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## OLD FASHIONED PHILOSOPHY.

Scorn not the homely virtues. We are prone to search through all the world for something new; and yet sometimes old-fashioned things are best—Old-fashioned work, old-fashioned rectitude, Old-fashioned honor and old-fashioned prayer, Old-fashioned patience that can bide its time, Old-fashioned dreariness sacred from the world, Old-fashioned satisfaction with enough, Old-fashioned candor and simplicity, Old-fashioned folks that practice what they preach.

—National Magazine.

## A HAUNTED HOUSE

WHEN my husband took over the direction of the Gertrude and Santa Maria mines, near Pinal, Mexico, we brought down from "the States" our various goods and chattels, and began the attempt to make ourselves as comfortable as possible in the huge, Spanish-built house which was the only thing in the way of an abode that could be secured, for love or money, in the very inconvenient new-old town of Pinal.

At first I liked the queer, rambling old house, with its wide, heavily pillared corridors, thick walls, high-barred windows and enormous carved doors. It had been built, according to a half-effaced date, in the year 1803, and had been the habitat of more than one famous man in its time. But, even after our modern furnishings were put in, flowers and vines arranged about, and everything possible done to brighten it, the house still had a dreary, ghostly air about it, and one always had the sensation that some one else was about—some one unseen, but felt—and altogether there was an indescribable eerie feeling about the place that did not tend to make one very cheerful. However, I consoled myself by remembering that big, old houses generally make one nervous at first; also, the rent was surprisingly low for so large an establishment, with its fifteen rooms, corridors, and corral. And, as one can get used to very nearly anything in this world, by trying hard, I gradually got over the uneasy feeling which I had mostly felt, when entirely alone, and put it down to "nerves."

There was the slight drawback, however, that we could not keep servants. In spite of good wages, light work and short hours, our servants would invariably leave after two to five days' service, refusing, under any circumstances, to stop longer. They gave no reason for this beyond the fact that the situation was not to their liking. So I could only pay them, and, with indignant sorrow, view their departing backs, then fare forth in search of further criadas, inwardly consigning Mexican servants to a future which it would be unladylike to put into bald words.

In the midst of these turn-of-events, "Society" (with a big, big S) began, slowly and carefully, to call, and pleasantly hinted, in divers ways, that there was something wrong about our house.

The leader of Pinal society, Mrs. Leachstein, was the last to call. She had at first been somewhat dubious about visiting me. As I told her, she said, she "led" Pinal society (for my husband was the principal house of the place), and therefore she could not, as she sweetly explained to me, be too careful about "beebles" she galled upon.

Waiving, however, discussion of this excellent lady, for indeed she is "another story," her statement during her call that our house was said to be haunted by evil spirits, and that we would never be able to keep a servant in it, was somewhat dispiriting. In vain did I inquire particulars. No, she knew nothing beyond the fact that servants and "tradespeople" gave the place a bad name; that it was certainly troubled by something, and that no one ever lived long in it.

Here was a pretty mess! And, indeed, as if in confirmation of the woman's prediction, the very next day both servants left, after they had been with four days, and I was on the point of beginning to expect better things of them. I sat down and wept. Then, disgusted with native servants, I bled me forth and wired to the "Border" for a couple of old and well-tried Chinese servants, determined that I would not abandon my house, and live in hotels, to please ghosts, Mexican servants or any one else.

In due course the new servants arrived. One, a sturdy, taciturn Celestial, rejoicing in the name of Ching, was to act as porter, caretaker and general watchdog—the ghost would have to be lively that could get ahead of Ching. Charley, his cousin, was of the same ilk, being besides a splendid cook. But I explained matters duly to the two, and could have warbled for joy over their docile smiles and grunts when I finally alluded to "ghosts," and hinted that they might be disturbed by mysterious lights or sounds.

And now did I begin to be acquainted once more with peace, with the coming of Ching and Charley, who feared neither "bog, dog nor devil," and certainly seemed able to deal with any-

thing in the way of terrestrial or supernatural beings.

In fact (for such is the inconsistency of woman), I rather began to wish that the ghosts would walk, or otherwise make themselves known; or that anything exciting would happen. For, after the advent of my two Celestials, my occupation was entirely gone; no longer did I daily wrestle with the kitchen braser, and harangue the fruit man and the other purveyors to our inner needs. In other words, matters waxed dead and dull and boring, so that I complained bitterly to my other half, who only laughed uproariously, and gave me little sympathy. (You see, he had his work.) And said he: "My good wife, you don't know a fine thing when you see it. Here you are with plenty of leisure and all the chances you want to shine in the 'American Colony of Pinal,' yet you let it slip. Put on your gaudiest gown (if you have one); all the jewelry you can beg, borrow or steal; go and pay your calls, and I'll wager you a Virot hat that you'll have all the diversion you can stand."

Meekly, but without the jewelry, I did as I was told. I called on my ladies, and I opened up a new horizon to myself in the way of topics of conversation. For in Pinal you always discuss your servants, and other people's servants; your own, and other people's position in society; and the fact that "society in Mexico is not what it is at home." To hear the wives of the grocerman, cheap clerks and machinists discussing "social position" gave me rather a sort of "Alice-in-Wonderland" feeling, but I held my peace.

Not many weeks passed before society and I mutually dropped each other, and I gave my husband no peace until he decided upon and arranged a nice, long ducking trip to the lakes, some forty miles from Pinal. And, oh me, how enjoyable it was. But when we returned, with sunburned faces and hands showing traces of powder and hard work, the ladies of the American colony shook dubious heads over me and my probable fate. A woman who actually went hunting with her husband, could ride thirty miles in a day, and was reported to shoot as well as a man, was a paradox to them. For their parts, they wondered why any man wanted to marry such a woman so unfit for society.

To tell the truth, I rather regretted my own and sunburned. When I found upon our return invitations to the usual yearly big ball at the Casino, I hadn't been to a dance of any sort since our last country house visits on Long Island. I had a particularly pretty gown, knew that the floor would be good and slippery, the native Mexican band fair, and that there would be plenty of presentable men to dance with, mostly delegations from the outlying camps. But how in the name of all that was consistent could I appear in an evening gown, topped off by a face, neck and arms that were about the consistency of color of burned leather? My husband unfeelingly suggested whitewash, but I applied lemon juice, and mourned. It really was disappointing, you know.

Three days before the dance, partner of my joys and sorrows called away to inspect the installation of some new machinery. He left reluctantly; for, while our big house seemed absolutely safe, and had nevertheless been some busy place of late, and he dreaded leaving alone with the servants for a couple of nights. But I urged him to go, that the doors were perfectly locked, that the servants trustworthy, and that I would keep a shotgun handy, so that he need have no fears.

In fact, for once I preferred to be left alone. I had inspected the scene of his company, having a feeling that the burglars had not been burglars at all, but the members of a famous countess who had simply flooded the town with bad money, and the police had never been able to locate. It seemed that they had made into themselves a secret place under our old house, with a secret entrance covered by stones, just inside our back patio wall, and there had stored their contraband goods during many past months. In this way, with their mysterious movements about, it had gotten out that the house was haunted, and I myself was pleased to verify my past feeling that some one, unseen, was present.

Well, they all went to prison for several years, and the secret entrance to our house was securely stopped, thus

strong Mexican leaks—and how they did smell to high heaven!

When ready for bed I carefully applied this odorous mask, and tied it on so that it could not by any possibility come off. As I put out the candles, I caught a glimpse of myself, and came near shrieking at the sight, for I looked more like a first-class ghost than anything else. I had twisted my hair back tight, and, to protect it from the leaks, covered it with an old white bathing cap. The mask entirely hid my face, and I looked like some unearthly, tall, white thing, with a flat nose, and no eyes and mouth. I assure you that I was as ghastly an object as one could well imagine; so hideous, in fact, that I precipitately shut out the view; blew out the lights and hastily sought my couch.

My "beautifier" murdered sleep; I tossed about for hours, vainly endeavoring to doze off. Now and then a whiff of the fragrance of leaks would steal up through even the small pinholes I had cut to breathe through, and more often the tightly knotted strings caused me great discomfort as I moved my head, vainly seeking that rest in slumber which seemed denied me. At last, however, some time after the nearby bells had chimed midnight, I dozed off, despite leaks and strings.

The next thing I knew I was sitting up in bed, my heart beating wildly while I listened breathlessly for a repetition of the sudden wild cry that had thrilled through the great, empty house, waking me from deep sleep. Without daring to light the candles, I waited there in the darkness, wondering at the sang froid which I had assured my husband and no burglars could worry me. My tattered nightgown, which are an in-moment, there it was again—a chance to help, not so loud as it had been, but wide and half strangled, choking, and shoes from China, are gradually giving way to tight clothes, my feet bare, and my hair, while as for the headgear, noislessly opened my eyes, and I saw through it, and crept down the door toward the back entrance of the house, where Ching and Charley were in their rooms. As I went, I thought burglars had got in, and that the two Chinamen, who were sticking to antiquated customs, and dispose of me, and their sentiments. The tow-chang (queue), a standing menace to cyclists, mechanicals and others, is wisely discarded by some, but this dereliction of ancient custom is still looked upon with great horror by the fair sex, who, in conjunction with the scholars of Chinese literature, retain their conservative admiration for it. A friend of the writer, who proved to have the courage of his convictions, recently informed him that it almost threatened to result in divorce when his wife first saw him without his "tail," but after she had got used to the loss she was heard to say that it was a pity others would not follow her husband's sensible example. The change in this direction is impeded, but with the return of the Pinal men who are sent to complete their studies in Europe to watchless this obstacle may eventually be removed. The nonnas, too, have caught the contagion of reform, but in a lesser degree.

Turning to their social life, the bright and shady side sights require to be touched upon. In regard to the relationship between husband and wife, the Chinese are not so much as the latter on an equal footing is more noticeable each day. A husband is not now ashamed to give his compeer a seat with him in an open conveyance or even escort her to a picnic, where necessarily the men and women mix with each other freely. On the other hand cases of wives leaving their husbands are of frequent occurrence, the real causes of which may be summarized as follows: The husband leads a life of debauchery, cultivated in the so-called intellectual-improvement clubs, where literature, supposed to be their primary object, is almost unknown. The wife, finding that her husband longs more for his club than his home, naturally resents the change, and her remonstrances being in vain, she seeks the company of her relatives.

As against the fair sex the horrible scourge of Pail Lin is to a very great extent responsible for her downfall. She first indulges in a "gentle flutter," only to be lured into the irresistible influence as if by magic, and from small it grows to big stakes, until the husband discovers that his wife has substituted her jewelry for gift or imitation.

Children Fear. Once we have outgrown childish thoughts and ideas, it is hard to realize the agonies we suffered as children over trifles that now seem so foolish. Not even the wisest mother knows the bugbears of her child's life. It is astonishing how silent a child may be in regard to some haunting ghost of his early years; if any have been a certain face, a dog, a "haunted house," or simply the dark. It is a mistake to avoid a child for these terrors, which are very real to the quaking little heart, for, though from shame, he is silent, he suffers just as keenly, and is apt to brood over them. Reason with him, and show him how foolish and uncalled for are his fears.

Some men spend lots of time in saloons—and that's about all they do spend.

doing away forever the notion of being haunted.

As for my mask, I threw it away, regardless, with face and hands. And, sitting out, we saw how any woman could not to dance and enjoy herself, and actually shot her hands two poor, helpless things!—San Francisco.

CHONG WANG.

Adoption and Customs of the Chinese.

The Chinese are not slow to be progressive in the face with the onward march of times, says the Pinal. So general has this been that within the last few years have been made many reforms. There are, however, many difficult barriers, but with determination they are surmounted.

