South Jersey Republican

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VOL. 42 HAMMONTON, N. J., APRIL 2, 1904. NO. 14

A Wonderful Saving.

The largest Methodist Church in Georgia, calculated to use over one hundred gallons of the usual kind of mixed paint in painting their church.

They used only 32 gallons of the Longman & Martinez Paint mixed with 34 gallons of linseed oil. Actual cost of paint made was less than $1.20 per gallon.

Saved over eighty ($80) dollars in paint, and got a big donation besides.

EVERY CHURCH will be given a liberal quantity whenever they paint.

Many houses are well painted with four gallons of L. & M. and three gallons of linseed oil mixed therewith.

Wears and covers like gold.

These Celebrated Paints are sold by H. McD. Little.

S. J. R. THREE MONTHS **25 Cts**

Young People's Societies.

This space is devoted to the interests of the Young Peoples Societies of the various Churches. Special items of interest, and announcements are solicited.

Y. P. S. C. E.,—Presbyterian Church: Meets Sunday evening, at 6:30. Topic, "Our victories thro' Christ." 1 Cor. 15: 50-58. (Easter meeting.) Leader, Miss Phœbe Newcomb.

Y. P. S. C. E.,—Baptist Church: Meets Sunday evening, at 6:15. Topic, "Our victories thro' Christ." 1 Cor. 15: 50-58. (Easter meeting.) Leader, Miss Maysie Keyser.

Jr. C. E., Sunday afternoon at 3:00: Topic, "Selfishness and where it leads." Gen. 13: 5-13. Compare Rom. 15: 3.

Epworth League,—M. E. Church: Meets Sunday evening, at 6:30. Services by Sunday School.

Junior League on Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Topic, "Redeeming the time." Col. 4: 5. Leader, Daisy Gentel.

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

Church Notices.

Topics in the various Churches tomorrow will be as follows:

Baptist Church. Rev. Wiltshire W. Williams, Pastor. 10.30 a. m., "The reality of the resurrection of our Lord." Communion after sermon. 7.15 p.m., "A vision of sin's betrayment, or called to the tomb." Special Easter music.

M. E. Church,—Rev. G. R. Middleton Pastor, will preach in the morning. In the evening, an Easter program by the young folks.

Presbyterian Church.— Rev. H. Marshall Thurlow, Pastor. 10.30 a.m., "The visit to the sepulchre." Followed by reception of members and sacrament of the Lord's Supper. 7.15 p.m., a sermon to young people, "The meaning of life."

Universalist Church.— The Rev. J. Harner Wilson, Pastor. 11.00 a.m., "Immortality there and now." 7.30 p.m., Easter service for the children. A talk by the Pastor. Communion after morning service.

St. Mark's Church,—Rev. Paul F. Hoffman, Rector. Vestry meetings, first Tuesday; Altar Guild, first Wednesday; Ladies' Aid Society, second Wednesday; St. Paul's Server's Guild, third Monday; Rectory Fund Society, last Tuesday. Special Easter services to morrow.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John A. Quinn, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of Emanuel O. Shaner, Surrogate of the County of Atlantic, made on the twenty sixth day of March, nineteen hundred and four, on the application of the undersigned, administrator of said decedent, notice is hereby given to the creditors of the said decedent to exhibit to the subscriber, under oath or affirmation, their debts, demands and claims against the estate of the said decedent, within nine months from said date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

WILLIAM L. BLACK,
Administrator, Hammonton, N. J.

Written for the REPUBLICAN.

EASTERTIDE

BY EMILY J. BRYANT.

The first faint purple paints the east,
The vale is hushed, the ambient air
Trembles with melody
As the lone bird trills out his notes,
And matins burst from hundred throats;
The tremulous rays now upward ride
While roses in contentment hide
In perfumed secrecy.
It is day-break.

Down by the stream, with dewdrop wet,
On slender stem hangs the violet,—
Gone are December snows.
Spring hath passed and touched the frozen rime,
And Nature's heart proclaims the time
For April's sowing, for June's bright dress
Of bloom, of beauty, and of loveliness,—
The lily and the rose.
Nature awakes to life and beauty.

Storms, and grief, and pain, and terror
Are chased away, with every error,
By the glorious sun,
Who proclaims the morn ascending,
While the angelic choirs, bending,
Sing "Hallelujah! Christ is King!"
Glory, honor, and praises sing
As endless ages run.
Eastertide brings peace and hope.

☞ Everything good to eat. Where? at the salad supper to-night, in Jackson's Hall.

☞ Union Hall is at last being repainted, and looks as though ill with the jaundice.

☞ Wanted,—to rent,—houses by the score. The spring demand has begun in earnest.

FAMILY WASHING. I will again take family washings, and ladies' dresses and shirt waists. SUSAN, Second St., rear of drug store.

☞ An effort is being made in town to organize a branch of the Daughters of the Revolution.

☞ The M. E. Sunday School at Elm will have special Easter exercises on Sunday evening.

☞ Born, on Friday, March 25th, to Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Fitting, in upper Hammonton, a son.

☞ Salad supper to-night in Jackson's Hall. Supper from five to eight o'clock. Adults, 25 cents; children, 15 cents. Benefit of the Band. *

☞ Miss Kate McFarrand died on Thursday, March 24th, 1904, at her residence in Atlantic City. Funeral on Saturday; interment in Hammonton.

☞ Some boys are too strenuous in opening the Post-Office door. Several persons have been hurt by the letter-box striking them,—at least one quite badly.

At the door,
Once more,
April stands,
With sun-showers
And sweet flowers
In her hands.
But cold nights
Frosty blights,
And days cool,
She may bring,
And then sing—
"April fool!"

☞ Help wanted. 200 people wanted to help eat the salad supper in Jackson's Hall, to-night. Any one can have a place for the small payment of 15 and 25 cents. *

☞ The Trustees of the Greenmount Cemetery Corporation will meet in the REPUBLICAN office, on Monday even'g, April 18th, at 8 o'clock. Important business.

☞ Rev. G. R. Middleton was given a rousing reception on Wednesday evening, at the M. E. parsonage. We join with his people in bidding him welcome to Hammonton.

☞ The young people's union social, last Friday evening, was a very pleasant affair. Nearly one hundred and fifty were present. The program consisted of recitations, music, an auction, and a supper.

☞ Lucien Fairchild, for forty years well known in Hammonton, died on Wednesday, in Philadelphia. His body will be brought here for burial to-day, probably. As Lucien was a soldier, all comrades are invited to the funeral.

☞ To improve the sanitary condition of our business centre, the Board of Health on Thursday evening passed second reading an ordinance prohibiting the keeping of cows or pigs between Peach and Pleasant Streets, and from the Reading Railroad to Third St. It will probably be adopted at the next meeting.

THE OLD [illegible]H ALBUM.

Among the rel[illegible]t,
The links of Mem[illegible]ging chain
That, with its ma[illegible] binds me fast
To days that cannot come again,
There is no prize more precious than
This booklet; thoughtfully I scan
Its yellow pages, scribbled o'er
By many whom I know of yore.
Here a refrain expressing love
Beneath the picture of a dove,
And here a half sarcastic quip,
All traced in childish penmanship.

"If you love me as I love you
No knife can cut our love in two."
Neath that trite sentiment I see
A name once passing dear to me.
Across the past my memory flies—
I see a pair of laughing eyes,
I press a little hand that lay
Within my own the summer day.
"No knife can cut our love in two."
Still, it was but an earthly strand,
And what a knife could never do
Was, as a higher power planned,
Accomplished by the reaper's hand.

O treasured names! O memory!
What were existence without thee?
For art thou not the magic key
With which we penetrate the seal
That locks away the musty past—
And, in our leisure moments, steal
Great solace from that storeroom vast?
Revert of thee, how man would grope
Into the future's unknown scope,
As up some storm-swept, rocky slope,
Who shipwrecked mariner (both crawl,
Before him dread uncertainty,
Behind, the cruel, yawning sea—
And darkness hanging over all.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Tale of a Tale

IT started on the small sofa in the alcove beside the reading lamp, and there were only two people in the room. One of them stood on the hearth rug, with his back to the fire, looking down on the other as she sat fingering the manuscript on her lap.

"Why do you want to read it?" she asked.

"Because you wrote it," he answered, with great simplicity.

She frowned. "You ought to say, 'It's because my other stories have been so successful, and I get such nice puffs in the papers.'"

"Those reasons may suffice for the rest of the world, but they don't for me!"

"Perhaps you expect too much!" she said, and studied her manuscript deeply.

"Do I?" he asked, and studied her attentively. The clock ticked loudly and the fire crackled.

"By the way!" she remarked. "You'll be the first person to read this story of mine, so that I shall be impatient for your verdict!"

"I'll read it to-night and report to-morrow," he assured her, promptly.

"Does the first necessitate the second?" she asked, raising her eyebrows.

"As far as I'm concerned," he answered, lowering his, whereupon she held out her story with a heavenly smile; but he, being of a grasping disposition, took first the manuscript and then the hand that held it, and—oh—well—

The clock ticked loudly and the fire crackled.

Two hours later he stood in his own front hall, turning his pockets inside out by the light of the midnight oil; then he searched for the front steps and examined the pavement outside, and finally patrolled a certain street, to a certain house till a certain small hour of the morning, when he returned to his abode uttering unholy words.

"What are you looking for?" she demanded, on entering the drawing room the next morning.

"Nothing," he answered, rising hastily from an evident inspection of the carpet. His face was pale, and his searching eye roamed uneasily over the furniture.

"I thought you might have dropped something!" she suggested, casually.

"Oh, no!" he responded, definantly.

So she sat down on the sofa, her face very grave, but the corner of her mouth slightly twitching.

"Well, what do you think of it?" she inquired.

"Oh!" he said, with a start. "That story of yours? It was great—really absorbing! I can assure you it kept me awake until 4 o'clock this morning."

"And yet it is comparatively short. You must read very slowly! Do tell me what you like best about it."

"Oh, well," he floundered, "I liked it all immensely, but what appealed to me especially was that—er—scene where the heroine—er—gets the best of it."

And, paying no heed to her blank looks, he hastened on into the safe waters of abstract literary criticism, saying: "In those few passages you show a breadth of view, a right appreciation of value, a sense of the tonal significance which, if I may be permitted to say so, is quite above the average."

He felt that he was doing well, but at this point she brought him back to earth.

"Do you think," she asked him, earnest and wide-eyed, "that Gregory ought to have done it?"

"Who?" he asked, staggered for the moment. "What?" And then recollecting himself—"Yes." This stoutly. "I think Gregory was perfectly justified. I don't see how, under the circumstances, he could have done otherwise. I am quite certain that in his place I should have done just the same thing!"

"What thing?" she asked, as she poked the fire with her back turned. Then, as he did not answer immediately, she said, gently: "I don't think that you quite understand what scene I referred to, but I'll show you in a moment, if you'll just hand me the manuscript!"

"The manuscript?" he queried, blankly.

He took two turns up and down the room, then faced her, crimson and crestfallen.

"I'm extremely sorry to tell you," he said, hoarsely, "that your manuscript is—(the arctic blue of her eyes froze the truth upon his lips)—is left behind," he finished. "I hope you do not need it immediately."

"N-o-o," she admitted, "not to-day, but I really must dispatch it to the publishers to-morrow."

"All right," he said, "I'll call in the morning!"

"With the manuscript?" she asked him, smilingly.

"With the manuscript," he echoed, despairingly.

And as he went out of the house he held a brief, ineffectual conversation with the butler, punctuated with a $5 bill, and then paced the street for many hours—prey to thought of forgery and flight.

It was the next morning, and he had been talking volubly and long on different subjects when she at length managed to get in a word.

"Well," she asked, "have you got it?"

"What?" he answered, quickly. "The measles? No! Although you seemed to think so, judging from the way in which you avoided me at the reception last night, and again at the opera afterward. You wouldn't give me so much as a bow!"

"I didn't see you," she told him.

"Where—where was I?" he interrupted to explain. "In the dress circle, on the opposite side, with my glasses leveled on your box."

"This is a waste of time," she said, impatiently, "and so is this. What is the use hiding the truth any longer? Why will you not acknowledge that you've lost my manuscript?"

"Because I haven't," he answered, doggedly. "No!" (As she stared at him in amazement.) "If that manuscript has disappeared, vanished irreparably, you are responsible, and you alone!"

He strode to the door, then wheeling round, faced her.

"If I forgot your story," he said, harshly, "it was because I was thinking only of you. If I was absent-minded, it was because you were present. If I—er—lost that manuscript, it was because, well! I suppose you know it—I had already lost my heart. That's all. Good-by!"

And he turned to go. But she was already at his elbow, and there was something in her hand—a typewritten parcel—a manuscript.

"It has been a pretty bad quarter of an hour, hasn't it?" she asked him, and her eyes were twinkling—"thanks to your stories and mine. But you're not going yet?" (For he was turning the door knob.) "It isn't late, and besides—"

Here she looked up at him, and—ah, well—I The clock ticked loudly and the fire crackled!

Benefits of Seeing Double.

