."—Chicago Tribune.

WELL VERSED IN DIVISION.

Pa—"Bobby, the school teacher informs me that you are well up in division."

Bobby—"Yes, sir."

Pa—"Well, Bobby, suppose I told you to divide this apple equally between your little sister and yourself—how much would she get?"

Bobby—"The core."—Judge.

HIS WAY OF PLEASING.

Sunday-school Teacher—"I told you last Sunday that I wished each of you would try to make at least one person happy during the week. Did you?"

Boy—"Yes'm; I made grandma happy."

"That's noble. How did you do it?"

"I went to visit her, and she's always happy when she sees I've got a good appetite."—Good News.

JOHNNY WAS ECHELING BETTER.

Doctor—"Well, Johnny, don't you feel better since I gave you the medicine?"

Johnny—"Yes; forgot all about being sick."

Doctor—"That's what I thought; and it wasn't hard to take, was it?"

Johnny—"I guess so, for it took two of us boys to hold Fido when we gave it to him."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

NOTES OF THE DAY

There are twenty-four creameries in Maine that do nothing but manufacture butter the year round.

A man in Gilsum, N. H., while cleaning out a raceway recently, found a gold ring which his wife had lost seven years ago.

A herd of 7,000 horses was bought on a Washington ranch the other day by the Portland Horse Meat Canning Company at $3 a head.

About 1,000 grammar school graduates of Brooklyn are unable to find places in the high schools, so crowded are those buildings.

Boston is said to have spent $75,000 to entertain the Knights Templar, and the Knights left behind $1,000,000 in the city of baked beans.

It is estimated that the city of New York contains fully 60,000 children of school age who cannot be accommodated in the public schools of that city this year.

The record of attendance at the public schools of the United States during the last year gives a total of 16,536,268 pupils, a figure larger than that of any other nation.

Many efforts have been made by Atlanta barbers to induce the authorities to allow them to keep open on Sunday during the exposition. The matter is now settled with a positive negative.

It is estimated that there are about 500,000 windmills now in operation in the United States. About 100 establishments are engaged in the manufacture of these motors, and 50,000 are produced annually.

In California it has been found that peach stones burn as well as the best coal, and give out more heat in proportion to weight. The stones taken out of the fruit that is tinned or dried are collected and sold.

Professor F. H. Cushing asserts that one of the most ancient things man has made is the arrow. It antedates even the bow, and in its embryonic state is older than either the stone ax or the shaped knife or flint.

The Kansas City Board of Education has promulgated an order forbidding the smoking of cigarettes by pupils during school hours (on penalty of expulsion) and instructing teachers to rigidly enforce the rule.

When the commission of cardinals for the administration of Peter's pence proposed to Pope Leo XIII. recently to invest 2,000,000 francs in foreign securities the Pope insisted that the money should be put into Italian government bonds.

It is proposed to erect statues of Siemens and of his colleague and friend, Helmholtz, in front of the technical high school in Charlottenburg, in the same manner as the statues of the brothers Humboldt were erected in front of the Berlin University.

The highest speed ever attained upon the water is credited to the new Russian torpedo boat Sokol (Russian for hawk), just launched in England, which went thirty-five miles an hour on her trial trip. At that rate an Atlantic liner would cross the ocean in three or four days.

The death rate of Berlin for 1894 was 17.2 in a thousand; that of London, 17.7; Brussels and Hamburg, 18.1; Amsterdam, 18.3; Copenhagen, 18.7; Turin, 18.8; Rome, 19.6; Glasgow, 20.0; Paris, 20.2; Manchester, 20.4; Vienna, 22.8; Liverpool, 23.8; Dublin, 24.7; St. Petersburg, 31.4, and Moscow, 34.1.

At Mystic, Conn., sheep owners are arrayed against the dogs, which have been devastating their flocks for some time past. Many sheep have been killed, some of which cost $50 to import, and others are valuable animals. Several dogs have been caught among the flocks and several have been killed.

A curious outcome is reported of the great robbery of the Buda-Pesth post-office eleven years ago. The two thieves, who got away with 250,000 florins have been caught. The principal has been tried in Buda-Pesth and released under the ten-year limit law. His accomplice will be tried in Austria, where no such limitation exists.

A movement has been projected at Vincennes looking to the establishment of a university at Lincoln City, Ind., on the site where Lincoln spent his boyhood. The general idea is to ask for a subscription of 10 cents from each school child in the State, the incepters figuring out that the giving would be a patriotic inspiration to the children.

In Spain exemption from military service may be obtained by the payment of 1,500 pesetas. The other day a worthy man presented a petition to the queen regent stating that he had already paid 15,000 pesetas for ten of his sons, and requesting that he might be excused from paying for the other fourteen, as he had no money left. His request was granted.

Intelligent.

A London dog noticed that at a certain crossing the policeman stopped the traffic in order to allow his mistress to pass over. The other day the dog went out alone, and when he came to the crossing he barked to attract the policeman's attention. The policeman, guessing what the dog wanted, stopped the traffic, whereupon the dog walked slowly across the street.

NOW ELECTRIC CABS.

AN ENGLISH COMPANY TO PUT THEM IN USE IN LONDON.

Claimed that Electrical Automobilism Has Been Solved by the Patents Held by the Company—Three Hundred and Fifty Cabs Purchased.

Fast, Cheap, Noiseless.

While French enterprise is expectantly awaiting the perfection of the horseless carriage on the gasoline or gas engine principle before embarking extensive capital in so new a field, the English have found practicable automobilism by the use of electricity as a motive power and have already put it to a practical application. A company has already been formed, known as the London Electrical Cab Company, with a capital of $750,000, and in the course of a few weeks 350 cabs, most of which are already built, will be started in the streets of London.

It is claimed by the projectors of this company that electrical automobilism has been practically solved by the mechanism whose patents they hold, and the amount of the capital these men have invested in the enterprise is certainly the guarantee of the good faith of their claim. The statement will pass without contradiction that, whether or not it really has solved the great problem of the times, the company certainly believes that it has.

Parliament recently passed the road locomotives act, which authorized mechanically driven wheels to pass along the Queen's highways at a rate of speed not to exceed fourteen miles an hour. It was the passage of this act that started the company some months ago upon the scent for a thoroughly practicable automobile cab. They engaged Mr. W. C. Bersey, the well-known English electrical engineer, as their electrical manager, securing with him the right to use his electric vehicles and the sole use of the important horseless carriage patents belonging to the British market.

LONDON'S NEW ELECTRIC CAB.

Previous to taking this step the company thoroughly investigated all the autocar inventions in the field. By turn they studied gasoline, petroleum, benzoline, and the various explosive oil and spirit powers, with the result that they discarded them all as powers for use in such crowded thoroughfares as those of London. No choice was then left but electricity, and when the investigators examined the contrivances whose rights they have since purchased they unhesitatingly decided that they had the solution of the vexed problem.

The perfume of her violets
I never shall forget,
For the florist's bill that came with them
Is hovering 'round me yet.
—New York Herald.

Buzzfuzz—Is there much difference between comic and grand opera? Bizslotop (emphatically)—Oh, yes! In comic opera the actress wears the startling costumes; in grand opera they are worn by the society ladies in the boxes.—Puck.

JOLLY JOKER.

She boasts a pretty, gold-trimmed purse,
The envy of the host.
But shopping leads from bad to worse,
It is an empty boast.
—Washington Star.

She—You seem to forget yourself, sir. He—How could I do otherwise in your presence?—Judy.

Friend—I suppose everything you write now goes? Author—Yes, but most of it comes back.—Harper's Life.

"I know now," remarked the young man who was sued for breach of promise, "why they call it 'courting.'"—Tid-Bits.

Editor—Your story is flat. Author—Yes? Editor—I wish to compliment you. Most stories we get are rolled up.—Puck.

"Uncle Simon, what is a phenomenon?" "A phenomenon is a man who gets so rich that he won't accept a pass on a railroad."—Chicago Record.

Bubbles—My wife and I met by accident. Thrown together by chance, as it were. Wheelwoman (eagerly)—Did you break the bicycles?—Buffalo Times.

"I fared pretty well on Christmas," said the man with the blue coat. "Indeed?" "Yes; you know I'm a street car conductor."—Philadelphia North American.

Mrs. Newlywed (in tears)—You need to say that you would be glad to die for me. Mr. Newlywed—Well, I would now. Mrs. Newlywed—Well, you may now.—Judge.

"I'll wager that woman submarine diver doesn't stay under the water more than ten minutes at a time." "Why?" "Nobody down there to talk to."—Chicago Record.

"Pugilism isn't what it used to be." "No; the advances made in implements of modern warfare have thrown it into the shade somewhat."—Philadelphia North American.

Hungry Higgins—All dis here hand-out lacks is finger-bowls. Weary Watkins—Yes, I think I could git away wid erbout a three-finger bowl myself.—Indianapolis Journal.

Reporter—Three men fell on live trolley wires to-day. City Editor—Run 'em in the current events column. (Chorus of groans from the force.)—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

She—Mr. Fullback never boasts of his football exploits, does he? He—No, I understand that he has nearly killed half a dozen men, but he never says a word about it.—Puck.

"Called any to-day?" "Only once, and then I was left out in the cold." "You don't mean it, where?" "Down at Bagsley's. He held four aces."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Alethea (blushingly)—Now, don't, Mr. Dusnap! I know little Ferdinand is watching at the key-hole. Dusnap—Well, let's gratify his curiosity, and then he may go away.—Puck.

"I am sorry to hear that Allwuhl, the clothing merchant, has failed in business." "How did it happen?" "Overconfidence. He brought on a carload of ear-muffs."—Chicago Tribune.