Recently asked what the difference between a European costume, as the Chinese are, and a Celestial costume, to some extent, shows the difference between a European and a Celestial. The fashion cuts is closely watched by the Chinese, so that in Kuala Lumpur, the straits Chinese department owned by a European-born Chinese has been established to further this object; loose trousers, which are an in-moment, there it was again—a chance to help, not so loud as it had been, but wide and half strangled, choking, and shoes from China, are gradually giving way to tight clothes, my feet bare, and my hair, while as for the headgear, noislessly opened my eyes, and I saw through it, and crept down the door toward the back entrance of the house, where Ching and Charley were in their rooms. As I went, I thought burglars had got in, and that the two Chinamen, who were sticking to antiquated customs, and dispose of me, and their sentiments. The tow-chang (queue), a standing menace to cyclists, mechanicals and others, is wisely discarded by some, but this dereliction of ancient custom is still looked upon with great horror by the fair sex, who, in conjunction with the scholars of Chinese literature, retain their conservative admiration for it. A friend of the writer, who proved to have the courage of his convictions, recently informed him that it almost threatened to result in divorce when his wife first saw him without his "tail," but after she had got used to the loss she was heard to say that it was a pity others would not follow her husband's sensible example. The change in this direction is impeded, but with the return of the Pinal men who are sent to complete their studies in Europe to watchless this obstacle may eventually be removed. The nonnas, too, have caught the contagion of reform, but in a lesser degree.

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THE LONDON WORKMAN'S WIFE.

Life at Its Best is a Hard Struggle with Them All Around.

It is a sheer impossibility for most workingmen's wives to leave home, no matter how sorely they need rest and change. When the same person is nurse, cook, landress, charwoman and needlewoman to an entire household her absence means chaos.

Mrs. B., whose family consists of ten children under 14, and whose boast is that she never sends a child to school with an unstarched pinafore or unblackened boots, said one day to her visitor: "I declare I'm a bit glad when one of them is ill, for then I put on my bonnet and go to the chemist; and it makes a little change. But, there, I ought not to complain: I don't have what you may call a laborious life."

Even a grown-up daughter living at home does not always relieve her mother. "I went away last year," says Mrs. G., "and it did me a world of good, but I can never go again. My girl and her father couldn't manage on what I do with, and when I got home they were in debt to all the shops."

Only one experience—that of being left to do all her own work—can enable a member of that servant-keeping class to realize what continuous household drudgery really means. By 35 many of these women are well on toward old age, still toiling for the family good, but querulous, broken in health and unattractive, losing influence daily over husband and sons. In times of sickness or slackness of work it is considered the mother's business to keep the home together somehow—by charring, pawing, or begging—and even to provide a few pence for tobacco.

Other outlets being denied them, these working class mothers concentrate their energies on their homes. They are marvelous managers, and have reduced shopping to a science. "I always begin Monday morning," said Mrs. S., "wondering how I shall come out on Saturday night; if I don't owe a penny I go to bed happy." She went on to explain how she bought her vegetables a farthing cheaper by going up the street, and saved a half penny on her meat by going down it. The real ambition of her life was to provide the family every day "with a bit of something hot."

The question on one occasion was: "If you had a daughter in a good trade, able to support herself, would you wish her to marry?" The remarks made were of deep interest from the light they shed on the speaker's inmost feelings. They did not deny that matrimony involved terrible risks—that even where the husbands proved satisfactory a dozen circumstances might plunge the wives into misery. "On the other hand there was the craving for 'children, for belongings, for a sphere of influence. "Babies are not such a burden, after all," said one woman, whose domestic trials would have soured most people; "they don't come all at once, and the time doesn't seem so long when you have a child in your arms."—Macmillan's Magazine.

## LITTLE PRINCE CHARMING.



Simple but elegant is this picturesque costume of heavy cream broadcloth, with trimmings of scarlet velvet. Large white pearl buttons decorate the front and a red belt gives a pretty finishing touch. The model here shown is a popular one in the small boy's wardrobe, giving satisfaction until he reaches the sack-coat period.

Explained. "How do you like your new minster?"

"He's very young, and not a very good speaker. His delivery is very peculiar. I do not understand it at all." "Nobody could solve his delivery at college, either. He was the crack pitcher of the nine, you know."—Philadelphia Press.



**A DISCOURSE ENTITLED "CHRISTIANS  
OUTSIDE THE CHURCH"**

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"Christians outside the Church" was the subject of the sermon Sunday morning by the Rev. Robert MacDonald, pastor of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church. It was the first of a series of five sermons. The text was from John 1: 16: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." Mr. MacDonald said:

I desire that our starting point in these discussions should be in favor of religious toleration. As love is the centre of the Christian system, so must it be the motive in every church claiming to be a Christian church. The church of the nineteenth century is tolerant of and charitable toward those who were not numbered among the twelve disciples and forty apostles, so must we be. As followers be tolerant in thought, word, act, to those not of our number, and outside our communion. We are not to be more tolerant to-day than at any previous period of the world's history. The church of to-day is more advanced than the church of yesterday. Its intelligence is greater; its light clearer; its affinity with the Holy Spirit more personal; its love more true and unfeigned. The power of redemptive love, sacrificing itself even unto death, stronger. The church of the twentieth century ought to be, and shame upon us if it is not, more spiritual than the church of the thirteenth century, or than the church of the nineteenth century.

[illegible]

Even religious intolerance among themselves is a blot on the purity of the dominational church, and the minister of playing together in the world. No wonder the church pass by the outside the realities of the world, and forget the purpose of the church to evangelize the world. The church must look back upon its history, but their eyes are not on the eyes of the leading deacons of the leading deacons of the ten years either side of the leading deacons of the very unpleasant fact that they saw more of the world than they did. The Methodist Church in the land city is to-day the Pharisees instead of the Wesleyans in trying to be a leading scholar, just as the Wesleyans of a few years ago in Philadelphia went back to the standard of 350 years ago. The illustrious ancestor, John Wesley, burned Serretus at the altar for doubting the equality of "the Trinity" and infant baptism. Christ died with heretics. To those who side and loved him in the world, the church is a crucified Christ and stone dead. Loving as brethren the church; tolerant as Christ those without is the ideal the

"The view of what is yet to come. These are My sheep. He says, and for them I lay down My life; but also other sheep I have which are not of this fold, and as we contemplate the words, the range of our vision is extended, the fields through which they pass widen, the visible horizon that we see expands into the blue, and the heavens expands until we see all truth loving souls everywhere, known by many a different name, coming in as the sheep-fold opens to receive them. And we turn our steps homeward, resolving in future to be more tolerant for the *Mystic's* sake. "The more we realize the truth that the church is a lover of truth, a believer in Christ, but who had never made an open profession of religion, asked me what I thought constituted a Christian, and if I should not think it meant to be a church member, and a Baptist Church member. It is a question that needs quiet reflection. These are the men that constitute a Christian. No progress can be made in our discussion until we settle that question. Is it to be a communicant of any church? Is it to subscribe to any creed? A hundred times no! All trustworthy sources make it to be a believer in Christ. What do you mean by a Christian? One who believes in Him, that you tell a person you believe in Him, that you believe He is a good citizen, a faithful husband, a loving father? You may believe in him as all that, yet not be willing to trust him with a dollar out of your sight, or open your home to him as a friend. You may think most unwise, unless willing to trust him with money uncounted, your good name, the very secrets of your heart. A belief that does not express itself in confidence does not count for much. All else is cold, impersonal opinion. You must not offend Christ less than you wound your friend. A man who has the words, "Christ has saved a soul, any more than a belief in Caesar or Luther or Washington, even though you believe Him as more than a teacher sent from God, more than a prophet, even the very Saviour of the world. Just as friendship is more than an intellectual opinion, culture is more than a book, love the divine essential in all true living, without much society, is a self-centred, self-circumferenced conglomeration, and the home a den, denying its own existence, is virtue of the heart instead of a secretion of the brain; so religion has its life in the beating heart, else it is dead in the living body.

Now, who is the purpose of a church, and in how far does church membership constitute a Christian? Church membership constitutes a Christian just so far as a Christian constitutes a church member. No church, whatever its name and influence, is itself a Christian. The Roman Catholic Church, which claims to be the one true Church, is only in its own estimation. We fall into one or the other of two erroneous notions of thinking of Christianity as an abstraction, or as a fact identical with an organization, or as a faith, when it is grander than both. There is no Christianity apart from the life of its founder. It is not to be taken up by individuals and communities to be always by diplomatic settlement. It is not, under the uplift of its music, to make the tender sentiment of a legion sorrow catch also the sentiment of truth, and conclude you are henceforth a religious man. To be a Christian is nothing more.

there is the other mistake of making a triple church identical with the Bible. Indeed, symbols are important, but they never tell how much satisfaction a religious devotee receives from the picture of the Virgin or the image of the cross. The line between symbols and the things they represent is thinner than we think. More symbols may lead to more devotion than we dream of. An object of devotion may, however, often hinder access to the spirit than be a viaduct therefor. Many a person joins a church because of its symbols, and is a poorer, better Christian. Many a person joins their church and minister rather than the Christ the church represents and the minister preaches. Being a good denationalist is not necessarily being a good Christian. We ought to be denationalists and better denationalists than we are. Denominations give form and content to Christianity which some souls can never otherwise perceive. But on the other hand, denationalism should not content to boast of expert what gospel imparts. Don't think that the

Will Grow.  
The great masterpiece  
Builder.—J. Ritchie  
the sand who makes  
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terian.  
He an honest man  
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—Charles Reade.  
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**Gems of Thought**

To cultivate kindness  
of the business of life.—  
Great effort from great  
best definition of a happy  
We can hardly learn  
mercenary enough except  
George Eliot.

Skeptics are generally  
anything, provided it is  
improbable; it is at matter  
much people stumble.—Von  
The best time to give up  
before you begin it, and the  
time when you have discover  
bad habit.—United Presbyter  
No man can pass into eter  
already in it. The dull brute  
through its ether and knows  
no our souls are bathed in et  
we are never conscious of it.—

A new baby looks like a lobster. This will make mothers mad, but it is true. We have a right to say so, having once been new, and a baby.

1 The value of the merchandise brought into the country during the year from islands which have recently come under the American flag was: Porto Rico, \$11,651,195; Philippines, \$11,472,544; Hawaii, 26,412,863 a total of \$49,536,602, against 20,252,563 in 1897. The shipments of merchandise to those islands during the year were: Philippines, \$4,938,000; Hawaii, \$10,810,473; Porto Rico, \$12,246,223 a total of \$27,125,696, against \$0,773,500 in 1897.

LESSON II. DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST (Temporary Lesson).

## DIFFICULT POINTS EXPLAINED

Place. John the Baptist was imprisoned and beheaded in Macherus (so Josephus), a fortress in Peraea, about nine or ten miles east of the northern end of the Dead Sea. It was the "Arabia," and with Aretas, king of Arabia, Herod was during this period. The "supper" (Mark) probably was given at the same place, since the head of the Baptist seems to have been brought in a short time (v. 11). Some place the feast at Livias or Julias (now Beit-Haran), east of the mountain of the Jordan, where Herod had a summer palace. Tiberias was suggested, but was too far away from Macherus. John the Baptist was imprisoned in the winter of A. D. 27, or (according to others) in the early spring of A. D. 28. He was beheaded in the early part of 782, Year of Rome; that is, A. D. 29. The passover came 18 months after (John 6: 4).

Persons.—John the Baptist, his disciples, and Jesus were mentioned. The guests at the "supper" were (Mark 2: 13) Herod's "lords"—(civil officers)—"high-captains" (military officers)—the service of the tetrach, and "chief men of Galilee" (important persons, not necessarily officials). But the pro-

**LIGHT ON PUZZLING PASSAGE**  
Verse 1.—Herod, the tetrarch: The word "tetrarch" means ruler of a fourth part, but was frequently applied to a ruler below the rank of king in a territory dependent on Rome. In case of Herod Antipas it is properly used, since Herod the Great had divided his kingdom to his sons, and divided the other half between Antipas and Philip. The former ruled over Galilee and Peraea (east of the Jordan). Compare Luke 3: 1.—Heard the report concerning Jesus: Herod had been absent from Galilee during our Lord's public ministry, and hence had not heard

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**William E. Curtis Tells Story of Port  
for Mages in Mexican War.**

is surrounded by funny looking Dutch windmills, which pump water from the artesian basin under the sand. But the moment you land on the shore the illusion is destroyed. The streets are narrow, dirty and full of all kinds of smells, while the population is made up of the human commorants who fatten off the pilgrims.

