

BROTHER AND SISTER.

I cannot choose but think upon the time
When our two lives grew like two buds
That kiss
At lightest thrill from the bee's swinging
chime,
Because the one so near the other is.
He was the elder and a little man
Of forty inches, bound to show no
dread,
And I the girl that puppy-like now ran,
Now lagged behind, my brother's larger
tread.
I held him wise, and when he talked to
me
Of snakes and birds and which God
loved the best,
I thought his knowledge marked the
boundary
Where men grew blind, though angels
knew the rest.
If he said "Hush!" I tried to hold my
breath;
Whenever he said "Come!" I stepped
in faith.
School parted us; we never found again
That childless world where our two
spirits mingled
Like acents from the varying roses that
remain
One sweetness, nor can evermore be
singled.
Yet the twin habit of that early time
Lingered for long about the heart and
tongue;
We had been natives of one happy clime
And its dear accent to our utterance
clung.
Till the five years whose awful name is
Change
Had grasped our souls still yearning in
divorce,
And plumes shaped them in two forms
that range,
Two elements which sever their life's
course.
But were another childhood-world my
share,
I would be born a little sister there.
George Elliot.

A Shopping Day

W met at a hotel, and I thought
her one of the most charming
women I had ever seen.
Refined and almost hyper-sensitive,
she struck me at once as being a woman
of breeding and distinction. Yet on
the few occasions, when, as our ac-
quaintance ripened, I visited her at her
smart and elegantly appointed flat, I
felt an instinctive aversion to the
friends and acquaintances I met there.
Of her people she seldom spoke—her
parents were dead, she told me, and
her husband was abroad, but might be
home again at any time.
She was always exquisitely dressed
in the latest fashion, and money seem-
ed abundant with her. She was an



3 WILL JOIN YOU IN THE FUR DEPART-
MENT.

adept shopper, quick at knowing what
she wanted and quicker still at seeing
it, and I was very glad when she of-
fered to pilot me through the difficult
mazes of the winter sales.

I am not possessed of a large dress
allowance, and my wardrobe for the
coming season depends somewhat on
my successful purchases in sale times.
Mrs. Vereker was just the guide to
help me through. She possessed such
perfect taste that I felt quite safe in
her hands.

We sat one evening arranging what
we were to buy.

"It is far better to go now when
the first rush of the sales is over," said
Mrs. Vereker. "I went the first three
days myself, but the crowd was awful,
and there are still plenty of things
to be had."

"Did you pick up many things?" I
asked.

She laid down the list she was mak-
ing and stared at me in dumb amaze-
ment. Then her face cleared.

"Yes—no, not so very much. Let me
see; I bought this tea-cloth and some hats
and my new gray coat—that is all, I
believe."

She continued the list, and at last I
crossed with a sigh of deep relief.

"It's so good of you. We'll go to-
morrow and then on to Bond Street." I
glanced at the list—"and get the fur at
—; they can always be relied on to
cheaply reduce things. I'll call for you
at 9 to-morrow, and we'll get Norman
to lend me his motor."

"Yes, do,"
—we can go to
shops and spec-
looking round
what we want."
The next morn-
Vereker and found
"Won't you find
I asked—as we read
shops, and I slipped
motoring coat.
"No, I love it," she
dever too warm"—and
retumous skirts across
luckily clean, she swept
with her usual graceful,
I bought my coat and
lace, and went on to
chose a few modest and—
more expensive blouses, the
on to a third and last shop.
was choosing some ribbon in
colored ribbon department, M-
ker said to me:
"I am just going to the ha-
chiefs; I will join you in the fur
partment—you are going there?"
"Yes, I shan't be long."
"Nor I," she answered; "I am
tired." I had finished my purchase
when she came back.
"Are you ready? I am feeling a
faint. Do you mind hurrying?"
"I'm just ready," I said, "this very
moment," and I put my hand in my
muff to get my purse. There was no
purse there, and I gave a cry of dis-
may. "Mrs. Vereker!—my purse!—it's
gone!—and I had £25 in it. I had it a
moment ago—I must have put it down
in the ribbon department."
"Let me pay," she began—but I in-
terrupted her.
"Nonsense, it can't be really gone!"
and I almost ran to the ribbon depart-
ment.
I found the shopwalker and the as-
sistant—but no one had seen it, and
baskets of ribbon were hastily search-
ed without result.
"It is very dangerous to lay your
purse down in a crowd," said the shop-
walker, who knew me well; "it's only
a wonder, madam, you didn't lose your
muff as well."
I went back disconsolate to the fur
department.
"I am so awfully sorry to have kept
you," I began, trying not to show my
 vexation more than I could help. "Are
you better?"
She nodded and rose with haste.
"Yes, but let's go, if you don't mind.
You can come back again and make
inquiries. It doesn't matter about your
purse. I have heaps of things and bits
of fur I do not want."
"Nonsense," I said, "as though I
should take yours."
"But, my dear child, I have so many,
and surely a married woman can help
a girl; besides, I dare say the purse
will turn up."
"Pardon me, madam."
A grave-looking man in a frock coat
aid past me and laid his hand firmly
on Mrs. Vereker's arm at the moment
she was stepping into my motor.
"What is it? This lady has left all
information about her purse." She
moved her arm haughtily.
The man's face grew graver.
"Perhaps you will kindly come back
with me. It's you we want, if you
please, madam."
There was a faint sneer on the word
"madam," and Mrs. Vereker's face
blanched.
"What do you mean?" she stammer-
ed. "How dare you? Cannot you see
I am ill and wish to go home at once?"
I sprang to her side. "Never mind
about the wretched purse," I said to
the man. "This lady is not well, let
her go home, and I will come back
about the purse."

