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HAMMONTON, N. J., MAY 27, 1905.

NO. 21

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EXEMPT PUPILS.

The following pupils of the High School are exempt from final examinations. These exemptions are based on various written reviews taken by pupils during the year. The general average in all subjects in which pupil is exempt must be 85, except in spelling, where it is 90. These examinations are given at the close of some topic as, e. g., common fractions or decimals in Arithmetic, or the Colonial period in U. S. History, or "Europe" in Geography.

EXEMPTIONS

Grade 11.....	Geometry	John Birdall
Katherine Berry	John Birdall	
James Cottrell	Marie Warner	
Katherine Berry	English History	Wm Phillips
James Cottrell	Stenography	
James Cottrell	Chemistry	
John Birdall	Rhetoric	George Greis
Katherine Berry	Walter Small	
James Cottrell	Marie Warner	
Grade 10.....	Physics	Harry Harley
Annie Crowell	Julia Campanella	
Harry Smith	Latin	Little Lehman
Harry Harley	Henry Fitting	
Emma Berry	Stenography	Anna Phillips
Albert Walther	General History	Elliot Davis
Julia Campanella	Nellie Laver	
Ocella Coast	Anna Phillips	
Harry Harley	Algebra	Erna Chalfant
Little Lehman	Elise Nicolai	
Harry L Smith	Alice Wright	
Albert Walther	Henry Fitting	
Julia Campanella	Emma Berry	
Annie Crowell	Fred Small	
Harry Harley	Physics	Harry L Smith
Grade 9.....	Julia Campanella	
Bella Berry	Algebra	Rebecca Gentel
Edith Birdsong	Arthur Lobley	
Phyllis Cooper	Warren Tilton	
Edith Birdsong	Ancient History	Mary Osgood
Phyllis Cooper	Altamont Phillips	
Nana Laver	Esle Rider	
Gladys Lehman	Warren Tilton	
Marie Woscoat	John Myers	
Phyllis Cooper	English Composition	
Bella Berry	Arithmetic	Arthur Lobley
Edith Birdsong	Leon Mart	
Daisy Gentel	John Myers	
Phyllis Cooper	Physical Geography	Altamont Phillips

We will publish exemptions in lower grades next week.

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THE WATCHER.

Three of the night, when men are still,
You hear the silence creeping down—
All day it crouches on the hill
And looks toward the town.

But only in the dead of night
It dares to leave its dark retreat
And like an evil, untamed thing,
Invade the vacant street.

The thousand sleep and do not hear,
Sleep sound, sleep deep and never
know
How hours long throughout the town
It paces to and fro—

Or lies at ease with large, bright eyes
Fixed full upon my window square,
For sometimes, sickened of surmise,
I rise and find it there.

I shudder, but I surely know
Some day when first of Dawn are lit
To drive it backward to the hill,
That I shall follow it.

And let it lead me where the place
Cast shadows, but shall never shift
For any sun, and leave me lost
Where shadows never lift.
—Harper's.

SAMSON AND DELILAH.

AUNT DEE put her pretty head out of the window and listened—all unconscious that in so doing she turned another page in her love story. They had lived in this neighborhood only two days, but Dorothy had evidently found a playmate. Her cheerful, little voice came floating up: "Oh, yeth, she was saying, 'I'm glad you live in the next houth.'"

Aunt Dee looked down at her small niece. She was standing close to the hedge that divided their lawn from the old-fashioned yard adjoining it. Standing just as close to the hedge, on the other side, was a fair-haired child, whose long, golden curls were tied back on each side with a blue ribbon.

Only the head of each was visible to her, but Aunt Dee gazed wonderingly at the little figure on the other side of the hedge. Was it a boy, or a girl? A long-sleeved gingham apron—blue and white—hung stiffly down to the tops of shoes, thick-soled and heavy, like those



NEVER THAW A BOY WEAR APRONTH." worn by men in embryo. There were pockets in the apron, and the small hands were thrust into them man fashion. There was a look of real martyrdom in the blue eyes.

"I wath afraid I'd have to live near a boy," Dorothy lisped, laughing contentedly.

The golden-haired child flushed painfully and writhed with embarrassment, then he leaned forward and said something too low for Aunt Dee to hear. Dorothy sprang back in amazement. "Oh! oh!" she cried, "what a whooper! You ain't a boy at all—you've got curlichs an' ribbonth, an'—"

"I'll come round and show you my shoes," he said, determinedly to convince her of his masculinity. A minute later he was standing on the lawn, exhibiting his pedal extremities to the little girl.

"But I never thaw a boy wear apronth like that," she said argumentatively. "What for do you wear 'em?" The question was not answered, for the new acquaintance said, "I've got to go, now; Aunt Mercy's calling me."

He seemed glad of the chance to leave his little inquisitor, but that the escape was only temporary, Aunt Dee discovered at bedtime. Dorothy, as usual, made a confidant of her.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, sitting down on the floor to take off her shoes. "There'll a great deal of trouble in thith world."

Aunt Dee suppressed a smile. "What is troubling you now, dear?" she asked sympathetically.

"Nothing thith troubling me—it thith poor Thanthonth!"

"Sampson! Is that the little boy next door?"

"Yeth. You thee, he had a mamma only a teeny bit of a while, then she died, an' thith Aunt Mercy took him. She thith only a great aunt, an' she don't prove of boyth; she want them all to be thith little girlth. She wanted him named Thanthonth 'cuth he had long hair, like the Thanthonth in the Bible. Thith thith away the much, an' he bath to wear apronth an' ribbonth." She gazed pensively at the little stocking in her hand.

"It is too bad!" Aunt Dee said indignantly. "Poor little fellow—"

"Yeth, but the curlichs are the hard, eth to bear! Thith papa wanted them cut off, but thith Aunt Mercy wanted him to wait 'til he came home again. He wath to come home to-day, but they got a letter that maybe he couldn't come 'til July, an' Thanthonth heart thith breaking! He bath to do patchwork, and thith Aunt Mercy readth the Bible to him."

"Doesn't he like that?" Aunt Dee said.

"Yeth, everything but the angelth; he thithn't int'rethed in angelth."

"Why isn't he interested in the angels, Dorothy?"

"Oh, they all, have long hair! He thith theory for them, but he don't never want to be one!"

"What is Sampson's last name?" Aunt Dee asked.

"Whithing—only Whithing; it thithn't out of the Bible, like Thanthonth. What thith the matter, Aunt Dee? You jumped!"

"Nothing, dear; I knew some one of that name several years ago. Now, you must say your prayers, and let me put out the light. Mamma is coming up to kiss you good night."

Alone in her room Aunt Dee recalled the past, and the past inseparably connected with David Whithing. "Some one of that name" had loved her eight long years ago. She had loved him, and foolishly (?) refused him for another woman's sake. Had Grace Thornby been happy with the man she loved? Happy as Deborah Wright might have been?

"He never called me Deborah," she said to herself, "it was always 'Dee'—Dorothy's named for me now. Poor Grace! I never dreamed that she was dead. They moved away before Samson came. I know the poor little man is David's boy; the likeness is perfect. My heart goes out to that pathetic little figure in blue gingham! I could pray with Dorothy, 'O Lord, pleath have Thanthonth hair cut!'"

The next day was Saturday. Samson came over early in the morning, and the children played happily for over an hour. Then there was such a commotion in the yard that Aunt Dee went to the door to see what was the matter.

Samson, with Dorothy behind him, was the center of a group of boys. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes shining. "I won't stand it!" he cried. "I ain't a girl!"

"He thith a boy!" Dorothy lisped valiantly. "Thith name thith Thanthonth."

Samson's tormentors hooted derisively. "Thanthonth! She says thith name is 'Thanthonth,' and it has curlichs!"

Before Aunt Dee could interfere Samson's fist had come in close contact with the leader of the group. The boy—twice as large as his antagonist—was too astonished to avoid the blow. When he saw Aunt Dee coming he picked himself up from the grass and ran swiftly down the street, his companions following like a flock of sheep.

Aunt Dee's eyes blazed with righteous indignation. "The coward!" she cried. Samson's lips quivered, and he blinked hard to keep the tears back—boys didn't cry! "I—I—hate curlichs!" he said.