When Eve died Adam buried her at Jiddah. Her tomb is a cenotaph 140 feet long, built of masonry about four feet high and narrowing to a point at the top. It is white washed and kept quite clean. Pilgrims place flowers upon it and reverently kiss the hot masonry. Rich people often throw over the cenotaph valuable shawis and pieces of silk as offerings to the Mother of Us All, but they stole the first night by the vandals of Jiddah, who rob the dead and pick the pockets of the dying.—W. E. Curtis in Chicago Record-Herald.

New York State Man Astonishes th

He will be in the city several weeks on a pleasure trip and will no doubt be a conspicuous figure in the parade on San Francisco street. His wardrobe is the work of merchant tailors from all over the world.

His valet, George H. Franklin, says that Mr. Whipple has only a small part of his regular traveling equipment with him, for when he went to Paris last year he had seventy-one trunks to say nothing about other small boxes and hat boxes.—Mexican Herald.

"So, your honor, I jult up and hit him one, too. Jult then his dog came along an' I hit him again."

"Hit the dog?"

"No, your honor. Hit McL. And

"The dog?"  
 "No, McLa. An' w' that he p  
 howl an' wen aft."  
 "McLa?"  
 "No, the dog. An' when he

"The dog came back at you?"

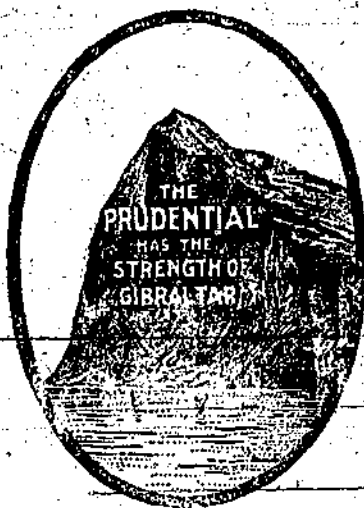
"No, Mel, yer honor. Au' he hurt a bit."

"Who isn't hurt?"

"The dog, yer honor." "T'll bite

## Earning

is not enough: you must save as well. Money paid for Life Insurance is money saved.



## The Prudential

Insurance Co. of America.

Home Office,  
Newark, N. J.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pres't. EDGAR B. WARD, 2nd V. P.  
LESLIE D. WARD, Vice-Pres't EDWARD GRAY, Sec'y.  
FORREST F. DRYDEN, 3rd Vice Pres't.

1883

GEO. S. TRUNOER, Asst. Supt., Williamstown, N. J.

## Carfare to Philadelphia

We bring Philadelphia and its best Clothing Store to your very door

This is How:

You pay excursion railroad or trolley fare. Come to our store; buy your clothes, your boy's, your girl's, your wife's. Same price to everybody. Show your railroad ticket for fare paid. We pay you exactly its cost if you buy a certain amount. How much? Can't tell—depends upon your carfare.

## Wanamaker & Brown

Outfitters to  
Men, Women, Boys and Girls

Oak Hall,  
Sixth and Market Sts.,  
Philadelphia

## John Prash, Jr.,

Furnishing  
Undertaker  
and Embalmer

Twelfth St., between railroads.  
Phone 3-5

Hammonton, N. J.

All arrangements for burials made  
and carefully executed.

J. A. HOYLE.

J. L. O'DONNELL

HOYLE & O'DONNELL,  
Auctioneers.

Special Attention given  
to House Furnishing Goods

Office, Real Estate Building

Hammonton, N. J.

A. H. Phillips Co.

Fire Insurance.

MONEY

Mortgage Loans.

Correspondence Solicited.

Bartlett Building,

Atlantic City, N. J.

JOS. H. GARTON,

JUSTICE of the PEACE,

Notary Public, Commissioner of Deeds,

Hammonton, N. J.

Office at Residence, Middle Road.

Herbert G. Henson

ALL THE

DAILY PAPERS

AND

PERIODICALS.

Stationery & Confectionery.

217 Bellevue Avenue,

Hammonton, N. J.

## The Booklets.

Ten thousand booklets of the Town of Hammonton, beautifully illustrated, have just been issued by the Board of Trade. Every citizen is entitled to a copy, free of charge, which may be procured by calling on the Secretary, Dr. Charles Cunningham, at his residence, Second Street.

Additional copies may be obtained by paying the following prices: eight for 25 cents; three for 10 cents; or 5 cents each. These prices include envelopes for mailing, when desired. They can be purchased of the Secretary, from P. H. Jacobs, Chairman of Printing Committee, and at Henson's news room.

The cost of these booklets largely exceeds the above prices, and money obtained from their sale be kept separate from the general funds of the Board of Trade, and used exclusively for advertising the Town in other ways.

## Dr. J. A. W.

RESIDENT

DENTIST

HAMMONTON.

## J. I. T.

Carriage

Sign,

and

How

PA

Paints

## The Republican.

(Entered as second class matter.)

SATURDAY, MAR. 12, 1904.

## The Regulars Win.

### LICENSE ALSO.

The Regular Nomination ticket came off victorious at Wednesday's battle at the polls—as we had expected. Another defeat was given the "Against License" movement, which we regret very much.

A better day could not have been chosen for election-day, for it was a model, excepting the rough muddy condition of the roads. As usual, there was a lot of hustling on the part of the candidates, their friends and those interested in the license question.

In the first precinct the voting machine was used, and it was a success. There was not much cutting done either, except the substitution of Bernshouse sticker. One hundred nine voters had no choice on the license issue, and consequently voted (none).

The vote in each precinct on County men was as follows:—

1st Precinct. 2d Precinct.  
167 Wm. H. Bernshouse, A majority of 99.  
157 H. Kirk Spear, A majority of 59.  
149 Laton M. Parkhurst, A majority of 27.  
123 For License, A majority of 70.  
70 Against License, A majority of 70.

There were, in all, 486 votes in the first precinct, and 246 in the second.

The balance of the vote was nearly the entire vote.

Who got the 4th Precinct Association, conference in Ham-

Why it is that the town out of business envelopes smiled at, who Bernshouse and substituted Bernshouse? Where the regular man house would be elected?

Who got the 4th Precinct Association, conference in Ham-

Sunday, Regular will pass

How, as a result over the

of the have appointed

When elected and com-

had his count of his rail-

pellor be a good idea for

also those Bellevue

ment in mem-

what was passing out

of whiskey?

hustling on election

Thursday?

### BOARD OF TRADE.

A meeting was held last evening, President and Secre-

Chairman.

Information received from Albert

Abasco, commending the

push, intellect, and form of

tion.

Dr. Cunningham asked for a

ter, to cost forty dollars. Re-

on trustees.

Committee on Ransom cut glass fac-

that the young men would not

up until fall, so the matter was

over.

Finance Committee reported that

they had decided to ask town meeting

\$1000 to carry out the work.

Committee on water analysis reported

progress.

A committee—Messrs. Drake, Wane,

Dolker and Jacobs—was appointed to

measure the cuts in our booklet.

Prof. Holdridge was then elected to

membership.

T. H. Dolker's bill, \$2.40, paid.

Secretary instructed to call the atten-

tion of the editor of a weekly circulating

in Hammonton to the false statements

published therein from time to time.

Messrs. Wm. H. Bernshouse, A. L.

Jackson, and Robert Steel appointed to

secure the midnight (owl) train to run

to Hammonton. It stays over night at

Waterford, after running to Winslow to

turn around. Same committee to look

after better mail service.

Established 1893

time of the year when you think about the

## New Things

Preparing for this by adding to our stock many in Brooches, Lockets, Bead Neck Chains, Silk Fobs, Shirt Waist Sets, in fact, we are now you the latest.

distinguished Watch House, having a fine with WALTHAM and ELGIN movements, our prices.

es and Fine Watch Repairing our specialties. Hand engraving without charge.

ine of Cameras and Photographic Supplies.

Eastman's Agency.

Robt. Steel,

Watchmaker and Optician.

## Eckhardt's Market

will be found a full line of

Beef, Pork, Veal, and Mutton

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

## PRICES RIGHT

## Butter and Eggs.

I handle only the best Elgin Creamery, a butter that has few equals.

The Eggs are strictly fresh

county eggs,—not crated.

HENRY ZIETZ.

## Bicycles

Sold, Hired, Repaired

Cordery of Course.

## ATLANTIC COUNTY ELECTRIC CO.

Rates for Electric Lighting in effect until further notice:

METER RATES will be as follows: 15 cents per 1000 watts. 5 per cent discount on all bills of \$5 or over. 10 per cent discount on all bills of \$10 or over. 15 per cent discount on all bills of \$20 or over. 20 per cent discount on all bills of \$30 or over. 10 per cent additional discount for cash.

FLAT RATES will be as follows: 75 cents per month per 10 a.p. light, provided it is not burned, on an average, later than 10 o'clock.

All night lights, \$1.25 per month per 10 a.p. light.

A minimum rate of 50 cents per month will be charged on all consumers.

To secure the cash discount, bills must be paid when presented.

Collection day in Hammonton, third legal business day of each month.

O. K. PUGH, Treasurer. T. T. MATHER, Supt.

## Philadelphia Weekly Press

and the

South Jersey Republican

(two papers each week), for \$1.50 a year

to any address in this county, or \$1.75 outside.

Send on descriptions to this office.



# The Republican.

SATURDAY, MAR. 12, 1904

## Mail Time.

Mails will close at the Hammon-ton Post Office as follows:

DOWN	UP
9:12 A.M.	7:10 A.M.
5:38 P.M.	12:20 P.M. (thru)
	4:38
ARRIVE	
5:39 A.M.	7:15 A.M.
9:17	4:43 P.M.
5:43 P.M.	

"Queen Esther" to-night, at Union Hall.

Clifford C. Small arrived home yesterday, to remain.

Come and hear Herb Smith sell rage, at the minstrel show.

TWO HORSES for sale. Inquire of Wm. H. BERNHOUSE.

Wm. C. Jones expects to move his jewelry store next week.

Council's License Committee are to meet next Wednesday evening.

Ground has been broken for Mr. Page's fine house, on Central Ave.

GIRL wants a situation at general house-work. Inquire at this office.

An infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Smith was buried on Wednesday.

Mr. David D. Davidson died on Wednesday last, after long illness, aged 83 years.

Wilbur J. Leib, the druggist, has bought the property where his store is located.

WE have been buying our Peanuts ready roasted for a couple of weeks, as our machine was broken, but now we have had it repaired, and will have some fresh and hot at the Candy Kitchen.

Kirk Spear is building a house on Third street, said to be a residence for his mother.

Kale and mud made a bad combination again, the first of this week. We are weary of it.

Remember the school meeting next Tuesday afternoon, 15th, at three o'clock. Important.

ANNOUNCEMENT. After the 15th inst. I will have on hand a selected line of the latest styles of Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, Hair Bands and Trimmings to order. Miss KATIE H. DAVIS, 38 East Second St.

Miss Bertha Irone is in the Hammon-ton Hospital, covering from typhoid fever.

Richard Johnson, an old resident of first ward, died on Thursday, from congestion of the lungs.

Don't forget the Juvenile Min-strel show, Friday and Saturday, Mar. 18th and 19th, in Union Hall.

AGENT. One of the largest Tea and Coffee houses in the United States wants a good live man who will act as their agent in Hammon-ton and surrounding country. For particulars address, by letter only, "J. J." office of the "Republican."