The man took no notice of me, but
bending to Mrs. Vereker said some-
thing that made her step suddenly
back and stand by his side. Then, to
my utter amazement, shaking obvious-
ly from head to foot, and without even
looking at me, she turned into the store
and I followed in bewildered dismay.
It was soon over. A few minutes in
a private room and two female search-
ers had taken the heavy coat, fur heav-
er now with the lace and furs and
flowers and blouses that were marvel-
ously fastened in its ample folds. Un-
der her cloak and attached to her waist
by firm hooks hung several furs and
many pieces of costly lace.

Mrs. Vereker, white as death, show-
ed no sign of what she must be feel-
ing, but looked in front of her with a
dazed, set face, while I slipped outside
to the waiting man. He was talking
to another shopwalker, who, luckily,
knew me well.

"What is it?" I asked. "Is she a
thief?"—a silly question he answered
at once.

"One of the worst shoplifters in Lon-
don," he said laconically, "and yet
we've never been able to catch her.
Her husband is doing six months now
for the very same thing. She knows
you were known here, madam, and
brought you to shield her."

"But how did you find her out to-
day?" I asked, aghast, "and what did
you see her take?"

"Something that belongs to you," he
said, as he gravely handed me my
purse.

When a woman can't think of any
other way to get rid of her money she
hunts up a dentist and gets her teeth
extracted.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Shearling.
I cut the baby's hair
I was all a-didget;
they made, you would have
a king—the midget!

Others said, to leave his curls
I'd be the height of folly,
they put him with the girls
called him Sue or Molly.

His shears went snip-a-snip,
I'd be the height of folly,
they put him with the girls
called him Sue or Molly.

He said, "Why, hello, Boss,
I'm five years older!"
I'd be the height of folly,
they put him with the girls
called him Sue or Molly.

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LITTLE STORIES AND INCIDENTS

That Will Interest and
Entertain Young
Readers.

chine. "First of all, the little girl must
have her white cloak on,"—she slip-
ped the picture into the envelope,
—and the little boy his straw hat,"—
she clapped it on his head,—"and now
we're off."

Jack laughingly led the way to the
back yard, to where a board lay across
the sawhorse. It was his favorite
place for play.

"You see," said mamma, "as Jean
weighs less than an ounce, she will
have to have a great deal of board on
her side of the horse, and you will
have the shorter end on your side."

This was soon arranged, and the two
children "teeterawtered" happily for
half an hour. Then they came in, Jack
very kindly carrying his little cousin.

"Jean wants to play something else,"
he explained to mamma.

"Suppose you have a game of check-
ers," said she. "You can make the
moves for Jean, as she is too young
yet to know how." She will soon learn,
I think."

The smiling little playmate leaned
against a book, and did not seem at all
annoyed when she was beaten. In the
second game she actually beat Jack.

"Pretty good for a half-ounce girl,"
said mamma, "but she wouldn't have
made much headway without your
help. She seems to show a very good
disposition."

In the afternoon Jean stood by him
and smiled encouragingly while he was
practicing his music-lesson. Then he
showed her the pictures in a pile of
old magazines.