A resident of one of the small towns came to the city to consult an eminent specialist, whose fee is never less than $10. The stranger was rather green in appearance, so the doctor thought to have a little fun at the expense of his rural visitor. A prism was placed before his eyes in order to test the muscles.

"Why, doctor," exclaimed the patient, "I see two candles!"

"Indeed!" replied the doctor. "You are very fortunate."

"How so?"

"Why, just think what an advantage you have over the rest of us! You see everything double, and beautiful pictures, charming landscapes and lovely faces are all repeated to you."

When the prescription for the proper glasses was written, the man from the country, without a smile, laid a five-dollar bill on the table, with the remark:

"There, doctor: there's $10 for you."

An Oversight.

"I'm surprised at Mrs. Newcomer's actions," said the village editor's wife. "She hasn't returned my visit yet."

"Perhaps," rejoined the absent-minded knight of the shears, "you forgot to inclose a stamp."—Chicago News.

Only after repeated failures to catch a dove a girl announces her decision never to marry.

Convso—I see you are not wearing your overcoat. Isn't it comfortable?

Hardup—Can't say! Haven't heard from it since I hung it up.

Boys And Girls

LITTLE STORIES AND INCIDENTS

That Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers.

Trick Played with Dominoes.

Here's a jolly trick you can play with dominoes, boys and girls.

Place twelve of them in a circle (see picture) and tell one of the players that you can point out any domino he thinks of.

This is the way to do it: Tell him you will count around the circle, touching various dominoes, each touch counting one. He must count your touches, and when the number of spots on the domino which he has thought of equals 20 he must say "stop." The domino last touched is sure to be the one he had in mind.

Here is an example: Suppose he selects the double-two. You begin touching various dominoes with your finger, silently counting 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, as you go. When you come to "8" be

HOW TO PLACE THE DOMINOES.

sure to touch the double-six domino, and then count to the right without skipping a single domino.

The six-five domino will be "9," you understand; the double-five "10," the five-four "11," and so on until you reach double-two. There you will be told to "stop," for the number of times you have touched various dominoes (16 times) plus the number of spots on the double-two domino (4 spots) equals 20, you see.

Now all you have to do is to say, "This (the double-two) is the domino you thought of."

He will say, "You're right," and he will wonder how you guessed it.

Be sure not to count aloud nor even to look as if you were while you are doing the touching.

Johnny Applesed.

Before the days of the Civil War every country boy and girl had heard of Johnny Applesed. He was a queer character wandering from place to place, and as he played his fiddle very well and did not beg for money most people were glad to see him. In these days we might have called him a tramp, but Johnny was no idle good-for-nothing, as you will see. Whenever he entered a village every one gathered to hear him play merry tunes, and though he often accepted lodging and clothing, he never passed the hat for money.

He never talked about himself nor told where he was going, but used to recite the most wonderful tales in rhymes. Children loved to hear him, and interested people used to write down some of his verses. Applesced was only a nickname which was given him on account of a singular habit he had of planting seeds. Whenever he ate an apple, peach or pear, he saved the seeds, and while tramping across the country used to stop and plant them in places where he thought they would grow. Years afterwards many a family taking up land in the wild Western country chose a spot where a flourishing orchard was growing that had been planted by Johnny Applesed. This is one of the songs that he used to sing:

I love to plant a little seed,
Whose fruit I never see;
Some hungry stranger it will feed,
When it becomes a tree.

I love to sing a little song
Whose words attune the day
And round me see the children throng
When I begin to play.

So I can never lonely be,
Although I am alone,
I think of future apple trees
Which help the men unknown.

I sing my heart into the air,
And plant my way with seed,
The song sends music everywhere,
The tree will tell my deed.

Looking His Best.

A certain boy of about sixteen years, whom I know, is very careful about his personal appearance, and yet I do not believe he has a trace of vanity in his make-up. He is not the least "dudish." He does not affect startling neckties, nor fancy waistcoats, nor canes with great, bulging heads on them, nor anything at all striking in appearance, but he sees to it that his clothes are free from dust or soil of any kind. His boots are always carefully polished, his hair neatly combed, his linen clean, his nails in the same condition. Moreover, his mother does not have to beg and implore him to wash the back of his neck and his ears. He always has an appearance of freshness and neatness that is good to look upon.

Tastes Differ.

"If you would only be gentle and kind,"
Said our little kitty one day,
"And always speak low,
And move rather slow,
How pleasantly then we should play!"

"For cat rimes with mat,
And with afternoon chat
And a little love-pat;
So don't forget that
If you would only be gentle and kind,
And smooth my fur just the right way,
And call me some pet name, you'd certainly find
How pleasantly then we should play!"

"If you were only a livelier child,"
Said our puppy, Ravels—called Rav—
"And would hop, skip and jump
Over bush, snag and stump,
What a glorious time we should have!
For dog rimes with log,
And with loud-splashing frog,
Or a twenty-mile jog
Through a nice, muddy bog;
So if you were only a livelier child,
And would call out, 'Here, Ravels!
Come, Rav!'
And then dash off and prance through the wilderness wild,
What a glorious time we should have!"
—Youth's Companion.

The Little Princesses.

The Czar of Russia has four little daughters who may some day be sorry they are not boys. That is strange, indeed, isn't it? The reason is because the Russians are anxious that there should be a prince as heir to the throne. So these poor little girls are not loved as dearly as they might be by their own people. The Russians are sorry for them, but think they cannot love them because they are not boys.

The Wanderer.

A little cloud hung on its mother's breast,
And quivered and sobbed, in the deep blue sky:
"I must go to the earth, but I will not rest—
I'll fly back to you in the sweet by and by."

The Youthful Idea.

"Papa," said small Edgar, "I know what makes people laugh in their sleeves."

"Well, my boy, what makes them?" asked the father.

"'Cause that's where their funny bone is," was the logical reply.

FACTS ABOUT THE BANANA.

When Ripened on the Plant It Is Not Suitable for Food.

There is a vast amount of ignorance prevailing among intelligent people of the North concerning the growth, production and marketing of bananas. Many people imagine that the natives in tropical climes step out of their huts in the morning and pluck and eat bananas fresh from the plant the same as they would oranges and other fruits. Bananas ripened on the plant are not suitable for food and would be much the same as the pith which is found in the northern cornstalk or elder. Bananas sold in the United States, even after traveling 3,000 miles in a green state, are every bit as good as bananas ripened under a tropical sun. This is probably true of no other export fruit. The plant of which bananas is the fruit is not a tree nor is it a bush or vine. It is simply a gigantic plant, growing to a height of from fifteen to twenty feet. About eighteen feet from the ground the leaves, oftimes eight feet long, come out in a sort of cluster, from the center of which springs a bunch of bananas. These do not grow with the bananas pointing upward, naturally, and if the stem grew straight they would hang exactly as seen in the fruit stores and grocers' windows. This, however, is not the case; the stem bends under the weight of the fruit and this brings it into directly the opposite position, with the large end of the stalk up and the fringes pointing toward the sun.

A word of explanation concerning some banana terms. Each banana is called a "finger" and each of these little clusters of fingers surrounding a stalk is called a "hand;" the quality and value of a bunch depends on the number of hands it has. Some may wonder how the fruit is cut from the top of a plant fifteen feet from the ground. The native laborers cut the stalk part way up its height, the weight of the fruit causes the stalk to slowly bend over until the bunch of bananas just nicely reaches the ground, then the bunch is cut off with the ever-ready machete and carried to the river or railroad for shipment. The plant at the same time is cut close to the ground. The banana is a very profitable product of land that at every planting of the land it is necessary to cut down many of the young plants, or "suckers," as they are termed, in order that they may not become overcrowded up to a certain limit; the fewer suckers on a given area the larger the fruit they will produce.

SWIFT DOOM FOR THE RATS.

Electric Apparatus that Keeps a Warehouse Free of the Pests.

The latest and most efficient as well as the most humane method of getting rid of a pest of rats is by the use of electricity. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of the proprietor of a large grain warehouse in Rochester, where the rats until recently were so abundant that their depredations were an actual source of financial loss. Since the introduction of scientific methods, however, the rats have been killed off so rapidly that within a short time they will be practically extinct.

When the rats first began to overrun the particular warehouse the aid of their time-honored enemies, cats, was first called in. The cats meant well and were energetic, but they could not follow the rats down their holes, and the rodents were so sly, as well as numerous, that it was soon evident cats could not solve the problem of getting rid of them.

Traps of various kinds were then tried. At first they worked well. But after a little time the rats came to understand and avoid them. The same proved true of poison. In the meantime the rats who had first selected the grain warehouse as a place where an easy living could be procured had evidently informed their friends, and these called in others until it seemed as if most of the rats in that part of the State must have established headquarters in that storehouse.

Then a clerk with an inventive turn of mind tackled, and solved the rat question. The warehouse is lighted with incandescent electric lights, which, however, are seldom used at night. First the clerk placed a flat piece of copper on the floor in one of the corners of the building and a wire was run to it from the incandescent light circuit. On this copper plate was placed a large and appetizing piece of cheese. Then a second copper plate was placed on the floor almost, but not quite, touching the first copper. The return wire of the incandescent light circuit was connected with this second plate.

The cheese, of course, was in full view on the floor, and nothing could have looked more innocent. But to reach it a rat would first step on the copper plate connected with the return wire. So far nothing would happen to disturb the peace of mind of his ratship. His next move, however, would be to place his forefeet on copper plate No. 1, on which the cheese had been placed. The instant the front feet of the rat touched this piece of copper we would complete the electric circuit. The current would shoot through his body and he would drop dead before he had time to utter a squeak.

There was nothing about the contrivance to indicate a trap, even to the oldest and wisest rat. The cheese was in plain sight and apparently easy to get, and by its smell attracted rats from all over the warehouse. The whole arrangement looked so innocent that even the sight of the bodies of their predecessors did not frighten away the hungry rats. On the morning after the "rat electrocution trap" was first tried over a score of dead rats were found. The next evening half a dozen similar traps were set, all meeting with the success of the first. It was plain that the rat question was settled, so far as that warehouse was concerned.

"I think I ought to get out a patent for my electric chair for thieving rats," said the inventor of the novel trap, proudly. "And, besides any money which my scheme might bring me, I think I am entitled to a large medal from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for the rats don't suffer the least pain. They are dead before they know what has happened."—New York Tribune.

Moon is Not Cheese.

The little girl was on a visit to her grandfather, a clergyman, who is celebrated in the city for his logical powers.

"Oh, my! Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says!"

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself."

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Open the Bible on the table and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she was half way through the second chapter of Genesis she had read about the creation of the stars and animals she turned to her grandfather, her eyes bright with the excitement of discovery, and said:

"I've found it, grandpa. It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—Austria-Hungary gives a subsidy of $1,824,000 annually to the Austrian-Lloyd Steamship Company.

—Neither frogs nor snakes live in Alaska, but toads are frequently to be met with.

—In the province of Samara, Russia, 95,000 persons get their subsistence from less than three acres of land per capita.

—China has at present about 800 miles of railroads.

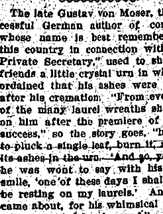
—The population of London has increased 11 per cent in fifteen years.

GOOD Short Stories

CAPTAIN OF PAPER MILLIONS.

Whitaker Wright, the Notorious Promoter, Who Committed Suicide.

A sentence of seven years to penal servitude in an English court means seven years in prison, and not a little flirtation with the technicalities of the law. Whitaker Wright, the notorious promoter who committed suicide in the courtroom on hearing the verdict, carried on some stupendous confidence games, drew a number of prominent men into his net, created



WHITAKER WRIGHT.

what seemed at time to be millions by a stroke of the pen, and yet, in the end, ran against the fact that paper is paper and honesty is honesty. Wright was English by birth, but turned up when a young man in the Colorado mines. Starting with little money, he became an active speculator at Leadville and undoubtedly had a gift in influencing others to expect immense profits from small investments. Getting enough means together, through the breezy talent for deception that was always his chief capital, he went East and engaged in speculation in the New York and Philadelphia exchanges. About seventeen years ago he returned to London and soon began to exploit mines in West Australia. Wright's holdings there had a tendency to be phenomenally rich on the surface, and his methods were sensational. The millions in which this showy promoter reveled were almost invariably paper when the final analysis was reached.

One of Wright's London corporations, forced into liquidation in 1901, was found to have liabilities of $40,000,000 and assets of $7,000,000. The confiding public lost the $30,000,000, and the public, it must be remembered, pays cash for its paper. As for Wright, who was practically supreme in the management, he could take $50,000 in deferred shares, and, with a drop of ink, convert it into certificates representing sixty times the original value. It was less laborious than rubbing the lamp of Aladdin, and the trustful public always came forward with the treasure. The directors were satisfied with large fees in return for services merely nominal and never interfered with or questioned their Monte Cristo. When Wright's accountant in 1900 told him there was a deficit of $500,000 in a certain property, Wright assured the public that there was a surplus of $5,000,000. He fixed it in ten seconds with his fertile pen. No director thought it worth while to look further. But some of the stockholders were more inquisitive, and gradually forced the matter through the courts to an issue, in spite of years of opposition in various forms.