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Nuncio Bruno was entered on Wednesday morning, by a new baby boy.

A case of scarletina at the home of Daniel Reiman, on Maple street, little Norwood being the sufferer.

Mrs. G. M. Chalfant was summoned to Newark, Wednesday, because of the serious illness of her father.

AT the Candy Kitchen, Chocolate Johnny's, Maple Avenue, Italian Cream Squares. Then we have a new one, which we call a "Hare But." Call in and sample it. See Green to-day.

Admission to minstrels will be 10 and 20 cents. Reserved seats, 30 c., on sale at Henson's Tuesday night.

Contractor Strickland is making improvements on the premises of L. Frank Horne, including new fences.

Mrs. J. N. Jones and family will move into the house with Mrs. Laura Jones, on Twelfth street, about April 1st.

FOR SALE, at a bargain, a Victor Safe and an Oil Stove, both in good condition. Particulars at this office.

Board of Registration report 364 votes in the first precinct of Hammon-ton, and 370 in the second; a total of 734.

Mr. Applegate brought up from Atlantic a lot of postal cards with a fine likeness of our townsman, Wm. H. Burgess.

It required six thousand official ballots to supply our 734 voters this week, notwithstanding about half of them voted by machine.

SPRINGER plants for sale. Fairfield, larger and earlier than Mike's Early, 25c per 100. Lady Harrison, a bright red berry, very productive, 25c per 100. JOK FARMER, 1120, Mount Road & 4th St.

If you see any of the children picking up small bits of colored glass, you will know they are making a kaleidoscope, as outlined on the inside of this week's issue.

Insure with the A. H. Phillips Co. Bartlett Building, Atlantic City.

Of three candidates for Commit-tee in Winlow township, the victor came out just two ahead, and the others were a tie. Pretty close, wasn't it?

A GOOD COW for sale. E. OATHCAST.

Oscar Thompson is now official sexton of Greenmount Cemetery. For two dollars per year he will care for your lot, trim and water during the season.

CHILDREN'S Dancing School Saturday afternoon, 3 o'clock, in Fireman's Hall. Boys 25 cents, girls 15 cents. M. SEXTON.

"Queen Esther at the Palace" is the title of an entertainment to be given to night in Union Hall, including tableaux and music. Tickets, 25 and 15 cents.

PLANTS. Early Harvest and Wilson Strawberry plants, and "Gandy" Belle Strawberry plants, for sale. Inquire of J. E. HOUHAN, Middle R. ad, Hammon-ton.

Last Sunday afternoon, Henry Fitting, while visiting his cousin on Pine Road, broke his leg by jumping from a shed roof. Dr. Cunningham reduced the fracture.

FOR SALE CHEAP, one two-horse wagon, one one-horse wagon, two plows, one harrow, chains, etc. W. B. FRENCH, Cor. Egg Harbor and Cherry St, Hammon-ton.

The engineer on the Wednesday morning freight, on the Pennay, was reckless, apparently, and shoved three cars off the track. It required a wrecking crew to replace them. Perhaps there wasn't confusion among boxes and barrels inside.

LOT FOR SALE. A business lot on Twelfth Street between railroads, 100 feet front, 25 feet deep—one of the best locations in the market. F. A. LEHMAN.

For the first time, Hammon-ton had to provide "Registration" and "Poll" books for the spring election. Of course, Hoyt and Son furnished them—ruling, printing and binding. They added somewhat to the expense, but the supply will last several years.

LAST, last week Wednesday, a package of laundry. Reward if left at this office.

Hammon-ton is growing; natu-rally the postoffice business is increasing, and it follows that greater facilities must be provided. Postmaster Jackson is planning radical changes which will simplify the work, give more lock-boxes and constitute an all-around improve-ment.

NINE ROOM HOUSE for rent, front and back porches, and large back yard, \$9 per month. Inquire 218 Washington St.

We erred in stating that Mrs. B. Oliver died near Elwood, last week; or rather, our informants were mistaken.

The lady who died was a Miss Oliver, and no relative of the Hammon-ton family, but an old family nurse. Mrs. Oliver, we are glad to hear from her daughter, is alive and enjoying good health.

CARPETS LAID, chairs re-caned, conones, and lounges re-upholstered, and chairs stained and varnished. Baby carriages can-tered. Will call by dropping the postcard. THEO. WATT.

The Y. P. C. U. will hold its monthly meeting on Tuesday evening, March 16th. The business meeting will be held at 7.30 o'clock, the religious meeting at 7.45, followed by a social. An interesting program has been ar-ranged by Mrs. Prosser and Mrs. Han-son. Come and have a good time. The subject of the religious meeting is "Al-ways Ready," leader, Mrs. Packard.

We regret to learn that Mr. G. A. Blake and family are to leave Ham-mon-ton. Mr. Blake has resigned his position in the Baron Hirsch Industrial School at Woodbine, and taken charge of certain building operations at Haddon Heights, which makes their removal thither advisable. The gentleman him-himself, as well as his family, have en-deared themselves to all with whom they have been associated here, and will be missed.

A stalwart farmer citizen, speak-ing of the paved gutters contracted for said: "In the spring, when frost is com-ing from the ground, Bellevue Avenue is muddy, heavy wagons would grind off the first row of bricks, then the sec-ond row, until the whole would be a ruin." A citizen who has known sim-ilar experiments, elsewhere, says that the mud would overflow the brickwork until it was completely buried. In fact, we have heard no one except members of Town Council defend the five-foot gutter decision.

The members of Little Halla Council, No. 27, D. of P., had a very enjoyable time last Tuesday evening, Great Pocahontas Estella H. Ragen, of Paterson, Ray E. Wordell, Great Won-onah of Jersey City, Great Keeper of Records Sarah T. Rollstat, of Trenton being present at the meeting. After the regular meeting and an adoption of a pale face, and remarks by the visitors they all partook of a fine supper, which had been prepared by the Committee, and a good social time was enjoyed by all until the midnight hour.

Mrs. Mike Ciliberti, on Tenth Street, took two teaspoonfuls of paris green on Wednesday, with the evident intention of ending her days. Doctor Cunningham attended her, and states that there is a bare possibility of her recovery.

On next Wednesday evening will be given the third in the lecture course series. The subject, "More taffy, and less epitaphy," by Dr. H. W. Sears, promises to be very interesting, as well as practical. We are authorized to state that the admission fee for this and the fourth (a Shakespearean entertain-ment) will be 85 cents, instead of 50 cents each.

A firm engaged in the manufac-ture of boilers for heating purposes, capitalized at \$500,000, with its offices in Philadelphia, desires to locate in Hammon-ton. Last Friday night they met the Bank Directors and had a frank talk. They ask a donation of land suf-ficient, on which they will erect build-ings to cost \$35,000, and equip them at a cost of \$30,000. They further ask for exemption from taxation for five or ten years, moderate water and gas charges. They expect to employ one hundred skilled men at good wages. The Bank men were so well pleased with the par-ties and their proposition that they are investigating with a view to securing this so-much-to-be-desired addition to Hammon-ton's industries.

## ELWOOD NOTES.

Mr. David Harkinson is still im-proving. He is now conscious and takes more nourishment.

Mrs. Easterbrook and daughter spent last Sunday in Elwood with re-latives.

Mr. and Mrs. John Frey came home on a visit last Saturday. Mrs. Frey will remain here a couple of weeks. She is spending most of her time at the "ranch," and the people there are glad to see her.

Mrs. L. L. Holden has been con-fined to the house for several days, a slight attack of la grippe.

Mr. C. W. Maurer had his two days leave of absence this week.

Mr. Harry Langham attended an-other "Flinch" party in Germantown last Tuesday night. From there he went to Atlantic City and spent a night at the "Elwood Hotel."

Mrs. Harry King has gone away for a rest. She is now staying in Had-donfield.

Rev. Jos. S. Eldridge has gone to Trenton to attend the Conference. He will soon know if he is to leave or stay in Elwood.

Rev. M. S. Morgan spent three days with his son in Summit, N. J.

Miss Jennie T. Wright was obliged to have a substitute teach for her two days on account of a sore throat.

Did you say what about the election? Well, it is a subject that has been dis-cussed so thoroughly by all the voters, and some who are not, that there is not much left to tell. The election was held in the new Town Hall. Mr. John Mick was elected Committeeman having won the nomination by 17 majority over Mr. Reuben Brooker at the caucus last week, so Mr. Brooker dropped out. Mr. John T. Irving chosen Freeholder by a majority of 18 on an independent ticket, over Mr. John D. Carver, the caucus nominee. The friends of these men extend their congratulations to those who were vic-torious, and their sympathies to those who were defeated. And the next day it did not snow.

The I. O. M. Lodge are talking of moving their quarters from the room over the postoffice to the town hall.

The mail carriers complain daily of the bad condition of the roads, but they are not the only ones who will be glad to see nice settled weather again.

## COAL

Get my prices for your next winter's supply. It will pay us both.

H. L. MONFORT

WATCHES  
CLOCKS  
JEWELRY

Musical Goods  
Cut Glass

Spectacles and Eye Glasses  
Fine Repairing  
of all kinds.

W. C. JONES,  
The Watchmaker.

## All Live Fish Swim Up Stream.

Which way are you going?

Why, up to Patten's, to buy me

a Gun and Ammunition

A. L. PATTEN

## Specials, . .

Peninsular Milk, 9c.  
Silver Milk, 9c.

1 qt. can String Beans, 10c.  
Tomatoes, 7 and 8c. per can.  
3 lb. can Baked Beans, 7 c.  
Canned Asparagus, 15 c.  
3lb. can good Spinach, 15 c.  
Good Canned Peas, 10 c.  
Cranberries, 3 1/2 c. qt.

Arbuckles' Coffee, 12 1/2 c. lb.  
Lion " 12 1/2 c. lb.

Good Loose Chow-Chow, 20 c. qt.  
Good Loose Sweet Pickles, 25 c. qt.

W. L. BLACK.

## GAS STOVES At Little's Store

call at the store and see these up-to-date stove in actual operation. Gas is to be the popular and most convenient fuel for cooking.

Ranges, with two ovens,  
and several other varieties.  
Prices to correspond with style.

H. McD. LITTLE

Cor. Bellevue and Central Aves., Hammon-ton.

## Cranberries,

6 Cents per quart.

## Dates,

6 Cents per p

M. L. JACKSON &

## OLD FAVORITES

**Cardinal Wolsey's Farewell.**  
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;  
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,  
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory,  
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me; and now has left me  
Wet, weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me,  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye.  
I feel my heart new opened: O, how wretched  
Is that poor man who hangs on princes' favors!  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.  
—Shakespeare.

**On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.**  
Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days!  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise.  
Tears fell when thou wert dying,  
From eyes unused to weep,  
And long, where thou art lying,  
Will tear the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,  
Like thine, are laid in earth,  
There should a wreath be woven  
To tell the world their worth;

And I who wrote each morrow  
To clasp thy hand in mine,  
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,  
Whose weal and woe were thine;  
It is to me to braid it  
In thy faded brow,  
I've in vain essayed it,  
I feel I cannot now.

My memory bids me weep thee,  
For thoughts nor words are free,  
Grief is fixed too deeply  
That mourns a man like thee.  
—Greene Halleck.