After that, splendid to relate, all the
sewing was put away, and mamma,
who was nothing but a big girl herself,
put a white cloak on the baby, a straw
hat on the boy, and a sunshade on her
own head, and all went out in the yard
play.—Youth's Companion.

His "Carrying" Voice.
I never have known just why," re-
sented Mr. Alken, meditatively, "but
seem to have a faculty of making
hear what I say without shout-
ing." "You!" exclaimed his wife, in
surprise. "Yes, I often think
when you lift your voice in the
house you did just now. I never
do that. It must be I have
call the 'carrying' voice."

"That you're saying, son?"
the serene old gentleman at
the breakfast table.
"Helen, father," re-
sented Mr. Alken, complacently, "that,
our hearing as it is now,
understand me easily."

"I looked mystified. Then
he handed toward the salt
"What?" he asked.
Mr. Alken raised his
but made an evident
"I was just speak-
I can always make
I told Helen I be-
the 'carrying' voice."

He shook his head.
"My boy," he said,
"I felt his wife's
and his color
amused."
"Helen, father," he
although
"I was only
hear me bet-
even when I
saying that
ulating very
— I —

"You have
er Alken."
his son
old abso-
"A 'carrying'
in desperation,
lately foolish.
"Helen," ap-
man, turning to
"for mercy's sake
me what the boy
Youth's Companion.

The Sec-
"How in tarnation
president to appoint you
office when he was not
ed with you?"

"Sh! When I went to
tion I borrowed our orpha-
take along and told Teddy
of my family."

Deep Man.
"Sometimes," confided Mrs.
wed to her intimate friend,
my husband is the patientest, gen-
best natured soul that ever lived,
sometimes I think it's merely laz-
that kills him."

Made a Difference.
"Will you be at home to-morrow
evening, Miss Tinkle?"
"Yes, Mr. Snipper. What a lovely
new auto you have!"

"I'm sorry to say I sold it. Miss
Tinkle."
"Oh, I must forget! I have an en-
gagement to-morrow evening, Mr.
Snipper."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"You ought to see her grab
and dart along. The other
shed and followed her, while
ed untouched and watched
got out. Do you know
wanted? You don't? Well,
shed. She wanted a shirt-
with tails hanging down
know the kind. Say, put
in your paper, won't
might be improved by
al act first.

"Have you any with tails?" she
gurgled.
"I looked real sassy-like and stepped
up on to a box so as to show her that
her French heels didn't make a bit of
difference in our heights, and pretend-
ed not to know what she was talking
about."

"Sure," I says, "I've got six."
"Let me see 'em," she says to me,
real haughty again.
"They're at home with their moth-
er," says I, giving her the real innocent
are."

"What do you mean?" says she,
with a real you-may-kiss-the-royal-mitt
look.
"Citizens," says I, "They're at home
with their mother. You just ought to
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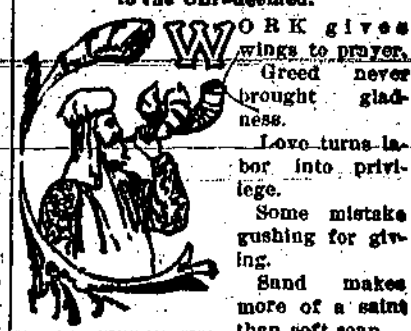
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TRUMPET CALLS.

Sam's Horn Sounds a Warning Note
to the Unredeemed.



WORK gives
wings to prayer.
Greed never
brought glad-
ness.
Love turns la-
bor into priv-
ilege.
Some mistake
gushing for giv-
ing.
Said makes
more of a saint
than soft soap.

No one can look more solemn than
Satan.
His purposes are better than our
best plans.

The fruit of fortune never falls on a
storing nose.
Divine strength is essential to di-
vine service.

It's a poor grace that doesn't make
a man gracious.
There is no love where there are
none to be loved.

Liberality is quite different from
hospitality to lies.
Revivals do not come in answer to
prayers of rivalry.

Manhood is always marred by be-
ing over on the make.
The saint needs no other advertising
than Satan's assaults.

Many a man has to be broken up be-
fore he can be built up.
It takes more than glucose honey to
hold people to the church.

When the Word is hidden in the
heart it is seen in the life.
They give Him nothing who have
not given-Him-themselves.

Mighty little of the bread of life
comes from the crusty man.
Adjust your conscience to Christ
and your course will be right.

You cannot kindle the fire of truth
by whittlings from the Word.
Some men would rather argue about
dietetics than eat their dinners.