Judge (to a couple sentenced for fighting)—Have you anything to say? Male Defendant—I would like to have my wife commence her term in prison after I am released.—German exchange.

She—Do you believe in long engagements? He—Well, I think an engagement should be long enough to test a man's constancy and to give the girl time to learn to cook.—Brooklyn Life.

He—I'm waiting for the interesting woman of 50 that the novelists talk about. She—Well, you won't find her here. All the women here under 60 are not over 22.—Illustrated Bits.

"You know that old gag of telling the beggar that you are 'working this side of the street?' I tried it the other day." "Did it work?" "No; he licked me for getting on his beat!"—Chicago Record.

Cholly—It would be queer, doncher know, if the Theosophists were right, and if we came to life again in some other form. She—Yes, Cholly; some folks might expect better luck next time.—Puck.

Mrs. Mulligan—Do yez feel better this morning, Mrs. O'Toole? Mrs. O'Toole—I do, and then again I don't. Mrs. Mulligan—That's bad, fur it's harrud to know whether to say I'm sorry or glad.—Harper's Bazar.

"They must have had a cyclone over at Newriches' last week." "What makes you think so?" "Mr. Newriches said they had their monogram blown into every piece of glass in the house."—Detroit Free Press.

"What kind of goods, ma'am?" asked the salesman. "I think," replied the young woman who had just bought a wheel and was about to order her first riding suit, "you may show me some of your early fall styles."—Chicago Tribune.

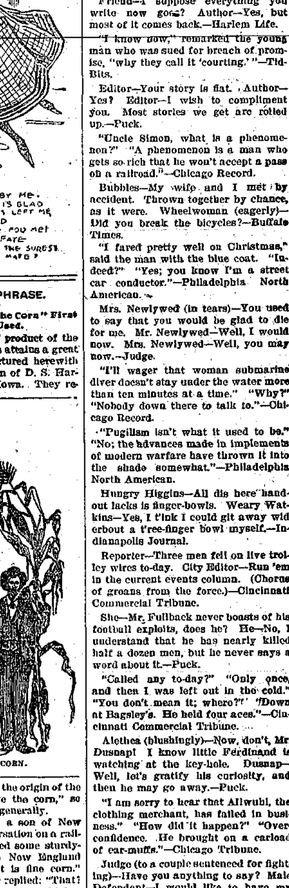
"Ah," asked the lady, "this rouge will not—er—rub off?" "Oh, dear, no, mem," said the clerk; "it is especially warranted to stand all the blows of investigation one's feminine friends may choose to try on it."—Indianapolis Journal.

According to the way some folks talk, the only people who have ever been good are dead.

ORIGIN OF A PHRASE.

How "I Acknowledge the Corn" First Came to Be Used.

Indian corn, the chief product of the Middle West, sometimes attains a great height. The stalks pictured herewith were grown on the farm of D. S. Harper in Henry County, Iowa. They remind a recent writer of the origin of the phrase, "I acknowledge the corn," so much in use by people generally.



SOME IOWA CORN.

A Western man and a son of New England fell into conversation on a railway train. They passed some sturdily-looking corn, and the New England man remarked: "That is fine corn." Whereat the Westerner replied: "That! We don't think much of corn no higher than that out where I live. It may be good corn for New England, but not for the West."

The Eastern man could not believe that corn grew to be more than six feet high in the West. His companion took his name and address and promised to send him a few stalks of big Western corn. A few weeks passed away. The New England man received a long box by express; in it were several stalks of corn more than seven feet high. He wrote to his traveling companion this concise sentence: "I acknowledge the corn."

Copied the Same Grip.

Mr. Smith, an English traveler, arrived one evening at a hotel in Austria. On the way he had picked up a smart German and hired him as a servant. In Austria every one staying at a hotel is obliged to register his name and occupation in a book, which is kept for police examination, so Mr. Smith told his servant Fritz to bring this book for him to write his name.

"I have already registered mihr," said Fritz, "as an Englishman of independent means."

"But I've never told you my name, so how do you know what it is?"

"I copied it from mihr's portmanteau," answered Fritz.

"Why, it isn't on my portmanteau," cried Mr. Smith; "bring the book and let me see what you have put down."

The book was brought and Mr. Smith, to his amusement, discovered that his clever servant had described him as: "Monsieur Warranted Sole Leather"—The Gripsack.

Life in Spain.

In Spain constitutional indolence, fertile soil, and a magnificent climate combine to make life one long dawdle. Investigation one's feminine friends may choose to try on it."—Indianapolis Journal.

People's Meat Market.

Beef of the finest quality.
~~Corned Beef, sugar cured, a specialty.~~
Beef, Veal, Lamb, and Mutton.
Ham, Dried Beef, and Bacon.

Country Sausage.

At H. L. McINTYRE'S

Gold Medal Butter is the best,—
it won the prize at the World's Fair.

The New Year
is bright and full of bargains for you. They are to be found in our stock.

We will positively give you a liberal reduction for the month of January. It will pay you to call —stock must be reduced.

ROBT. STEEL,
Hammonton Jeweler.

HOYT & SONS

Have facilities for every kind of

JOB PRINTING,

And solicit your orders in that line.

Geo. M. Bowles,

Pork,
Sausage,
Scrapple,
etc., etc.

Home-made Mince Meat.

Egg Harbor Road, cor. Cherry St.

Skirts

Black, $1 25.
Black—extra fine—$2 25.
Blue, black, and brown, $2.98, worth double that price.

Goodman

Largest Stock
and most complete assortment of

COAL

in town.

Try a sample of our

PEA COAL

You'll find it O. K.

W. H. Bernshouse

Railroad Avenue
and Orchard Street,
Hammonton.

The Republican.

[Entered as second class matter.]

SATURDAY, FEB. 6, 1897.

Annual Meeting.

The Fruit Growers' Union met, as required by their Articles of Association, on Saturday last, in Union Hall. The weather was not propitious, and the attendance was not large.

Polls were open for election of officers about 2:20, and remained open until 3:40.

President E. R. Sproul made his annual address, which interested every one present. The past year was uneventful in the Society's history, there was little of encouragement to report, but the speaker gathered considerable which was worth hearing.

There was a little talk about varieties and culture of strawberries; about marketing sweet potatoes, etc., etc.

It was moved to allow the Camden and Atlantic Railroad Company to run a siding onto the Society's grounds. This started one of the liveliest discussions we have heard for an age. Some one mentioned that a former Board of Directors had entered into contract with the Reading R. R. Co., giving them exclusive privilege on Union grounds for ninety-nine years. Some one else inquired what compensation had been given the Union for such a franchise; and being assured there was none, wanted to know what inducement had been tendered the then Board, that they should consent to such a deed give-away. That question had been asked before (perhaps not publicly). The reply came that at that time the Union was not in a position to make demands upon any Railroad Company; but were compelled to ask for the siding as a desirable facility for shipping fruits, and only gave what was demanded of them. After long debate, the motion was adopted.

It was voted to hold monthly meetings of the Society, especially to discuss practical matters of interest to the members,—the next meeting to be held on Saturday, Feb. 27th,—the topic to be "Strawberries—the best varieties—how to grow and how to market them."

The tellers reported the following elected:

President, Edwin R. Sproul.
Directors, Edwin Adams, Thomas Albright, P. J. Fitting, L. H. Parkhurst, J. E. Holman, H. J. Moulort, C. S. Newcomb, H. G. Newton.
Auditors, E. Cathcart, Wm. Colwell, K. E. Holman.

Council Meeting.

Saturday evening last was the date for regular meeting, but only Messrs. Anderson, Adams, and Cunningham, and the Clerk, were present; so they adjourned to Tuesday eve., Feb. 2nd.

Tuesday evening,—adjourned meeting. Present, the Clerk, and Messrs. Cunningham and Anderson. No quorum. Adjourned to Saturday evening, Feb. 6.

☞ For nearly half a century *Vick's Floral Guide*, catalogue of flower and vegetable seeds, plants, bulbs, roses, grains, potatoes, etc., has come as regularly as Spring time. Here it is again to remind us that it's time to think about our gardens. This issue contains half a dozen full page half-tone illustrations of roses, asters, gold flowers, carnations, and tomatoes. It seems full of the necessary information for either amateur or professional. Send 15 cents to James Vick's Sons, Rochester, N.Y., for a packet of either Vick's branching aster, new Japan morning glory or extra choice pansy and a copy of *Vick's Floral Guide*. If you state where you saw this notice you will receive a package of flower seeds free.

A 3-days Tour to Washington.

Washington at the present time is the most attractive city on the continent. Its architectural grandeur has often been commented upon, and its various departments and institutions are among the most interesting in the world. The Capitol, the Treasury, Bureau of Engraving and Printing, the Smithsonian Institute and National Museum, and the new Congressional Library, are all intensely interesting, and the great Monument affords a view long to be remembered.

The next personally conducted tour of the Pennsylvania R. R. will leave New York and Philadelphia Feb. 11. Tickets including transportation, hotel accommodations, and every necessary expense, will be sold at the following rates: from New York, Brooklyn, Newark, $14.50; Elizabeth, $14.50; Perth Amboy, $14.50; Cape May $12.75; and at proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries, and full information apply to ticket agents, tourist agent, 1196 Broadway, N.Y., or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant Passenger Agt., Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

☞ Beginning January 15, 1897, the New York and Atlantic City through express train, via the Pennsylvania Railroad, will be placed in service, daily except Sunday, leaving New York at 1:50 p. m., arriving at Atlantic City 5:30 p. m.; returning, leave Atlantic City at 9:00 a. m. and arrive in New York 12:45 p. m. This train will carry a combined car and a Pullman buffet parlor car between Jersey City and Atlantic City in each direction, stopping at Newark, Elizabeth, New Brunswick, Trenton, and Bordentown. The inauguration of this train formally opens the season at Atlantic City. All of the large beach front hotels are ready to receive guests, and all of the manifold attractions of the fashionable early season will be present.