## OVERSTUDY AND OVERWORK.

That Scientist Think Is the Proper Time for Work.  
The saying of President Schurman of Cornell University that eleven hours of study are about right for the student has led to much discussion, of which reveals rather a confusion of terms than actual disagreement, says the New York World. Most parties seem to differ with the scholar, but he is powerfully backed by Dr. George F. Shrady, declares there is "no such thing as study." The supposed victim of study or mental overwork is properly injured by worry, by bacteria, by physical ailment or by working under improper conditions. All agree that set study hours for children should be short, but child does not stop work after school. His task includes play, constantly varying to develop mind and in this way even the child learns more than his eleven hours. If the college student studies seven or eight hours, works on a scale of intercollegiate sports hours and "sits into" a poker game hours more, he is really studying, too, than if the entire time spent at his books. A fellow must have some entertainment, and the born student studies. The late Max Muller says that when a student he about sleep one night, took the next, slept as long as the third and on the fourth began over again with the same. He explained his mental fatigue by saying that he had been "overworked." The man looked surprised, thanked the ticket manipulator and went out. Then the newspaper man had his return, and he said:  
"Please, anarchy impertinent curiosity and tell me why you wouldn't take that man's money."  
"Well," said the treasurer, "I expect you didn't notice that that man was cross-eyed. If I had sold him the first ticket he wouldn't have had a bit of luck through the whole engagement."

Never judge a man's character by the high standing of his silk hat.

## THOUGHTS OF A HOMELY GIRL.

If You Are a Boy-It Does Not Matter How Ugly You May Be.

It's dreadfully hard to be a homely girl! If you're a boy it doesn't make much difference, because nobody expects you to be pretty then. It's enough if a boy is bright and clever, and the uglier he is the better people seem to like him. I might know as much as the sphinx, but nobody would admire me for it—just because I'm a girl and ugly.

Often when I sit back of a pretty girl at church, or on the car, or anywhere, I look and look at her and try to imagine how it must feel to have lovely hair like that, and a pretty neck, and pretty little ears. Why couldn't I have been made like her?

Some girls just take it as a matter of course to have pretty ears and hair that waves and lovely skin. Of course, it's no credit to them to be pretty any more than it's my fault that I'm homely; but it seems to me that if I could look like some girls I'd be so happy—so happy I couldn't bear it at first. That's just because it would be so new to me.

I suppose there never was a homely girl who wouldn't have been pretty if she'd been given any way in the matter. Now if I had been consulted when the beauty gifts were handed around in our family I'd have had Fan's skin and Tom's lashes and Jane's mouth. I wouldn't have had eyes like anybody in this house, though.

Let's see! How would I have made myself if I'd had the choice. I think I would have asked for dark hair—soft and curling just a little bit over my forehead. I'd have had a forehead white as marble and broad and low, so's everybody would know I was a genius as soon as they looked at me. My eyes would have been big and dark and melting, like a poet's. I never saw a poet, but I just fancy what kind of eyes they have. And eyebrows! Real eyebrows! Not a few little thin hairs that you have to hunt with a microscope, like mine. My! It must be splendid to have eyebrows.

There's a white marble head in grandfather's library, with some Greek name under it that has a nose. I admire. That's the kind of nose I'd have had—straight and beautiful like an artist's. My mouth would have been curved and sweet, with firm red lips and teeth like the even little grains on a baby's ear of corn. People would say I was a saint as soon as they looked at my calm beautiful face and my heavenly curved lips.

Of course, I'm not a poet, nor a genius nor a saint; although I do think I might have been all three if I could have had a face like that.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## MOUNTAINEERS' "DEAD LINE."

An Interstate Feud that Cost the Lives of Hundreds of Men.

"My boyhood home in Hancock county, Tenn., was the scene of many deadly encounters," said W. G. Garvie, now of St. Louis, at the Raleigh. "Hancock is in east Tennessee, away up in the mountains, and borders on Virginia. In my youthful days the state line, which separated it from Lee county in the Old Dominion, was commonly spoken of as the 'dead line.' Between my countrymen and the Virginia mountaineers there raged incessant feuds of the kind that meant killing whenever there was a meeting, whether accidental or premeditated. As a lad, I often saw wagons drive through the little town I lived in with one or more corpses of men slain in these desperate affrays. Whenever a Hancock man crossed over the 'dead line' he knew he carried his life in his hands, and it was the same way with the Virginians."

"I have heard it asserted, and do not believe it an exaggeration, that in the years of the existence of this interstate war there were between 650 and 700 Hancock men slain. As they were just as good shots as their foes, the loss on the Virginia side must have been equally heavy. Within the last decade, I am glad to say, the feud has almost, if not quite, died out, and a much better feeling exists than of yore. But even now, recollecting what the former conditions were, if I were to go back to the old home I'd feel some hesitation in crossing the 'dead line.'"  
—Washington Post.

## Box Office Superstition.

A newspaper man was the second in line at the box office of one of the popular theaters at the opening night. The first man asked for four seats, and when he started to pay for them the man in the box office said:  
"Oh, that's all right. There's no charge at all for those seats."  
The man looked surprised, thanked the ticket manipulator and went out. Then the newspaper man had his return, and he said:  
"Please, anarchy impertinent curiosity and tell me why you wouldn't take that man's money."  
"Well," said the treasurer, "I expect you didn't notice that that man was cross-eyed. If I had sold him the first ticket he wouldn't have had a bit of luck through the whole engagement."

Never judge a man's character by the high standing of his silk hat.



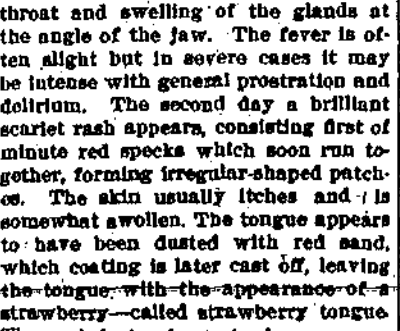
**Bright's Disease.**—Take a bunch of kulantnik leaves and place as much as possible in a five-pound pail and brew on a stove until it comes to a slow boil. Then set it off to cool and take half a pint three times a day. Eat and live ordinarily and continue the brew until restored to health.

**Spinach as an Alternative.**—Those who value a good complexion and cheerful spirits are advised to eat plenty of spinach. It contains salts of potassium and iron and other wholesome ingredients. The iron in it is easily assimilated. Although a vegetable not generally prized by housewives because among the less expensive kinds, it is put in first place by food experts and deserves more prominence in public esteem. One of the chief obstacles in the way of increased consumption is that as a general rule spinach is spoiled in the preparation for the table.

**Pneumonia.**—The first thing to do after taking a chill, fever, etc., is to get under heavy bed covering. Take ten grains of quinine and if accustomed to spirits a stiff drink of whiskey in hot water. Drink a goblet of hot water liberally at regular intervals as hot as can be borne until perspiration is induced and flows freely. This may end the attack and the sufferer may be considered out of danger, but to be on the safe side it is a good time to send for a physician. Still a late authority holds that drug treatment is useless in cases of pneumonia. The medical profession, so far as medicines are concerned, can be of no assistance in the fight against this disease. The sooner the profession will acknowledge this to the public and sets to work to discover some specific to save pneumonia patients the better for all concerned.

**Scarlet Fever.**—The interval between exposure and the first manifestation of the disease is usually from two to five days. After exposure there is usually a pronounced "chill" which may, however, be absent. The child is usually attacked with vomiting and in most cases with sore throat and pain in swallowing, also reddening of the throat and swelling of the glands at the angle of the jaw. The fever is often slight but in severe cases it may be intense with general prostration and delirium. The second day a brilliant scarlet rash appears, consisting first of minute red specks which soon run together, forming irregular-shaped patches. The skin usually itches and is somewhat swollen. The tongue appears to have been dusted with red sand, which coating is later cast off, leaving the tongue with the appearance of a strawberry—called strawberry tongue. The rash lasts about six days, accompanied by fever, then begins to fade and the closing stage—the casting of the skin—is reached. The child should be sponged or immersed in a hot bath several times daily, and if the fever is very high a wet pack will be an advantage. For the throat a gargle of one part carbolic acid to twenty of water, followed by brushing the ulcerated parts with a camel's hair brush to cleanse them and then application of nitrate of silver twenty grains to the ounce of water is recommended. Cold cloths on the neck frequently changed are also beneficial. For the itching rub with a solution of one part glycerine to four of rose water.

## A Hot Resort.



Mr. Newwed—This dinner isn't cooked like my mother used to cook her dinners.

Mrs. Newwed—If you made as much money as my father used to make, I wouldn't have to cook dinner.

## Beneficent Pa.

Benite—Why was it Mahela pa refused the count when he showed a picture of his great castle in Europe?

Ida—Because some young man came along and showed a picture of his small manufacturing plant in the United States.

## CENSORSHIP IN WAR-TIME.

During the Spanish-American war the signal corps which was in charge of all telegraph service at the front had some amusing experiences with the newspapermen, among them were some of the cleverest, most wide-awake men in American journalism. The reporters tried all possible means of getting forbidden information through the telegraph office. Yet Gen. A. W. Greely, who writes of the signal corps in the Century Magazine, says that the newspapermen were not only men of ability and discretion, but also men of scrupulous honor and considerable deportment. The stories he tells of their expense are humorous, and show that they played the game with good nature on both sides.

They tried many times to send secret information to their newspapers by means of a privately concerted code, so incorporated in the text of a message that the real message was concealed. Practice with words had made them masters of the art of saying things that looked innocent on the surface, but which contained important news.

There were many passages at arms between correspondents and the censor at Key West. Among the kinds of information prohibited was that relating to the initial stages of naval or military operations. When Sampson's fleet left Key West every effort was made to keep the fact hidden. The newspapermen presented to the operator many messages intended to convey to their journals this important information, but the operators simply put the despatches in the wastebasket. It was the rule that rejected messages should not be returned to the sender, and that the sender should not be informed of their failure to be delivered. This led to one amusing incident.

A message was received which read: "Newspaper fleet has sailed to the eastward."

Several hours later the sender filed another despatch saying, "Strike out first word in my last message."

This trick was too much for the censor, Col. James Allen, who, contrary to rule, handed back the message and said to the reporter, "The first one did not go."

When the correspondent asked why, Colonel Allen replied, "Because all fleets look alike to me."

Another correspondent tried to send to his editor the news that Sampson's fleet had shelled San Juan. He wrapped it up in a rambling cable message, addressed to a woman. It recited at length that "Sam" was at work in the Windward Islands, and that his "son" had gone into the shell business at San Juan.

## BOY HAD PLENTY OF NERVE.

Was Not Discouraged by the Mad Rush of Infatuated Bulls.

There was an accident shortly after the close of a novillada at the Plaza Mexico that came near resulting in the death of a few young hopefuls who took it into their heads that they would like to join in the national sport.

Shortly after the crowd left the ring a half dozen young boys of ages ranging from 12 to 15 years got down into the bull ring to play bull fight. One of the number thought the game was too slow, so while the ring attendants were busy about other work he entered the pen where the bulls were confined and ally let one of them into the ring.

With a mad rush the big black bull entered the ring. One of the little boys had been using his plush linen cape for a cape in his plays with the other boys and he was near the door when the bull entered. Although one of the opposite gates was open the bull made no effort to get away, but rushed at the boy with the cape.

There was but one thing for the boy to do, and he did it. With all the knowledge which he had gained by watching the matadors in the ring he let the bull charge the cape. But his arms were too short and the bull struck him a hard blow, knocking the little fellow fully fifty feet and tearing his shoulder with his horn. The angry bull then turned his attention to the red cape.

When the other boys saw the bull charging them they fled for the fence and climbed to safety, where they watched the bull tearing the cape. Finally it occurred to one of the older boys that by all charging for the bull he might possibly be scared away from the prostrate body of the injured lad. So with clubs and boards they drove the bull from the ring. They gave their attention to the bull none too quickly, for he had tired of pawing the cape and was making for the boy.

When the doctors got in their work on the little fellow, whose name is Angel Moreno, they found that the wound was the only thing of consequence, and that although the boy was senseless from the blow there was nothing of a really dangerous nature to fear from the accident, as the hurt was a flesh wound.—Mexican Herald.

When you observe some one's fault, see if you can't find a virtue, too.

## THE LAZIEST PEOPLE.

Koreans Make Their Women Beasts of Burden—Soul at Filthy City.