Wright was personally a dazzler, a species of personage for which many persons with money to invest seem to have a strong predilection. If the stage is magnificently set, they bite freely. Wright lived in a miniature palace, and the fact that it was a copy of the residence of a French king opened the pockets of many susceptible persons with superfluous cash. When this fact reached the ears of the people it was found that Wright had an army of 600 laborers improving his country seat they fairly chased him around to take their money. The fact that his stables were finished in mahogany and polished gun metal, with costly paintings hung in the stalls, was spread abroad and the millions of cash rained upon him. As long as there are people of this kind there will be Wrights to fire their imaginations. It is the old story of a glittering lure and human gudgeons, who tumble over each other to hand their money to a John Law, a Mississippi Mme. Therese Humbert, or the latest flashy get-rich-quick fakir. The most impressive part of the end of the Wright story is that he knew punishment to be certain and therefore killed himself. In some parts of the United States he would have given bond, got up champagne feasts for other confidence men of the same distinguished characteristics, and, in due time, been discharged on some trifling technicality connected with a defective document or microscopic legal formality.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Marital Confidences.

The Truth Comes Out: Wife—You deliberately deceived me when you asked me to marry you. Husband—I did nothing of the sort. Wife—Yes, you did. You told me that you were quite well off. Husband—Yes, and so I was; but I was foolish enough to imagine I would be better off with a wife.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cause of Annoyance.

"The reason I can't get along with my wife is that she wants to submit all our differences to arbitration."

"To arbitration?"

"Yes. She always wants to refer disputes to her mother."—Town and Country.

If it's necessary to lie in a man's favor do it while he is alive instead of hiring a marble cutter to do it after he is dead.

Many a good man who engages in matrimonial warfare goes down to defeat.

HOME FOR THE BUFFALO.

Appeal for Setting Aside a Game Preserve in Oklahoma.

Before it is too late, it would be well for the people of Oklahoma to interest themselves in the scheme to establish a big game preserve in the Wichita mountains. There is a great forest reserve in the hills of southwestern Oklahoma set aside by Congress many years ago. It contains 58,000 acres of land excellently adapted for the big and little game which formerly was so plentiful in America. There are broad pastures in this reserve, and thickets of scrub oak, heavy timber, clear and ever-living streams of water, and rock fastnesses. Vegetation is abundant; the climate is salubrious. Apparently nature has done its best to make these 58,000 acres a congenial haunt for game animals and a grand, attractive park for sportsmen and the seekers after rest and recreation.

Many of the beasts and birds which abounded in plain and wood in this country a short time ago are doomed to an early extinction unless the State and Federal governments take the proper steps to assure protection. Except for the few head still remaining in public or private reservations, the buffalo has been practically wiped out of existence.

For some unaccountable reason, civilization took a prejudice to this noble animal. Its value was never given a fair test until within recent years. It has now been found that the buffalo propagates quickly, grows rapidly, is hardy and self-sustaining upon the plains, its hide makes fine leather, and its flesh is equal in flavor and strength giving qualities to that of ordinary beef. In fact, the buffalo is the native cattle of this country, just as the Herefords, the Galloways, and the Holsteins are the native cattle of Europe.

The buffalo is a docile creature, easily domesticated, and probably had we not been so attached by custom to European things we should have developed it into the regular beef-producer of this country. Wherever it has been interbred with domestic cattle, an improved product has resulted, more able to resist disease and withstand the inclemencies of American weather.

The chief purpose of the men who are striving to have the Wichita forest reserve turned into a game preserve is to secure a place where the remnants of the buffalo herd can be collected and saved from extermination. It is to be hoped that they will obtain favorable action from Congress in aid of this laudable undertaking.—Kansas City Journal.

INDIAN "MEDICINE" FIRES.

The Creeks Brought the Sacred Flame from Alabama.

With the beginning of the new year the secret visit of the chief medicine man of the Creeks was made to see that the tribal fires in the Indian towns are kept burning according to tradition, says the Kansas City Star. From time as old as Creek history, it has been a custom among the full-blood Creeks to keep a medicine fire burning constantly in each Indian town. When the Creeks migrated from Alabama to Indian Territory in 1838 this sacred fire was brought with them. Then, as now, official firekeepers were appointed by the tribe, whose special duty it was to see that this fire was kept alive constantly. On the long march from Alabama, day and night, this fire was never allowed to die out. The fire was kept then for both practical use and belief that if it once went out dire misfortune would befall the tribe.

The first Indian town established in Indian Territory was Alabama, named for the old home. In Alabama the tribal fire was built and the permanent home of the Creeks established. Since that time there have been established forty-four Indian towns that still exist. From this central fire embers were taken to start a town fire in each town as it was established. As soon as a new town was established an official firekeeper was chosen whose duty it was to see that the fire was kept constantly in his house. This was a great honor for an Indian, and if he was unfaithful the punishment was banishment from the tribe. In winter and the hottest days of summer the fire was kept alive. Once a year there was a secret visit of certain medicine men to those towns to investigate the faithfulness of the firekeeper. An unfavorable report meant banishment of the keeper and the hatred of every member of the tribe.

In the full-blood districts the Indian town fires are maintained to this day. An Indian town is not a town in the American sense, but may be merely a grove where the clans meet upon call of the leaders to discuss matters of interest and vote thereon. An Indian is not allowed a voice in the councils of any other than his rightful town or district. There is a town chief for each town whose influence is great among his tribesmen.

Commonplace.

"Her 5 o'clock tea was terribly pleebian."

"How so?"

"Why, she gave them enough to eat."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Science AND Invention

The recent news of the sinking of the level of the Sea of Azof, threatening some of the commercial interests of Russia, is supplemented by a report that the Aral Sea and Lake Balkash, the first 1,000 and the second nearly 2,000 miles east of Azof, are rising, although up to 1891 the Aral Sea had for many years been sinking. Some geologists think these changes are due to slow upheavals and subsidences of the earth's crust.

There will soon be added to the natural curiosities at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington an albino deer, which was shot recently in the Canyon mountains in Oregon. The cost of the animal is snow-white and very soft, and its eyes were pink. It was in company with ordinary deer when killed. Hunters have occasionally told stories of seeing and chasing albino deer, but they very rarely get within gunshot, and are usually seen alone, the herds of their relatives apparently avoiding their company.

A company has been formed to develop the great Victoria Falls, on the Zambezi River in Africa, as a source of electric energy. These falls rank among the greatest cataracts in existence. The total descent of the water is more than 400 feet. At Niagara the total amount of energy running to waste has been reckoned at 7,000,000 horse-power, but the corresponding energy of the Victoria Falls is said to be no less than 35,000,000 horse-power. When utilized, it is thought that this energy can be employed for working a large part of the South African Railway, and that it can be transmitted by cable to the gold mines of the Rand, 300 miles and more away.

Ants with long and powerful mandibles have been successfully used for making surgical stitches. The majority of Greek surgeons keep stocks of them, and upon the arrival of a person suffering from a clean cut the ants are brought into use. The edges of the cut are brought together with the fingers of one hand, while the ant, held with a pair of forceps, is brought close to the wound with the other. Its mandibles biting through the flesh on both sides and holding the edges together. Its head is then promptly nipped off, and the mandibles are left to take the place of surgical stitches. As many as fifteen or twenty are sometimes used for a single cut, and they are usually left on for three or four days. Their removal is then far easier than the withdrawal of the wire ordinarily used for the purpose.

"I have no doubt," said M. Curie, that a kilogram of radium would be sufficient to destroy the population of Paris, granting that they came within its influence. Men and women would be killed just as these mice were killed. They would just feel nothing during their exposure to the radium nor realize that they were in danger. And weeks would pass after their exposure before anything would happen. Then gradually the skin would begin to peel off, and their bodies would become one great sore. Then they would become blind. Then they would die from paralysis and congestion of the spinal cord." Despite this rather gloomy prospect, certain experiments at the Pasteur Institute may encourage us to believe that, for all its menace of destruction, radium is destined to bring substantial benefits to suffering mankind.

Dashed to Earth Again.

"It's real interesting to read about these folks that lived in mythological times," said Mr. Cobb, as he put a slip of paper in his library book and shut it carefully. "Seems as if nine o'clock came quicker than ever I knew it to before."

Mrs. Cobb was putting a large patch on one elbow of her waist, and she held it close to the lamp in what seemed to her husband an ostentatious way. He turned sideways in his chair to avoid the view.

"There was that feller Atlas," he said, musing. "He was strong beyond anything we have nowadays. Why, he supported the heavens on his head and hands; held 'em up in place till they got kind of set, I judge. What muscle such a man as that must have had!" and Mr. Cobb doubled his right fist and brought it up to his shoulder while the fingers of his left hand felt his arm with apparent satisfaction.

"What an appetite he must have had!" said Mrs. Cobb, tartly; "and while he was supporting the heavens—work the Lord could have done without any of his help—I'll risk but what his wife was supporting him! And tomorrow I guess your cold'll be well enough so you can go over to the squire's and begin on that wood they want chopped and piled."

The Usual Way.

Hicks—Why, he used to be a great friend of yours.

Wicks—Yes.

Hicks—How did you come to lose him?

Wicks—By giving him some friendly advice.—Philadelphia Ledger.

LONG AND [illegible]

Senator George [illegible] Years 85

George Frisbie Hoar, senior Senator from Massachusetts, completed his thirty-five years of service in the halls of Congress. The venerable statesman became a member of the House of Representatives March 4, 1869, and served in the lower house eight years. March 4, 1877, he took his seat in the United States Senate, where he has remained ever since. Despite the fact that he has passed the seventy-seventh milestone along life's path, Senator Hoar is in the fullness of his great intellectual powers, and stands, as lawyer, orator, scholar and statesman, by common consent, at the head of the American Senate.

Possessing remarkable mental and physical vigor, with faculties thoroughly trained and a mind richly stored, he is still incessantly active and industrious in the discharge of his duties as a Senator, both in the committees of which he is a member and on the floor of the Senate. He usually takes a leading part in debates only upon those measures which have been under the supervision of his committees, but his voice is frequently heard in all general discussions in which the Senate may engage. His occasional orations on great public questions, such as the Philippines issue and the Panama canal treaty, have been productions of the highest order, sustaining Mr. Hoar's high reputation for eloquence and learning. In the consideration of constitutional subjects and of general questions of law, Mr. Hoar always takes a conspicuous part; his

SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR.

place as chairman of the Judiciary Committee giving him additional importance.

Senator Hoar was born in Concord, Mass., August 29, 1826, and was educated at Concord Academy and at Harvard, where he was graduated in 1846. He served in the Massachusetts House of Representatives and Senate before being elected to the Federal Congress in 1869. The long public career of Senator Hoar has been associated with many momentous events in the nation's history. He was a member of the committee to investigate the Union Pacific Railroad management and the famous Credit Mobilier. He was also a member of the committee to investigate the conduct of Speaker Blaine in connection with the so-called Mulligan letters. As one of the managers on the part of the House in the impeachment of Secretary Belknap, Mr. Hoar made an argument that attracted the attention of the country. He was one of the electoral commission which was appointed to determine the Hayes-Tilden Presidential contest in 1876.

Mr. Hoar has been a leading figure in many important Republican National Conventions. The position of minister to England was offered to him by President Hayes, and also by President McKinley. President Hayes likewise offered him the place of Attorney General in his cabinet. All these Mr. Hoar declined.

Of the present members of the Senate only two were in that body when Mr. Hoar entered in 1877—Allison of Iowa, and Cockrell of Missouri. Senator Morgan of Alabama became a member at the same time Mr. Hoar entered the Senate. Neither Mr. Morgan nor Mr. Cockrell, the latter of whom came to the Senate in 1875, had previously been a member of the House. Mr. Allison had served in the House eight years before he became Senator, in 1873, but he was out of public life two years (from 1871 until he went to the Senate), so that, while his actual service in both branches of Congress has been longer by four years than that of Mr. Hoar, it has not been continuous.

No other man in the history of Massachusetts has for so many years represented that State in the United States Senate as Mr. Hoar. He has served as Senator for twenty-seven years, four years longer than Charles Sumner, who at the time of his death, in 1874, had been a Senator twenty-three years.

Disraeli on Lawyers.

In discussing lawyers one day Disraeli wittily remarked: "Everybody knows the stages of a lawyer's career: he tries in turn to get on, to get honors, to get honest."

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 all money obtained from their sale will be kept separate from the general funds of the Board of Trade, and be used exclusively for advertising the Town in other ways.

The Republican.
[Entered as second class matter.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1904

A Solicitor Wanted.

Were the writer a member of Town Council this year, there would be one vote against abolishing the office of Town Solicitor,— the action of the Town Meeting to the contrary notwithstanding.

We believe that our Councilmen are better qualified to judge in this matter than were the majority of those who passed the resolution referred to, on March 9th

We do not question the statement that $100 per year is a larger amount than was paid out for legal advice for many years in the past; but we know that certain acts of the Councils in those economical years would have caused less trouble, and excited less ridicule, had legal assistance been secured, and good advice been followed.

It is not so much what a matter costs, as whether it is a necessity. We remember when attempts were made to enforce certain ordinances, and failed, because of their illegality or defective form. We remember when an attorney was paid five dollars for advising Council (after the offender had been arrested) "You can't enforce that,—it's not correct."