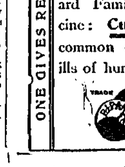
At no time of the year is Atlantic City more delightful than during the Lenten and ante-Lenten period. A calm dignity, conspicuously absent during the rush of the Summer, prevails throughout, consonant indeed to both the season and the majesty of the mighty ocean. It is at this time that the most enduring benefits are derived. The year 1897 promises to surpass in every respect all former seasons, and the new through express brings it within easy reach of the great metropolis.

AN ORDINANCE dividing the Town of Hammonton into two Election Districts, and establishing the boundary lines thereof.

Introduced December 29th, 1896.

Section 1. Be it ordained by the Town Council of the Town of Hammonton, that hereafter all that portion of the Town of Hammonton lying south westerly from a line commencing at a point being the intersection of the middle line of a road commonly called the "Back Road" and the north-westerly boundary line of the Town of Hammonton, and extending thence along the middle line of the said Back Road southerly to its intersection with the middle line of Third Street; thence along the middle line of Third Street to the intersection of said Third Street with Maple Street; thence south forty-five degrees east to the south easterly boundary line of the Town of Hammonton, shall be known and designated as the First Election Precinct of the Town of Hammonton. And all that portion of the Town of Hammonton lying northwesterly from the aforesaid line shall be known and designated as the Second Election Precinct of the Town of Hammonton.

Sec. 2. And be it ordained, That all ordinances and parts of ordinances inconsistent herewith be and the same are hereby repealed, and that this ordinance shall take effect immediately.



The Republican.

SATURDAY, FEB. 6, 1897.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

☞ Council meeting to-night.

☞ Robert E. Thomas is on the sick list.

☞ G. A. R. Post meeting this evening, at 7:30.

☞ No uncalled-for letter in the post office this week.

☞ Miss Emma Pressey is now in Tampa, Florida.

☞ Postmaster French is steadily improving in health.

☞ The Band of Mercy meeting was again postponed until next Thursday.

HALL'S Hair Renewer renders the hair lustrous and silken, gives it an even color, and enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

☞ Edwin Jones came home from Pennsylvania for a Sunday with his family.

☞ The Fruit Growers' Union are harvesting an excellent quality of six inch ice.

☞ Frank L. Bassett spent part of this week in New York City,—strictly business.

☞ Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Benjamin spent part of the week with relatives in Philadelphia.

☞ Born, in Hammonton, Monday, Feb. 1, 1897, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Bassett, a daughter.

PROF. THAYER will give music lessons on Guitar and Mandolin, at reasonable rates. Apply at his residence.

☞ Birthday social of St. Mark's Guild, next Tuesday evening, at Mrs. J. M. Peeble's residence.

☞ Mr. and Mrs. Will. Farrell and child, of Atlantic City, are visiting relatives in Hammonton.

☞ Measles are prevalent,—three cases in one family, and numerous others in town, but in a mild form.

☞ Wilson G. St. John was down from the city yesterday. He is a conductor on the Arch Street line.

☞ Rev. Henry T. Taylor occupied the pulpit of the M. E. Church last Sunday.—the acting pastor being ill.

☞ Capt. Hooper has recently returned from South America, and his vessel is being loaded for South Africa.

☞ Al. Smith, while working on the railroad, Thursday, ran the point of a pick into his foot, near the ankle joint.

TO RENT.—two nice rooms—in convenient location. Inquire at this office.

☞ A number of young Hammontonians, graduates of the High School, are taking the County teachers examination.

☞ We were asked, recently, Can a postmaster legally hold any other office of trust or profit,—that of Councilman, for example?

☞ The union meetings have closed for the present. The Baptists and Presbyterians will hold services in their own churches to-morrow.

☞ A cold rain on Tuesday,—began about daylight, continued all day, with increasing high winds. At night, much colder, turned to snow.

PURE OLD CIDER VINEGAR for sale at 20 cents per gallon. Cedar Posts and Grape Stakes for sale at prices to suit the purchasers, by JOHN SCULLIN.

☞ The admission fee for spectators at the "Masquerade Valentine Party," to be given by the W. R. C. and S. of V. Feb. 15th, will be ten cents.

☞ New advertisements this week: M. L. Jackson, New York Tribune, Geo. Elvins, Fruit Growers' Union, Frank E. Roberts, Jacob Goodman.

☞ Jesse D. Fairchild has been very ill with typhoid pneumonia, at the residence of his sister, Mrs. John McGean, but is now reported as recovering.

☞ Only those who are masked will be allowed on the floor at the Masquerade Valentine Party, to be given by the W. R. C. and S. of V., on Feb. 15th.

368 ACRES of good land for sale, mostly with, between Seventh Street and Weymouth Road,—to close up the A. G. Cattell estate. Will be sold very cheap, at a nominal price, and easy terms given.

Also, 24 acres in addition, on Seventh st. adjoining above, will be sold with it or separate. For particulars, see
N. B. AARONSON,
12th and Grand Sts., Hammonton.

Mark Hanna is the biggest political bugaboo the Democrats have run up against. They don't like him and don't know how to get rid of him.

Two things that the Republican Legislature may be expected not to do,—pass a race-track gambling bill, and let down the Sunday anti-liquor bars.

☞ Insure with A. H. Phillips & Co., 1228 Atlantic Ave., Atlantic City.

☞ As we go to press, Mr. John Scullin is resting a little easier, though not out of danger.

☞ Chas. Ross, of Troy, N. Y., spent part of Sunday last with A. L. Littlefield. He was a few years ago a popular young Hammontonian, and received cordial greetings.

☞ Efforts to unite the Hammonton Athletic Association and the Base Ball Club have failed, and we are told that the latter are about to open a club room of their own.

TO RENT. A small house by the Lake, furnished, with five acres of ground. Rent reasonable to good tenant. Apply to Mrs. Rutherford, Hammonton, or
W. B. FEET, Yonkers, N. Y.

☞ Everything looked strange, on Monday morning. A heavy frost had congealed and covered every limb and twig,—giving all nature a ghostly appearance in the dim light before sunrise.

☞ Henry Molino's barn, away out in the First Ward, was burned last Saturday evening. The owner was absent, but neighbors succeeded in saving dwellings which were very close by.

SMALL HOUSE for sale,—next to George Steelman's. Six rooms, electric bells. Everything in good order. Lot 50 x 150 feet. Inquire at this office.

☞ Our thanks are due to Hon. M. L. Jackson for a copy of Fitzgerald's "Legislative Manual" for 1897. It is a valuable book, filled with information and statistics in relation to the politics and government of New Jersey.

☞ Mr. H. Cleaves, of New Hampshire, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. T. J. Smith, and other relatives in Hammonton, started for home, Wednesday. His daughter, Miss Lena, who has been here all Winter, returned with him.

☞ The Woman's Relief Corps, together with the Sons of Veterans, will give a "Masquerade Valentine Party" in H. A. A. Hall, February 15th, for the benefit of the G. A. R. relief fund. The admission will be ten cents, dancing tickets ten cents extra.

57 ACRES of land for sale, near Barnard's Station—the Koletta property. About 30 acres ready for cultivation. Comfortable house, vineyard, etc. Price, $600, with $200 down. Must be sold. Apply to
N. B. AARONSON,
12th and Grand Sts., Hammonton.

☞ A little mixed. Last March voters appropriated $2000 for highways. Just where the mistake originated, no one seems to know, but $2500 was the sum raised, and has been so carried on the books, leaving $699 81 now unexpended.

☞ The new Boards of Registry and Election for Hammonton will probably be as follows: First precinct,—W. R. Seely, Wayland DePuy, Z. E. Roberts, M. Fitzpatrick. Second precinct,—Jos. H. Gartob, Andrus E. Holman, Will. Slack, R. R. Ruby.

☞ Word was received here that Dr. Carl M. Cook, of Baltimore, yet kindly remembered in Hammonton, was critically ill with diphtheria, with narrow chance for recovery. We are glad to be able to say that he is better, and making progress toward health.

FOR RENT.—Captain Taylor's house, on Bellevue Avenue. Apply to
WM. H. BURGESS.

☞ Mr. Frank E. Roberts will be a candidate for nomination for Collector and Treasurer. He has resided in Hammonton since childhood, is known to all as an honorable and energetic business man, with every necessary qualification for the office.

☞ Yesterday afternoon, about one o'clock, several garments were stolen from the clothes-line in W. F. Bassett's back yard. The thief must have made time, for one of the family had just gone into the house for more washed garments, and returning in a few minutes, discovered the loss.

REPAIRING, Cleaning, and Dyeing done at my residence, the brick house on upper Bellevue Ave. Clothing made to order —good stock of cloth on hand.
GEO. STEELMAN, Tailor.

☞ Rev. Alfred Wagg will occupy the pulpit at the M. E. Church to-morrow. Services as follows: Love-feast at 9:30 a. m. Preaching and Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at 10:30. Sunday School at 12:00 m. Epworth League meeting at 6:00 p. m.,—topic, "Immanuel, God with us," leader, Miss Emily Bishop. Preaching at 7:00. All are invited.

☞ In response to several requests, Rev. Mr. Weston will repeat his recent sermon, "The Creed of Ian Maclaren," at the Universalist Church, Sunday morning. Lovers of the Scottish preacher's books are cordially invited. In the evening, Mr. Weston's subject will be "The Story of Jonah, and Christian Faith," with special reference to recent discussions. Everybody welcome.