Broadly speaking, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the Koreans are the laziest people on earth. All day long they lay about the streets smoking their gigantic pipes (a native pipe is a six-foot length of bamboo with a metal bowl, and is carried tucked into the neckband and down the trouser leg). All work, of very nearly every kind, is done by the women, who occupy, perhaps, the most degraded position held by the sex of any nation. The unfortunate female population is collectively a beast of burden, and denied even the most elementary recognition as human beings. A Korean girl has no name; she is merely known as "Daughter of—"

During the first moon of each new year the Cho-sense throw off their inordinate laziness and allow their naturally quarrelsome proclivities full play. This is the period permitted by law when anyone and everyone may fight in the public streets, or anywhere they choose, with impunity. And full advantage of the license is taken! Now are family disputes, which have been seething for a whole twelvemonth, settled in the most primitive fashion, and often half the town is drawn into the brawl. The creditor, catching his debtor abroad, may thump and pound him to his heart's content, and no one may interfere. For fourteen days a veritable pandemonium reigns, and as a method of "clearing the air" it is certainly not without interest for the spectator.

Seoul, the capital, on the Hang-Kang river, is an untidy, ill-built city, surrounded by twenty-foot walls. The curfew system, common to feudal England, still prevails as in most Korean towns. A great bell is rung at sunset, and the gates are immediately closed, not to be reopened until the following sunrise. No lights may then be carried in the streets, and no one may go out of the city, with one rather startling exception. All funerals, by immemorial custom, take place only at night, and for this purpose there is a special exit called "The Gate of the Dead." Between the hours of sunset and dawn, no male is allowed to be abroad in the streets; these hours are sacred to the women, and constitute their only privilege. They usually employ the time in paying visits. Up to a few years ago, any masculine philander found out after dark was beheaded, but since the Europeans have introduced their own customs, the entire system is in danger of revolution.

Seoul is one of the filthiest and worst-kept towns to be found in all the east. The idea of drainage has not yet entered the official mind, and that pestilence has not made there its abiding home is proof of a beneficent Providence. During the writer's sojourn some years ago, it was not an unusual occurrence for the agile leopard (Korea's most common "wild-fowl"), to scale one of the walls, and entering the nearest house, carry off a child in the darkness. To-day, however, they have changed all that; but Seoul's greatest need, from a western point of view, is still a decent hotel. The native dwelling-house is an impossibility in all but a slum. The flooring, in most cases, is composed of neatly-jointed flat stones, over which mats are laid. Underneath is a hollow space, in which firewood is laid in bundles and lighted. The paper doors are then slid into their grooves, excluding all air, and soon you find yourself in a Turkish bath. The average newcomer only tries it once.

## USEFUL TO KNOW.

A strip of carpet glued to a piece of wood will remove mud from boots quickly and without slightest injury to leather, and is far better than the usual brush.

When pouring hot fruit into a glass dish place the latter on a wet cloth. This prevents any chance of the glass cracking, which would otherwise be very likely to happen.

When bottling pickles or ketchup it is a good plan to boil the corks, and while hot press them tightly into the bottles, so that when they are cold they are tightly sealed.

To Prevent Thread from Knotting.—To prevent thread from knotting always tread your needle at the end of the button as you undo it from the reel, and make the knot at the end that is cut off. If this is done your thread will never knot.

The nervous housewife who lives in constant dread of fire may, with very little trouble, make an extinguisher that will put out a blaze if used at once. All she needs to do is to put three pounds of salt in a gallon of water, and to this add one and a half pounds of sal ammoniac. This liquid should be bottled, and when the fire is discovered it should be poured on it.

## Russians and the Yellow Peril.

When Chinese workmen apply for jobs to the Russians in Manchuria they are informed that heathens cannot be engaged and that they must first become Christians. This makes them desert invariably.

A man naturally belated in the survival of the fittest as long as he lives.



## ONCE UPON A TIME

Heard I once my old nurse telling  
Stories by the fire at night,  
All about big, bearded giants  
Till I shivered in affright;  
Then her voice came from a distance  
From a drowsy, far-off clime,  
Echoing the sweet old cadence,  
"Once upon a Time."

Read I once a golden story  
Of King Arthur's wonder court,  
Lancelot and Guinevere,  
All the knights of brave report,  
But amidst the loving, hating,  
Still I heard the insistent chime,  
Like a cuckoo clock repeating,  
"Once upon a Time."

Will our lives when we have lived them  
Seem like stories we have read  
Stories which our nurses told us  
As we lay all snug in bed?  
Will they seem as vague as dreams are,  
All the days we thought sublime?  
Shall we hear the faint, low whisper,  
"Once upon a Time."

When the earth and day and sunlight  
Gravely fade away,  
When the years that we have lived here  
Seem like one brief day;  
Shall we hear again at twilight  
Echo of our nurse's rhyme,  
"Here you lived and loved and labored,"  
"Once upon a Time."  
—Leslie's Monthly.

## AFTER THE OTHER MAN

THEY were in the hall where a  
fire crackled on the broad  
hearth. The winter day was  
dying, and already the gloom of a  
bleak twilight was filling the room.  
They drew their chairs close to the  
fire, and Vrai stretched out his hands  
to the grateful heat.

A gust of wind rattled the sheet  
sharply against the dripping window.  
Vrai rose and stood for a moment  
looking out at the leaden sky.

"The melancholy days are come,"  
he quoted gloomily.

Babbette roused herself from the  
comfortable depths of the chair.

"Come back to the fire, and have  
some tea," she said. "This weather  
gives me the blues."

"I wish I might lay my own private,  
particular blues to the weather," said  
Vrai bitterly.

"What else?" she said lightly.

"You'll feel differently to-morrow  
when the sun shines again."

"Will the sun shine to-morrow?" he  
asked. "If it does, it won't be the  
same sun."

"Tommy Vrai," she cried in ex-  
asperated tones, as she stamped the  
floor with one little foot, "this is not a  
funeral."

"Not yours, anyway," he said, as he  
resumed his seat near her.

"You and the weather are a delight-  
ful combination this afternoon!" she  
mocked.

"I can't see the weather home, so  
I'll go myself," he said, half rising.

"Sit still, foolish!" she said. "Will  
you have one lump or two?"

"My temper needs all there is in  
the bowl, I fear," he said humbly.

"It does," she said grimly. "Your  
mood is villainous."

"It's a recent development," he said,  
suggestively.

"And possibly not incurable," she  
supplemented.

"O, there's a cure," he said, eager-  
ly.

"So I've heard before," she said, and  
laughed softly.

"It's real funny!" he answered.

"Crissatch!" she said, still laugh-  
ing.

"Bah," he said, turning to her, "is it  
your mother?"

"I generally manage my own af-  
airs," she said.

"Then he isn't a millionaire?" he ask-  
ed.

"Poorer than a church mouse," she  
confided.

"O, Lord!" he said, in despair.

She looked at him steadily. A sar-  
donic smile curved her mouth.

"Must have brains, then," he pur-  
sued.

"Intermittently," she said.

"What on earth did you ever fail  
to love with him for?" he groaned.

"Just because I shouldn't, I sup-  
pose," she explained. "He's the most  
improbable, impractical, charming  
dreamer I ever knew. He writes me  
most deliciously foolish sonnets—"

"I wrote you sonnets, too," he re-  
minded her.

"His are really charming," she said,  
looking away.

"I see," he said, coldly.

"There was silence for a time.

"I hope you'll be very happy," he  
said, at length.

"Now, that's like the old Tommy,"  
she said, warmly.

"You'll probably forget me," he con-  
plained.

"Never," she said, stoutly.

"And I shall never forget you, Bah,"  
he said. "In fact, there are a thousand  
and one things I shall never forget."

She was silently staring at the fire.

"We've had some high old times,  
anyway," he observed.

She nodded.

"The day we went fishing—remem-  
ber it?" he went on. "You wanted the  
water lilies, and I got in beyond my

depth. How you laughed you heart-  
less little wretch!"

"You laughed so absurd, Tommy,"  
she said, giggling at the recollection of  
him, "with your clothes all mud and  
your hat gone and your hair all drip-  
ping. And you swore, too, and it  
sounded funny because the water got  
into your mouth and made you gasp  
and sputter."

"I got the lilies, though."

"Of course you did," she laughed.

"And the day we went tramping."

He said. "Great Scott! Didn't it rain!

Do you remember that house on the  
Clowery road, where I asked for shel-  
ter for you, and they told me if I'd  
take my wife—didn't you blush at  
that?—round to the back door, the ser-  
vants would feed us? And we fed and  
dried out there like a couple of real  
tramps. It was ripping, wasn't it?"

She was silent.

"Suppose you'll have to forget all  
that now," he said.

"I shall always remember those  
times," she said quietly.

"You won't remember them as I  
do, though," he said.

"Perhaps not," she sighed.

"Look here," he said, suddenly. "I  
need some more tea. This thing is get-  
ting on my nerves."

She filled his cup and looked at him  
archly.

"Poor old Tommy," she said softly.

"Hang him!" he burst out. "He's  
an interloper!"

"Hush!" she said. "You mustn't say  
that."

"Of course not," he said. "I must  
conceal the murder in my heart and  
congratulate him."

He rose and stood with his back to  
the fire.

"I'd better be going," he said.

"So soon?" she asked.

"My temper is getting the best of  
me," he growled.

He pulled on his coat and picked up  
his hat. Then he turned to the girl  
by the fire.

"Awfully pleasant afternoon of it,"  
he babbled, formally.

"When shall I see you again?" she  
said.

"I don't know," he replied. "I'm  
going away."

"Away?" There was a bit of dis-  
may in her voice.

"Foolish!" she chided. "You don't  
know what he looks like. You don't  
even know his name."

"I'll find him, and—and choke him,"  
he said, tersely.

She burst into a peal of laughter.

"Tommy, you idiot, you mustn't—er  
—choke yourself. It would be suicide  
you know."

It was the turning point of his life.  
He embraced it stupidly.

"Huh!" he gasped, and stood star-  
ing at her flushed cheeks and down-  
cast eyes.

It was dark when he finally left.  
The sleet still came down in long,  
slanting lines and the wind howled  
dolefully.

"Ripping weather," said Vrai, as he  
stood at the door turning up his  
coat collar.

"Isn't it?" said the girl.—Indianapo-  
lis Sun.

Fate of the Three Men.

There were once three men who gave  
a great deal of thought to the problem  
of what to do the first of the year.

The first man announced that he had  
sworn off all his bad habits. And ev-  
erybody said he always was a wild  
character, and it would be well to keep  
closer watch than ever on him, as now  
there was no telling when he would cut  
loose worse than ever.

The second man, seeking to profit by  
the experience of the first, declared  
that he had not sworn off because he  
had no bad habits to discard. The re-  
sult was that everybody pronounced  
him a hardened wretch, who was in-  
sensible and indifferent to the duties  
of life.

The third man studied their cases,  
and concluded that the best thing he  
could do would be to say nothing what-  
ever. Whereupon everybody asserted  
that he was too calloused to reform  
and was not worthy of any respect at  
all.

This simply goes to show that, no  
matter how you guess, you will guess  
wrong.

A Hearty Handshake.

Something about a man's health may  
be told in the way he shakes hands.

The firm, hearty handshake of a suc-  
cessful man may be rather rough, so that  
one is taught he has a grip, but it in-  
dicates stamina. While denoting ab-  
sence of tact and refinement, it points  
to physical strength. The flabby hand  
that returns no pressure belongs to the  
person who has no great strength of  
body nor mind. The quick, nervous  
temperament, and its opposite, the  
nervous, pinched one, belong to per-  
sons in ill-health. The hand that  
threatens to collapse means fear. The  
feel of the hand called magnetic in-  
dicates health and kindness, and a desire  
to help others.

Geographically Described.