Aunt Dee made a sudden resolution—she felt reckless. "Dorothy," she cried, "bring me the scissors!" Dorothy looked surprised, but she had been taught to obey her elders. While she was gone Aunt Dee said quietly: "Do you know how Samson—the Bible Samson—lost his hair?"

"Oh, yes," the little Samson answered promptly. "Delilah cut it off. Aunt Mercy said Delilah was a bad woman, but I liked her first rate."

Dorothy came up with the scissors in her hand. "Here they are, Aunt Dee," she said.

A look of wonder and delight came into Samson's blue eyes. "She called you 'Aunt Dee'?" he cried; "does D stand for Delilah?"

"It does this morning," the scissors lady said, determinedly, and she snipped the long curls off as though she enjoyed her work. "There! after it is shingled," she said, "and we get rid of this apron, you will be a 'really, truly' boy, dear! Run into the house, Dorothy; I am going home with Samson."

She gathered the curls in one hand and held out the other to the grateful little boy. Straight into the old house they walked, and Aunt Mercy held up her withered hands in horror at the sight of her shorn lamb.

"How did this happen?" she gasped, and the scissors lady, like George Washington, "could not tell a lie," but made a full confession.

Some one came into the room while she was introducing herself to Aunt Mercy—some one who stood behind her and listened hungrily to the sweet voice, pleading for the motherless little boy.

"He has been so unhappy," she said; "and—forgive me—I've been wondering if you understand boys? They need—"

"They need a mother's love!" The voice came from behind her full and deep, just as David Whithing's voice had sounded eight years before. She turned and looked at him, the warm color flooding her face.

"They need a mother's love," he said again. "Can my little lad have that, Dee?" He held out his arms

treatingly, and the scissors lady walked into them.

LION INVADDED THE CAMP.

An Exciting Early Morning Adventure in a Somaliland Jungle.

"When in Somaliland, Africa, I had an exciting adventure with a black-maned lion," writes a correspondent in the London Chronicle. "I had intended to reach a village one night, but it was getting dark and we were a couple of hours' march off; so, finding an old zaraba or thorn inclosure, we went into it. This zaraba covered half an acre. It was only about four feet high and four feet thick, the thorny branches composing it having sunk down and fallen apart."

"We repaired about 100 yards of it, pitched our tent and the cook got his fire lighted, gave me some dinner and I turned in. Our nineteen camels all squatted in a circle to the right of the tent, our horses were tethered near to them and our twenty-one men lighted three or four fires, cooked their food and lay down to sleep around the camels. We also had five donkeys tethered to two or three saplings, which were growing about two paces in front of the tent and, therefore, toward the center of the zaraba."

"About 2 o'clock in the morning I was awakened by two feeble brays, followed by a third. Lighting a candle, I tumbled out in my pajamas and got hold of my rifle and a couple of cartridges, to meet the Somal hunters showing their woolly heads through the tent door, saying 'Waraba! (hyena). Deep growls were going on and I at once felt sure that it was no hyena, but a lion in the zaraba. Fortunately, the camels did not stampede."

"It was pitch dark, but I saw that one of the five donkeys tethered in front of the tent was gazing intently toward the left and center. The other four had disappeared in the center of the zaraba, which, however, I found in the morning to be simply a mass of old-dried-thorn-branches; so the six or eight shots I fired at it in the darkness did little harm. The men were now bushing the fires and the cook supplied four or five of the men with sticks and with kerosene rapidly made some torches. I then noticed that the donkey was gazing more to the left of the center and, guided by the growling, which was going on continuously, I crept on my hands and knees past the donkey for a couple of yards. The men with the torches were then a little behind my right shoulder."

"Suddenly the torches flamed up brightly, and the light being behind me somewhat I was not dazzled by it, but saw the lion dragging off a donkey. It did not take me more than one second to snap both barrels at him and his growls at once ceased. After putting in two more cartridges and having the torches retitrmed we again advanced to find the lion lying on his side, giving a few expiring gasps. His nose touched the donkey's throat, a trickle of blood flowed down from under his left eye, and as I afterward found he had got my second bullet in the nape of the neck."

Not Cruelty to Animals.

In a certain Illinois town a teamster had been arrested and tried before a justice of the peace on a charge of cruelty to animals. It was alleged in the complaint that the teamster had actually kicked and otherwise abused the horse driven by him. The evidence failed to show that the teamster had maltreated the horse as charged in the complaint, but it developed that the defendant was unusually gifted in the use of a word and picturesque profanity—a profanity that left nothing to be desired in the choice of expletives of force of delivery. It appeared from the evidence that what the teamster had really done was to give the horse one of his most artistic and terrible "cussings."

"After hearing the evidence and the arguments of counsel and being fully advised in the premises, the court found 'among other things that said defendant swore at and used profane language to the horse mentioned in said complaint, but that from the present imperfect state of knowledge of the psychology of the horse or the workings of the equine mind it does not appear to the court that said horse has suffered any physical pain, mental anguish or humiliation by reason of the profanity heaped upon him, or that said horse in any manner 'kicked' because said defendant swore at him; that under the statute such swearing at said horse did not constitute cruelty to animals, and it further appearing to the court that the said horse had no 'kick' coming by reason of his treatment by said defendant, it is therefore ordered by the court that said defendant be discharged."—(Green Bag.)

Strong Match.

"Is this a picture of your sister?" asked the new minister.

"No, sir," answered Mrs. Dunsberry. "It's a picture of my departed daughter."

"Ah, yes. Was her faith strong?"

"It must have been, sir. She danced all night and then cooled off by sitting in a strong draft."—Detroit Tribune.

Even poor advice is legal tender when handed out by a lawyer.

Boys And Girls

What a Penny Can Do.

Most of the talk is about "millions" these days, and I notice that young people, like older ones, are beginning to look down on the pennies and to imagine that saving pennies is too slow altogether for this age.

Let me tell you a true story, says an exchange, about a recent big engineering contract that shows the value of pennies.

A great firm, well known through the country, figured on an engineering contract a few years ago. They had everything calculated to the last cent, except the cost of some dredging. On this they couldn't quite figure within half of one cent per cubic yard without getting more facts.

"We'd better investigate," said the elder partner, "and find out just how much we'll have to dredge."

"Nonsense," said the younger and more active partner. "It's only half a cent, and it's not worth bothering about."

So they signed the contract.

After they had worked six months it developed that the firm would have to dredge away ten million cubic feet of material. It also turned out that it would cost them exactly "only half a cent" per cubic foot more to do it than they were getting for it. Ten million cubic feet, at that half a cent each, which the younger partner had said was "not worth bothering about" amounted to just \$50,000.

The firm has been working three years now to fulfill a contract at a heavy loss, simply because a man didn't consider that half a cent was worth bothering about.

Thoughts in Church.

Oh, to be a sailor.
And sail to foreign lands—
To Greenland's icy mountains
And India's coral strands!
To sail upon the Ganges
And see the crocodile,
Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.

I'd love to see the heathen
Bow down to wood and stone,
But his wicked graven image
I'd knock from off its throne!
The heathen in his blindness
Should see a thing or two!
He'd know before I left him
What a Yankee boy can do!
—St. Nicholas.

Photographing an Owl.

The Great Horned Owl may be fascinated by a dog. And the photographing of the Great Horned Owl under these conditions is not difficult; wait until the owl seizes the fowl and stops to rest on the return to the woods; then let a dog be led to within twenty or thirty feet of the owl, and the bird will be all attention for the dog and take no apparent notice of the person leading it. The behavior of the owl at such times is very amusing. It stands motionless, gazing intently at the dog; but after a few minutes, if the dog remains quiet, the bird seems to become nervous, and steps first to one side and then to the other, hissing, snapping its beak, and ruffling its feathers. After this the owl will usually turn its head and look at the person leading it.

THE KEY-WORD.

The value of a sincere, appreciative word spoken on the impulse to which a few persons accord their rightful place in their convention-encrusted lives is often incalculable. Thirty years ago in a log schoolhouse in a "back district" of the middle West, a boy who had never before left the foot of the class unexpectedly spelled a word that had passed down the whole line, and, a bit bashfully, took his place at the head. The teacher was of the sort who are "on the side of those who would climb," and looking straight into his eyes, she said, "I'm glad to see you there, Tim—and I hope you're going to stay there, too!"

And stay there he did. By degrees the whole school was pitted against him in half-friendly, half-jealous rivalry, but he held his ground. That one taste of achievement and the confidence of his superiors fired his ambition and waked all the honest effort there was in him. To-day he is the principal of a well-known educational institution.