A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

☞ We stated last week that no Collector and Treasurer was to be elected in Hammonton this year, — that A. E. Davis had yet one year to serve. We based our statement upon the following amendment, found in Pamphlet Laws of 1892, page 65:

"An act respecting the election and term of office of the Assessor and Collector of Taxes in boroughs and towns. (Passed March 8, 1892.)

"* * That the terms of office of the assessor and collector of taxes in boroughs shall hereafter be three years."

Being questioned as to our authority, we turned again to the book, and saw that while the title of the law reads "boroughs and towns," the law itself mentions "boroughs" only. A question then arose as to which wording should be accepted. To settle this, Clerk O'Donnell wrote to Mr. Stephany, the attorney, whose reply, received on Wednesday, is substantially as follows: The Charter provides that a Clerk, Collector and Treasurer shall be elected in Hammonton *every year*, and after diligent search, nothing is found which repeals the Charter provision. That settles the question.

The present Clerk and Collector have held their offices for two years, because of an amendment found in Pamphlet Laws 1892, page 258:

"In all towns and boroughs * * the terms of office of the Clerk and the receiver and Collector of Taxes shall be two years."

According to Mr. Stephany, this does not apply to Hammonton, and both offices must be filled every year.

This matter forms another strong argument for the employment of a competent attorney, to advise town officials in every important move.

☞ There was a fight on Anderson's corner last Saturday afternoon. A crowd of young fellows had gathered there, and were snow-balling passers-by on foot or in wagons. Now, it isn't every man who appreciates the joke (?) when a ball strikes him, and an Italian on the opposite corner resented their act as an insult when repeated a few times, and walked over to remonstrate. He was met with the epithet "Dago," etc., and a fight followed, the Italian being worsted. A group of his countrymen gathered, and for a few minutes matters appeared threatening; but, fortunately, a peace-loving American appeared and stopped the melee, and the crowd scattered. Several times citizens have complained of these snow-balling gangs, and strangers have been insulted by them. They certainly come under the disorderly conduct act, and should be punished if they will not follow good advice.

☞ "The Birds of New Jersey" is a book recently issued by the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners. It is a handsome octavo volume of 276 pages, of which thirty-one are full page illustrations gotten up expressly for this work and made either from specimens mounted for that purpose or taken from the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. It was compiled by Charles A. Shriner, Fish and Game Protector of this State, and was carefully revised by Mr. Witmer Stone, Curator of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. You can have a copy of the work by sending a dollar to Chas. A. Shriner, Paterson, N. J.

☞ The Union revival services closed on Sunday evening last, with a largely attended meeting in the Baptist Church. Pastor Rundall preached a powerful sermon from the words,—"After this the judgment." During these meetings quite a number have been converted; but the most obvious result has been the closer union of members of different Churches, who seemed to have lost all thought of difference in Creed, and worked together heartily for the salvation of souls; and they themselves are to-day gainers by this closer affiliation.

☞ There was apparently a narrow escape from fire, Wednesday night, in the Post Office. As usual, Mrs. Davis placed a lighted lamp in a basin of water, on the safe. Later, either the lamp took fire and burated the bottom out of itself, or exploded and set fire to itself—no one knows; but parties from the H. A. A. Hall saw the blaze, forced open the front door transom, and removed the danger. Well done.

☞ Died, on Monday, Feb. 1st, 1897, Caroline Hosmer, wife of Robert Putnam, after an illness of one week, of pneumonia, at the residence of her granddaughter, Mrs. J. W. Logan. She was in her 82nd year, was one of the pioneer settlers of Hammonton, in '59. Interment on Wednesday, Feb. 3rd, at Oakdale Cemetery.

A Civilian Romance.

During the rebellion in Chili one young girl had the chance of distinguishing herself at a moment of danger and hesitated not an instant in embracing it. This was the daughter of John Claudio Vicuna, and her father thus described the story of her heroism to the author of "Dark Days in Chili."

"One evening at 8 o'clock, during my absence, my daughter was writing some letters for me at a table. Suddenly she heard a crash of broken glass, followed by a loud explosion at the street end of the room, and there had been so much bomb work of late that instinctively she guessed what had happened.

"Before she could collect herself sufficiently to rush for the door a second bomb was hurled in and rolled almost to her feet, providentially without exploding. This she picked up and threw from the other window into the court below. Then, seeing that some brown paper was smoldering in a half open box of rifle cartridges, she quickly dashed a large jug of water over it.

"By this time the servants had rushed in and succeeded in extinguishing the fire, which had caught the curtains and furniture.

"But my brave girl, remembering that I had gone out unarmed, took my revolver and started out alone to meet me on my way home, and it was not until I had been provided with the weapon that she told me what had happened."

He Lied, but Won His Point.

A young French advocate, in the course of his address to the court, flourished about his hand in such a manner as to show off a magnificent diamond ring. He was young, good-looking, and was pleading for a lady of quality who demanded a separation from her husband. The husband, who happened to be present, interrupted him in the middle of a period, and, turning to the judges, exclaimed, theatrically: "My lords, you will appreciate the zeal which M. X—— is displaying against me, and the sincerity of his argument, when you are informed that the diamond ring he wears is the very one that I placed on my wife's finger on the day of that union he is so anxious to dissolve!" The court was struck with astonishment, and rose immediately. The cause was lost, and the advocate never had another. To add to the poignancy of the catastrophe, the husband's insinuation had no foundation whatever in fact.

Mortifying.

The man that boasts is on the high road to humiliation. Something like that seems to be the lesson of an amusing little tale reported by the Cincinnati Tribune. It concerns the boyish son of a Presbyterian minister of that city.

He had been suffering from toothache, and at last his father said:

"Well, John, we'll go to the dentist tomorrow and have the tooth extracted."

John was not much elated over such a prospect, but he made the best of it, and straightaway began bragging to some of his playmates about the fearful ordeal that he was to go through. It was an "awfully big tooth," he told them. The dentist would have to use both hands to pull it, and most likely would be obliged to call in his assistant.

Well, the next day came, and in due course the boy found himself in the big operating chair, on each arm of which he took a good grip.

The dentist looked into the open mouth, smiled, took up a small steel instrument, thrust it under the offending tooth, and literally pried it out.

The boy looked at the tooth, and then at the dentist. Then he walked across the room, saying not a word, and began putting on his overcoat. His father followed him and asked:

"Did it hurt you, my son?"

That was too much for the hero. Two big tears started down his cheeks.

"Hurt!" he said. "Hurt! Why, he didn't pool my tooth out. He just took it out with a tack-lifter."

The Children of the Rich.

Then there were children, conspicuous among them the vulgar children of the not long rich, repulsively disagreeable to the world in general, but pathetic in the eyes of thinking men and women. They are the sprouting shoots of the gold-tree, beings predestined never to enjoy, because they will be always able to buy what strong men fight for, and will never learn to enjoy what is really to be had only for money; and the measure of value will not be in their hands and heads, but in bank books, out of which their manners have been bought with mingled affection and vanity. Surely, if anything is more intolerable than a vulgar woman, it is a vulgar child. The poor little thing is produced by all nations and races, from the Anglo-Saxon to the Slav. His father was happy in the struggle that ended in success. When it grows old, its own children will perhaps be happy in the sort of refined existence which wealth can bring in the third generation. But the child of the man grown suddenly rich is a living misfortune between two happinesses—neither a worker nor an enjoyer; having neither the satisfaction of the one nor the pleasures of the other; hated by its inferiors in fortune, and a source of amusement to its elite and esthetic betters.—Century.

Orient and Occident.

In the Eastern world, the prince of to-day is what the European prince was two or three hundred years ago—an arrogant person who consults his own ease, and who thinks it lowers his dignity to be punctual. In Western countries, princes have become to such an extent the servants of the nation that they can hardly be said to have any personal freedom. The difference between Orient and Occident in this respect has been illustrated lately in the visit of the son of the Ameer of Afghanistan, Nasrulla Khan by name, to England. This young prince has been magnificently entertained.

The first virtue of a European prince is punctuality. He must be on hand at any public proceeding at her very moment when he is expected; but the Afghan prince holds himself subject to no such law.

Nasrulla Khan was given a "breakfast" at London, and though the hour was late, the prince was not ready. He was, in fact, in bed. He was summoned, but refused to get up, and the "breakfast" in his honor proceeded without him.

A more amusing circumstance was his late appearance at the state dinner given him in the India House. An officer of high rank was sent to Dorchester House, where the prince was staying, to accompany him to the dinner. They started in time, but on the way passed a Punch and Judy show. Nasrulla Khan was greatly interested in this and insisted on getting out of the carriage to watch it.

The English officer respectfully protested, but the Afghan prince refused to move from in front of the Punch and Judy show, where he remained three-quarters of an hour, keeping the British royal family and distinguished public functionaries waiting all that time.

When, at last, he arrived, he merely explained that he had stopped to see the show, deeming this quite sufficient.

Another circumstance, due to his Oriental training, is perhaps more to the prince's credit. Arriving at a ball which was given in his honor, he found the costumes of the ladies so improper, according to his standard, that he steadfastly refused to remain in the ballroom.

Journey of a Plum Stone.

A physician of Kansas City reports a case which he says is one of the most remarkable in his practice of over twenty years. One of his patients, a woman of middle age, has been under treatment with him for two years past and he was unable to diagnose the case. The woman complained of distress after eating, and at times suffered all the pangs of acute dyspepsia. She had no other symptoms of this disease, however. Some time ago evidences of the formation of a tumor in the small of the woman's back, near the spine, appeared. The physician gave medicine to scatter it, fearing it might burst inwardly. Finally he lanced it and cut popped a hard, round substance which, upon examination, proved to be a plum stone.