If you are willing God should be
your guide He will be your guard.
The only good thing about post-
mortem praise is that no one be-
lieves it.

KITTENS ALL HAD TAILS.
But Were Not on Sale at the Pattern
Counter.

"Some women make me dead tired,"
said the salesduchess with the twelve-
inch pompadour, according to the
Washington Star, as she stood behind
the pattern counter.

"Say, I wish you'd write a little
piece I'm going to speak to you, and
put it in your paper. It's about the
fool things these women trot in here
and gurgles for. It'd make a cat cross-
eyed to get next to them when they
go pawing over the stuff and then toss
their heads and trot along in a sort of
'm-the-only-thing-in-the-business-style.'
I've got a clutch over some of the other
salesladies, though, 'cause they have
to ask here for what they want, and
they can't make me open the package,
either. The picture of the garment is
printed on every pattern, and if they
don't like it they can scout along. But
some of 'em certainly make me tired."

"There was one of 'em in here to-
day. She had two others with her, but
they were all right, 'cause they didn't
open their mouths until she had made
her break, and then they laughed at
her, and she made a haughty turn to-
ward the door, an' I'll bet a bunch of
vilets she don't speak to either of 'em
for a whole day at least. Well, as I
was sayin', the bunch staid in here
and up she waltzes to my counter. She
gave me the frozen stare face and put
on all the English she had ever read
in those were-a-dollar-fifty-now-eight-
een cents novels over on the book coun-
ter."

"Have you any with tails?" she
gurgled.
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her French heels didn't make a bit of
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shed and followed her, while
ed untouched and watched
got out. Do you know
wanted? You don't? Well,
shed. She wanted a shirt-
with tails hanging down
know the kind. Say, put
in your paper, won't
might be improved by
al act first.

"Have you any with tails?" she
gurgled.
"I looked real sassy-like and stepped
up on to a box so as to show her that
her French heels didn't make a bit of
difference in our heights, and pretend-
ed not to know what she was talking
about."

"Sure," I says, "I've got six."
"Let me see 'em," she says to me,
real haughty again.
"They're at home with their moth-
er," says I, giving her the real innocent
are."

"What do you mean?" says she,
with a real you-may-kiss-the-royal-m

The Prudential

will do for you and yours what it is doing for millions of others
Issue a Policy at low cost, providing sound protection and liberal dividends, with certainty of prompt settlement

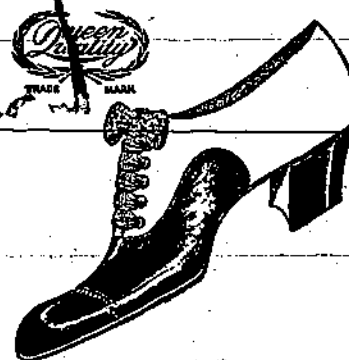
Write for information of Policies.

The Prudential

Insurance Co. of America. Home Office, Newark, N. J.
Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

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

GEO. S. T. UNOGR, Asst. Supt., Williamstown, N. J.
THOMAS W. SCHURR, District Manager, Ordinary, Dept.,
21 Law Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.



This Queen Quality

Patent Kid, dull quarter,
Oxford, \$2.50,
points strongly toward
being a leading seller.

T. B. PAULLIN, 214 Bellevue Ave., Hammononton.

Men's Suits \$10 to \$25

We give this range the right of way today, and it well deserves it. Those who know about the situation in the woolen world (prices are advancing) know the temptation that comes to manufacturers to mix just a little cotton with the wool. Some stores don't mind it—they claim that it helps the wear, but the real advantage they see is the saving of money, for after all cotton is cotton and bound to bring dissatisfaction.

Oak-Hall stands for all wool goods, and well tailored at that, and sewed with silk—you can't do better than put your money in this sort of clothing.

Men's single-breasted sack suits, in dark gray unfinished mixed chevrons, half lined with venetian. Coat has center seam and vent. \$10.

Men's single-breasted sack suits, in dark gray unfinished mixed worsteds, half lined with venetian. Coat has whole back and vent. \$12.

Men's single-breasted sack suits, in dark gray mixed worsteds, with red and blue overplaid, half lined with venetian. Coat has center seam and vent. \$13.50.

Men's single-breasted sack suits, in dark brown unfinished worsted, with gray overplaid, half lined with mohair. \$15.

Men's single-breasted sack suits, in dark steel worsted, half lined with mohair. Coat has whole back. \$16.50.