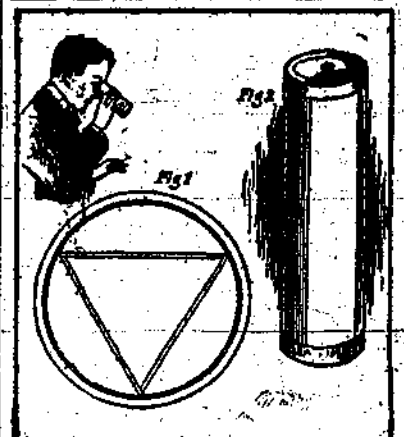
"What kind of a girl is she?"

"Well, she's the kind of a girl who  
will flirt desperately for six months  
and then want to be a sister to you."

—Chicago Post.

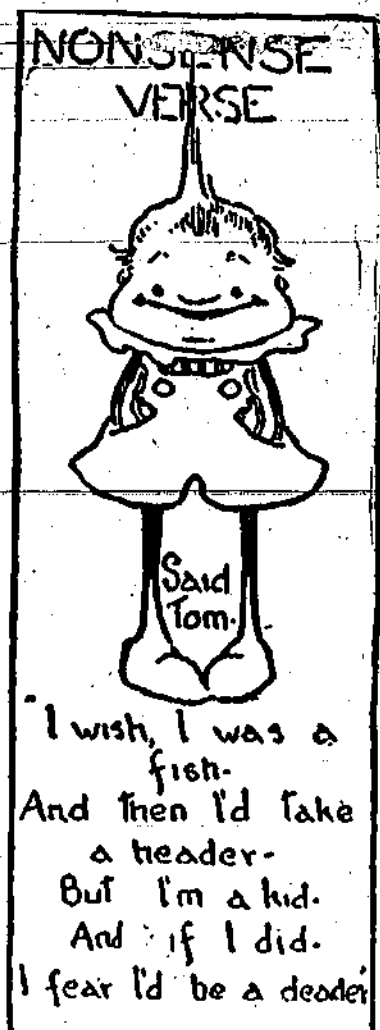
## Boys And Girls

The Kaleidoscope.  
Leave two small strips of looking  
glass with their long sides against one  
another at an angle of 60 degrees, and  
join them with the help of a small  
piece of linen and glue. The third  
side of the triangle is formed by a  
strip of black cardboard of the same  
length and width as the pieces of look-  
ing glass. When these three pieces  
are glued together (see Fig. 1) a paper  
tube a trifle longer than the strips of  
looking glass has to be made, wide  
enough to admit the triangle of looking  
glass. Close one end of the tube with



HOW TO MAKE A KALEIDOSCOPE.

paper and make an opening in the cen-  
ter to look through; while on the other  
end of the tube you insert a round  
piece of common window glass and  
fasten it. Strew all sorts of small ob-  
jects, such as fine gravel, pieces of col-  
ored glass, etc., on this round piece of  
glass and place a second round piece  
of glass over it in such a way that the  
small bodies have sufficient space to  
move freely. After everything is in  
order and well dried look through the  
opening on the other end of the tube  
and you will see the beautiful pat-  
terns. Every time the kaleidoscope is  
turned the figures vary in form and the  
results are beautiful.



"I wish I was a  
fish.  
And then I'd take  
a header—  
But I'm a kid.  
And if I did.  
I fear I'd be a deader."

Golden-Rule Arithmetic.

"Phil," whispered little Kenneth  
Brooks, "I've got a secret to tell you  
after school."

"Nice?" asked Phil.

"Yes," was the answer; "nice for  
me."

"Oh?" said Phil, and his eyebrows  
fell.

He followed Kenneth around behind  
the school house after school to hear  
the secret.

"My Uncle George," said Kenneth,  
"has given me a ticket to go and see  
the man who makes the catenary lines  
are off pistols, and all that. Ever seen  
him?"

"No," said Phil, hopelessly.

"Well, it's first-class, and my ticket  
will take me to twelve," said Kenneth,  
cutting a little caper of delight.

"Same things both times?" asked  
Phil.

"No, sir; new tricks every time. I  
say, Phil," Kenneth continued, struck  
with the other's mournful look, "won't  
your Uncle George give you one?"

"I ain't got any Uncle George," said  
Phil.

"How about your mother, Phil?"

## Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

"Can't afford it," answered Phil,  
with his eyes on the ground.  
Kenneth took his ticket out of his  
pocket, and looked at it. It certainly  
promised to admit the bearer into Mo-  
zart's Hall two afternoons. Then he  
looked at Phil, and a secret wish stole  
into his heart that he hadn't said any-  
thing about his ticket; but after a few  
moments' struggle he said, "Phil, I  
wonder whether the man wouldn't  
change this and give me two tickets  
that would take you and me in one  
time?"

Phil's eyes grew bright and a happy  
smile crept over his little face.

"Do you think he would?" he asked,  
eagerly.

"Let's try," said Kenneth; and the  
two little boys started off for the hall.

"But, Kenneth," said Phil, stopping  
short, "it ain't fair for me to take your  
ticket."

"It is, though," answered his friend,  
stoutly, "because I'll get more fun go-  
ing once with you than twice by my-  
self."

This settled the matter, and Phil  
gave in.

"So you want two tickets for one  
time?" said the agent at the office win-  
dow.

"Yes, sir," said Kenneth, taking off  
his sailor hat; "one for Phil, you  
know."

"You do arithmetic by the Golden  
Rule, don't you?" asked the ticket man.

"No, sir; we use 'Ray's Practical,'"  
answered the boys; and they didn't  
know for a long time what that man  
meant by the Golden Rule. Do you?

Selected.

Sayings of the Children.

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me  
what classical music is? Johnny—Yes,  
mamam, it's any kind a fellow can't  
whistle.

Willie—Don't hit me with that old  
slipper. It's unlucky to hit any one  
with a slipper. Harry—Gee! Is that  
so? I must tell mamma as soon as I  
get home.

Little Margie had accompanied her  
mother on a shopping tour and when  
they were about to return home her  
mother asked: "Shall we walk or take  
a car, Margie?" "Oh," answered the  
little miss, "I'd ruzzer walk if 'oo will  
carry me."

Elmer, aged 4, had been given a  
piece of shad at dinner, but after a  
while his mother noticed it still on  
his plate. "Why, Elmer," she said, "I  
thought you were fond of fish?" "I  
am, mamma," replied the little fellow,  
"but this one is full of splinters."

"Gwan'pa," said 3-year-old Elsie,  
whose mamma had been reading bible  
stories to her, "was 'oo in ze ark?"  
"Certainly not, my dear," replied the  
old gentleman. "Zen," continued the  
small inquisitor, "why didn't 'oo get  
drowned?"

Seven Wonders of the World.

The following convenient rhyme will  
enable people to remember easily the  
Seven Wonders of the World:

The Pyramids first, which in Egypt were  
laid;

Next Babylon's Garden for Amytis  
made;

Then Mausolus' Tomb of affection and  
guilt;

Fourth the Temple of Diana, in Ephesus  
built;

The Colossus of Rhodes, cast in brass to  
the sun;

Sixth Jupiter's Statue by Phidias done,  
The Pharos of Egypt, last wonder of old,  
Or Palace of Cyrus, cemented with gold.

It would also puzzle many people to  
name the Seven Wise Men of Greece.  
They were Solon, Bias, Chilo, Perilan-  
der, Thales, Pittacus and Cleobulus.

Cause of Wrecks.

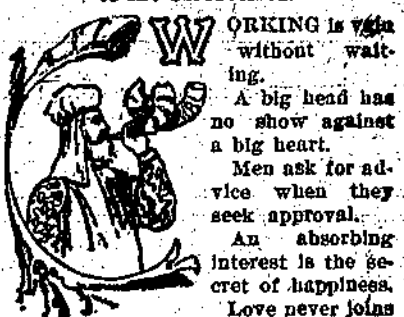
"Yes," said the engineer of a famous  
fast train in talking over a recent big  
railroad wreck the other day, "there  
have been a good many bad wrecks  
lately, but there's nothing surprising  
about them. When a smash-up hap-  
pens people get all sorts of reasons for  
it, but they rarely hear the right one.  
The real cause lies with the public,  
that wants to travel at a rate of speed  
that can't be kept up with safety."

"I have been in the business a good  
many years, and I am firmly convinced  
that forty miles an hour is about as  
fast as a train ought to go. When you  
have to run at fifty, sixty or seventy  
miles an hour the engineer is simply  
taking chances. The other night I was  
running into a small city up the State.  
It seemed to me that more than a  
thousand green, red and white lights  
were dancing before my eyes and I  
couldn't tell one from the other. How  
much worse it is coming into Chicago  
you can imagine. We will never have  
anything like safety in railroad travel  
as long as the public demands such  
high speed."

It takes less time to go and turn any-  
thing up than it does to sit down and  
wait for it to turn up of its own ac-  
cord.

## TRUMPET CALLS

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note  
to the Unrepentant.



WORKING is *very*  
without wait-  
ing.  
A big head has  
no show against  
a big heart.  
Men ask for ad-  
vice when they  
seek approval.  
An absorbing  
interest is the se-  
cret of happiness.  
Love never joins  
in the chorus when malice sings.

The conquest of truth makes a man  
a king.

The Word that does not heal must  
harden.

There can be no such thing as a mass  
of people.

You cannot do God's work with the  
devil's wages.

No man ever lived long enough to re-  
gret the right.

The religion of the Son of Man will  
surely be mainly.

Pride fosters our foes and puts our  
friends to flight.

Present adversity is easier to bear  
than past prosperity.

There can be no living Christianity  
without a living Christ.

If God is testing you you may know  
He does not detect you.

We all admire a pusher, providing  
he is pushing someone else.

Society could do with less jurispru-  
dence if it had more justice.

A variety show church is apt to  
show a sad variety of fruits.

The only way to keep your religion  
sweet is to keep it circulating.

Honor is the attribute of the noble  
and the excuse of the unworthy.

It requires no special virtue to praise  
the right and pursue the wrong.

If there is nothing of mystery in  
your religion it is not for mankind.

We can believe that science is the  
wisdom of God when it shows us the  
way to God.

FISH THAT BUILDS

It is a Poor Swimmer  
Has Arranged for It  
Few fishes are nest-

majority of them make  
wherever chance and the  
them. There is one mem-  
ber, however, that ex-  
the protective provisions of nature,  
the marbled angler of the Sargassum  
Sea. Owing to its peculiar structure  
it is a poor swimmer and it therefore  
spends most of its life moving slowly  
about on the bottom among corals, sea-  
weeds, etc., which these fishes closely  
resemble in color and in outline. They  
cling, too, to the floating masses of  
sargassum weed with their peculiar  
fins, and the color and the marking of  
the fish closely resemble the weed it-  
self. Not only does the weed thus fur-  
nish a home for this species, but the  
fish actually constructs a nest from  
and therein deposits its eggs.

One of these nests, found in con-  
nection with the Hessler expedition  
1871, was described as consisting

round mass of sargassum, abo-  
size of two fists rolled up together,  
all appearances it was made  
ing but this gulf weed, the  
and leaves of which were,  
evidently knitted together, and  
tangled into a roundish  
though some of the leaves and  
es hung loose from the nest, it became  
at once visible that the bulk of the  
ball was held together by thread-  
trending in every direction among the  
seaweed. By close observation it be-  
came apparent that this mass of sargassum  
was a nest, the central part  
which was bound up in the form of  
ball, with several loose branches  
tending in various directions. On  
closer examination the nest above  
described was found to be full of  
which were scattered throughout  
mass.

Nature has thus afforded a nar-  
rum for these somewhat he-  
fishes, whose cutaneous film  
which are plentifully provided  
belly, around the mouth and  
dorsal spine, so nearly resem-  
ble itself that prodigious  
doubtless fail to recognize the  
animals, and thus the latter escape  
termination.

Antiquity of the Stamp.

A discovery of considerable  
to stamp collectors has  
made by a member of  
the Philatelic Society who is in  
the matter of the stamps.