The woman explained that about two years ago she accidentally swallowed the stone while eating a plum. It had worried her at the time, but gave her no immediate trouble. The doctor said it must have passed through the stomach into the intestines and in some way found lodgment in the muscles of the back. After its removal the woman's sufferings ceased and she is rapidly recovering her health.—Kansas City Star.

War Ships Are Unwieldly.

Many of the French fighting ships have shown deficient stability, and their superstructures and military masts are being rapidly removed. This is being done to the Magenta at Toulon, and at Brest the Hoche and Brennus will be in dockyard hands for many a day, the after fighting mast in both cases being bodily removed, and the Charles Martel, now building, is to be altered in the same way from the original design. The cruiser Friant has had both masts cut off as low down as the bridge; thus she loses four machine guns previously placed in her fighting tops. As the vessel was altogether over-weighted and floated deeper than her design, she is to have four torpedo tubes and the proportionate torpedoes and all the heavy gear appertaining to them discarded and the crew is to be lessened. The Lamoquenet has again broken down on trial.

This Joke Antedates Powhatan.

It being a warm evening, the chief Powhatan removed his collar before proceeding to the execution of Mr. John Smith.

"Now, will you be good?" he thundered, waving his great cleaver aloft.

"Papa," observed Pocahontas, leaving the royal box and stepping to the front of the stage, "please don't ax him."

At that the doomed man broke into a loud laugh, in which the gallery occupied by persons who never read the newspapers heartily joined.—Detroit Tribune.

Cedars of Lebanon.

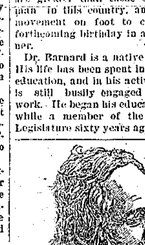
In the gardens around London there are more specimens of the cedar of Lebanon than on Mount Lebanon itself.

EDUCATION'S GREATEST FRIEND

Dr. Henry Barnard Has Accomplished Much for the Cause.

In Hartford, Conn., there is now living Dr. Henry Barnard, known as the "father of American education." He has reached the ripe age of 88 years. His services to the cause of education are greater than those of any other man in this country, and there is a movement on foot to celebrate his forthcoming birthday in a fitting manner.

Dr. Barnard is a native of Hartford. His life has been spent in the cause of education, and in his active old age he is still busily engaged in the same work. He began his educational career while a member of the Connecticut Legislature sixty years ago. During his



DR. HENRY BARNARD.

term of service he advocated many reforms in the public-school system of his State, which later he was instrumental in having introduced into other States, making a tour of the whole country for the purpose. His greatest claim to fame, however, was the organization of the National Board of Education. He was appointed the first commissioner of education under the new law.

Dr. Barnard was personally acquainted with all of the Presidents except Washington, John Adams and Jefferson. During his lifetime he has published more than 500 pamphlets on educational topics, and he is now at work revising some of his work for republication.

Her Independence Threatened.

A republic that was fourteen centuries old when General Washington and his army were fighting the forces of King George III., including the hired Hessian contingent, is in danger of losing independence—the blessing which our colonial ancestors believed in that memorable struggle. The vice-common-wealth of San Marino, on the east side of the Apennine mountains, in Italy, by long odds the oldest of all existing republics, is threatened with this irremedial disaster. Will the provisions of the treaty under which Italy guaranteed the liberty of San Marino is to the effect that, the republic shall coin no money, but adopt the coinage of Italy. But Italian money got to be very scarce in San Marino, and the little commonwealth, on the plea of absolute necessity, minted a limited number of gold and silver pieces for the use of the people. The authorities of the party, but it fractured the treaty, and Signor Crispi, the Italian prime minister, proceeded to annul the guaranty of independence. This means the merging of San Marino into the kingdom of Italy. As the republic is too weak for successful resistance, she will probably yield to this harsh decree of cruel fate.—Washington Post.

Thus Ended the Lesson.

Her Mother—Bessie, dear, I am sorry to see my little girl show such a lack of respect for her elders. When a neighbor comes to call on us you should sit quietly and not speak unless you are spoken to. You do not mean to be disrespectful, I am sure, but you should think of the impression you are making on our neighbors, and you will try hereafter, I hope, to——

Bessie—You'd better look out, mamma. You'll talk yourself to death.

A Valuable Tree.

A few days ago a company bought of J. W. Adams, of Pullin, all his walnut timber, from 12 inches up, at a good price. In cutting the timber they came across a walnut tree that had been blown down for at least thirty years and had been threatened to be burned up several times, but when they made an examination of it they found it to be a hollow walnut worth considerable money. The company gave Mr. Adams $300 for it. It measured 70 feet, and they will get $40 per foot, which will amount to $2,800.—Dover (Ky.) News.

Qualities of Southern Wheat.

The wheat of Southern countries contains more albuminoids than that grown in temperate or northern zones, and hence is better suited for the manufacture of macaroni.

Horses' Feet.

To lessen the shock of horses' feet on asphalt pavement some genius proposes a pneumatic shoe, a layer of rubber between the iron and the hoof.

About the Right Size.

"Haven't you made Mr. Bulger's portrait a good deal more than life-size?" said one artist to another.

"Perhaps. You see, that's as big as he thinks he is."—Tid-Bits.

National Differences.

"Haw," said the son of Britain. "While you fellaws hesh run for office we in the old country merely stand. We have more dignity, you know."

"Yes," answered the impertinent American, "and while our candidates merely dodge the issues yours dodge bricks."—Indianapolis Journal.

A New Woman.

"Be mine," he implored. "I am a new woman," she answered, malignantly. "I hate all men." And so they were married.—Detroit Tribune.

Serious Case.

"Why," asked Dismal Dawson, leaning over the fence, "why do you keep on diggin' when the boss ain't around?"

"Because I really like the job," said the new farmhand.

"Got a real likin' for work?"

"Sure."

"You'd orter take treatment."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Matrimonial Mark.

Bridget McGavin—Yer ovid injury, th' owldest Norwiju gurrl, is married.

Mary Ann Casey—Of knew it.

Bridget McGavin—How did yez know? when gone av yez is on spinkle th' turrnips?

Mary Ann Casey—Didn't Oi mate her on Tinth avuny wid a black oye?—Judge.

She's a Swell.

Algie—Miss Patterson is rather inclined to embonpoint.

Chollie—Of course; she's a swell girl—To Date.

His Reason.

He—It is your birthday on Saturday.

She—Yes, I know that.

He—I have been thinking about what I should give you as a present and I came to the conclusion that a Dresden china shepherd and shepherdess would be very pretty.

She—But we have a pair already in the drawing room.

He—We had, but I have accidentally knocked them down and smashed them.

She—Ah!—Judy.

The Funeral.

The Cashier—I would like to get off this afternoon to go to a funeral.

The Boss—All right, Schlpps. Let me know when you are ready to start and I'll be with you. The grooms play the giants to-day and I wouldn't miss the game for worlds.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Vulnerable.

Office Boy—There was a lady here about an hour ago that said she had come to horsewhip you.

Editor—What did she look like?

Office Boy (enthusiastically)—She was purtier than a brick steamboat.

Editor—Ah! If she calls again, please tell her to wait.—Detroit Free Press.

Grows Old at Night.

Forrester—How old is your baby?

Lancaster—He will be 15 nights old to-morrow.—Town Topics.

Sophistry.

"Papa," said Benny Bloobumper, "what does the word sophistry mean?"

"Sophistry, Benny," replied Mr. Bloobumper, "is the other fellow's argument."—Judge.

Thought He Had a Grievance.

Watts—Conductor of the trolley neglected to take my fare. I don't know whether I ought to feel glad or not.

Potts—I can't see that you have any reason to feel otherwise.

Watts—Oh, I'm glad enough to be a nickel ahead, but it hurts my feelings to think that I am too insignificant to attract the attention of a car conductor.—Indianapolis Journal.

Why He Thought So.

"I believe I swallowed some feathers in my chicken soup," said Hilliard to Hallet, as the two sat at dinner in a restaurant.

"What makes you feel that?" asked Hallet.

"I feel a little down in my mouth, was the reply.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

An Unfortunate Analogy.

"What was the trouble between Smithers and that Boston girl last evening?"

"Oh, when he brought her an ice he had to go and say 'sweets to the sweet.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

He Knew What He Was About.

Among the stories told to the deserved discredit of such lawyers as have no scruples against distorting and concealing the truth in order to shield persons whom they know, or have every reason to believe, to be guilty, the following is entitled to a good place:

An attorney had occasion to defend a man who was justly accused of counterfeiting paper money, and he manipulated the case with such skill that he secured the acquittal of the prisoner. When the lawyer and his client were alone together again the counterfeiter overwhelmed the lawyer with thanks.

"And now—" said he, putting his hand in his pocket.

"And now," the lawyer took up the sentence, "I will have my fee—and I will take it in hard currency, not in bills, if you please!"

Whittier and the Ox.

When Whittier was a child his father had a pair of oxen named "Buck" and "Old Butler." They were treated almost as family pets, and as they lay on the hillside, chewing their cuds, the two boys, Greenleaf and Matthew, used them as armchairs, sitting upon their foreheads and leaning against their horns.

Old Butler once saved the future poet's life in a way that entitles him to everlasting remembrance. The story is told in Mr. Pickard's biography. The boy went to the pasture with a bag of salt for the cattle. Old Butler, from the hillside, saw him coming and scrambled down to meet him. It happened that the slope was pretty steep, and the heavy ox acquired such momentum that he found himself unable to stop.

A moment more, and the boy would have been crushed. But the ox pulled himself together, leaped straight into the air, cleared the boy's head, and came to the ground far below with tremendous force, but happily without harm.