Another youngster, whose name need not be given, was a newboy on a suburban railway route, and because a certain commuter sometimes smiled in his direction, took it upon himself to look after his "friend's" comfort in sundry small ways. The friend was half-inclined to interpret him as an anticipation of possible tips, but not approving of this practice, continued only to smile, although he never failed to thank his small acquaintance for any courtesy. At the end of the quarter, however, when his "commuting" days were drawing to a close, he

LITTLE STORIES AND INCIDENTS

That Will Interest
Entertain Young
Readers.

ally try to make off with it. If another halt is made, the tions show even more ner. While the owl's attention is attracted is the time to approach "photo-distance" to get the shots."—St. Nicholas.

An Incident in High Life



"Ho! Ho!" laughed the kite in mere glee,
"How good it is to fly!
The air is fresh, the wind is strong,
And it's grand to be so high!"

"Pooh! Pooh!" said a cloud that was overhead;
And she laughed with scorn, did she
"By the Milky Way! Do you call that 'high'?"

But the little kite said nothing at all,
For he knew she was impolite;
And out came the sun, and melted the cloud
That jeered at the merry kite.
—Ladies' World.

Drawing Room Blizzard.

A new and pretty game is drawing room blizzard. To enjoy it best go into the hall or longest room in the house. Sometimes the door between two small rooms may be opened and thus give plenty of space.

Divide the players. Send half to one end, half to the other. Fasten two extra wide tapes near each end for goals. For a ball make a large one of paper, something like those used for shaving papers. Place this ball in the middle of the room, and at a given signal let each player, previously armed with a small fan, try to blow the ball over the opposite goal. The number of goals to a game must be planned beforehand, and each success is scored to the winning side.

Hidden Christmas Names.

In each of the four sentences printed below you will find hidden a Christmas name. Can you tell what the four names are?

1. The beleaguered garrison sent out a flag of truce.
2. Speaking of Mr. Metcalf and myself, red and blue are our colors.
3. The fog was so thick that with each step he narrowly escaped falling.
4. I will thank you to name the lowest price you will take.

Answer.—1. Edgar. 2. Fred. 3. Stephen. 4. Ethel.

and to the boy, "What has made you so kind to me all this time?"

"Why, I just liked you," replied the other, honestly, his gray eyes opening wide.

"Well, I like you, too," returned the man, as frankly, "and I wish you'd insist this for me in any way you think best," and he handed him a bill. "It's not a tip, you know," he went on.

"That wouldn't be possible between gentlemen—and friends," he added, with one of those smiles that had first won the small boy's heart.

"Thank you, sir," returned the other, simply, but his eyes and his honest upturned face said more.

Something like a dozen years afterward the paths of these two again crossed. The man was little changed, but it was not easy for him to recognize in the big, well-built, well-groomed man before him the small newboy of that suburban summer.

"I've always felt that I should meet you again somewhere," the young man said, "because I've wanted so to thank you—no, not for the money, but for that word 'gentlemen.' I never had any ambition except for money—till then. It made me want an education and a place in the world. And yet I don't think that even money was so much to me at the beginning of the summer as it was after I had learned the meaning of it, and knew that it would send me to school."

Traits of the Fate Box.

He—If a girl becomes a sphinxer at her declining an offer of marriage she is apt to regret it.

She—Yes; and if she marries she is apt to regret it—so what can the poor girl do?—Chickadee Duplicator.

PULPIT.

THE SUNDAY SERMON BY REV. E. E. NEWBOLT.

THE REALITY IN RELIGION.

Colts, Ind.—The Rev. E. E. Newbolt, of this city, delivered a large congregation last Sunday an eloquent sermon, entitled "The Reality in Religion."

"The hour cometh, when in this mountain, nor yet in the valley, shall ye worship the Father, and now is, when the worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth." John iv.

are great words. I do not, however, interpret them. I quote it as a protest against the limitation of worship, as an answer to the creeds of Christendom. It is because it denies formal religion and places emphasis on truth.

Or it is like following a trail to find its source in a mountain. Indeed, it is refreshing to get off our load of belief and fear.

As it is, it is inspiring to think of religion as without bounds or name or vision, just a splendid ideal of life, a daring thought of the eternities.

In passing, I think of a great picture of the poor copy. I turn from the copy, badly done, to the original. Its setting is the quiet life and quiet scenes of Galilee. At once we think of the night prayer in the hills and the teaching on the mount, the central figure that of a man who speaks to the people of the realities of life.

It is enough to catch its spirit. Life is swift, and its course is onward. Religion is a present reality. It is every-where about in the life of the modern world.

In worship? Yes. In good living? Yes. Hunt for religion in the beliefs of men, and you lose it. Bind it and bound it, and you have only husks. Live it, and you know it for what it is.

Go where life goes, go where the great world's work is done, and you will find real religion. Is the church its audible voice? Then it should bear the live coal upon its altars. It should be in love with truth and in touch with life.

It should be modern, with a message to modern man. It should lead, command, advance. It should worship the living God, not learn ritual or mumble over relics in the sepulchre of the dead.

So long poorly taught, we can hardly think of religion apart from the church, its rites and dogmas. Baptism, for instance, awaits us at the outer gate. Shall it be the condition of our passing through? Does the kingdom of God wait for baptism? Is the rite a vital part of religion? Men have been baptized; but what of humanity? What of the round world? Are the unbaptized outside the gate? Baptism? Oh, go out some summer morning, and stand uncovered in the fields. Wait reverently for the sunrise. Be tenderly affectioned toward the world. Be thankful for life and not afraid of death. Let nature be to you a sanctuary, the world a holy place. Invite the dew of the morning to wet your head; and in that hour of stillness, reverence and joy, you will receive a baptism, the end of all novelties and probation.

Or what of the ordination of a minister of religion? Does the candidate stand in the apostolic line? Has he had the hands of a bishop on his head? Has he been consecrated by a rite which separates him from his fellows? Is his office holy? Are such questions of grave importance? Or do they concern anybody in this busy world but the ecclesiastical? Indeed, what is a minister of religion more than a man? Or what ceremony add to a man? Not by any miracle can a priest be made a man if he be not first a man. Poets and knaves have been ordained to the priesthood, but neither bishop's hands nor the most sacred rite can make a fool learn wisdom, or teach a clown to be serious, or put an honest soul into a knave.

And then there are the apostolic people. These form an exclusive set in the kingdom of God, a sort of chosen people. They have gone through the gate, and have shut the gate behind them. Nothing of ceremonial or belief has been left undone. They have taken out insurance for eternity. But what of humanity? What of the round world? Where stand the majority of men and women? In the winnowing of souls, why so few grains of wheat? As I try to answer, even in part, I think of those who are doing the world's work. I think of the men and women who are fighting the world's battles and winning its victories. I think of the shoulders beneath the ponderous wheel of progress, now rolling on, now down to the hub in the mire. I think of those who are leading a head in the gigantic world struggle for the supremacy of righteousness. I think of those in the vanguard who light watch-fires on the hills, who are educating, humanizing, liberating. Or I think of the gentle hands, the swift feet, the tender hearts, the angels of mercy and peace, in whom dwell sweetness and light. Who are they? By what name are they called? To what church, if any, do they belong? Into the question, impossible the answer. Sufficient is it that they establish a Christian civilization. No, not an exclusive set, not a small division of humanity, but these lovers and comrades and workers who walk together, constitute the kingdom of God. If this be not so, we are into the world, helpless our human lot.

Humanity has found many experiments, and from failure learned wisdom. All that the ecclesiastical would to-day teach has been tried, and it has failed. At least for 1000 years the religion of dogma and ceremonial ruled

the world. These ten centuries are distinguishable by the supremacy of a blind faith. For 1000 years men knelt to the ecclesiastical, and in death turned to him as the arbiter of their eternal destiny. I do not forget that this absolutism of the church forbade progress. I do not forget that it made scholarship a dangerous calling, that it stamped every new thought as heresy, that it burned the thinker and hated the truth. And all this was done in the name of religion. It was done in defense of the faith. It was done for holy church and God. The experiment, however, was a failure. The absolutism of the church was checked. Humanity broke the fetters that bound it to little things, and the awakening, wondering world started for freedom.