No corporation of any size attempts to conduct its governmental affairs without a legal adviser; and if Hammonton can secure satisfactory service for the small salary paid during the past three years, we should, had we the right, vote to elect a Solicitor,— not necessarily the late incumbent [who has served us well, without making one error], but some man to whom the numerous questions of law could be referred.

About that Lawsuit.

People are asking what about that suit that is billed for trial next week.

Three years ago, Matthew Jefferson, of Camden, was elected Town Solicitor. Council discovered, later, that they had no authority to make such election; and remedied the difficulty by passing an ordinance creating the office, providing therein that the attorney elected must qualify within ten days. Mr J. did not so qualify; then Council declared the seat vacant, and elected Mr. Chandler.

Mr. Jefferson began suit for a year's salary,—$100. This has been hanging fire ever since, and time was set at least twice before for trial, but went over. Our late Solicitor has been ready and anxious to have the matter ended—stating that the plaintiff "had no case."

We now have no Solicitor, and will pay an attorney fifty dollars to try this one case. Is that economy?

Council's Committees.

The following committees were announced by President Bernshouse on Tuesday evening:

Highway, Manly Austin, Laton M. Parkhurst, H. Kirk Spear.

Finance and Printing, Wayland DePuy, Manly Austin, H. Kirk Spear.

License, Wayland DePuy and members of Council.

Fire, Water and Light, Edw. W. Batchelor, L. M. Parkhurst, Wayland DePuy.

Law and Order, L. M. Parkhurst, Edw. W. Batchelor, Manly Austin.

Property, H. Kirk Spear, Wayland DePuy.

Oakdale Cemetery.

At their adjourned annual meeting the Oakdale Cemetery Association elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

President L. H. Parkhurst.
Secretary, G. W. Elvins.
Treas., H. M. Phillips.
Supt., Edw. Cathcart.
Sexton, Richard Clark.
Board, H. M. Phillips, John Fitting, Edw Cathcart, John Moasley, L. H. Parkhurst, G. W. Elvins.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1904

Mail Time.

Mails will close at the Hammonton Post Office as follows:

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

☞ Easter, to-morrow.

☞ "Mat." Hall was in town last Sunday.

☞ Miss Bertha McAuley is visiting her parents.

☞ All fool's day, yesterday. Were you a victim?

SWEET Potatoes, for seed, for sale. P. H. BROWN.

☞ Miss Nellie Herbert is at home for a short time.

☞ Mrs. Emma D. Beckworth was in town this week.

☞ Miss Phebe Newcomb is home from New York.

HOUSE for rent. Inquire at 215 Washington St.

☞ Young folks are enjoying their search for arbutus.

☞ Mrs. Minnie Maloney was among Hammonton visitors.

☞ Miss Rena Loveland visited friends in Bridgeton.

ICE CREAM to-day, at the Candy Kitchen.

☞ Automobiles, en route, are becoming quite common.

☞ Chas. Wyatt spent a day or two with Hammonton relatives.

☞ The Baptist Sunday School have a fine new library of sixty books.

CLEAN TOWEL for every man. Every razor disinfected, at Heisler's Barber Shop.

☞ J. R. Fell Loveland is spending some time at Newport News, Va.

☞ Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith will spend an Easter holiday in Atlantic City.

☞ Maple trees are putting forth their pretty fringe, and lilac buds are visible.

SEED Sweet Potatoes for sale. MATTEO DALSABBIA, First Road.

☞ Independent Fire Company's monthly meeting on Wednesday evening next.

☞ G. F. Lenz has a new barber in his shop,— said to be a very superior workman.

☞ M. Rubbia has returned from his visit to Italy,—satisfied to call America his home.

DUCK EGGS. Thorough-bred white Pecan Duck Eggs for sale.
Mrs. D. D. DAVIDSON, Richards house, Railroad Avenue.

☞ Miss May Currie is an apprentice in the post-office,— preparing to fill a probable vacancy next fall.

☞ Prof. Max Yon will furnish the music for the entertainment to be given at Elm some time this month.

☞ John Ingram, Esq., with wife and son, and M. V. Shoemaker, D.D.S., all of Atlantic City, were guests at the Winslow Inn.

SEXTON. Henry Schaumberg is now sexton of Greenmount Cemetery, and the only person who is authorized to fix up or care for lots therein.
H. B. ANDREWS, Supt.

☞ Board of Education meeting on Tuesday evening, April 5th. Selection of teachers for next year will be the special business.

☞ Two weddings are scheduled for next week, in Hammonton. Three of the contracting parties are among our best known people.

☞ The Town and County scrapers improved some of the streets during the week, but Thursday's all day rain did much to spoil them.

EASTER NOVELTIES. The Candy Kitchen is the place to get them. A specially nice lot of Easter Baskets and Eggs. Our Chocolate Cream Eggs are all made by hand, with a fine cocoanut cream center. Prices from 1 cent to 25 cents each.

☞ Hammonton Loan and Building Association has purchased a minimoth safe for the Treasurer's use, and located it in Stockwell's store.

☞ Capt. John Taylor and wife have returned from New York, and will probably spend the summer with their daughter, Mrs D. O. Moore.

☞ Henry Schaumberg is now sexton of Greenmount Cemetery. The former sexton, Oscar Thompson, resigned, and is now fireman at Pleasant Mills.

FOR SALE, at a bargain,—a Victor Range, also an Oil stove, both in good condition. Particulars at this office.

Town Council Meeting.

The first meeting of the new Council was held on Monday evening, March 28th, as required by the Charter.

Called to order by Town Clerk J. L. O'Donnell at 8.10. All members were present,— Messrs. Manly Austin, E. W. Batchelor, Wm. H. Bernshouse, Wayland DePuy, L. M. Parkhurst, and Kirk Spear.

Messrs. Bernshouse, Batchelor, and DePuy were nominated for chairman; Mr. Bernshouse elected, and made a short speech on taking the seat.

Highway Committee made written report, including correspondence with Mr. Burgan in regard to that much talked-of ditch, near his property. Later, after much discussion, Council agreed to visit the seat of war.

License Committee reported favorably, and Council granted renewal of license to James W. Edwards, by a unanimous vote.

Bills ordered paid:

Town Purposes.....

A B Davis, Collector, 2 m. salary	$125 00
Geo Bernshouse, Overseer Poor	21 00
M K Boyer, balance salary	6 00
A E Holman, salary	36 00
Wayland DePuy, salary	36 00
Manly Austin, salary	36 00
E W Batchelor, salary	36 00
D M Ballard, salary	36 00
Election Boards	63 00
J W Ayres, 2 mos salary	48 00
A H Miller, janitor	8 50
J L O'Donnell, salary, etc	49 54
" " election expenses	9 11
Water rent	1 25
Hoyt & Son, printing	62 41
T B Delker, advertising	2 00
E P Jones, rent Union Hall	10 00
E H Chandler, salary	30 00
	$555 31

Poor Account.....

S Stockwell, goods	$6 00
W L Black, goods	8 00
Mrs McClelland, board	24 00
	$38 00

Highways.....

Edw Johnson	$1 65
C C Combs	17 50
R Noto	2 25
M Bruno	75
W J Dilworth	12 24
	$34 39

General Surplus.....

W P Keyser, dog catcher	$2 00

Board of Health.....

Expenses in contagious cases	$51 77
Dr Bitler, reporting contagious cases	7 00
Dr Cunningham " " "	7 75
" " salary as Inspector	50 00
J L O'Donnell, recording con. cases	7 50
	$124 54

Recapitulation.....

Town Purposes	$555 31
Poor	38 00
Highways	34 39
General Surplus	2 50
Board of Health	124 54
	$755 95

Mrs. A. E. Snow complained that town ditch caused water to flow into her cellar. Referred to Committee of the Whole.

Ben. Foglietto applied for renewal of license. Referred.

Ordinance passed first reading, giving permission to W. U. Telegraph Co to place poles and wires on West End Avenue (adjoining Reading R. R.)

Bonds of Constables Bernshouse and Hoyle accepted.

An ordinance introduced to repeal the ordinance creating the office of Solicitor. Considerable was said on the subject, and opinion was divided, but the ordinance passed first reading, four to two.

Solicitor stated that the Matthew Jefferson suit against the Town is to be tried on Tuesday, April 5th. Law and Order Committee instructed to retain Mr. Chandler to defend this suit, provided his fee is satisfactory.

Voted, that hereafter the dog catcher must exhibit to Town Clerk the fore feet of each dog killed or buried by him.

For night watchman, the following were nominated: J. P. Callahan, B. Warrington, Otis C. Small, Howard Seey, Fred Werner, John W. Myers. Chairman stated that of thirty-two business men interviewed, twenty-six expressed a preference for Myers. On ballot, Myers received five votes, and Seey one vote.

Clerk reported that Dr. Cunningham's term as member of the Board of Health has expired; that the Board recommended his re-election. He was unanimously elected for four years.

Council's rules of procedure, as in force last year, were adopted.

Drainage system referred to Committee of the Whole.

Gutter paving question referred to same committee.

Water bond business took the same course.

Chairman and Clerk authorized to exchange land for gravel pit as soon as John Jacobb's deed is shown to be satisfactory.

Jos. Seckel complained of water on his premises, near Rosedale. A drain under the railroad is evidently needed. Referred.

Adjourned, to meet as Committee of the Whole on Tuesday evening.

☞ Lawns are looking green.

☞ E. C. Lobdell has returned from Atlantic City.

☞ Mrs. J. C. Saunders is recovering from la grippe.

☞ Robert Steel has recovered, and is attending to business.

TO RENT. Four room house on Hammonton Lake, 15 a pine grove. Address P.O. box 106, Hammonton, N.J.

☞ There will be a special meeting of Town Council this evening.

☞ Wm. H. Bernshouse is building a large barn on his home place.

☞ Yes, more mud; but it may dry up in time for a grand Fourth of July parade.

FOR SALE,—the old Dr. North homestead on Central Ave. Inquire of
Mrs. C. F. OSGOOD.

☞ A Philadelphian by the name of Gordon has rented the J. T. French property.

☞ We are told that John E. Wood and family will soon return to Hammonton.

☞ The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. F. H. Jacobs on Tuesday, April 6th, at 3 o'clock.

LOT FOR SALE. A business lot on Twelfth Street between railroads—100 feet front, 165 feet deep—one of the best locations in the market. F. A. LEHMAN.

☞ A real estate agent says that he knows of but one desirable house for rent in Hammonton.

☞ An entertainment will be given at Elwood next Friday evening, for the benefit of the J. O. M. See posters.

☞ Our housewives are weary of answering to knocks at the door,—so numerous are peddlers and canvassers.

PLANTS. Early Harvest and Wilson Blackberry plants, and Gandy Belle Strawberry Plants, for sale. Inquire of
J. E. HOLMAN,
Middle Road, Hammonton.

☞ In reply to many inquiries, we would say that no Government seeds have yet been received for distribution.

☞ A son of Mr. B. H. White received a bullet through his left hand, Wednesday, while examining a loaded fire-arm.

☞ All members of Doric Lodge, Shield of Honor, are requested to turn out next Thursday evening. Business of importance.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS. I have fine pure stock Gandy Prize Plants at $2 per thousand at the farm. If packed and brought to station, $2.50 per thousand. Leave orders at my office. A. J. KING.

☞ Mr. and Mrs. Labadie, in "An Original Idea" (Shakesperian impersonations), in Union Hall, Wednesday evening next, April 6th.

☞ G. A. R. Post meeting this evening, at 7 o'clock. Every comrade is urged to attend, as something interesting is on the programme.

☞ Circulars have been distributed, announcing an auction sale of Mr. Feinberg's household goods, Tuesday next. Jesse Tocat is auctioneer.

ANNOUNCEMENT. After the 15th inst. I will have on hand a selected line of the latest styles of Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats. Hats made and trimmed to order.
Miss KATIE U. DAVIS,
808 East Second St.

☞ Loan Association meetings next week,— Workingmen's on Monday evening; the Hammonton on Thursday evening; both in Firemen's Hall.

☞ The last of the lecture course entertainments, next Wednesday evening, 6th inst. The Labadies in "An Original Idea." Tickets, 50 cents

Public Meeting!

Notice is hereby given to the citizens of Hammonton, that a Public Meeting will be held in the Town Hall on

Saturday Eve, April 16,

at 8.30, to give a public hearing on an ordinance introduced at the last meeting of Town Council, granting to the Western Union Telegraph Company, Inc., permission to erect poles, wires, and cables over certain streets in the Town of Hammonton.

By order of Town Council,
J. L. O'DONNELL, Town Clerk.
Hammonton, N. J.,
March 31st, 1904.

CONTENTMENT IS WEALTH.

How little we know by the surface
What the deep undercurrent may bear:
There's many a light-hearted pauper
And many a sad millionaire.

It isn't what shows on the surface
That counts in the ev-ry-day strife.
That man is well off who's contented
With his draw in the lott'ry of life.

—Four-Track News.