In after life Whittier told another story of Old Butler. Quaker meetings were sometimes held in the large Whittier kitchen. On one such occasion, in summer, Old Butler put his head in at the open window, as if curious to see what could be going on. A sweet-voiced woman happened to be speaking, and the ox, to all appearance paid strict attention. At all events, he stood motionless and silent till she sat down.

Then one of the Friends rose. His loud voice had hardly begun to be heard, however, before the ox withdrew his head, lifted his tail in the air, and went off bellowing. The children, and perhaps some of the grown people, were greatly amused by this bit of bovine criticism.

An Odd Nest.

If you walk along the road in Loch Sheldrake you will observe in the garden of one of the residences a pair of boys' weather-beaten trousers hanging on the clothes line. This, in itself, is no curiosity, but if you know that in one of its legs a bird had built its tiny nest and reared six little ones, you might open your eyes. This is the case, and as the owner of the trousers is too humane to disturb the ingenious little builder, the trousers remain there in all sorts of weather. In showing them to visitors, the owner tells how the bird, when they were still damp, carried in his little sticks and threads and arranged them inside, and, when not disturbed, brought its mate and reared their little brood. The trousers will probably adorn the garden till the snows fall. Perhaps some belated sparrow may then find a cozy home in the forsaken nest and bring its family to occupy it for the winter.

Entirely Natural.

James Faya recently declared that "Carlyle was free from affectation of any kind; he had not even manners."

Every one overdoes the martyr business.

No woman is competent to handle the kin question; she is too sympathetic.

REV. DR. TALMAGE,

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discourse.

Subject: "A Farmer's Counsel."

TEXT: "Seek Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion."—Amos v., 8.

A country farmer wrote this text, Amos of Tekoa. He plowed the earth and threshed the grain by a new threshing machine just invented, as formerly the cattle trod out the grain. He gathered the fruit of the sycamore tree and scarified it with an iron comb just before it was getting ripe, as it was necessary and customary, in that way to take from it the bitterness. He was the son of a poor shepherd and sheltered, out before the stammering rattle the Philistines and Syrians and Phoenicians and Moabites and Ammonites and Edomites and Amalekites and Arcturus and his sons!" "Look there," says St. John, "at the moon under Christ's feet!" "Look there, says Joshua, "at the sun standing still above Gibeon!" "Look there," says Moses, "at the sparkling firmament!" "Look there," says Amos, he herdsman, "at the seven stars and Orion!" Do not let us be so sad about those who shove off from this world under Christly pilotage. Rather let us be excited about our own going off of this little barge or a scap or canal boat of a world to rest on some Great Eastern of the heavens. Do not let us be so in haste to stay in this barn, this shed, this outhouse of a world, when all the King's palaces already occupied by many of our best friends are swinging wide open their gates to let us in.

When I read, "In My Father's house are many mansions," I do not know but that each world is a room, and so many rooms as there are worlds, stellar stairs, stellar galleries, stellar hallways, stellar windows, stellar domes. How our departed friends must pity us who are in those more modest apartments tired if we walk fifteen miles, when they come morning, by one stroke of wing, can make circuit of the whole stellar system and be back in time for matins! Perhaps yonder twinkling constellation is the residence of the martyrs, that group of twelve luminaries may be the celestial home of the apostles. Perhaps that steep of light is the dwelling place of some cherubic, seraphic, archangelic. A mansion with as many rooms as worlds, and all their windows illuminated for festivity!

Oh, how this widows and lifts and stimulates our expectations! How little it makes the present, and how stupendous it makes the future! How it consoles us about our pious dead, that, instead of being boxed up and under the ground, have the range of as many rooms as there are worlds and welcome everywhere, for it is the Father's house, in which there are so many mansions! O Lord God of the seven stars and Orion, how can I endure the transport, the ecstasy, of such a vision? I must obey my text and seek Him. I will seek Him. I seek Him now, for I call to mind that it is not the material universe that is first valuable, but the spiritual, and that each of us has a soul worth more than all the worlds which the inspired bedsman saw from his booth on the hills of Tekoa.

I had studied it before, but the cathedral of Cologne, Germany, never impressed me as it did one summer. It is admittedly the grandest Gothic structure in the world, its foundation laid in 1248, only a few years ago completed. More than 500 years in building! An Europe taxed for its construction. Its chapel of the Magi, with precious stones enough to purchase a kingdom. Its chapel of St. Agnes, with masterpieces of painting. Its spire sculpture 511 feet into the heavens. Its stained glass the dyes of all rich colors. Statues encircling the pillars and encircling all. Statues above statues, until sculpture seems to have run into a frenzy. Statues against carved stalls and down on pavements over which the kings and queens of the earth have walked to confessional. Naves and aisles and transept and portals combining the splendors of sanctuary and season. Interlaced, interfoliated, intercolumned grandeur. As I stood outside, looking at the double range of flying buttresses and the forest of pinnacles, higher and higher and higher, until I almost reeled from dizziness, I exclaimed: "Great cathedral in stone! Frozen prayer of many Nations!"

But while standing there I saw a poor man enter and put down his pack and knee, beside his burden on the hard floor of that cathedral. And tears of deep emotion came into my eyes and I said to myself, "There is a soul worth more than all the material surroundings. That man will live after the last pinnacle has fallen, and not one stone of all that cathedral glory shall remain uncrumbled. He is now a Lazarus in rags and poverty and sores, but immortal, and a son of the Lord God Almighty. And the prayer he now offers, though amid many superstitions, I believe God will hear, and among the apostles whose sculptured forms stand in the surrounding niches he will at last be lifted and into the presence of that Christ whose sufferings are represented by the carvings before which he bows and he raised in due time out of all his poverties into the glorious home built for him and built for us by "Him who maketh the seven stars and Orion."

Mrs. Hendricks (prondly walking on of the sewing room)—Well, Perry, how do you like my bloomers? Mr. Hendricks—Oh, they do very well; but, dear me, how much older than usual they make you look." On the following day a neat package, intended for the far away heathen, was forwarded from the Hendricks home.—Cleveland Leader.

Gough's Popularity as a Lecturer. Comparing Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips and John B. Gough, Major Pond says that the two former were more elegant and had a greater power to hold their audiences, but that Gough was a more popular favorite for a greater number of years than any other lecturer. He lectured altogether 9,000 times to about 9,000,000 hearers.

The Reverse.

Col. Bomb—I tell you, the country is going to the devil.

Mjshy—Oh, no; this is the time of year, my boy, when the devil goes to the country.—New York World.

Not Music.

"I suppose you have music at the hotel?"

"No, but we have a band."—Harper's Bazar.

If the angels keep up with the fashions, they are wearing their wings this year on their heads instead of on their shoulders.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

February 7, 1897.

True and False Giving.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.*—1 Sam. 16 : 7.

(Acts 4 : 32 to 5 : 11. Memory verses: 32, 33.

LESSON PLAN AND ANALYSIS.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER:—*The Church at Work.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER:—*We are laborers together with God.*—1 Cor. 3 : 9.

LESSON TOPIC:—*Consecrating Worldly Goods.*

OUTLINE: 1. Sincerity in Giving, vs. 32-37. 2. Hypocrisy in Giving, vs. 1-11.

DAILY HOME READINGS.

M.—Acts 4 : 32-37 } True and
T.—Acts 5 : 1-11 } False Giving.
W.—Eccl. 5 : 1-6. Sacredness of vows.
T.—Matt. 6 : 1-8. Warning against hypocrisy.
F.—Prov. 12 : 13-22. Lying lips.
S.—Mal. 1 : 6-14. Insincere offerings.
S.—Mal. 3 : 8-12. Blessing on true giving.

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

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. SINCERITY OF GIVING.

1. Singleness of Heart:

The multitude.....were of one heart and soul (32).

With gladness and singleness of heart (Acts 2 : 46).

Being of one accord, of one mind (Phil. 2 : 2).

2. Surrender for Others:

Not one of them said that aught.....was his own (32).

All.....were together, and had all things common (Acts 2 : 44).

We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren (1 John 3 : 16).

4. Sufficiency for All:

Neither was there among them any that lacked (34).

He that gathered lit le had no lack (2 Cor. 8 : 15).

My God shall find every need of yours (Phil. 4 : 19).

3. Surrender of All:

Possessors of lands.....sold them, and brought the prices (34.)

Sell that thou hast and give to the poor (Matt. 19 : 21).

All that is mine is thine (Luke 15 : 31).

5. Distribution to All:

Distribution was made.....as any one had need (35).

Give to him that asketh thee (Matt. 5 : 42).

They sold their.....goods, and parted them to all (Acts 2 : 45).

II. HYPOCRISY IN GIVING.

1. The Offering:

Ananias.....laid it at the apostles' feet (1. 2).

They shall offer.....offerings in righteousness (Mal. 3 : 3).

Joseph .....brought the money, and laid it at the apostles' feet (Acts 4 : 36, 37).

2. The Reservation:

Ananias.....kept back part of the price (1, 2).

They have not wholly followed me (Num. 32 : 11).

There is that withholdeth,.....but it tendeth only to want (Prov. 11 : 24).

3. The Excuse:

Why has Satan filled thy heart to lie? (3).

Be sure your sin will find you out (Num. 32 : 23).

There is nothing covered up, that shall not be revealed (Luke 12 : 2).

4. The Guilt:

Thou hast not lied unto men but unto God (4).

How then can I do this,.....and sin against God? (Gen. 39 : 9).

He is certainly guilty before the Lord (Lev. 5 : 19).

5. The Penalty:

Ananias.....fell down and gave up the ghost (5).

The Lord smote Nabal, that he died (1 Sam. 25 : 38).

An angel.....smote him,.....and he was eaten of worms (Acts 12 : 23).