We boast a modern age, we talk of democracy, we proclaim the rights of men, because, in the bitter conflict, medievalism lost. It lost in art; it lost in literature; it lost in science; it lost in politics; it lost in religion. The triumph was not of a party; it was a triumph for humanity. The destiny of the round world was involved. The Old World principle was hurled back; the New World principle appeared. The medieval ages ended, the modern began. The worst stage of religious nightmare was lifted from the mind and conscience of mankind. Yet think of what might have been! Think what might have been, had medievalism triumphed! Think what might have been, had dogmas silenced reason! Think what might have been, had the absolutism of the church and the Old World principle continued supreme!

Let him who easily forgets think what might have been. Manhood suffrage and manhood religion are not ideals of medievalism. They are ideals of freemen, wrung from tyranny and paid for with a great price. Only the man who forgets, values as a small thing our heritage of religious liberty. Only the man who forgets is indifferent to religious progress. Only the man who forgets can receive unmoved the suggestion of a revival of a dogmatic faith and an ecclesiastical absolutism which ever has meant bondage, ignorance, superstition, fear, and stagnation.

Only the man who forgets can be misled by the mockery of form or the quackery of belief. Only the man who forgets can deny the logic of the new learning or turn his back on reason and experience, his face toward the past.

As truth is above price, as liberty is worth its cost, as freedom is precious to every man, I urge on this generation that it forget not, neither be indifferent to religious progress. In the name of freedom, in the name of truth, I plead for manhood religion, for the simple truth, for the honest thought, for the supremacy of character. I plead for the modern learning, which emancipates the world, which crowns every man a king and anoints every man a priest. I plead for the modern living, sane and glad, and wholesome. I plead for the modern age, splendid in achievement, rich in promise. I plead for modern man, who has come so far and done so much. I plead for the modern religious idea whose support is the truth that makes men free.

The Infatigable Hands.
A lady, who had been three or four years away from her childhood's home and settled in one of her own, was taken seriously ill. Her mother, with all a mother's solicitude, was anxious to be with her daughter at once, and hastened to her bedside. She found a faithful physician in attendance and a training nurse in charge; there was really nothing for her to do—nothing that she could be permitted to do. Day after day she made silent visits to the sick room, even her presence could not be allowed long, and went away powerless to aid. The ministering was in wiser, more efficient hands than hers, and she could not be trusted with it—would not have dared to trust herself with it.

"But it seems strange," she said sadly one day, "that even I, her mother, can only stand aside and do nothing. There never before was a time when 'mother' wasn't the one to help and comfort; it seems as if it ought to be so still, and yet I would be afraid to do anything but keep hands off and trust to a knowledge and strength that is greater than my own."

It is the same in many a spiritual trial through which we are our dear ones pass. We long to shift the burden, to lighten the trials, to bestow the coveted gift; but the Great Physician holds the precious soul in His hands, the hands that will make no mistake, and we can only stand aside and trust Him.

Lent to the Lord.
The Rev. George Gillman, the eminent divine, was distinguished for his generosity and largeness of heart. On one occasion he met a member of his church whom he had not seen at worship for a long time. Reminding him of the fact, the minister asked what was wrong.

"I did not like to come in a coat I am ashamed of—it is so bare," answered the man.

The minister instantly divested himself of his own coat, and handed it to his distressed parishioner.

"There, my man, let me see my coat every Sunday until it becomes bare, and then call back."

The worthy divine then returned to his studies in his shirt sleeves; and his wife, observing him, asked what he had done with his coat.

"I have just lent it to the Lord," was Gillman's noble answer.

Instruments of God.
Evan Roberts, the ruler of the twenty-six years of age, whom the world has come to know as the "Walter of the Revival," is a man of great simplicity and modesty. At one large meeting he went out because the expectancy and curiosity had become too great. That meeting proved to be one of the most mightily influential gatherings of the century.

Science Notes.
INVESTIGATION OF SLEEPING SICKNESS.
An expedition having been sent out to the district of the Congo by the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine to investigate more fully the cause and effect of that dread African disease trypanosomiasis or sleeping sickness, recent report published by the expedition for 1903-04 will be received with interest. The trypanosomata, says Nature, are flagellated protozoa, which have been found to be parasitic in many animals, and sometimes associated with serious effects, as in the tsetse fly disease of the horse. During recent years trypanosomata have been found to be parasitic in man in various parts of West and Central Africa, which, when accompanied by severe symptoms, such as convulsions and coma, is dreaded sleeping sickness, which has destroyed tens of thousands of lives in Africa. The expedition of Messrs. Dutton, Todd and Christy into the Congo Free State was undertaken at the request of the King of Belgium. At the hospital at Boma and elsewhere a number of patients were seen which were regarded as cases of sleeping sickness, but in whom the somnolence so characteristic of the disease in Uganda was completely absent. However, Dr. Thomas and Mr. Linton from their investigations have concluded that the parasites found in the cerebro-spinal fluid in cases of Uganda sleeping sickness, in that of the Congo Free State sleeping sickness, and in various trypanosomiasis are all identical in morphology.

FOUR MILLIONS FOR EDUCATION.
It is stated in Science that Sir William Macdonald, of Montreal, has decided to give \$4,000,000 to the cause of education and has unfolded his scheme in detail. It consists of the erection of a Normal School at St. Anne de Bellevue, a few miles distant from Montreal, and the erection and endowment of an agricultural college at the same place.

STRUCTURAL TIMBER INVESTIGATION.
A progress report on the strength of structural timber, to ascertain whether it is given in Circular No. 32 of the forestry series published by the United States Department of Agriculture. Tests were made with long-leaf pine, Pinus palustris, loblolly, Pinus taeda and a red fir known also as Oregon pine, Pseudotsuga taxifolia. Long-leaf pine is the standard timber of construction, but it is not always obtainable in large pieces, when red fir takes its place; red fir produces long, straight timber, but shows considerable variation in quality; loblolly being principally sap-wood has to be treated with preservatives if it is required for exterior work. Experiments were also made with sweet gum, Liquidambar styraciflua, to ascertain whether the timber could be bent and put to the same use as loblolly, but the results were not favorable.

OPALIZED REMAINS.
In the records of the Australian Museum Mr. J. Etheridge describes the remains of a pleistocene reptile of the genus Anolis, from the upper Pliocene of Australia. Long-leaf pine is the standard timber of construction, but it is not always obtainable in large pieces, when red fir takes its place; red fir produces long, straight timber, but shows considerable variation in quality; loblolly being principally sap-wood has to be treated with preservatives if it is required for exterior work. Experiments were also made with sweet gum, Liquidambar styraciflua, to ascertain whether the timber could be bent and put to the same use as loblolly, but the results were not favorable.

USEFUL HINTS.
Poor food makes poor blood.
A hot fire for roasting and a clear fire for broiling.
Clear up as you work; it takes but a moment then, and saves time afterwards.
A time for everything and everything on time.
Economy does not mean astringency, but the art of making the most and best of the means and materials at hand.
Study to economize strength, time, and money.
Actual pleasure and culture may be found in the humdrum duties of everyday life if they are done in the right spirit and with the determination to do everything in the best possible time and way.
Certain French astronomers have recently come to the conclusion that the orbit of the moon extends from the surface to the center, and not, as the American scientists think, from the center to the periphery. This view would modify various existing theories. Their conclusion is drawn from the examination of photographs obtained at the observatory for reproduction in the New Lunar Atlas.

Roberts left, a young girl rose, and, as if inspired, demanded of the people: "Whom are you after, Evan Roberts, or Jesus Christ?"

Who, after all, is Paul, or Peter, or Apollos, or Augustine, or Luther, or Wesley, or Moody, or Evan Roberts, but a minister by whom men believe?

God's Doing.
It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have. What we are, and where we are, is God's providential arrangement—God's doing, though it may be man's misdoing.—F. W. Robertson.

Spiritual Life.
Hush thy complaints. Sweetness and kindness are good when they bear thee home to God. Cruelly and wrong are good when they force thee to the bosom of God. Evil is evil unto him who loathes evil, but evil is good to thee if it unites thee with God the Beautiful.

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Sunday School Lesson

MAY 23, 1905.
THE CRUCIFIXION.
John 19:17-30. (Study John 19:1-16.)
Memory verses: 26-27.