Thousands of men's suits in black chevrons, diagonals, unfinished worsteds, tibets, serges. \$10 to \$25.

Oak Hall is famous for black suits—famous for the stability of the fabrics—famous for the tailoring—and famous for fair prices.

CARFARE TO PHILADELPHIA

If you purchase a certain amount here and show your return ticket, we pay your carfare both ways.

Wanamaker & Brown

OAK HALL

S. E. Cor. Sixth and Market Sts., Philadelphia

The Republican.

[Entered as second class matter.]

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1906

BOARD OF TRADE.

It was ten minutes after nine o'clock on Tuesday evening when the ninth man appeared and a quorum secured; and then a number of the prominent members were missing.

Proposition read for a lead pencil factory, to employ 150 men and 250 women. They want one hundred thousand dollars capital.

Mr. Phillips resigned from Printing Committee.

Mr. Mellon, through the committee, submitted a new proposition. If the electric power-house is secured, and three adjoining lots, he will start the foundry, paying interest on the money invested,—he to have the option of buying the property at cost in five years. This offer will be taken under consideration.

Mr. Phillips desired to know if the property desired can be secured at a reasonable figure.

Mr. Phillips said he would like to see the property.

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KODAK

DAYS

HAVE COME.

A full line of Cameras and Supplies always in stock.

Cameras, \$1.00 up
Kodaks, \$5.00 up

Hammononton

Souvenir Postal Cards.

ROBERT STEEL

YOUR

Jeweler and Optician

PROTECT

Your Winter Clothes from Moths.

Moth Balls,
Flake Naphthaline,
Gum Camphor,

And a full line of Seasonable Requisites.

Prescriptions accurately compounded from pure drugs.

RED CROSS PHARMACY.

Opposite Penna. Depot, Hammononton, N. J.

YALE BICYCLES,--

A splendid line this year,
From \$25 to \$50
We have them in stock.

Also

rescent, Monarch, & Princeton.

We are local agents for A. G. Spalding & Bro.'s

Base Ball and Athletic Goods.

Call, or send for a catalogue.

A. CORDERY

Richard's Market

and a full line of

Beef, Pork, Veal, and Mutton

Quality. Our Hams, Bacon, and
Cured Meats are surpassed by none.

ICES RIGHT

City Cured Meats

My own make of

Sausage and Scrapple.

VEGETABLE CANNED GOODS

L. MCINTYRE.

The Expense

of a Gas Range

Is confined to the merits of actual use.

When the gas is done the expense

ceases, if the gas is the flame; if you

don't, it is the gas that's extravagant.

Gas Ranges sold by Hammononton Gas Co.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1906

Only two weeks more of school.

"The Dixie Kids" will interest everybody.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw have moved to Philadelphia.

John A. Hoyle has purchased Dr. Dare's motor cycle.

HORSE FOR SALE. FRANK H. GRETS, 1202, or Box 2, Hammononton P. O.

Wm. G. Hood was up from Tuckerton last Saturday.

Who rang the school bell at 8.15 last Wednesday evening.

See the fine costumes in Bellevue Hall, May 19th and 20th.

WANTED for general housework, in family of two. Apply at this office.

Slack & Company's house-boat is nearly ready to take water.

Mr. E. J. Woolley is visiting his daughter, Mrs. A. B. Davis.

The local telephone project is being revived in Hammononton.

ICE CREAM—vanilla and chocolate, also Strawberry and pineapple made from the fresh fruit, at

Mr. R. W. Cleaver, of Atlantic City, was in town on Monday.

Mrs. Kate Wilson visited her Hammononton friends this week.

Mrs. M. L. Jackson is slowly recovering from tedious illness.

FOR SALE—a baby coach. Also Victor gramophone. In good condition. Inquire at this office.

Wm. L. Black has a handsome new delivery wagon ready for use.

The big Watermelon Sketch will be worth seeing at the Minstrels.

John Maclean, of Newtonville, is very sick,—not expected to recover.

HIGHEST PRICE paid for all kinds of old gold, silver, jewelry, etc. Send postal and I will call. W. L. BLACK.

Hammononton, N. J.

Joe I. Taylor is "doing up" an Oldsmobile for Capt. Mathis, of Tuckerton.

Base-ball to-day,—first game of the season, Hammononton vs. Cedar Brook.

Ralph Coast is to ride an Indian motor cycle,—furnished by the telephone company.