6. The Copartner:

How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit? (9).

She gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat (Gen. 3 : 6).

Though hand join in hand, he shall not be unpunished (Prov. 16 : 5).

7. The Influence:

Great fear came upon.....all that heard (11).

Fear came upon every soul (Acts 2 : 43)

Fear fell upon them all, and the name.....was magnified (Acts 19 : 17).

Verse 32.—"The multitude of them that believed were one of heart and soul." (1) Growing numbers; (2) Common faith; (3) United hearts; (4) Consecrated souls.

Verses 36, 37.—"Joseph.....having a field, sold it, and brought the money." (1) His personality; (2) His possession; (3) His generosity.

Verses 1, 2.—"Ananias.....sold a possession, and kept back part of the price." (1) His personality; (2) His partner; (3) His plot; (4) His penalty.

Verse 4.—"Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." (1) The elements of his sin; (2) The criminality of his act; (3) The result of his transgression.

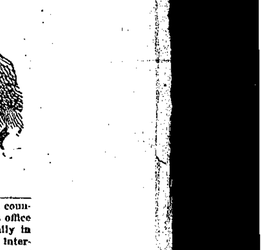
Verse 8.—"Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much." (1) The sale; (2) The scheme; (3) The challenge; (4) The affirmation; (5) The death.

Verse 11.—"And great fear came upon the whole church, and upon all that heard." (1) Impressive events; (2) Widespread impressions.—(1) Righteousness vindicated; (2) Iniquity confounded.

PRESIDENT OF SWITZERLAND.

Dr. Adolph Deucher the New Head of the Little Republic in the Alps.

Dr. Adolph Deucher, the newly selected president of the republic of Switzerland, does not go into this important office as a tyro. The Doctor once before served as the chief executive of the stanch little republic in the Alps. That was six years ago, and his administration was pleasing, and satisfactory to the Swiss. He is a seasoned statesman and understands the needs of his country thoroughly. The President of the Swiss is elected yearly by the Congress of the nation—thus giving more plasticity to the executive department in point of ability and worthiness than is given in most republics. Dr. Deucher is a native of Steckborn, in Thurgau, and was born in 1831. He went abroad for his studies, and Heidelberg turned him out an M. D. He finished his medical studies at Zurich, Prague, and Vienna. The Doctor has been actively engaged in the politics of Switzerland ever since his youth. He was chosen a member of the canton council in 1868, and in 1879 was sent to the prefecture of the council. From 1869 to 1872 he was chosen to represent the national Council. He then retired from public life and devoted himself to his profession till 1879, when he was re-elected to the council. He was president of the council from 1882 until 1893. Ten years ago Dr. Deucher was elected to the federal council of his country, and this year was made vice president of that body, which is the equivalent of vice president of the republic. Switzerland always rewards its vice presidents by promoting them to the highest office, and all the Swiss knew that the Doctor would again fill the office he so well filled before. As president he retains the direction of the department of agri-



DR. ADOLPH DEUCHER.

culture and industry as a federal counsellor, and the enlargement of his office will serve to assist him materially in the functions of these important internal services. Dr. Deucher is a very patriotic citizen.

Victoria's Arbitrary Powers.

People on this side of the water are apt to attach too much credence to the oft-repeated, but somewhat fallacious, assertion, to the effect that the Queen of England has no power, is a mere figurehead; in fact, nothing but a constitutional puppet in the hands of the Cabinet for the time being. It is often stated that the President of the United States is possessed of far more executive power and prerogatives than her British majesty.

This is a great mistake. The English sovereign has regained far more power than people realize. For instance, she has the power to dismiss every soldier in the army, from the commander-in-chief down to the youngest drummer. She could disband the navy in the same way and sell all the ships, stores and arsenals to the first buyer that presented himself. Acting on her own responsibility, she could declare war against any foreign power, or make a prisoner of any section of the empire over which she rules to any foreign power.

Acting strictly within her prerogative, she could make every male woman and child in the country a peer or a peeress of the realm with the right, in the case of males, who are of age, to a seat and a vote in the House of Lords. With a single word or stroke of the pen she could disendow any Cabinet that was in power, and could, moreover, pardon and liberate every convict in the land, of every grade that now languishes in British penitentiaries. She could do only a few of the things that she could do if she chose to exercise her prerogative.—Philadelphia Press.

NOTICE TO ABSENT DEFENDANTS.

In Chancery of New Jersey.

Between
Camille Michel, Complainant,
and
Rosa Tradelius, Emil Tradelius, and The Fruit Growers' Union and Co-Operative Society, Limited. Defts.,
On Bill to Foreclose.

To Rosa Tradelius and Emil Tradelius, defendants in the above stated cause:

By virtue of an order of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, made on the day of the date hereof, in a cause wherein Camille Michel is complainant and you and others are defendants, you are required to appear, plead, answer or demur to the bill of said complainant, on or before the twenty eighth day of January next, or the said bill will be taken as confessed against you.

The said bill is filed to foreclose a mortgage given by Max Tradelius to Complainant, dated the twenty-ninth day of September, eighteen hundred and ninety, on lands in Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic, in this State. And you, Rosa Tradelius, are made a defendant because you own the said land. And you, Emil Tradelius, are made a defendant because you are the husband of said Rosa, and have an inchoate right of tenant by courtesy on said land.

Dated November 27th, 1896

A. J. KING, Solicitor,
Hammonton, N. J.

No. 49—4t | p.b$4.68

Real Estate

FOR SALE.

1. A large and handsome house on Pleasant Street, only a few rods from the railroad, very convenient, with heater, conservatory; good barn, two lots.

2. A neat 7-room house on Second St, very convenient, beautifully finished, heated; one lot.

12. Farm on Pleasant Mills Road, five miles from Hammonton post-office. 20 acres, partly in fruit; good house. A bargain.

14. The Lawson house, Orchard St. Fine house, 9 rooms, heater, easy terms.

15. A large house on Grape Street, 7 rooms, nearly new. Two acres.

17. An attractive and very comfortable house on Central Avenue.—seven rooms, halls, pantry, bath, hot and cold water, windmill; two acres, apples and other fruit. Fair terms.

19. Forty acres on Oak Road, good house, barn, etc. Nearly all land in in profit, including small cranberry bog. Reasonable price.

20. A house and large lot on Egg Harbor Road; six rooms, halls, attic; heated. A bargain.

21. Eight room house and two lots on Third Street; very convenient; heated throughout.

☞ For any desired information in regard to the above, call upon or address Editor of *South Jersey Republican*, Hammonton, N. J

HAMMONTON Directory.

MUNICIPAL.

CLERK. J. L. O'Donnell.
COLLECTOR & TREASURER. A. B. Davis.
MARSHAL. B. Shourds.
JUSTICES. John Atkinson, G. W. Pressey, J. R. Ryan.
CONSTABLES. Geo. Bernshouse, W. B. Wells, Benj. Pogletto.
OVERSEER OF HIGHWAYS. W. H. Burgess.
OVERSEER OF THE POOR. John W. Logan.
NIGHT POLICE. J. H. Garton.
FIRE MARSHAL. S. E. Brown.

TOWN COUNCIL. Wm. Cunningham, Pres't, John C. Anderson, Daniel M. Bollard, George King, J. P. Patten, Alvin Adams. Meets last Saturday eve each month.

BOARD OF EDUCATION. C. F. Osgood, president; J. L. O'Donnell, clerk; Edwin Adams, L. Monfert, Dr Edward North, P. H. Jacobs, Miss Nellie Seely, Mrs. M. M. Beverage, Miss Anna Pressey.
Meets second Tuesday in each month.

RELIGIOUS.

BAPTIST. Rev. J. C. Killian, pastor; Sunday services: Preaching 10.30, Sunday-school 11.45, Junior C. E. 3.00 p. m., Christian Endeavor 6.00, Preaching 7.00. Weekday prayer meeting Thursday evening 7.30. Boys Brigade; meets Wednesday eve, in S. of V. Hall.

CATHOLIC, ST. JOSEPH'S. Rev. Spigardi rector Sunday mass 10.30 a. m., vespers at 7.30 p.m.

EPISCOPAL, ST. MARK'S. Rev. R H Woodward rector Sunday: morning prayer 10.30, a. m., [second and fourth Sundays celebration of the Holy Eucharist 7.30 a. m.], Sunday-school 12.00 noon, Evensong 7:30 p. m. Friday eve Evensong, 7.30.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL. Rev. G. F. Bishop, pastor. Sunday services: class 9.30, a. m. preaching 10.30, sunday-school 12.00 noon, Epworth League 6.00 p. m., preaching 7.30. Class Tuesday and Wednesday evenings 7.45. Prayer meeting Thursday 7.30 p. m.
Mission at Pine Road.

PRESBYTERIAN. Rev. H. R. Rundall pastor Sunday services: preaching, 10.30 a. m., Sunday school 12.00 noon, preaching 7.30 p. m., C. E. prayer meeting Wednesday 7.30 p. m. Church prayer meeting Thursday 7.30 p. m.
Missions at Folsom and Magnolia.

Italian Evangelical. Rev. Thomas Fragale, Pastor. Sunday School at 10.30 a.m. Preaching at 9 a.m. Saturday, 7 p.m., preaching.

UNIVERSALIST. Rev. Costello Weston pastor. Sunday services: preaching 10.30 a. m. Sunday school, 12.00 noon, preaching 7 30 p. m. Sociable alternate Thursday evenings.

WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION. Mrs. Chas. E. Roberts president, Mrs. S. E. Brown secretary, Mrs. Wm. Rutherford corresponding secretary.

YOUNG WOMANS CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION. Miss Minnie B. Newcomb president, Mrs J. R. Moore secretary, Miss M. E. Olney cor. sec'y.