Golden Text: Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.
DIFFICULT POINTS EXPLAINED.
HOW TO LOCATE THIS LESSON.
After further parleying on the part of Pilate, he publicly washes his hands, the answer of the multitude accepting responsibility for the death of Jesus (Matt. 27:25). The usual scourging was accompanied by mockery from the soldiers. Pilate makes another appeal (Ecce Homo), but is met by a religious charge, which leads to another interview with Jesus. The final attempt to release Jesus is unanswered by a claim that this would be disloyalty to Caesar, the end of all being the cry: "We have no king but Caesar." The lesson follows.

PLACES.—Pilate's Praetorium, then Golgotha. The traditional site, at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, was probably within the city walls at that time, hence is not the true one. Opinion now favors a knoll, skull-like in form, near the so-called Gates of Jerusalem, northeast of the Damascus Gate. The so-called Via Dolorosa cannot, therefore, be the route between the places of trial and crucifixion.

TIME.—On Friday, the 15th of Nisan (the last lesson), April 7, year of Rome 753, that is, A. D. 30. The time of day according to the other accounts, was from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. John, however, speaks of the close of the trial as "about the sixth hour" (v. 14). This probably means in a general way "before noon." Some hold that John reckons from midnight, but this usage cannot be positively established, and would place the hour too early.

PERSONS.—Our Lord, two robbers, Pilate and the chief priests, the Roman soldiers, the women near the cross, and John. (See on v. 25.)

LIGHT ON PUZZLING PASSAGES.
Verse 17.—They took Jesus therefore: While this clause in our versions belongs to verse 16, it properly begins a new paragraph. "And led him away" is omitted by the best authorities. "They" refers to the soldiers.—Went out: From the praetorium, and also outside the city.—Bearing his cross: As was usual, the two beams were placed on the shoulders. John does not allude to the impressment of Simon of Cyrene or to the weeping women (Luke).—Golgotha: The Aramaic form of the word from the Hebrew "skull," probably so named from the shape of the knoll.

Verse 18.—They crucified him: He refused a stupefying draught (Matthew, Mark). When the cross was elevated with the victim nailed and bound upon it, it was let fall into a hole dug to receive it. Probably at this point Pilate uttered the first word from the cross: "Father, forgive them." Two others: Robbers, thieves, probably the followers of Barabbas.

Verse 19, 20.—A title also: "Also" suggests that this was a continuation of Pilate's grim mockery.—The King of the Jews: So all four accounts, with three variations in the other words, probably representing the three languages: in Hebrew, and in Latin and in Greek. In Luke 23:33 this detail is not well attested.

Verse 21.—The chief priests of the Jews: This peculiar phrase is contrasted with The King of the Jews. The chief priests resented the title of Pilate.

Verse 22.—To every soldier a part: There were four soldiers, and the garments of Jesus included (besides the "coat") four articles of about equal value: the head-gear the sandals, the tunic, and the upper garment (see "Jerusalem").—And divided them: The tunic was the most valuable, and is here described as without seam, woven from the top throughout.

Verse 23.—Cast lots for it: To avoid rending it. The other accounts imply that the other garments were thus apportioned. In this a fulfillment of Psalm 22:18, here cited from the Septuagint. After this occurred the scoffing by most spectators, and the conversation with the penitent robber (second word).

Verse 24.—His mother, and his mother's sister, Mary, the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene: The view that four women are meant, arranged in pairs, presents few difficulties. "His mother's sister" would then be Salome, who was present when Jesus died, and whom John, as usual, does not name. The other view (three women) makes two sisters of the same name, and involves difficulties about "James the less." It has been connected with Jerome's theories about our Lord's "brethren."

Verse 25.—Woman: Here a term of affection. Behold, thy son! "Behold" is an exclamation, not a verb. Notice the comma in the Revised Version.

Verse 27.—From that hour: At once, hence was not present when Jesus died.—Unto his own home: If Salome was the sister of Mary, John's kinship would account for Mary's being committed to his care (the third word).

Verse 28.—After this: Indefinite, but the other accounts show that it was three hours afterwards. The fourth word ("My God, etc.") immediately preceded.—The Scripture: Psalm 22.—Might be accomplished: "Fulfilled" in the preceding clause represents the same Greek word.—I thirst: Fifth word. Unnatural thirst attended crucifixion.

Verse 29.—A vessel full of vinegar: Probably sour wine. The vessel seems to have been placed there for the use of the soldiers, and also to be given to the victim, as the presence of the sponge and hyssop indicate. Matthew and Mark say "a reed," which may mean the stem of the hyssop, or the hyssop may have borne the sponge to the reed. The identity of "hyssop" is still in dispute.

Verse 30.—It is finished: The sixth word, the last one being, "Father, into thy hands, etc."—Hallowed his name: Apparently said during the agony, gave up the spirit: All the accounts have terms that indicate self-surrender. The rapid end of life suggests the name. The Sunday School Times.

Paul's Idea of It.
Little Willie—Say, pa, is there any difference between constancy and density?

Pa.—Not much, my son. The man who is constant at all times is somewhat dense.

A Little Lesson in Patriotism

"Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."—Daniel Webster.

Although the fame of Horace Mann rests upon the work he did for education in the United States as a lawyer, statesman, legislator, codifier, traveler and college president, his life was productive of good in many and diverse directions. It is as the educator that he was most active in his patriotism.

He was the first to appreciate the necessity of popular education in a republic governed entirely by suffrage, a nation in which every man has a vote. If the republic were to be left to the guidance of a mass of people ignorant of the possibilities around them, of the duties before them, its tenure of life would have been as short as it would have been disastrous.

Horace Mann realized that character as well as intellect must be trained by the system of popular education. He recognized the rights of childhood and urged that they be respected. Against the most determined opposition he brought about the greatest innovations.

Throughout his entire life he was a tireless worker in the cause of American education. He labored for the children of the generation in which he lived, who would be the men and the women of the next. And, although his work was not appreciated until they had become men and women, to-day the name of Horace Mann is counted among the benefactors of humanity and the patriots of America.

IRISH JAUNTING CARS.
They Are Quite Elaborate in Construction—Cost \$40 to \$60.

There are in Dublin about 2,000 public cars. For a license, says a writer in Outing, the owner pays \$1 and the driver for his license pays half a crown down and a shilling a year. Of course well-to-do people have cars of their own. The Dublin doctors who used to drive soberly in victorias now cut about in cars like the rest of the world.

A car costs from \$40 to \$55, though you may pick up one without rubber tires for thirty guineas. A deal of work goes to the making. From start to finish it takes one month to complete a car. The wood used is birch or walnut, usually American wood. The birch, of course, stands the weather far better than the soft-grained walnut. Moreover, it is light, and, as you know, coats are made of cloth. Lathes, wood or hickory go into the shafts. Underneath the car there is a movable well for bags or dogs.

From Dublin these cars are shipped world-over. (Cars are made, too, in Derry; but I was there of a Sunday, and Derry was dead.) They go to England, to India, to Johannesburg, to New York, to Chicago, to Springfield and California; the car follows the exile.

It is a pretty fancy and not without a touch of sentiment. When wealth comes to an Irishman, far away from the old sod, he sends back for a bit of home discomfort to make him content. And then riding on a jaunting car is good for the liver. Personally, I like the cranky vehicle. There's a deal of fun to be got out of it. In the first place, the motion of a well-balanced car is delightful; then, too, you can see well about you and are near the horse. So far as the horse is concerned, the vehicle is a kindly one. If the car be rightly loaded there is no weight on the nag's back. Moreover, it is easy hauling, for the horse is well under his work.

Customary.
"Mr. Bilggin thinks he has the brightest, most promise" boy in the world."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "But that's no sign. Mr. Bilggin's parents, no doubt, thought the same of him once."—Washington Star.

Larger Scale.
"They are getting gold out in quartz."

"To hear him talk you would think they were getting it out in bushels."—Illinois State Journal.

No Wonder.
At this cry the boys scattered. "This statesman contemplated the scene thoughtfully."

"I wonder what would happen," murmured he, "if some one should came that cry on the floor of the Senate."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It All Depends.
"In marriage a failure?"

"You can never tell till you've met the wedding presents."—Chicago Leader.

OLD Favorites

The Laird o' Cockpen.
The laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
His mind is 'a'en up wi' the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' woo' was fashions to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
McCluskey's nee daughter o' Claversha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a laug pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, an' as guid as new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, an' cock'd his hat,
An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' a that?