A VINEYARD VENDETTA

INDIAN summer was on, calm, purple-tinted and radiant with the colors of early autumn. The grounds about Clover Creek Academy vied with the surrounding hills in their lavish display of red and gold, and the long sweep of tree-plumed ground that sloped off to the stream back of the barracks building seemed to be one mass of scarlet, intermingled with the darker hues of the never-dying spruce.

The cadets had been in harness long enough to know what military restraint was, for already they chafed under the restrictions of semi-official duty and began to look with awe upon the relentless rigor of Major Kendricks, the commandant.

There had been one or two small football games, a series of elaborate dress parades and one expulsion. This summed up the excitement of the early session, and as they pored over their books in the stuffy classrooms nothing seemed more tantalizing than these purple stretches of country on which the most fantastic and fickle sunshine fell.

"I have an idea, Barry," declared Wallace Wedrell, as the two cadets lolled upon the green after school hours. "It would mean some risk, but there would be all kinds of fun in it." Barry, who, like many of the others, highly respected Wedrell, not alone for his manliness, but for a certain spirit of healthy adventure which dominated his character, wanted to know all about it without further delay.

"I know of a little farm about a mile from here where grapes grow as if they had been taught the business," Wedrell continued. "It isn't a case of theft at all. You see, the farm has been abandoned for several years, and while the vineyard has not been cared for the grapes are as fine as any California product."

"How do you know about it?" inquired Barry curiously.

"Want over there last year at about this time. Was driving to Auburn to meet my father and passed the place. I asked about it yesterday down at Flemming's store, and Flemming said the place is still untenanted."

"Well, out with your scheme."

"I suggest that we use the ropes tonight and go across to the place for a basketful of grapes; it would be a jolly lark and this weather simply gets into my bones; I want to be under that faultless sky for a while."

"Poetical, eh!" warbled Barry; then with a slap on his friend's shoulder, "I'm with you; give me some details."

"You know about all there is to it; we must start from the barracks at 11 or 11:30 and be quiet from the word go; if old Ken learns about the affair it will result disastrously."

"No fireworks," hinted Barry, with a smile.

Indications, however, promised anything but a quiet night, for Wedrell and Barry had scarcely entered the barracks building when a small boy slipped noiselessly down the big tree under which the two lads had been lying. Few there were who knew that "Noddy" Slote had a peculiar habit of studying high in the branches of this particular oak. It was cool up there amid the branches and "Noddy" never found a disturbing influence.

"Whew!" he whistled, closing his Latin book with a pop; "I must tell Fletcher about this; more than two can eat grapes, and Fletch can get even with that Wedrell chap for his particular brand of audacity."

An undercurrent of petty animosity existed between Fletcher and Wedrell, which, if not encouraged by Wallace himself, was nursed into a vivid spark of hatred by Fletcher, with whom no one could get along.

Taps had ben sounded a full hour when two dark figures, outlined for a moment against the white walls of the barracks, fell upon the grass beneath a certain third-story window. They shot off down the slope under a maze of somber green trees and almost simultaneously from another barracks window five other figures dropped into the night with equal precaution.

The first two lost no time in clearing the wall that surrounded the academy grounds and headed straight for the undulating stretch of half-open country that lay bathed in the soft moonlight.

"Made it without a tangle," whispered Barry, cocking on one elbow the basket that he carried with jubilant satisfaction; "now for the grapes."

Wedrell sniffed the night air with suppressed content.

"Isn't that breath of the fields enough to pay us for our little venture?" he inquired spiritedly. His companion nodded enthusiastic assent.

The walk consumed a scant half-hour; then they came upon a rambling old house, picturesque in its desolation. On every hand were signs of neglect in the over-grown garden, trees trailed their branches on the ground, weeds reared green barriers beneath them and where once a brick path had led down to the road rank vegetation hid it from view.

Wedrell led the way to the vineyard. There were six long arbors loaded with trailing vines and luscious blue-black grapes. Beneath these arbors, where a wilderness of foliage hemmed them in, it was blacker than the night itself.

Barry was giving vent to his satisfaction with a handful of choice Catawbas when it seemed that the arbor became suddenly alive. No sound, no cry; but figures, lurking farther back in the gloom, now closed in on the two cadets. A furious struggle followed. Wedrell and Barry struck out left and right in the darkness, but five against two proved irresistible odds.

During that wild scrimmage Wedrell had been trying to figure out the affair; this attack had been so sudden and so unexpected that for the moment he was nonplussed. The methods employed by these assailants were not these generally popular with tramps, and yet Wedrell could think of no one else who might attempt this miserable piece of cowardice.

One thing struck him as particularly suspicious—no word had been spoken so far. The party preserved a perfect silence, even when both he and his companion were led, bound and wriggling, down past the end of the vineyard to the deserted house.

Barry was indulging in a choice selection of expletives and Wedrell could hear him roundly scoring his captors, but an outcry in this spot could not avail to any visible extent.

Evidently the gang had some well-defined object in view, for it headed in the direction of the broken doorway. During all this time Wedrell had attempted to see enough of those about him to distinguish their clothing or features, but the darkness thwarted him. Even when they were led down to the last room—the kitchen—at the back of the old house, and a candle lighted, the captors were clever enough to tie heavy cloths over the eyes of the two boys, thus cutting off any loophole of escape or discovery.

Wedrell saw the dull glow of the candle somewhere in the room; he heard shuffling feet within reach of his twitching legs as some one tried maliciously to pinch him.

"Ouch!" bawled an agonized voice. Wedrell had kicked out with one well-shod foot and caught the sneak squarely in the stomach, doubling him up like a jack-knife. At the same moment Wedrell exerted every whit of strength in his back and shoulders; the poorly tied cords snapped and in another minute he was free, the bandage whipped from his burning eyes.

"Fletcher! Nokes! Daulton! Vloss! Noddy!" he shouted, the last-named, his spectacles awry on his nose, lay wriggling and moaning on the floor from the kick so lately administered. Barry, still bound and blindfolded, stood against the wall directly opposite.

It did not take Wedrell the flash of an eye to determine his course. While the other boys were smarting under their surprise, Wedrell's knife, sawing upon the cord that held Barry a prisoner, freed him before they recovered.

"Now, then, a little of their own medicine, Barry!" he roared, darting out into the middle of the floor. His sweeping glance of the kitchen took in every detail, the tallow dip burning on a window ledge, the one broken chair, the long door that led down to a cellar, wide open at the other end of the apartment.

Barry was not a sleepyhead; cadets who knew anything about him at all knew that he could throw the hammer farther than any boy in the college, except, perhaps, Wedrell himself, and it was no child's play to face those battering ram arms.

Poor Noddy had not managed to clear the floor; there were four against two.

"Fletcher," muttered Wedrell in that intensely exciting moment before the two clashed; "I'm about to give you a good thrashing if it's in me; I think you deserve it."

That worthy may or may not have deserved it, but the thrashing did come, and the big bully went in a heap to the floor, with one bruised eye that would certainly be decorated with black on the following day. Wedrell's first hard blow from the shoulder had caught him in the right place.

Barry in the meanwhile had done just what Wedrell could have wished—attacked one of the other boys, but another came at him pellmell. In the mad melee, which took all three to the end of the room before they knew it, Barry pushed both forward and downward. His adversaries lost their balance and were tumbled feet first down the open cellar doorway.

"Good!" shouted Wedrell. "Now for this one, Barry!"

During his breathing spell Barry witnessed a laughable sight.

Wedrell's iron hand, gripped in the collar of the sole remaining fighting representative of that midnight vendetta, fairly lifted him from his feet and sent him spinning like a rag doll down after his unfortunate brothers in the cellar. Fletcher had staggered to his feet, but Wedrell made short work of him, and he, too, was most impolitely precipitated down the slippery stairs.

"No time to waste with you, Noddy," the boy chuckled, gasping for breath; "we must get back to the academy tonight!" With that he slid luckless, groaning Noddy down with his comrades.

"The door, quick!" he called to Barry.

There was an iron chain and catch upon it and the door was unusually strong, being a portion of the oak door. Snap! went the catch in its place just as a thunderous pounding of irate fists threatened to push it upward.

"Too late!" called Wedrell. "A pleasant night, fellows. Now, Barry," he went on hurriedly, "we must get back to the barracks as quickly as we can or reveille will catch us out. A narrow escape that; someone must have spied on us, and Fletcher (the scamp) thought he would do a bright thing; the idea was to lock us in the old house and to leave us there. Old Ken would have raised particular Cain in the morning and Fletcher's joy would have been complete. As it is now, the tables have been turned. I'll leave word with Flemming at the store to have them released some time during the day, and they can't bring us into it without getting themselves still deeper in the mire. Oh, just imagine a night in that lonely cellar!"

"It makes me shiver to think of it," replied Barry, with a grimace.

No protests, no threats, no pleadings would avail; Wedrell solemnly took the candle and, with Barry close at his heels, marched out, to leave the kitchen a blank, black hole at the end of the hall.

It was beginning to redden in the east as they walked through the tall weeds toward the road. Suddenly Barry stopped short.

"Look here, Wedrell," he ejaculated, "we've forgotten one thing!" Wedrell shook his head in perplexity.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The grapes!" was Barry's explosive response. "Wait a minute. I'm going to get a bunch for both of us."—Boston Herald.

Cheerful Heroism.

"There are quiet victories and struggles," says Dickens, "great sacrifices of self, and noble acts of heroism done every day in nooks and corners, and in little households, and in men's and women's hearts." The head of a children's home and aid society tells, through the Chicago Tribune, a touching story of simple heroism.

The story deals with the high and unselfish courage of a poor German mother. She came into my office with such an air that if we had not received advance notice concerning her case we must have been seriously misled by her cheerful manner.

"I gif you my children," she informed me, lightly, as one who had few cares and no positive troubles. "I haf six dot I cannot keep, but one I will not gif you. He is sixteen, and crippled. He is no goot to anyone but me. Him I keep."

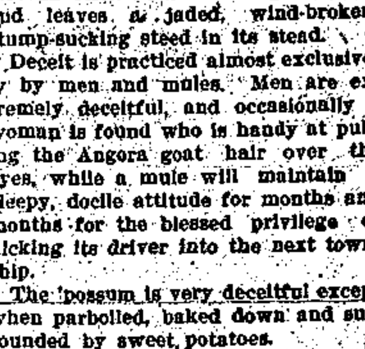
Here is the story back of the light-hearted manner: The woman was left a widow and penniless, with the seven children she loved so dearly. Try as she might, she found herself utterly unable to support them, let alone any thought of educating them. The lame boy, who was "no goot to anyone but her," she would not part with.

To avoid burdening others with his support or allowing the poor cripple to feel himself dependent on strangers, she allowed us to provide for the others; yet she did her best to hide from our knowledge the sorrow of parting with them. I call that the purest kind of heroism.

The source of agreeableness or disagreeableness is in the thought life we lead. It is in thought that the social climate is made. Think pleasantly and you will act pleasantly.

The Japanese navy is now seventh among the navies of the world.

THE DEADLY TORPEDO'S METAL BRAIN



It has been stated that much of the Japanese success in naval fights around Port Arthur was due to the gyroscope. This is a delicate apparatus for keeping a torpedo straight in its course, even through a distance of 2,000 yards. It is a small, weighted, wheel-like object, carefully suspended on gymbols in the buoyancy chamber of the torpedo. Attached to its axis is a steel spring connected with the tooth gearing. A rod to the air lever actuates it. When the lever is thrown back the spring is released, and the gyroscope spins around at the rate of 2,200 revolutions a minute. In his book on "Torpedoes and Torpedo Vessels," Lieut. Armstrong, of the British navy, says:

"The gyroscope works a servo-motor, actuating a pair of movable vertical rudders placed in recesses in the vertical fins. These rudders, be it remembered, are therefore supplementary to the small adjusted vertical rudders ordinarily fitted, but which may be discarded if a gyroscope is being used. If, now, the torpedo from any cause, external or internal, be deflected out of the line of fire, the gyroscope, by maintaining its axial position in the line of fire, acts on the servo-motor, and by means of the vertical rudders steers the torpedo back again to its original position."

Thus the torpedo is endowed with a brain, so to speak, that directs its course through the waves on its mission of death.

A Girl's Heroism

A girl stood one day in the waiting room of an office in London. She had come in answer to an advertisement, to apply for a secretary's post, and was awaiting her inspection. She needed the position, says the teller of the story in V. C., and she waited anxiously.

Presently she was called into the office and the interview was satisfactory, but she was asked to wait as there was another applicant for the post to be interviewed. She went into an adjoining room, and through the open door she saw a small, pale woman, nervously answering the questions put to her, and could hear the pitiful story of her husband's death, the small children dependent upon her, and her need of work.

The woman was told, however, that her services could not be accepted, as another person had already applied, and had just received a promise of the position.

The girl listening in the next room had hardly understood what was going on, but at this point her heart bounded with joy as she realized that she was the accepted person. The next moment she saw despair written on the face of the widow, and perceived suddenly what this failure meant to her.

"I can't do it; I can't take it from her," she murmured, and without stopping a moment to consider she walked quickly back to the other room, and said quietly to the employer. "I wish to tell you that, on consideration, I find the position you offer would not suit me. Good morning," and she left the office without another word.