The adhesive postage  
ways been considered  
with solid foundation  
of the reign of Queen  
If the discovery were  
announced in correct  
to about 1670 for the en-  
of an adhesive postage la-  
pers that the philatelist  
has been studying French stamps  
in the course of his researches  
upon an official decree in the  
postal archives which sanctions  
of an adhesive label for the  
ment of the carriage of letters.

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

**BAKED BEANS  
and  
BROWN BREAD.**

To-night,

at

**SMALL'S**

Cor. Second and Bellevue,  
Hammoncton.

**John Walther  
The BLACKSMITH  
and  
WHEELWRIGHT**

Has removed to the shop lately occupied  
by Al. Heinicke, on the County  
Road, and is ready to do

Any Work in His Line.

**DON'T FORGET THE  
N. Y. Bargain Store**  
For Ladies' and Gents'  
Furnishing Goods.  
When 'bel got your money's worth.  
Like this  
There should  
To tell **Garz's Greenhouse**  
And I (1st St. and Chew Road)  
To us made up at shortest notice.  
Wholesale designs a specialty. Baskets  
Wind designs for balls, parties,  
weddings, etc.

**Chas. Cunningham, M.D.**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
W. Second St., Hammoncton.  
Office Hours, 7:30 to 10:00 A.M.  
1:00 to 3:00 and 7:00 to 9:00 P.M.

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Attorney & Counselor  
At Law**  
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Jackson Building,  
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Atlantic City.  
Official Town Attorney.  
Hammoncton on Saturdays  
practice in all Courts of the State.  
Key for first mortgage loans

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Garden Book  
for 1904**

should be in the hands of every lover of  
flowers, grower of vegetables, and farmer in  
the country. Contains soil pages and six  
high-class full page colored plates, illus-  
trating Hardy Chrysanthemums, Aster,  
Poppies, Garden Pinks and Vegetables.  
Full of valuable cultural information and  
hints on the beautifying of the home, gar-  
den and surroundings.

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we send free one package each. Drear's  
Superb Branching Asters, Fringed Japanese  
Pinks and Select Shirley Poppies.

**HENRY A. DREER,  
(714 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.)**

**Winter Shoes**

and

**JOHN MURDOCH**  
Bellevue Ave., Hammoncton.

# The Lester Piano

This letter speaks for itself:

Newport News, Va., May 30, '03

**F. A. North & Co.,**  
1308 Chestnut St., Philada.,

Gentlemen:

I have had a Lester Piano in my possession  
for twelve years, and I assure you that it has  
given entire satisfaction. The tone is as good as  
I have heard. It still retains its sweetness.

Sincerely yours,

**E. W. SHORTRIDGE.**

**Lasts a Lifetime**

Send for new illustrated catalogue  
and special easy payment plans.

**F. A. NORTH & Co.**

1308 Chestnut Street

**PHILADELPHIA, Pa.**

**OPEN EVENINGS**

## THE MYERS CASE.

MR. EDITOR:—There being consid-  
erable interest manifested in the com-  
plaint in the Myers case before the  
Town Council, and much misapprehen-  
sion as to the proceedings before the  
Committee to whom it was referred; I,  
having been a partial actor in the pro-  
ceedings, feel it a duty to state as  
briefly as I can the facts in the case.

A petition was recently presented to  
Council by nineteen ladies of the town  
for the removal of the Marshal  
for immoral and unlawful conduct, and  
neglect of duty. The petition was re-  
ferred to the Law and Order committee.  
That Committee met and notified the  
ladies who petitioned, as well as myself  
as the attorney for petitioners, to meet  
them and present proofs. Several of  
the petitioners came to me to know if  
they would have to go and testify be-  
fore the committee. I told them no;  
that they were notified, no doubt, so  
they might know when the committee  
would hear any proper evidence in the  
matter from any one who knew facts  
and chose to swear to them, so they  
would be authentic, and on which the  
committee could properly act, and I  
thought the best way would be to take  
affidavits of whoever knew facts portin-  
ent in the case. Accordingly, five af-  
fidavits were taken, and I was employed  
to present them to the committee and  
take charge of the case for the petiti-  
tioners.

On the evening designated, I appeared  
before the committee with the affidavits,  
and there was met by the president of  
Council as attorney for the marshal.  
I stated that I appeared for the petiti-  
tioners, and had five affidavits to pre-  
sent for their consideration. Mr. Boy-  
er objected to the committee hearing  
any evidence except from the petitioners  
and that orally, giving an opportunity  
for cross-examination. He stated that  
the petitioners had made grave charges  
against the marshal, for which they  
might be held responsible somewhere  
else—thus intimidating those who were  
present. I answered him by reading  
the petition and showing there was no  
charge except upon information and be-  
lief, and that I was there with sworn  
testimony as to facts in the case to sus-  
tain the petition; that as the committee  
could not swear witnesses it seemed  
necessary to take affidavits to have pro-  
per evidence in the matter; that it was

but justice to Mr. Myers, that he might  
meet the facts as sworn to, by counter-  
affidavits, if he could; that the com-  
munity as well as the petitioners were  
interested in the matter, and that they  
should hear all evidence, so as to as-  
certain the truth. The committee  
promptly decided that they would hear  
nothing except from petitioners, and  
further held that I could not examine  
any of the petitioners unless they had  
especially requested me to appear for  
them.

As my affidavits, except one, were  
from men who had not signed the peti-  
tion, by decision were refused a hearing.  
I told the ladies present that they could  
make their statements or not, as they  
pleased, and retired. Some of those  
present told me afterwards, that they  
made some statements. That was the  
investigation.

I see in last week's *Republican* it is  
stated that "Affidavits tendered to  
prove him (Myers) guilty of other of-  
fenses, were not admitted, as the com-  
mittee considered they were competent  
to decide only whether he had neglected  
his duty as a town employe." None of  
that committee ever saw one of those  
affidavits or heard them read. How  
does the writer of that article know that  
the affidavits did not tend to show his  
neglect of duty as an officer? I ought  
to know what they contained, and I say  
they did go to show neglect of duty as  
an officer, as well as guilt of other of-  
fenses. It was the committee on Law  
and Order, and it was their especial  
duty to report and consider branches of  
morals, law and order in society when  
petitioned to do so, and their attention  
called to them by members of this com-  
munity.

How different the proceedings of the  
Committee of the United States Senate  
in a similar case now under investiga-  
tion! What would the world think of  
our civilization if the president of the  
Senate appeared as counsel for Smoot?  
What would they think if no evidence  
was allowed but that of the petitioners?  
And the investigation (?) made by  
hearing stories not under oath.

The Senate Committee will "feel aw-  
ful bad" if they hear of the enlightened  
and easy way those Solons, the Presi-  
dent and the Law and Order Commit-  
tee of Hammoncton Council investigate  
such things and that they were too dull  
to "catch on to it."

**A. J. KING.**

## IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY.

Between  
**HARRY FEINBERG,**  
Petitioner,  
and  
**ANNA FEINBERG,**  
Defendant.

On Petition for Divorce

The petitioner having filed his petition in  
the above stated cause and process of citation  
having been issued and returned according to  
law; and it appearing by affidavit that the de-  
fendant, Anna Feinberg, resides out of the  
State of New Jersey, and that process could  
not be served upon her; it is on this twenty-  
seventh day of February, one thousand nine  
hundred and four, on motion of A. J. King, of  
counsel with the petitioner, ordered, that the  
said absent defendant do appear and answer  
the petitioner's petition on or before the twen-  
ty-ninth day of April next, or that, in de-  
fault thereof such decree be made against her  
as the Chancellor shall think equitable and  
just.

And it is further ordered that the notice of  
this order, prescribed by law and the rules of  
this court, shall, within twenty days hereafter  
be served personally on the said absent defend-  
ant, by a delivery of a copy thereof to her, or  
be published within the said twenty days in  
the "South Jersey Republican," a public news-  
paper, printed at Hammoncton in this State,  
and continued therein for four weeks success-  
ively, at least once in every week, and in case  
of such publication, that a copy thereof be  
also mailed within the same time to the said  
absent defendant, directed to her postoffice  
address, if the same can be ascertained in the  
manner prescribed by law and the rules of this  
court.

**W. J. MAGIE, Chancellor.**

## IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY.

NOTICE.

To Anna Feinberg:—  
By virtue of an order of the Court of Chan-  
cery of New Jersey, made on the day of the  
date hereof, wherein Harry Feinberg is peti-  
tioner and you are defendant, you are required  
to appear and answer the petitioner's petition  
on or before the twenty-ninth day of April  
next, or in default thereof such decree will be  
taken against you as the Chancellor shall think  
equitable and just. The said petition is filed  
against you for a divorce from the bond of  
matrimony. Dated February 27, 1904.

**A. J. KING, Solicitor,**  
Hammoncton, N. J.

## LAKEVIEW Greenhouse

Central Ave., Hammoncton  
**WATKIS & NICHOLSON, Props.**  
Florists and Landscape Gardeners. Fine  
assortment of Palms, Table Ferns,  
and Bedding Plants.  
Cut Flowers, loose and in designs.

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

(WEST JERSEY & SEASHORE R. R.)

Schedule in effect October 6, 1903. Subject to change.

DOWN TRAINS.

UP TRAINS.

STATION	Acc.	Exp.	Acc.	Exp.	Acc.	Exp.
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30

Stop only on notice to conductor or agent, or on signal.  
Afternoon express down leaves Philadelphia at 2:00, Hammoncton 2:41, Egg Harbor 3:24, Atlantic City 4:16.  
Evening express up leaves Atlantic City at 5:30, Absecon 5:58, Hammoncton 6:50, Philadelphia 7:45.  
Night express up leaves Atlantic City at 8:00, Egg Harbor 8:19, Hammoncton 8:29, Philadelphia 9:15.  
Sunday night express up leaves Atlantic City at 8:00, Egg Harbor 8:19, Hammoncton 8:31, Philadelphia 9:15.  
**W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager.** **J. R. WOOD, Pass'r Traffic Manager.**  
**Geo. W. DOYD, Gen'l Pass'r Agt.**

## Atlantic City R. R.

Tuesday, Oct. 6, 1903.

Subject to change.

STATION	Acc.	Exp.	Acc.	Exp.	Acc.	Exp.
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30
Atlantic City	7:30	8:30	8:30	9:30	9:30	10:30

Express down leaves Philadelphia 10:45 a.m., Hammoncton 11:27, Egg Harbor 11:50, Atlantic City 12:00.  
Express leaves Philadelphia at 2:00 p.m., reaching Hammoncton 2:42, and Atlantic City 4:16.  
Up accommodation leaves Hammoncton at 5:55 a.m., reaching Philadelphia at 8:55.  
Evening express down leaves Philadelphia at 5:00, Hammoncton 5:30, and Atlantic City 6:05.  
Evening express up leaves Atlantic City at 5:30, Hammoncton 5:50, Winslow 6:08, Philadelphia 6:50.  
Express down leaves Philadelphia at 7:15 p.m., Hammoncton 7:51, and Atlantic City 8:25.  
Morning Hammoncton accom. down leaves Philadelphia at 8:30, arriving here 7:47.  
Morning accom. up leaves Hammoncton 8:40, reaching Philadelphia 10:40.  
Weekday night accom. down leaves Philadelphia at 8, reaching Hammoncton at 9:11.  
Sunday night express up leaves Atlantic City 7:30, Egg Harbor 7:55, Hammoncton 8:11, Philadelphia 9:00.  
Sunday evening express down leaves Philadelphia 7:15, Hammoncton 7:51, Atlantic City 8:25.  
Sunday morning express up leaves Atlantic City at 10:15, Hammoncton 10:49, Philadelphia 11:55.  
**A. T. DICK, Gen. Supt.** **EDMON J. WEXLER, Gen. Passenger Agent.**

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