He took the gray mare, an' rode canny,
An' rapp'd at the yett o' Claversha' Lee;
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder flow'r wine;
"An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,
Her match wi' red ribbons, an' gae awa' down.

An' when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low;
An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
"Amas'd was the Laird when the lady said na;
An' wi' a laigh curtle she turned awa'."

Damfunder'd was he; nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare—he rode canny;
And aften he thought as he gae through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And, now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean, she reflected on what she had said;
"Oh, for aye I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten!
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time the Laird and the lady was seen,
They were gaun arm in arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the hall like a weel-tappit hen;
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

—Lady Nairne.

Success.
Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed,
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple host
Who took the flag to-day
Can tell the definition
So clear of victory.

As he, defeated, dying,
On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Break, agonized and clear.

—Emily Dickinson.

Her Objection.
"If we economize," said the husband,
"We will soon have a house of our own
Instead of having to live in rent-
ed property."

"But I'm not sure I should like
that," answered the wife. "I couldn't
drive nails anywhere I please in the
walls or woodwork of our own house,
you know."

As Classified.

Giles—That chap across the street
was the light-weight champion in his
day.

Miles—You don't say! He certainly
doesn't look like a prize fighter now.

Giles—Oh, he wasn't a prize fighter.
He was formerly a coal dealer.

In the Kitchen.

"If you can't get along with your
work I will have to get another girl."

"Sure, mair, an' I wish that ye
would—there is work enough here for
two."

—

FERRYBOAT IS HUGE CRAFT.

California Vessel Largest of Its Kind—Used to Carry Trains.

What is beyond doubt the largest ferryboat in the world is owned by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, says the Philadelphia Record, and is used in transferring trains across Carquinez Strait, in Contra Costa County, California, between Benicia and Port Costa.

This colossal craft is christened the Solano. The boat is not only large in dimensions, but also in power. The Solano has a net tonnage of 3,057 tons, is 430 feet long, 116 feet wide and has a main draught of 15 feet. Her two engines have a combined strength of 2,100 I. H. P. This ferryboat is longer than most of the great battleships of the United States or other navies.

The Solano transfers on an average 10,000 trains a year—that is, all sorts of trains. Often the boat carries 40 large heavily loaded freight cars at one trip. Not less than 14 trains are handled each day. The boat has made as high as 42 trips during the 24 hours. Owing to the great length of this boat, says the American Inventor, it is unnecessary to ever cut a train, as she frequently carries a full train of cars, including two freight locomotives. There are four tracks extending the entire length, so that four trains may be accommodated at one time.

The Solano has four smokestacks and steel boilers. The two engines work entirely independent—one to each paddle wheel. This monster craft is constantly on duty—day and night. At the crossing point Carquinez Strait is about a mile wide and it requires from 11 to 13 minutes to make a trip each day—from slip to slip. On an average about 30 trips a day are made. So systematically and swiftly are the trips scheduled that there is very little, if any, delay to the many trains. Thousands of passengers traveling each way are transferred every day.

The maintenance of this transfer boat involves a very heavy expense to the railroad company. A bridge is the only solution of the problem; a suspension bridge of a mile in length would be too costly to be feasible for a private corporation and a drawbridge would prove a serious obstacle to navigation.

Bridge plans have just been forwarded to the war department for examination. According to the plans submitted the bridge will be 6,800 feet long. There will be a draw 200 feet wide in the clear on each side of the pivot pier. The average depth of water along the line of the proposed bridge is about 27 feet. The plans provide for a single track with the floor of the bridge 20 feet above low tide. It is estimated that such a structure will cost not less than \$3,000,000. It would be the most expensive bridge west of the Missouri River.

It is generally conceded that as the very heavy traffic is constantly increasing, in a few years at farthest a costly bridge will span Carquinez Strait.

Probably the next largest railroad ferryboat in the world is the giant steel transfer North Pacific. This boat is employed in transferring the Northern Pacific Railroad Company's trains across the great Columbia River on their transcontinental line to Portland, Oregon—between Kalama and Globe Point.

COLOR AND VALUE OF OPALS.

Gems Must Be Bright and Without Streaks or Spots.

Veins of opals are usually met with in soft formations, where nothing above ground indicates their presence. The search for them, therefore, often requires considerable time. But it is not extremely difficult, for opals are generally found near the surface. Indeed, it was thought for a long time that they were not to be found as deep as twelve feet below the surface. This opinion has, however, given way in the light of evidence, because opals of great value have been discovered at a depth of fifty feet.

The value of opals depends upon several considerations, of which the principal one is the color. It is important that they should be bright and not present streaks or spots alternating with uncolored substance. The most valuable are those which have red fires or mixtures of red and yellow, blue and green. Opals of a single tint are of little value, unless the tint is particularly striking and the figure beautiful. Indeed, one of the essential qualities of the opal is the arrangement of the figure, which sets off strikingly the hue of the stone.

When the figure is quite regular and distinct it is the more valuable, much less so when the grain is quite small and irregular. Sometimes the color appears as a single blaze or with figures regularly spaced. It may then be of a fine ruby red, and is much sought after, but oftenest the uniform tint is only green or reddish and has but little brilliancy to speak of.

The cutting is very important for the opal; thus a thick stone will be much less beautiful than a thin stone, which, on being part of its volume, loses also the figure. The foundation that contributes much to the beauty. It ought to be transparent, slightly milky, and harmonize fully with the different reflections of the opal, which, when it is really beautiful, presents a variety of hues infinitely pleasing to the eye.

TOYS OR FIZZ-JIGS.

Isn't the Child's Preference for the Former Plain and Unmistakable.

Pending the investigation of the toy question by some learned society or sociological expert, which we should suppose must be certain to take place, says the Boston Transcript, we venture to suggest one probable conclusion of such investigation and to submit the question of its soundness to our readers who as a result of Christ-mas are in a position to observe the varying effects of the different kinds of toys upon the temper, happiness and general well-being of the victims—we mean the recipients.

The conclusion which we thus submit is that what children want is toys and not fizz-jigs—things that they can play with, not things of the song and dance variety, solo artists that need to be wound up and then do all the playing for themselves. What a child wants from his toys is not primarily entertainment, but expression; the expression of his own ideas through the use of his own faculties, not the expression of the ingenuity of the clever man who made the toy.

Toys are accordingly welcome to him, are treasured and become a part of his life, in proportion as they are plastic to his hand and mind, in proportion as he can build with them or use them in the drama of which so great a part of his play consists. Sand is the most popular play material with very small children; then come blocks, then a variety of objects, but always such as the child can do things with, up to the football or baseball of college sport.

A doll that could dance ragtime and whistle "Hail, Columbia," would not be so popular, after the first five minutes, as a clothespin dressed in a bit of rag. The mechanical marvel is good when ragtime and "Hail, Columbia," are wanted—that is, fairly good, not quite so good as she would be if she did not provide the music and dancing for herself. All the rest of the time she is wholly and perfectly useless. The rag doll, on the other hand, has endless possibilities. Like the American girl, she is fit for any part and will adorn any station in life, from cook to princess, as if she had been born to it. And such must a real doll be, or lose her job, for life is varied and exacting, and one doll in her time plays many parts.

COASTING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

It Is Done on Grass in that Far West-ern Town.

One-half of the world's coasters do not know how the other half coast. The Canadian has his toboggan, the mountaineer his sled, the rustic Easterner his home-made sled for ankle-deep snow in zero weather, the city boy his wheeled coaster for paved streets; but here, on the hillside of suburban San Francisco, a boy may coast without snow, without a cement walk or an asphalt street—without even a coaster! All he needs is to mount a piece of board on the top of a hillside, where there is a vacant lot covered with dry "sticker grass," and away he goes like a sandbag out of a balloon, whooping, screaming in wild excitement and boundless joy.

It is a dangerous sport, but no boy loves it less for that. Even full-grown men have been known to break faith with life insurance companies, forget their duty to housemates given them to keep their trousers in order, and throw themselves for a mad hour into this intoxicating frolic.

Football grass, or "sticker grass," as it is commonly called, is the terror of gardeners. The seed head of football is borne on a rodlike stem that, as the season advances, becomes stiff and sleek, like wire polished with sand. In this State, beginning usually in the latter part of May, the football makes of every hillside upon which it appears an unrivaled coasting track.