GIRL WANTED, for general housework. Address Mrs. J. THOMAS ASH, Hammononton, N. J.

H. E. Andrews has added two rooms to his big house,—the upper one a bath-room.

Rev. E. F. Sherman has been spending a fortnight in Hammononton and Elwood.

Born, in Hammononton, Tuesday, May 9th, 1906, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Westcott, a son.

TYPEWRITING—copying or other work done at home, terms moderate. E. V. FRENCH, cor. Cherry and 2nd Street, Hammononton, N. J.

J. H. Myrose and family now reside in Horton Cottage, Vine Street and Central Avenue.

Mrs. John Quinn and family have moved into their own house, at Second and Peach Streets.

Mrs. Josephine Rogers has bought a handsome building site on the corner of Third and Grape Streets.

BABY. Young married couple desire board with Protestant family in Hammononton. W. L. BLACK.

William John Smith, the contractor, will begin laying new water mains on Monday, May 22nd.

Remember the special school meeting next Tuesday afternoon, at four o'clock. It is important, very.

Mrs. Bowser in a lively farce; also brass solos, duets, quartettes, and other attractions, at the Minstrels.

COME of the Fresh Cantines at the Candy Kitchen. Old fashioned cream, nut, maple, vanilla, and chocolate, without hard maple, and others.

W. J. Leib is helping around with a wounded ankle, injured Wednesday, while walking down steps.

W. B. Scott's residence and out buildings, on Main Road, have been relocated, at the hands of J. A. Otter.

Invitations are out for the Annual Association's annual banquet, to be given May 25th, in Bellevue Hall.

WILL BUY good sounding black cat at once. Hunt, Hammononton, and vicinity of these breeds. W. L. BLACK.

Two dollars a year are cheerfully paid by lot owners in Greenmount Cemetery for the care of their lots,—mowing, sprinkling, etc.

The Grange and Universal Sunday School will unite in presenting "The District School," in Union May 20th and 27th.

Insure with the A. H. PHILLIPS, Hammononton Building, Atlantic City.

Musical Minstrels, 10th & 20th.

John Tell has been very sick with typhoid fever for about eleven weeks, in Philadelphia. He is recovering slowly.

The Poppen Bank officers and directors took a trip down the Mullica River, on Thursday, in Philip Westcott's launch.

Volunteer Fire Company hold their monthly meeting next Monday evening at eight o'clock,—the summer schedule.

BIKES for sale—special make—complete and in good condition. Inquire at this office.

An official dog-catcher wanted. Candidates for the position will report at once to H. Kirk Spear, chairman of committee.

Somebody is carting sand from the Town's property,—the stand-pipe lot. He will be caught at it, some day, and then there will be trouble.

Members of Shammunkin Tribe, Red Men, are all requested to attend next Council, May 10th, as there is important business to come up.

IF YOU INTEND to plant raspberries in the spring, I will pay you to investigate the "New Ruby," offered by Wm. F. Russell. Call for descriptive circular.

Robert Steel, jeweler, has issued another series of souvenir postal cards,—the handsomest views of Hammononton ever printed. Call and see them.

Tickets for the Musical Minstrel entertainment will be on sale after next Monday, 15th inst. Reserved seats, 35 cents; general admission, 25 cents.

There is much complaint of flower-thieves about town,—some tearing the plants out by the roots. One neighbor has a gun waiting for another raid.

TOMATO Plants, Egg Plants, and Cabbage Plants for sale at Hammononton Avenue Greenhouse, near the Lake.

W. WHEATNABY.

All persons having flowers for Decoration Day will please leave them in Mechanics' Hall (over Murdoch's shoe store), before 10 o'clock May 30th.

People do not like that late evening mail,—6.10. They want to be at home by that time, yet prefer to have their letters without an extra trip down town.

Our readers all along both roads, from Atlantic to Philadelphia, will find a comprehensive time-table, every issue of the REPUBLICAN,—call to date.

MILLINERY. Hats made and trimmed to order, also a line of millinery, at reasonable prices. Miss KATIE U. COLEMAN, 30 E. Second St.

Wanted,—one thousand shingles and dirt, the amount for filling up the new school. Chas. Combs has already had one hundred and fifty loads.

There was a misunderstanding between Mr. and Mrs. John H. of Rosedale, whose family was by the birth of a son, Alvin.

Not Mr. and Mrs. John H. of Rosedale, whose family was by the birth of a son, Alvin.