FRATERNAL.

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

WINSLOW LODGE I. O. O. F. John M. Austin N. G.; William H. Bernshouse, Secretary. Meets every Wednesday evening, in Masonic Hall.

SHAWMUNKIN TRIBE I. O. R. M. Charles N. Parker, Sachem; Chas. W. Austin, Chief of Records. Meet every Tuesday's sleep in the Masonic Hall.

M. B. TAYLOR LODGE, F. & A. M. W. L. Black, Master; Alonzo B. Davis, Secretary. 2nd and 4th Friday nights in Masonic Hall.

JR. ORDER UNITED AMERICAN MECHANICS. Eph. Bakely, Councillor; L. W. Purdy, R. S.; A. T. Lobley, F. S. Meets every Friday evening in Mechanics' Hall.

GEN. D. A. RUSSELL POST, G. A. R. Charles E. Roberts, Commander; W. H. H. Bradbury, Adjutant; L. Beverage, Q. M. Meets 1st and 3rd Saturday nights in S. of V. Hall.

WOMANS' RELIEF CORPS. President, Mrs. M. E. Sutton; Secretary, Miss Leona Adams. Alternate Friday eves, in S. of V. Hall

GEN. D. A. RUSSELL CAMP SONS OF VETERANS, No. 14. Capt., Wm. Cunningham; First Sergt., A. V. W. Setley. Every Wednesday eve, S. of V. Hall.

THE HAMMONTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION. David Cottrell, president; Daniel B. Berry, secretary; M. S. Whittier, captain. Meets every Monday eve, at Association Hall.

Sisterhood Branch, No. 56, O. Iron Hall of Baltimore. Sarah A. Hood, Pres't. Carrie A. King, Sec'y. Meets in Mechanics' Hall first and third Wednesday eve's, 8 o'clock.

VOLUNTEER FIRE CO. John M. Austin, president; Chas. W. Austin, secretary. Meets 3rd Monday evening of each month.

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

Business Organizations.

Fruit Growers' Union, H. J. Monfort secretary, shippers of fruit and produce.
Fruit Growers' Association, G. W. Elv'ns secretary, shippers of fruit and produce.
Hammonton Loan and Building Association, W. R. Tilton secretary.
Workingmen's Loan and Building Association, W. H. Bernshouse, secretary.
People's Bank, W. R. Tilton cashier.
Hammonton Improvement Association. M. L. Jackson president, W. H. Bernshouse sec'y, G. W. Pressey treasurer.

LOCAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

Reliable and enterprising parties, in their respective lines, whom we can recommend. For details, see their advertisements.

Hammonton Hotel.
Wm. Baker, tinsmith.
Hoyt & Sons, publishers, printers.
Robert Steel, jeweler.
M. L. Jackson, meat and produce.
L. W. Cegley, harness.
G. W. Pressey, justice.
W. H. Bernshouse, coal.
Dr. J. A. Waas, dentist.
John Atkinson, justice and tailor.
John Murdock, shoes.
Wm. Bernshouse, planing mill, lumber.
J. S. Thayer, musical instruments.
Henry Kramer, (Folsom), cedar lumber.
D. C. Herbert, shoes.
George Elvins, dry goods, groceries, etc.
Frank E. Roberts, groceries.
Jacob Eckhardt, meat and produce.
Fruit Growers' Union, general merchandise.
Chas. Cunningham, Physician and Surgeon.
Geo. M. Bowles, meat and produce.
J. B. Small, baker and confectioner.
J. Goodman, clothing and notions.
H. L. McIntyre, meat and produce.
Alex. Aitken, livery and boarding stables.
Wm. L. Black, dry goods, groceries, etc.
D. D. Feo, maccaroni, vermacelli.
Elam Stockwell, cash store.
P. Ranere, maccaroni, vermacelli.

Atlantic City R. R.

September 29, 1896.

DOWN TRAINS.									UP TRAINS.							
a. m	a. m.	p m.	p. m	p. m	p. m	p. m	p. m	STATIONS	a.m	a m.	a. m.	a. m.	p. m	p. m	p. m	p. m.
8 00	.....	.....	2 00	5 00	5 30	6 30	.....	Philadelphia	7 25	.....	8 55	10 25	10 25	.....	6 20	8 55
8 05	.....	.....	2 12	5 12	5 42	6 33	.....	Lawnton	7 14	.....	8 44	10 06	10 15	.....	6 30	8 45
8 22	.....	.....	.....	.....	5 57	6 51	.....	West Collingswood	6 58	.....	.....	10 00	.....	.....	6 23	.....
8 29	.....	.....	.....	.....	6 00	6 59	.....	Haddon Heights	6 58	.....	.....	9 52	.....	.....	6 15	.....
8 36	.....	.....	.....	.....	6 07	7 06	.....	Magnolia	6 51	.....	.....	9 46	.....	.....	6 08	.....
8 47	.....	.....	.....	.....	6 18	7 16	.....	Clementon	6 39	.....	.....	9 36	.....	.....	5 56	.....
8 56	.....	.....	.....	.....	6 28	7 26	.....	Williamstown Junc.	6 30	.....	.....	9 28	.....	.....	5 47	.....
9 01	.....	.....	.....	.....	6 35	7 31	.....	Cedar Brook	6 24	.....	.....	9 22	.....	.....	5 40	.....
9 12	.....	.....	5 44	6 40	7 40	.....	.....	Winslow Junc. (Pye)	6 16	.....	.....	9 12	.....	.....	5 30	.....
9 19	.....	.....	5 49	6 45	7 45	.....	.....	Hammonton	6 10	.....	8 19	9 00	9 37	.....	5 20	6 05
9 24	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	Da Costa	.....	.....	.....	8 55	.....	.....	5 15	.....
9 32	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	7 57	.....	Elwood	.....	.....	.....	8 49	.....	.....	5 08	.....
9 40	.....	.....	6 05	6 01	.....	8 05	.....	Egg Harbor	.....	.....	.....	8 42	9 22	.....	5 01	5 52
9 48	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	Brigantine Junc.	.....	.....	.....	8 34	.....	.....	4 52	.....
10 00	.....	.....	6 25	6 12	.....	8 24	.....	Pleasantville	.....	.....	.....	8 25	.....	.....	4 41	.....
10 10	.....	.....	6 30	6 20	.....	8 32	.....	Atlantic City	.....	.....	7 55	8 15	9 00	.....	4 32	5 30

SUNDAY TRAINS leave Hammonton as follows: Down trains, accommodation, 9.31 a. m. and 6:12 p. m., express, 9:49 a. m. Up trains, accommodation, 8:01 a. m. and 5:35 p. m.; express, 8:11 p. m.

WEST JERSEY & SEASHORE R. R.

September 29, 1896.

DOWN TRAINS.										UP TRAINS.							
Sun Ex. a.m.	Sun. Acc. a. m	Sun. Acc. p. m.	Ex. a.m.	Acc. a.m.	Hom Acc. a. m.	Ex. p.m.	Acc. p.m.	W'n Acc. p.m.	STATION	W'n Acc. a.m	Acc a m	Exp. a. m.	Hom Acc p. m.	Acc. p.m	Sun Acc a.m.	Sun Acc p.m.
.....	8 15	4 00	.....	8 00	10 50	2 00	4 20	6 10	Philadelphia	7 10	8 10	10 30	1 50	5 10	9 20	6 05
.....	8 25	4 10	.....	8 04	11 00	2 07	4 27	6 10	Camden	7 32	8 32	10 2.	1 42	5 02	9 10	5 57
.....	8 37	4 24	.....	8 19	11 12	..	4 37	6 23	Collingswood	7 19	8 20	.....	1 30	4 51	8 58	5 41
.....	8 47	4 30	.....	8 30	12 20	.....	4 42	6 30	Haddonfield	7 10	8 14	.....	1 23	4 45	8 50	5 36
.....	8 53	4 40	.....	8 42	11 30	.....	4 53	6 40	Kirkwood	6 56	8 04	.....	1 12	4 32	8 35	5 25
.....	9 11	4 52	.....	8 55	11 43	.....	5 06	6 54	Berlin	6 41	7 51	.....	1 00	4 17	8 24	5 14
.....	9 16	5 01	.....	9 01	11 50	.....	5 11	7 02	Atco	6 35	7 46	.....	12 55	4 10	8 19	5 04
.....	9 21	5 12	.....	9 10	12 00	.....	5 20	7 12	Waterford	6 27	7 39	.....	12 47	4 03	8 11	4 56
.....	9 26	5 16	.....	9 14	12 05	.....	5 25	7 18	Ancora	6 18	7 31	.....	12 42	3 54	8 06	4 51
.....	9 31	5 21	.....	9 18	12 10	.....	5 30	7 23	Winslow Jc. (Pye)	6 13	7 30	.....	12 30	3 1	8 02	4 46
.....	9 38	5 28	.....	9 25	12 10	2 47	5 45	7 30	Hammonton	6 05	7 21	6 40	12 20	3 41	7 56	4 40
.....	9 50	5 40	.....	9 42	.....	.....	6 00	.....	Elwood	.....	7 11	.....	.....	3 26	7 48	4 27
.....	9 56	5 52	.....	9 50	.....	.....	6 08	.....	Egg Harbor	.....	7 05	6 25	.....	3 18	7 39	4 20
.....	10 23	6 12	.....	10 16	.....	.....	6 27	.....	Absecon	.....	6 46	.....	.....	2 ..[illegible]	7 21	4 02
.....	10 31	6 25	.....	10 28	.....	3 25	6 40	.....	Atlantic City	.....	6 35	6 10	.....	2 10	7 10	3 50