June is the ideal month for grass coasting. Sometimes the grass is not dry enough in May, sometimes it has been spoiled for later months by Fourth of July fires; but almost any June day, if you will walk about the slopes of Bernal Heights or of Palomar, you may find boys enjoying this sport either singly or in groups. Occasionally a long board starts down a precipitous descent, with a sturdy steersman in front and a row of other boys squatted along upon its entire length. On the downward flight some of the coasters are usually spilled, laughing, commonly, with the one seat farther back. Often I have watched them, and I have never seen one of these courageous youngsters seriously hurt. Sometimes the board strikes a stone, swings round and selects a new course, as if it were a living thing.

Contra's Foot Bar.

"But, my darling, won't you marry me? Won't you have confidence in me?"

"So that is what you want, eh?" said the wise young woman. "A confidence game?" Tacoma News.

Man Recovered.

"Do you know that Grabcoyne was seriously injured by an explosion?"

"No. When did it happen?"

"Last night. Burglar blew open his safe and got about \$37." Detroit Tribune.

COLORS VARIED AT WILL.

Butterflies of Any Desired Species Produced by Scientist.

A discovery of the greatest importance to zoology, nothing less, in fact, than the production of varieties of butterflies simply by the use of changes of temperature of the chrysalides and cocoons, is announced in Nuova Antologia of Rome. Such experiments are peculiarly interesting, in view of the recent work and theories of Professor Hugo De Vries, of Amsterdam, on the subject of species and variation.

For a long time work in zoology has been centered upon classification, but now the study has become an experimental one, and in this new road Professor Standfuss, of Zurich, has obtained some remarkable results. It seems that certain species of butterflies have successive and different generations, the chrysalides of the Vanessa lavana, for example, producing in the spring a butterfly which deposits its egg in summer, and from which there is born in the same year a butterfly which differs entirely in form and color from the first generation. Now, if we submit the autumn egg to a high temperature, say degrees Fahrenheit the butterfly which is born has the same form and color as the summer insect.

The same result is obtained with the Vanessa urticae, which is found under different forms at the North Cape and in Sardinia. By cooling the air in which the egg, cocoon or chrysalis is placed there is obtained the northern form of the butterfly, while if he warm the egg or cocoon to 80 degrees Fahrenheit the southern form comes into existence. A splendid experiment is the one which may be performed with the macaone. In this case one need only raise the temperature to obtain the beautiful form of the butterfly which lives in the orient; exposing the chrysalis alternately to temperatures of 40 degrees above zero centigrade and 40 degrees below, we obtain an ancient species, which is no longer in existence. This experiment was made by Standfuss on from six to seven thousand cocoons and chrysalides, and he succeeded in obtaining the greater portion of the species of the past as well as some of the new species, and this to such a degree that he could clearly demonstrate the effect of heredity.

Not only differences of temperature, however, but also the chemical composition of the air, has its effect on the chrysalis and produces a variation in the development. It is possible simply by changing the chemical composition of the air to change entirely the color of the butterfly.

DIGNITY OF A LORD MAYOR.

Hardly Any Other Position Attended with More Pomp and Circumstance.

Perhaps no office to which a man is elected by the people has more attendant glories than that of lord mayor of London. It is also surrounded with the most elaborate formalities. He has gowns of scarlet, violet and black for various occasions and a train-bearer. The lady mayoress has maids of honor and her train is borne by pages in costume.

In the city the mayor takes precedence immediately after the sovereign. A quaint feudal ceremony, which was strictly observed in the late queen's jubilee, in 1897, is that of handing the sword of state to the sovereign at the Temple Bar. The lord mayor has a choice of four swords—the sword of state, for supreme occasions; the pearl sword, for ceremonial occasions, and the black sword, carried when there is a death in the royal family and when attending funeral ceremonies. The fourth sword is held above the lord mayor's chair in the criminal court.

Then there are other emblems of office—the diamond scepter, the seal, the purse and the mace. They play an important part in the inaugural ceremonies of the mayor. The city chamberlain, with three obseques, presents the scepter to the retiring mayor. He, in turn, delivers it to his successor, who lays it on the table in front of him. The chamberlain retires with three more bows, to return with the seal—and three more reverences. The purse is similarly presented. Further ceremonies follow from the sword-bearer, who renders up the sword. The mace-bearer also gives up the mace in a similar way.

The retiring lord mayor then surrenders the keys of the city in which the seal is kept. There are three keys, of the other two one is held by the chamberlain, the second by the chairman of the lands committee, to unlock the coffers all three must be produced. This ceremony has great historic interest. It implies the sovereign power and authority in ancient times of the chief magistrate of the city. The scepter, sword and mace are emblems of royalty.

The lord mayor was a merchant prince in fact as well as in name. He is still, by virtue of his office, admiral of the port of London, gauger of wine and oil and other gaugable articles; "maker" of coal, grain, salt and fruit and inspector of hops and butter, soap, cheese and other articles coming into the port of London. Of course these duties are performed by deputy. Other official duties which he holds are governor of four hospitals, trustee of St. Paul cathedral and magistrate in several places.

Science Inven

An enormous amount of labor and a great length of time are required in the making of the ocean-going vessels and it renders the building of tur ships so expensive. The liner of the turbine type recei its maiden trip across the oce were no fewer than 1,500,000 pieces used in the building of turbines by which the vess driven.

Among the new industries th been developed by the exig modern life, none is more su than that of supplying human Experiments in grafting to co tensive injuries have been so s fill that there is considerable d for live skin, and the London ho have long lists of men and wo not all of the very poor class—w ready to sell their flesh when wanted.

Sir William Ramsay believes th is quite possible that in some bread is radio-active. He thinks the radio-activity would not do harm, as is shown by the presence radium in the waters at Bath and Wiesbaden. In both cases the wa has to be drunk on the spot in order get the full value of the cure. William Ramsay thinks that this partly due to the radio-active prop erties of the water. He is inclined to think that there are radio-active gas in the air. The "freshness" of the air at certain times he believes is due to their presence.

The arrival in London of a specimen of the bird-eating spider calls renewed attention to a little known insect that is more powerful than the famous Tarantula. It is the largest spider known, and its tropical South American home it spins very formidable webs for catching humming birds and snakes instead of flies. When the enormously strong threads are spun across little-frequented roads they often strike the faces of travelers with great violence. The body of the spider is often three inches long and as large as a hen's egg, and its horrible aspect is increased by the long, hairy legs.

A huge electro-magnet has been installed in a certain hospital in England. It drew out splinters of steel which had become lodged in the eyes of patients. In one instance it drew out a piece of a hammer head which had been driven into the muscles of a patient's upper arm and in another case drew out a piece of a cold chisel in a forearm. The success of the magnet is said to have been complete, the fragments of the metal appearing quickly on the pole of the magnet. It is suggested that such an electro-magnet could be of great use in military hospitals for the removal of pieces of shell and steel bullets.

According to the investigations of Professor John H. Smith, it is not so easy to destroy the mosquito as some persons imagine. The eggs of the salt-marsh mosquito, for instance, may remain in dried mud for months, and yet a large percentage of them will hatch out within a few hours after becoming covered with water. The remainder lie dormant until the first lot has reached full growth, and then, it still submerged, most of them also will hatch out. A few eggs of each brood live over to the following year, and all the eggs of the last autumn brood hibernate. The consequence is that the first spring mosquito swarm is the largest of the season, and migrating adults of this brood live until September, swarming the number of midsummer mosquitoes.

The Length of It.



Veterinary Surgeon—Has the giraffe been sick long?
Zoo Attendant—Well, I should say so. He has a sore throat.

Nothing's Doing.
Guest (in cheap restaurant)—I say, waiter, have you such a thing as a hot roll?

Waiter—Stop yer kiddin'. On de level, pard, does I look like a guy wot has money for burn? Say, if I had a "hot roll" youse kinatcher yer life I wouldn't be doin' stunts in dis beauty. Best

FREE of a kind," said Mona Leveridge, gazing after her husband as he drove away from the station on his way to the station to Allice Register, her dearest friend, whom she had invited on a drive with a purpose.

"I would have preferred her husband driving something quieter than a fiery chestnut, but they were of a kind, and perhaps the brutes understood their fiery master as well as we understood them.

"At any rate, she had other occupations than watching him any longer. There were flowers still to be put into her room and her own dinner to be made.