CHARMS OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

Possess Beyond All Others the Gift of Expression.

The American woman is delightfully pretty, often extremely lovely, but rarely classically beautiful. Beyond all women, perhaps, does she possess the gifts of expression and genius for pose. With her the sense of knowing what is proper to do under certain conditions seldom fails. She knows her strong points physically and how to throw them into most striking relief. An American woman's taste in dress is as perfect as anything can be in this imperfect world. Of her genius for adapating herself to her environment there can be no question. Such a mere accident of birth as the one which gives her a pork butcher or a patent pillmaker for her father is no drawback to her ultimate career.

One secret of the American woman's charm is her individuality. She is always original and gay and merry, generally amiable, and more often than not good tempered. All American women are born talkers, and they possess the faculty of interesting their listeners in subjects no more occult than a visit to the milliner's or "momma's" love of "tomaytoes." To her husband she may be capricious, inconsiderate, selfish, exacting, but in her relation to her children all the nobler qualities of her character come out. In them she forgets egotism and is ready for self-sacrifice. As years lay hold upon her she becomes more and more disciplined by her children and more and more unquestioningly obedient. In this phase the American is at once a pathetic and curious spectacle. —London World.

MISSOURI EDITOR ON DECEIT.

Says It Is Practiced Almost Exclusively by Men and Mules.

Deceit often undermines the fabric of the home, and it also sometimes disconnects a man from a good horse and leaves a jaded, wind-broken, stump-sucking steed in its stead.

Deceit is practiced almost exclusively by men and mules. Men are extremely deceitful, and occasionally a woman is found who is handy at pulling the Angora goat hair over the eyes, while a mule will maintain a sleepy, docile attitude for months and months for the blessed privilege of kicking its driver into the next township.

The 'possum is very deceitful except when parboiled, baked down and surrounded by sweet potatoes.

People say that a girl says no when she means yes, but married men have not found it that way.

Some men are so deceitful that they lie to their wives, lie to their offspring, lie to the editor, lie to the preacher, and even lie to the candidate after they have the hog-faced dollar in the apertures of their trousers.

There are men in Missouri who are so deceitful that they try to deceive themselves. They reason that a dull headache and the dark-brown taste is simply a pleasant specimen of innocent enjoyment. Such men, if they are ever fortunate enough to get in hailing distance of the pearly gates, will try to palm themselves off as class leaders.

If there is anything that brings more woe and misery into the world than deception, Noah Webster has overlooked it in his unabridged. Yet we go right along deceiving our wives, our neighbors and their wives, ourselves and our posterity, and if it was possible we would palm off a deception on the God Who made us and will save us, if we can drop our infernal deception.

Deception is the rat trap that catches the entire human family and then turns right around and puts a nice piece of fresh cheese on the trigger in an effort to catch the man who made the trap.

Beware of the base deceiver and be careful that you don't stumble and fall over yourself.—Nevada (Mo.) Post.

FANCY TASKS IN SCHOOLS

Much of the Pupils' Time Is Occupied in Learning Useless Things.

The fathers and mothers of New York are beginning to waken to the fact that there is altogether too much fancy teaching in the public schools and not enough of the solid essentials; that the children are drilled in the fancy branches and do not know how to read and spell. That a common school education has become something uncommon, indeed.

A committee acting in behalf of Comptroller Grout has been looking into the matter. Their report is full of meat. "Teachers and pupils," they say, "are called upon to do not too much, perhaps, but too many things to permit their doing anything well or thoroughly."

"It will hardly be contended," again they say, "that pupils graduated from the elementary public school of this or any other city are as well grounded and as proficient in the common school branches of study as could be desired, or as the time and money ostensibly appropriated to that end would seem to warrant."

Some other comments made by the committee are as follows: "A common school education—to provide which is universally acknowledged to be the primary object of the public or common school system."

"A close examination of the courses will lead to the conclusion that the ordinary child between the age of 3 and 14 years cannot begin to digest the profuse abundance of ostensibly mental pabulum so rigidly prescribed for him."

And here, say the fathers and mothers, is the meat of the whole matter:

"The conclusion seems to be inevitable that a sound economy in public school administration demands the doing away in elementary schools with so much at least of instruction in special branches as may be required in order to afford pupils and teachers time and opportunity for efficient prosecution of the ordinary school course of study."

Children who attended the common schools in the early days were taught to read and spell, the elements of mathematics, the geography of the earth on which they dwell, the elements of grammar, how to write.

Those are old-fashioned things, in the opinion of the professional educators of New York. The children must draw, even if they do not know how to spell; they are taught construction work, sewing and cooking, when no man can swear that they know how to read; are drilled in music, physical training and hygiene, even if impressed with the belief that seven times eight make forty-two; are drilled in "natural studies," while perhaps believing that Brooklyn is the capital of New York State.

These are the things, say the parent, that are a cause of weariness and vexation of spirit. Too many frills. Too much gingerbread. Not enough solidity. Children who are sent into the world with a smattering of many things and not much solidity of anything.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE BY THE REV. A. B. KINSOLVING, D. D.

Subject: Presumptuous Sins—The Commonest Sin Among Men is Sacrificing the Interests of the Spiritual and Eternal to the Carnal and Temporal.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Dr. Arthur B. Kinsolving, rector of Christ Church, preached an excellent sermon Sunday morning, on "Presumptuous Sins." The two texts were from Matthew iv: 5 and 6: "Then the devil taketh him into the holy city and he set Him on the pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto Him, If Thou art the Son of God cast Thyself down, for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee; and on their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest haply Thou dash Thy foot against a stone. Jesus said unto him, "Again it is written, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God;" and Psalms xix: 13: "Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be upright and innocent from the great transgression." Dr. Kinsolving said:

In pursuing our purpose of trying to interpret the unfolding life of the Lord Jesus and to read its lessons for ourselves, we preached last Sunday the tempted Jesus. We found in the narrative of the temptation a record of just a mental and spiritual struggle as we should have expected Him to go through at this stage of His career. It is impossible to suppose that He could have decided instantaneously and without long meditation and conflict upon the plan of His life as the "sent of God." Clearly He had a plan and adhered to it throughout life.

We remarked upon the deep interest that each one of us has in the moral struggle and victory of Jesus, and how just in proportion as we are led by the Holy Spirit to lofty and noble ideals of life, we are conscious of these subtle earthly lures which would deflect us from our truest paths.

We spoke of the fatalistic non-resistance to temptation so much in vogue nowadays as something not worth while, because in a world where the frailty of man is exposed to such overwhelming allurements of world, flesh and devil, it is certain beforehand that a vast percentage of men and women will fall. The Maker of men and not the victims of sin is the most responsible, so this school teaches, and by such doctrines the person assailed is induced to yield without a struggle. Jesus' conflict and victory teach us that this is a libel upon God. Through a putting forth of such strength as we have, through a prayerful desire to be and do what is right, our vision is cleared and our wills grow strong, and while God can never entirely shelter us from temptation He can and does defend us in temptation, and with every solicitation to wrongdoing show us the way of escape.

Then we tried to learn the lesson of Christ's first temptation. The question which first confronted Him as our representative was the old and ever-pressing question of daily bread. The tempter proceeds upon the assumption that all man needs for his sustenance is food for the physical life. You have a right to this, he says, on any terms, and there is nothing else to be considered by comparison with this. So make provision for yourself and the body's bread first. "You are to feed the hungry; feed first yourself." "If Thou art the son of God, command that these stones be made loaves—and then You may live to execute Your Father's business."

The answer of Jesus came from a Man gaunt and weary by long fasting and days of conflict. "The physical life is not man's only life, and I will not act as if it were," He says, "by exempting Myself from privations which I have come to share with My brethren. If I am hungry, that lies within the will of God for Me, and I choose hunger in that will, rather than satisfaction outside of and against that will. I will not hurt or kill My moral or spiritual life as the filial, dependent and obedient Child of God by providing on guilty terms for the feeding of My bodily life. For if, through privation, the bodily wrapping of life should perish there would still be left My essential manhood and My eternal relationship with the Father. Therefore I choose the obedient and dependent life, and will trust the care and wisdom of My Father unto the end."

Jesus there enunciated a philosophy of life which is as sane as it is lofty and spiritual. Perhaps the commonest sin among men is sacrificing the interests of the spiritual and eternal to the carnal and temporal. All about us they are prone to live as if man did live by bread alone, and where this is true they will have bread on any terms, and getting it becomes the consuming passion of life. By choosing, instead, the hunger that resulted from dwelling in the will of God, rather than the passing gratification gotten at the price of disobedience, our Master won for us the great initial victory over temptation, and by His spirit and example has been leading millions to victory along the same path ever since.

In the second temptation—I take the order given in St. Matthew as the natural order—the point of attack has changed. The tempter had sought to overthrow the obedience of Christ by an assault upon His physical appetites and faith in His Father's care. He had overcome the temptation through the strength of His trust in God. So now the attack is made upon Him through that very trust. An unswerving loyalty and confidence in the will of God has been discovered. That loving trust it was which made Him choose to suffer the pangs of hunger, rather than arbitrarily terminate them by a miracle wrought for Himself. Ah, then, here is His strength, so near by there must lurk His weakness! "Then," we read, "the devil taketh Him into the holy city and setteth Him upon that corner of the wing of the temple which overlooks from its dizzy height the priests' court below, where the thousands of Jewish pilgrims have gathered from all over the world. 'If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down.' That will be an ideal and perfect test of your filial relation and your Father's care for You. Descend, heaven-born, into the midst of priests and people, win instantly the acclamation and popular welcome which You will else have to conquer by long years of suffering and failure. What worship and honor and homage will be Yours! How quickly You will stand at the head of believing Israel! Surely, there is nothing to fear, for it is written, 'He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee; and on their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest, haply, Thou dash Thy foot against a stone.'"

The very choice of the location of the temptation attests the subtlety of the tempter. He is taken to the Holy City and to a pinnacle, or wing, of the temple. Think what must have been Jesus' sacred love for Jerusalem and how naturally and deeply His mind would have been influenced by the surroundings. All the passionate religious patriotism of His nature, all His deepest springs of feeling would be touched by the sacred associations of the Holy City. "Beautiful for elevation, the joy of the whole earth, the city of the great king, whither the tribes of the Lord go up year by year for worship." How precious were its sights: "As the mountains lie around about Jerusalem, so encampeth the Lord about them that love Him." "If I forget thee, O, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning." If for a devout Jew there was a spot on earth which warranted the most unconditioned trust, it was the temple of Jehovah in the first religious capital of the world. Here it was, while His soul was vibrating with a triumphant sense of trust won by overcoming the first temptation, that the insidious attack is made whose effort was to betray Him into presumption. All the wonderful past dealing of God with His covenant people would stand out in memory; all the wealth of tenderness over hopes and promises sorely and long deferred, and now on the eve of fulfillment—a tenderness which afterward came out in words wet with tears, when He cried: "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, but ye would not." It was in the heart of His own Jerusalem, and from the summit of His Father's house that He was tempted by His cunning and wily adversary to commit the plausible sin. Beside the influence of the sacred place and associations, the voice of the tempter appealed to something not less sacred—to the written word of God—as the guarantee of truth and action. The devil, too, can quote Scripture to his purpose. "If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down; for it is written, 'He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee,'" etc.

First, we must have recourse to the principles of sanity and common sense; find out if what we are tempted to do is in sincere accord with what God has taught us generally in His word and in common sense, and, then decide. For Christ to have cast Himself from the wing of the temple into the abyss that yawned below would have been to tempt God. "We do not make experiments with those whom we absolutely trust." When a man begins by a prayer test, or any like thing, to make experiments with God, he shows that he lacks the subtle, spiritual quality called faith which is the only means by which he can reach God. Therefore, it is the habit of trust to calmly abide in God—not trifle with or put Him to the test. As long as Jesus remained within the sphere of the revealed will of His Father, He could trust Him. If He should break or contravene that will, then He should no longer feel He had a right to God's care. In other words, Jesus Christ, in His second temptation, flushed with a victory which must have given an impulse to faith in the Father's power and sufficiency, declares to us that it is necessary to have a care for ourselves as well as commit ourselves into the keeping of God. Because we are God's children we may not break the laws of the world to which we belong and expect Him to miraculously interfere to prevent the consequences. Contempt for nature and practical reason is a wretched policy to begin a religious life with. We live under physical law, under moral law, under spiritual law. To fancy that because we have come to feel the power of the spiritual and even the supernatural, we are at liberty to fly in the face of known physical laws, or sane and widely received moral laws, is fatal error, and for it men are always punished in the end. God is the source of all these laws and we tempt the Lord our God when we break them. We are not to rely, either, "too exclusively or presumptuously" upon the care of God. As far as our practical reason serves us, we must also take counsel of that, recognizing that faith and self help, action and patience "meet in equilibrium" and complete each other.