About June 1st, a through mail to Philadelphia, a.m., caught by an 8.10 a.m. coming mail from beyond, about 3.30 p.m.

HALF a million dollars, also a large number of shingles, at reasonable prices. W. L. BLACK.

Rev. J. E. J. will have a dinner, on Monday evening, May 22nd, at the Minstrels.

This being the day of the Minstrels, they invite the public generally.

Miss Dimock (daughter of Mrs. H. W. Dimock) and Mr. Alfred H. Whitman, popular Hammononton, arrived on Friday eve.

May 15th, at the home of Rev. J. H. Wilson.

It was a very interesting ceremony, at the home of the bride.

Wm. Taylor Lodge of Masons, of Hammononton, will have a very enjoyable communication last evening. Fifteen brothers will be present.

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OLD Favorites

Twenty Years Ago.
I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've
sat beneath the trees,
Upon the school house playground, which
sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom,
and few were left to know,
That played with us upon the green,
some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; bare-
footed boys at play
Were sporting just as we did then, with
spirits just as gay;
But the master sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place, just twenty
years ago.

The river's running just as still; the wil-
lows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the
stream appears less wide—
But the grapevine swing is ruined now,
where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls
—just twenty years ago.

Near-by the spring, upon an elm, you
know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,
and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the
bark—'twas dying, sure but slow,
Just as that one, whose name you cut,
died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but
tears came in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well, those
early broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard, and took
some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved, some
twenty years ago.

It Strength Low in Every Heart.
It strength low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They through the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet
Who walk with us no more.

"It's hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, oh, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

More delicate seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there;
For now they were not so hard,
Nor were they may fare;
Not so where God is not,
Nor sea or shore;
Beside, Thy love abides,
And, for evermore,
White Chadwick.

WIFE IN LITTLE SLEEP.

That Abridges the Needed
Amount of Rest Menace Health.
Many energetic people seem to think
that they can steal from their night's
rest to accomplish their work. Some-
times it is unavoidable, as when a stu-
dent has to prepare for examinations,
and, occasionally it probably does no
harm, but the regular practice of sit-
ting up until all hours of the night
is one of the silliest things a sensible
person can do. An authority says:
"There is no overstepping of the limit
which is more dangerous than that of
doing work which curtails sleep."

It is a common thing for girls in
college and students in professional
schools to lose sleep by working until
after midnight. A certain well-known
oculist, in speaking of this practice,
said that he and his brother entered
college together, that he himself
worked like a "grind" and was gradu-
ated with honors, while his brother
was always at the foot of the class.
"Now," he added, "my eyesight is for-
ever impaired and my health is deli-
cate, while my brother has made fully
as much of a success in life as I,
though in a different walk, and his
eyes and health are absolutely perfect,
and likely to remain so until a good
old age."

The end for which schools and col-
leges are intended—namely, a useful
career in life—is defeated when one
starts with weak eyes and a tired,
overworked nervous system.

Of course, there is such a thing as
too much sleep, but it is a decided
mistake to rouse up an energetic young
person or growing school child who
has overslept. If the rest was not
thoroughly needed, he would probably
not have overslept. "Work while you
work and rest while you rest" is a
good motto for all industrious young
people.

Gallant.

"Yes, count," said the society girl,
"this is indeed a delightful novel. In
one chapter the heroine drops her eyes
while talking with her suitor."
"So young lady drops her eyes?"
gasped the count, who was a little shy
on English.

"Yes, indeed. What would you do if
I should drop my eyes?"
"What should I do? Why, I should
pick up eyes up and hand them back."

PRESIDENT

He Is Fortunate

"Photograph"

I have no record

recent-reading, but

that he is "keeping

of my friends are

Morley's three thick

stone's "Life." The

course, read them, pro-

I am told, not only a fresh

more favorable view of the

er, whom he confessed he

failed to understand. A p

long ago told me that Mr

seemed to have his eye on t

of their house, and now an

private letter, full of app

would pass through the pu

hands on the way to ag

the thick of the campaign

happen to know that he re

Macaulay's "History of Eng

of Rhodes' "History of the

States and Dickens' "Martin

wit."

The other afternoon he was h

a new book—a not very long dis

tion on a matter of current inter

That evening he entertained a num

of guests at dinner, and later the

was a musical party at the Wh

House, at which he was present. A

luncheon, the next day, the giver s

to him: "Mr. President, of course you

have not had time to look at that

book." "Oh, yes," said the President;

"I have read it." Whereupon he proved

that he had done so by his criticism

of the work. One day, lately, a book

of short stories was sent to him; almos

by return mail came a letter thanki

the sender and saying he had already

enjoyed the stories greatly in sam

publication.