If Jesus, the exceptional and pre-eminent object of divine care, had yielded to this "Cast Thyself down," He would first have broken away from us, His brethren, who live under moral and physical law, and second, He would have substituted for a life environed by nature, guarded, guided, fed by it, participant in its forces, because subject to its laws, a life divorced from nature, hostile to it, refusing to tempt God or to break away from our human lot and world, showed us the sanity and strength of a genuine trust in God. It is not nervous, fanatical or presumptuous. "It neither courts nor shuns death." It is prudent, wary, will not overstep the limits of a sober faith, and yet, when the will of God clearly demands it in the path of duty, it bravely faces death and dares all hell!

My friends, the modern sin of presumption turns up under many forms. Now it appears in the guise of religious pride, in the purblind assumption of some ecclesiastical charlatan uttering with great swelling words of vanity some oracular opinion which he claims to be of equal authority with the teachings of the Son of God. You have it in the vaticinations of the "mother" of Christian Science with the system's slavish literalism and preposterous overclaims. The contempt for the physical that the system breathes and breeds, the refusal to give medicines out of those stores which God has laid up for us in leaf and plant and flower and mineral, and which millions of educated men have given their lives to make available, the willingness to cast themselves or a child over the precipice, claiming the sanction of certain Scriptures as their warrant for escaping destruction is, in the eyes of most men and women to-day, a sin of presumption. The system is against the corporate common sense of the race, against the proportion of faith; it discards doctrines like the blessed truths of Christ's deity and atonement, which have been held by the overwhelming majority of the members of the Christian church in every age from the beginning. "It is written," they cry. Yes, Christ teaches us to answer, and "again it is written: Thou shalt not make the trial of the Lord thy God."

You have it—one hesitates to allude in a Christian pulpit to the vulgar sect—in the sacrosanct polygamy of the Mormon, of which such an informing expose has been made by a Congressional committee during the past week. Not that the Mormon is the only adulterer; would God he were, but he is the only man now before the Christian public who claims a new revelation of later and higher authority than that made through the holy and sinless Jesus, expressly sanctioning his lustful creed.

"I as the chosen of God have had a vision which uproots and supersedes the morality taught by the Lord Jesus Christ; I like Mohammed's about the family better than Christ's, therefore I hear my preference sanctioned by a voice from heaven. Henceforth my revelation shall put me above the law of the land. Outwardly I may have to comply, but I secretly will ignore it." There has not occurred in modern times a more pestiferous example of religious hypocrisy and delusion! And when we remember that repeatedly in recent years emissaries from Utah have proclaimed this accursed system here in the East, chiefly among simple minded rustics and mountaineers, we realize the sin of permitting it thus long.

This country can never endure part polygamist and part monogamist.

But, my friends, the capital sin of presumption is committed nearer at home than this. There is self satisfied credulity which makes men fancy that they can break all manner of spiritual laws, cast themselves down all sorts of religious precipices, take all kinds of risks in the affairs of the soul at Satan's dictation, and yet that somehow at the end they will come out without loss! It is not, too, the ignorant about God, but those who have had good opportunity to know Him and obey Him who fall into this sin.

When any Christian man lets himself off easily and airily from a plain duty to God, or does a sin against light, he nears the sin of presumption. When a man of the world deliberately violates the express will of God, our Saviour, year after year, relying upon some vague hope of deliverance for which we have no divine warrant, he is approaching the sin of persumption.

Brethren, our safety lies in learning the perfect humility and simplicity of Jesus Christ.

"Keep back Thy servant also, from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be upright and innocent from the great transgression."

AUTOMOBILES.

The more important automobile races scheduled for this country and abroad for 1904 are as follows:

April 15—Gordon Bennett cars examination, A. C. A.

May—Circuit des Ardennes, Belgium.

May 19-20—Non-stop run, Glasgow to London.

May 23-31—Automobile week at Aix-les-Bains, France.

May 30—Speed launch races, Manhasset Bay, Long Island.

June 10—Mont Cenis hill-climbing contest.

June 16-20—Gordon Bennett Club race week, Hamburg, Germany.

June 24-25—Challenge Cup races for speed launches, Hudson River, New York.

July 16-17—Auto boat races, Ostend, Belgium.

July 17—Auto boat run, Antwerp to Ostend, Belgium.

July 18-23—Automobile week at Ostend, Belgium.

July 23-25—Auto boat races, Lucerne, Switzerland.

July 26—St. Louis World's Fair run.

August—Harmsworth Cup for auto boats.

August 5-11—Paris-Deauville auto boat race.

August 12—Gaston-Menier Cup Race for auto boats, France.

August 13-14—Calais-Dover-Calais boat race, English Channel.

August 15—Calais-Bologne-Calais auto boat race, English Channel.

August 28—Ventoux hill climbing contest at Avignon, France.

October 5—Dourdan kilometre trials.

October 9—Gallion hill climbing contests, France.

October 14-22—Leipzig Cycle and Motor Show.

November 20—French 100-kilometre trials in Algeria.

There will be no trial races for the Italian team competing in the Coupe Internationale. In fact, the three men who will strive to take the famous cup to Sunny Italy have already been selected. They are Storero, Lancia, and Felice. The last named is chauffeur for Floria, a well-known Italian automobilist, who owns a big stable of racing cars. The Italians are quite confident that at least one of their representatives will finish in the van.

The trials for the French teams are likely to prove more interesting than any of the other trials. Ten makers have entered a total of twenty-nine cars in the French trial races. The three cars that come out ahead in this contest should stand a pretty good chance of taking the cup to France.

The Frenchmen are more than anxious to beat the Germans in the coming race and have been working for a year with that end in view.

The first annual Convention of the New York and Chicago Road Association convened at Erie recently. Asbury C. Latimer, United States Senator from South Carolina, delivered an address in advocacy of his bill, now pending in Congress, for national aid in building improved highways. He was received with an innovation.

The National Association of American Automobile Manufacturers has made public the details of the arrangement and decorations of the exhibit of American automobiles at the St. Louis Exposition. The show will occupy about forty thousand square feet of space.

Additional classes for heavy trucks for the spring service test of commercial motor vehicles have been decided upon by the Automobile Club of America. There will be a seventh class, carrying a dead load of 6,000 to 8,000 pounds, and an eighth class, carrying a dead load of more than 8,000 pounds.

An organization is being perfected by the automobile engineers of America, officers having been elected as follows: President, A. L. Riker, Bridgeport; Vice Presidents, Henry Ford, Detroit, and John Wilkinson, Syracuse; Secretary and Treasurer, E. T. Birdsall, New York. Only men engaged in automobile engineering are eligible to membership in the body, which has as an object the inter-change of ideas in automobile construction and the best development of engineering practice.

Obeying Orders.

An eight-year-old boy was playing in the yard of his home, and his mother, knowing the easily opened gate was a terrible temptation to the youngster to transfer his activity to the street, thought it well to warn him.

"Bobby," she ordered, "you must not go out through that gate to the street."

Receiving the little fellow's word that her command would be obeyed, she left him to his games. Not long afterward the mother looked from an upper window and saw the family's pride playing in the forbidden street.

"Didn't I tell you not to go out of the gate?" she called to the youngster.

"Well, I didn't, ma," retorted the heir, conscious of his innocence, "'Deed I didn't. I clum over the fence."

Sunday School Lesson.

April 3.

JESUS VISITS TYRE AND SIDON.

Mark 7: 24-37. (Read the chapter.)
Memory verses: 27-29.

Golden Text: Without faith it is impossible to please him.—Heb. 11: 6.

DIFFICULT POINTS EXPLAINED.

HOW TO LOCATE THIS LESSON.

This is the first selection from the story of the "year of conflict." The tide of popularity in Galilee turned. After a discourse in Capernaum, the day following the feeding of the five thousand and the walking on the water, most of Jesus' disciples (except the Twelve) deserted him. A contest with the Pharisees, about eating with unwashed hands, led to the journey to the borders of Tyre and Sidon, the only one into Gentile regions.

PLACES.—The journey was west of north into Phoenicia, on the Mediterranean coast, Tyre and Sidon being the chief cities of the respective regions, the former the farther north. The heathen woman probably met Jesus in the Tyrian region, as Mark 7: 31 speaks of his journeying afterwards "through Sidon." The route then was a circuitous one, north, then east and south into Decapolis, east of the lake.

TIME.—In the late spring, or early summer, of year of Rome 782,—that is, A. D. 29.

PERSONS—The Syrophoenician, or Canaanitish (Matt.), woman is called a Greek (v. 26), here meaning "Gentile;" her race was Phoenician, but "Syro" is prefixed to distinguish her from the Phoenicians in Libya (Africa).

LIGHT ON PUZZLING PASSAGES.

Verse 24.—From thence: Capernaum.

Verse 26.—She besought him: Continued to do so. Hence here should be inserted some details peculiar to Matthew (15: 23-25): the silence of Jesus, and the request of the disciples, etc.

Verse 27.—The dogs: The diminutive is used throughout, refering to household animals.

Verse 32.—To lay his hands upon him: As if this act was the only mode of healing. Matthew tells of other healings, and that the sufferers were "cast down" at the feet of Jesus.

Verse 34.—Ephphatha: The precise word used, here translated into Greek. The two miracles peculiar to Mark (this one and that in Mark 8: 22-25) are gradual, the process being described.

ORIENTAL LESSON-LIGHTS.

"He arose, and went away into the Borders of Tyre and Sidon."—The repulsive heathenism which prevailed in the days of Ezekiel and at the time of our Lord's visit, and which offended and opposed Judaism, is gone forever from Tyre and Sidon; but its place is now occupied by Mohammadanism in its various forms, and if Jesus of Nazareth does not arise in the flesh and come to this needy district he sends his representatives,—the Presbyterians from America, and the Episcopalians from Britain, who by their industrial school in Sidon, school for the blind in Tyre, and other more direct means of grace, are helping many daughters and sons of many Sidonian and Tyrian mothers. I have been in contact with both the missionaries and the objects of their missions.

"It is not Meet to Take the Children's Bread and Cast it to the Dogs."—Two forms of a proverb are in use now in the region of Tyre and Sidon. "Are the Arabs too abundantly supplied with milk now that they pour it out unto dogs?" This is thrown in the teeth of any one who is supposed to make too free a use of his means. "When milk (buttermilk) is too much increased to the Arab, they throw it out to dogs." Another proverb is addressed to a person who received help, yet denies or hurts his benefactor: "Raise thy dog and it will sink its teeth (worry) in thy side." Many a time did the Phoenician dog worry the Hebrew lamb, and the Hebrew prophets published the fact (Joel 3: 5, 6; Amos 1: 9). In any case the remark of Dr. Goss, when we last studied this lesson, "This was, no doubt, a very old proverb," rests on some foundation.

"Even the Dogs under the Table Eat of the Children's Crumbs."—Perhaps scraps or fragments would express the idea better than crumbs, for our bread in Syria is thin and flat, very broad and very often brittle, and with all our care and Oriental reverence for bread, at every meal, in breaking or tearing the bread, a quantity of small scraps fall upon the floor, and if there is no dog to eat them they must be gathered or swept up and put reverentially away.—Sunday School Times.

A School Teacher's Dialect.

A teacher of English in a school of high rank in one of the Southern States, who, in spite of her vivacity in conversation, is, perhaps, if anything, too fastidious in her choice of words, was spending a vacation at a Northern Chautauqua. Her flow of spirits made her the delight of the dining table at which she was first seated, but at the end of a fortnight she was moved by her landlady to another place.

A lady from Boston, who had been sitting opposite the Southerner, expressed her regret at the change.

"I am sorry you are going to leave us," she said, with warmth; "we have all enjoyed your dialect so much."

Time Enough.

Joaquin Miller was visiting a friend whose tastes run to the classical and the "precious" in literature. One day, says Lippincott's Magazine, this gentleman found his venerable guest in the library, deeply absorbed in a book.

"What are you reading?" he asked.

"A novel, by Bret Harte."

"I can't see," said the fastidious gentleman, "how an immortal being can waste his time on such stuff."

"Are you quite sure," said Miller, "that I am an immortal being?"

"Why, of course, you are!"

"In that case," returned the Californian, grimly, "I don't see why I should be so very economical of my time."

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

HE who gets mad and tries to elevate mankind by force gets small thanks for his pains.

The man who disregards the science of truth cannot discover the truth of science.

He who seeks to dodge God's dispensations will only drop into deeper adversities.

They who know enough to sin know enough to be saved.

The devil has one ear of the man who finds religion dull.

It takes less sense to find fault with all than to be fair with all.

No life overflows with joy that has room only for its own cares.

There is nothing worth knowing in the art of living for nothing.

You cannot make progress toward heaven in the pathway of sin.

When the universe ceases to be a riddle it becomes a revelation.

The science of theology can never satisfy the soul's need of God.

A profoundly pious look will not cover a poorly prepared lesson.

The darker the sin the fairer the name the devil will select for it.

Christ only wants us to be nothing so that we may do something.

There is no advantage in making time unless you are on the right track.

ABOUT FLATFOOTEDNESS.

What Causes It and How It May Be Prevented.

Flatfootedness may or may not be increasing among the moderns, but it has, at last, brought out some very interesting theories as to why it should be prevalent. Sandow got flatfooted from lifting heavy weights, according to the opinion of Dr. Sargent, of Harvard. Children are likely to be afflicted in this way when they wear spring heels, for the bones of the instep, in the case of young people, depend for keeping their place upon adequate support of the heel. Fat children find themselves becoming flatfooted because of the abnormal weight the feet have to sustain. Poor feeding of the child tends to make it flatfooted, for the bones of the foot require plenty of lime to make them firm and strong. Poor feeding leads to "rickets" as well as flatfootedness, though the physician who says it does not stop to explain why this. What used to be called rheumatism of the feet now turns out to be flatfootedness. Persons who go barefooted all the time are said never to get the trouble, so we are led to believe that if we wear shoes at all we are apt to become as the big policeman or the mythical Chicago girl. If one doctor's story is believed, only old people get flatfootedness after the bones begin to disintegrate, so to speak, and let down the high arch of beauty in the instep. Asked whether the malady was at all common among the applicants for membership in the Massachusetts militia, Dr. Blood, of Boston, said: "If it exists in form serious enough to interfere with walking, of course it bars him from enlistment." That is not surprising, for if there is one accomplishment a State's militia ought to possess it is that of being able to walk. As for the rest of us, we ought not to care whether we are flatfooted or not, for there is less and less reason for our walking, anyway.—New York Post.

GOOD TO REMEMBER.

Roasted coffee is one of the most powerful disinfectants.

Water added to sour milk will give better results than adding sweet milk.

A small bag of sulphur kept where there are red ants will quickly disperse them.

To brighten carpets wipe them with warm water into which has been poured a few drops of ammonia.

Rub curtain poles with a piece of old flannel dipped in kerosene, and the rings will slip more easily.

Use plenty of soda in the kitchen sink. It prevents pipes from clogging with grease and is very cleansing.

Water bottle and cruets may be easily cleaned with shot and soapsuds. Save the shot in a small bottle to use again.

One part of cornstarch to two parts of bread flour is equal to pastry flour for cakes. Flour and meal should always be sifted before measuring.

—The Star of Hope, a paper published in Sing Sing prison, is edited by someone who at times shows a grim wit. A paragraph in a late issue makes this announcement: "The Star of Hope seeks to review books that deal with justice, punishment, villainy and crime—not because it professes to bring to the task any degree of critical acumen, but for reasons that will suggest themselves to any alert mind."

—The London Times, commenting on a correspondent's letter on child emigration to the colonies, says in thirty-four years 45,000 children have been sent to Canada.

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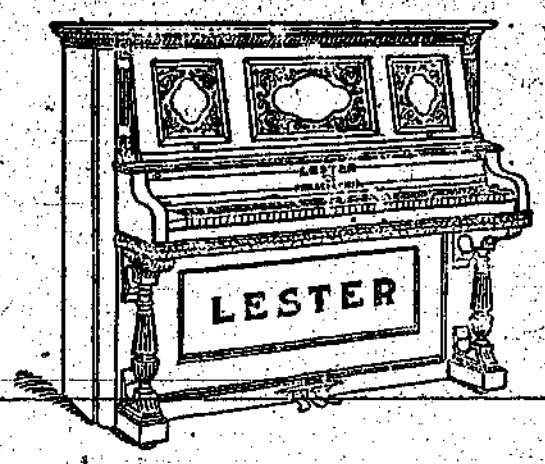

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IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY.

Between
HAZER FEINBERG,
Petitioner,
and
ANNA FEINBERG,
Defendent.
} 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 defendent, 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 defendent do appear and answer the petitioner's petition on or before the twenty-ninth day of April next, or that, in default 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 defendant, by a delivery of a copy thereof to her, or be published within the said twenty days in the "South Jersey Republican" a public newspaper, printed at Hammonton in this State, and continued therein for four weeks successively, 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 Chancery of New Jersey, made on the day of the date hereof, wherein Hazer Feinberg is petitioner 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 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.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
(WEST JERSEY & SEASHORE R. R.)

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

DOWN TRAINS. UP TRAINS.

Sun. Acc. p. m.	Sun. Acc. a. m.	Sun Ex. a. m.	Acc. p. m.	Ex. p. m.	Acc. p. m.	Ex a. m.	Acc. a. m.	Acc. a. m.	STATION	Acc. a. m	Acc. a. m.	Exp. a. m	Acc p. m.	Acc. p. m	Sun Acc a. m.	Sun Acc p. m.
4 30	8 10	1000	6 00	5 [illegible]	4 24	1045	10 00	8 00	.....Philadelphia.....	7 31	8 31	8 35	1 50	6 07	9 45	6 25
4 37	8 18	1006	6 08	5 22	4 31	1052	10 07	8 08	.....Camden.....	7 22	8 23	8 27	1 42	5 59	9 37	6 15
4 48	8 28	.....	6 20	.....	4 40	.....	10 18	8 18	.....Collingswood.....	7 09	8 12	.....	1 30	5 49	9 25	6 01
4 55	8 37	.....	6 28	.....	4 46	.....	10 26	8 25	.....Haddonfield.....	7 00	8 06	.....	1 23	5 42	9 18	5 51
5 05	8 47	.....	6 38	.....	4 55	.....	10 36	8 35	.....Kirkwood.....	6 47	7 53	.....	1 13	5 29	9 07	5 38
5 16	9 00	.....	6 53	.....	5 06	.....	10 51	8 48	.....Berlin.....	6 34	7 43	.....	1 00	5 14	8 54	5 22
5 22	9 06	.....	6 59	.....	5 13	.....	10 57	8 53	.....Atco.....	6 2[illegible]	7 38	.....	12 55	5 09	8 46	5 17
5 30	9 15	.....	7 09	.....	5 22	...	11 05	9 01	.....Waterford.....	6 18	7 31	.....	12 47	5 00	8 41	5 08
*5 34	*9 18	.....	*7 15	.....	5 26	.....	*11 09	9 05	.....Ancora.....	6 13	7 26	.....	12 42	4 54	*8 36	*5 03
5 38	9 23	.....	7 21	.....	5 31	.....	11 13	9 10	...Winslow Jc. (P've)...	6 08	7 22	.....	12 37	4 50	8 32	4 58
5 45	9 30	1040	7 30	5 55	5 43	1181	11 20	9 17	....Hammonton....	6 00	7 15	7 53	12 30	4 43	8 26	4 51
5 55	9 47	.....	.....	.....	6 02	.....	.....	9 27	.....Elwood.....	.....	7 05	.....	.....	4 33	8 16	4 40
6 03	9 56	.....	.....	6 07	6 11	1143	.....	9 34	.....Egg Harbor.....	.....	6 58	.....	.....	4 26	8 09	4 32
6 23	10 15	.....	.....	6 20	6 30	1155	.....	9 53	.....Absecon.....	.....	6 41	.....	.....	4 07	7 51	4 13
6 35	10 27	1110	.....	6 30	6 40	1205	.....	10 05	.....Atlantic City.....	.....	6 30	7 25	.....	3 55	7 40	4 02

* Stops only on notice to conductor or agent, or on signal.

Afternoon express down, leaves Philada. at 2.00, Hammonton 2.41, Egg Harbor 2.54, Atlantic 3.15.
Evening express up, leaves Atlantic at 5.30, Absecon 5.39, Hammonton 5.59, Philada. at 6.45.
Night express up, leaves Atlantic at 8.00, Egg Harbor 8.19, Hammonton 8.29, Philada. 9.15.
Sunday night express up, leaves Atlantic at 8.00, Egg Harbor 8.19, Hammonton 8.31, Philada. 9.15.

W W ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager. J R WOOD, Pass'g'r Traffic Manager
GEO W BOYD, Gen'l Pass'r Agt.

Atlantic City R. R.

Tuesday, Oct. 6, 1903.
DOWN TRAINS. Subject to change. UP TRAINS.

Sund p. m.	Sund a. m.	Sund a. m.	Ac p.m.	p.m.	p.m	a.m.	a.m.	STATIONS.	a.m.	a m.	a. m	a.m	p. m.	p.m	Sun a m	Sun. p.m.
5 00	9 00	8 00	6 30	5 00	9 00	1045	7 30	.....Philadelphia.....	6 25	8 28	8 45	1149	6 25	6 50	9 35	6 25
5 12	9 10	8 10	6 42	5 12	9 10	1055	7 42	.....Camden.....	6 10	8 18	8 34	1150	6 10	6 35	9 14	6 14
5 19	.....	8 19	6 50	5 20	.....	.....	7 50	....West Collingswood....	6 05	8 05	.....	.....	6 03	.....	9 07	6 07
5 27	.....	8 28	6 58	5 28	.....	.....	7 59	.....Haddon Heights.....	5 54	7 55	.....	.....	5 55	.....	8 58	5 59
5 40	.....	8 45	7 12	5 37	.....	.....	8 16	.....Laurel Springs.....	5 35	7 41	.....	.....	5 40	.....	8 49	5 44
5 44	.....	8 48	7 16	5 39	.....	.....	8 24	.....Clementon.....	5 31	7 37	.....	.....	5 36	.....	8 39	5 40
5 53	.....	8 57	7 26	5 47	.....	.....	8 33	....Williamstown Junc ...	5 25	7 30	.....	.....	5 28	.....	8 27	5 30
6 02	.....	9 05	7 31	5 54	.....	.....	8 39	.....Cedar Brook.....	5 10	7 23	.....	.....	5 21	.....	8 21	5 23
6 08	.....	9 11	7 35	5 55	.....	.....	8 43	.....Blue Anchor.....	5 15	7 19	.....	.....	5 19	.....	8 19	5 18
6 18	.....	9 15	7 52	5 58	.....	.....	9 12	...Winslow Junc. (P've)...	5 11	7 15	.....	.....	5 10	.....	8 12	5 14
6 19	9 44	9 24	7 59	6 12	9 42	1127	9 10	.....Hammonton.....	5 05	7 00	8 03	1053	4 58	5 04	8 04	5 07
6 25	.....	10 28	.....	6 17	.....	.....	9 24	.....Da Costa.....	.....	7 01	.....	.....	4 53	.....	7 59	5 02
6 32	.....	9 36	.....	6 23	.....	.....	9 32	.....Elwood.....	.....	6 55	.....	.....	4 26	.....	7 51	4 55
6 39	9 57	9 44	.....	6 29	.....	1130	9 40	.....Egg Harbor.....	.....	6 48	.....	1038	4 19	7 51	7 44	4 36
6 47	.....	9 52	.....	6 35	.....	.....	9 48	.....Brigantine Junc.....	.....	6 40	7 46	.....	4 10	.....	7 35	4 27
6 59	.....	10 04	.....	6 48	10 07	.....	10 00	.....Pleasantville.....	.....	6 30	.....	1024	3 59	.....	7 23	4 15
7 04	10 20	10 12	.....	6 58	1015	1200	1010	.....Atlantic City.....	.....	6 20	7 30	1015	3 50	7 30	7 16	4 05

Express down leaves Philada. 10.45 a.m., Hammonton 11.27, Egg Harbor 11.30, Atlantic 12.00.
Express leaves Philadelphia at 2.00 p.m., reaching Hammonton 2.42, and Atlantic 3.15.
Up accommodation leaves Hammonton at 5.35 a.m., reaching Philada. at 6.55.
Evening express down leaves Philada. at 5 00, Hammonton 5.36, and Atlantic 6.05.
Evening express up leaves Atlantic 5.30, Hammonton 6.07, Winslow 6 08, Philada. 6.50
Express down leaves Philada. at 7.15 p.m., Hammonton 7.54, and Atlantic 8.25.
Morning Hammonton accom. down leaves Philada. at 6 30, arriving here 7.47.
Morning accom. up leaves Hammonton 8.40, reaching Philada. 10.40.
Weekday night accom. down leaves Philada. at 8, reaching Hammonton at 9.11.
Sunday night express up leaves Atlantic 7.30, Egg Harbor 7.55, Hammonton 8.11, Philadelphia 9.00.
Sunday evening express down leaves Philada. 7.15, Hammonton 7.54, Atlantic 8.25.
Sunday morning express up leaves Atlantic at 10.15, Hammonton 10.49, Philada. 11.35.

A. T. DICK, Gen. Supt. EDSON J. WEEKS, Gen. Passenger Agent

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SOUTH JERSEY REPUBLICAN,
Hammonton, N. J.

☞ Mrs. John Farrar, Jr., of Elm, died on Tuesday, leaving a young baby. Funeral service was held yesterday.

☞ A Pensy freight hand owes his life more to good luck than good management. He jumped from the engine, Wednesday afternoon, and fell between the tracks. Realizing his danger, he rolled over, and escaped with a severely cut back.

☞ The Town Clerk wishes to have it distinctly understood that all bills against the Town must be in his hands by Wednesday evening next preceding Council meeting, to give time for proper examination. Otherwise, they will be laid over for a month.

☞ List of uncalled-for letters in the Hammonton Post Office on Wednesday, March 30, 1904:

Margaret Simons
Joseph Bew
FOREIGN
Ucelio Vincenzo

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

M. L. JACKSON, P. M.

☞ There will be a meeting for men only, on Sunday afternoon, April 10th, at 4 o'clock, in Firemen's Hall, conducted by members of the several town churches. It will be made interesting by good speaking and music. These meetings may be continued weekly or monthly during the summer. A cordial invitation is extended to all non-church goers and church members.