"How does he manage to do it?" All

I know about this is that, in the first

place, he has by nature or practice the

faculty of extremely rapid reading.

There are some men of letters and

"general readers" who never have been

able to acquire this art. Others can

take in paragraphs or pages well-nigh

at a glance. The President must be

one of those photographic readers, who

take almost instantly the impression of

a whole paragraph or nearly a whole

page, the eye running along the line

with lightning-like rapidity, and leapi

ng to the more important phrases as

by instinct. I have known the followi

ng to occur: A Congressman makes a

statement to him and hands him a

typewritten paper. Almost immediat

ly the President hands it back to him;

whereupon the Congressman says de

precatingly: "Mr. President, may I not

leave this paper with you? I am an

xious that you should read it." "But,"

answers the President, "I have read it;

you can examine me in it, if you

wish."

WIFE WAS ELECTROCUTED.

First Husband of Martha Place Re-
veals the Story of His Life.

A sequel to the electrocution of Mar-
tha Place at Sing Sing in March, 1902,
for the killing of her 15-year-old step-

daughter and her
husband with an
ax, was brought to
light at Seattle

when Wesley L.
May, a real estate
broker, appeared in
the Superior Court
and petitioned that
the name he bore

be legalized. The
broker said that his
real name was not
May, and that he
was rightly Wesley

L. Havacool, the first husband of Mrs.
Place.

In 1882, in New Jersey, Havacool,
then a boy, became infatuated with a
beautiful woman some years his senior.

A few weeks after the marriage
the woman discovered that he had no
money; she had been told that his par-

ents were wealthy and she had mar-
ried him from mercenary motives.

When she found that he was a poor
grocer she told him with brutal fran-
ceness that she cared nothing for him,

wrecked the little store and concluded
with an attempt on his life.

Soon thereafter he left the State, as-
suming the name which he has ever
since borne, and went to Pennsylvania.

He began life over, and, when he
heard his former wife had divorced
him, married again, a few years later,

located in Washington.

After securing her divorce the first
wife went to New York, where she
married Robert Place, whose 15-year-

old daughter had recently been left
motherless.

Place had had his dreams, too, of
happiness with the beautiful woman,
but his hopes soon turned to fear. Be-

cause her second husband hesitated to
give his consent, one day, to her re-

quest that her own son, by Wesley
Havacool, come and live with them in
their New York home, she flew into a

rage and threatened to kill him and
his daughter. The threat she made
good that night.

For this crime Martha Place was
three years later electrocuted, the first
woman in the world to be so punished.

Green (about to cross the pond)
What do you think of this?

Brown—An eye for an eye.

READING.

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GOLD IN SHEEP'S HEADS.

Precious Metal Found in Teeth of Those
From Australia.

Somewhere in the vast grazing
plains of Australia or New Zealand
farmers are feeding the flocks of sheep
on pasture so auriferous that the very
animals show traces of the outcrop of
gold in their teeth, says a London cor-
respondent of the St. Louis Post-Dis-

patch.

That, at least, seems to be the infer-

ence to be derived from evidence
comes, not from the Antipodes
news of a fresh "strike" of gold,
but from that vast center of teeming
life in the East End of London,
the Bethnal Green. In Beth-

nal Green sheep's heads are a luxury,
and they invariably are frozen
in the "Australis and New Zea-

land" section of the city.

man, R. G. Style, prac-

titioner on the road, Bethnal

Green, is credited of making the

discovery. He was in the city
days ago he was in the city

when he picked up a sheep which had

been the counselor's

idle act, to tease

or noticed a dull

on the teeth.

gold," he said,

teeth closely

with a coating

which shone

used by the

who had an-

supper the

skeptical.

the teeth,

the dog,

was no trace of any auriferous

deposit.

Other sheep's heads

at random from Bethnal

Green, and some of them

of gold deposit on the teeth

same way. They had all

the Antipodes. English

sheep's heads were obtained

was no trace of any auriferous

deposit.

ELIMINATING THE OBVIOUS.

Content Is Found in Searching for
cooled Opportunities and Jobs.

When at Mr. Russell's death it

discovered that his fortune had

ed away in bad investments, and Mr.

Russell and Rosamund were near

peniless, their friends looked at each

other in consternation.