"For her own sake, as well as Allice's, she wanted to 'patch up that old affair.' With Rafe Stillman at the other end of the globe it had mattered little. But with Rafe back home, her next-door neighbor—as country neighbors go—with Horace cruelly alive to every incident in her own past that did not concern him personally, the future had its breakers.

"She had not married the last of the Leveridges unwarned. Prophecy had held up its ghastly finger, she would regret it." The Leveridges were not as other men, but with a toss of her pretty head she had assured the croakers that that was one thing she loved him for.

"Across the long, sloping approach to his own outer gate; down the dusty gray highway, with its vivid border of bushes; into the twilight gloom of the forest growth that marked the boundary line between the Leveridge and the Stillman places, Leveridge guided his high-mettled team, pleasantly exhilarated by the spirited resistance to control manifested by his beautiful brutes.

"Suddenly, with snorts of terror, they swerved, carrying the vehicle well out of the road. They had taken fright at a thoroughly commonplace object—an old man standing on the roadside innocently engaged in winding bits of twine about the saddle girth that had treacherously broken, leaving him dismounted from the horse that improved his opportunities by grazing. It was his own stableman. A fact which Leveridge recognized with a heavy outburst of temper.

"You infernal old idler, why are you not at work?"

"The old man doffed his ragged hat deferentially.

"I told missus I didn't think I had time to go, but she say I must."

Leveridge leaned toward the old man with darkening eyes: "Go where?"

"Over to Mr. Stillman's."

"For what?"

"To carry a letter."

"To Mrs. Stillman?"

"I don't know, sir. Missus jus' give me this an' she say I won't wait for no answer."

With confiding frankness the old man extracted a note from the crown of his bristled hat, and put it into the hand eagerly stretched out for it.

It was addressed to Rafe Stillman. Leveridge turned it over with untidy fingers. It was sealed with a looseness that invited treachery.

"I used to be accounted a gentleman," he snarled, in an undertone—faltering a second, and in another one was in full possession of the contents of the hastily sealed envelope:

"Mr. Leveridge goes out this morning. You had better come over early if you want a good day with the snipe."

"The address and the signature were brief to curtness. 'Mr. Stillman,' and 'M. H. Leveridge.' Horace replaced the intercepted note in its envelope, and sat staring at it so long that his wife's messenger ventured to ask:

"Is you going to deliver it, Mr. Horace?"

"No." The man in the drag brushed back the note. "You are to deliver it according to your mistress' orders. And, Munson—his voice was tense in its enforced composure—"you will go as fast as if the devil was spurring your beast. Deliver that note and come back here to me. I, too, have a note for you to deliver. It is only a mile by the Cypress Walk. Five minutes if you are back here in half an

Leveridges.

hour; dismissal from the place if you are not."

"I'll be here, sir."

Leveridge straightened himself in the drag as the old man cantered out of sight. He had some few preparations to make. Of course, he should have to kill Stillman. As well then and there as at any other time. He laughed unpleasantly. It was odd he should have his gun under the seat of the drag. He had meant to leave it with the smith in town to be cleaned.

He tore a page from his pocket diary and wrote his courteous regrets that circumstances rendered it inconvenient for him to fetch Miss Register from the station.

"I have a little matter to settle with Mr. Stillman," he wrote, "that may interfere with his snipe shooting. Sorry to have spoiled your little plan for a pleasant day. Your pardon for a rather free interpretation of marital rights."

As old Munson reappeared, flurried and heated, but punctual, his master sprang from the drag and shook the reins impatiently toward him.

"You delivered the note to Mr. Stillman himself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Here, you are to drive the peasts home. Let them cool off before wintering them. After you have stabled them and rubbed them down, take this note up to the house and deliver it to Mrs. Leveridge. Not before you have attended to the horses. You understand?"

The old man recoiled in terror.

"Me drive thim devils home, sir?"

"You." The answer dropped like a stone, cold, hard, resolute.

Munson glanced nervously from the foam-flecked brutes to their master, whose delicate features were distorted with black rage. Of the two, the chestnuts inspired him with less terror. He obeyed the imperious order.

Something was wrong. He could not puzzle it out. Something had put Mr. Horace into one of his "ways," and he would as soon be out of range of his fierce temper as not. But "if the good Lord spared him to get home with them four-footed devils," he was going right straight to his mistress and make a clean breast of it.

On one of her numerous trips to the terrace, Mona, restlessly watchful for the coming of Rafe in time for her to prepare him for Allice's advent, saw the old man driving at a rate that bespoke something wrong. Every drop of blood had deserted her cheeks by the time the old man was near enough to be questioned.

"Where is Mr. Leveridge, Munson? Why are you driving the chestnuts?"

"I left him back yonder at the cross-roads, missus, and—"

"Doing what?"

"Just waitin', seemed like."

"Waiting for what?"

"I don't know, missus. This poor old head of mine is all a-whirling with it. The Leveridge men-folks is surely hard to keep up with. Mebbe this will clear it up. I warn't to give it to you till I rubbed the horses down, but they can wait. I seem to feel danger in my bones."

Mona seized the envelope he extended. In another moment Horace's biting words had scorched themselves upon her brain. She made a stop forward, stopped, and pressed her hands over her eyes in a paroxysm of physical terror. Could she do it? She must.

All bareheaded and ungloved as she was, she sprang into the drag and gathered the long reins in her slight, untrained hands. Munson, who had dismounted to deliver the note, sprang to the brutes' heads, and laid a detaining grasp on their bridles.

"Missus, missus, what are you thinking of doing? They'll kill you, my sweet mistress. They is all frothed out with excitement now. Don't leave the old man behind, missus."

"Stand aside—they will trample you down!"

She planted her little feet rigidly against the dashboard. Her dinner gown of shimmering silk glittered in the sunshine. She swayed with the swift onrushing of the chestnuts, about whose ears she had laid the whip with ignorant energy.

He had to study the same as other boys.

The Emperor Nicholas and his two brothers, George and Michael, were educated entirely by private tutors under the direct superintendence of their father and mother. In the magnificent Anitchkov Palace on the Nevsky Prospekt, a bare, uncarpeted room was assigned as the school room of the imperial children. Its furniture consisted entirely of wooden desks and benches, and the walls were decorated by pictures cut from the foreign illustrated papers and pasted there by the boys themselves.

The boys were sent to the school room immediately after an early breakfast and not allowed to leave it until noon. The afternoon was theirs for play, but the morning hours had to be devoted to study.

They were taught but little mathematics and, in fact, their whole education consisted practically of modern languages, drawing, music and Russian history. Of the history of other countries they were taught more as they grew older, but the most they got of general history was a mere smattering after all. The result is that aside from his knowledge of modern languages the Czar is not so well educated as the ordinary school boy of America.

The Grand Duke George was nearer the age of Nicholas than his brother Michael and was his companion in all sports and studies. George was a stout, robust youth, and "Nicky" always looked up to him and regarded everything he did as just about right. His death nearly broke the heart of his brother.

The other brother, the Grand Duke Michael, being the youngest child, was always the favorite of his mother. At 15 Michael was made colonel of a regiment of Russian infantry and proudly put on his uniform and reviewed his regiment.

Nicholas and George also had titles of honor as commanders in the army and navy of Russia, and were provided with gorgeous uniforms. Nicholas liked to wear his uniform, but hated to go to reviews and other functions where there were soldiers. If possible, he would steal away somewhere and would be found quietly sketching at a time when the heir of the empire was wanted to sit on horseback before the army. The young general of 19 often had to be punished before he would go to a review and he had many a good crying spell when he was told to put on his uniform and go out and soldier before the nation.

WHEN THE CZAR WAS A BOY.

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HORSE NOTES.

John Hussey again has Chase, 2.01%, in his stable.

Daniel 2.00%, is now 12 years old, and will not be raced.

Charley Herr, 2.07, will probably be raced again this season.

Invader, 2.10, is now one of the stars of the New York Speedway.

A son of King Nutswood, now racing in Hungary, has been named Czizka.

Lottie Loraine, 2.06%, recently foaled a black filly by Joe Patchen, 2.01%.

At the Grrosse Point track, Detroit, there are 62 harness horses in training.

The death is reported of the pacing stallion Recall, 2.16, by Revellie, 2.23%.

The book of Sidney Dillon for this year included mares from 12 different States.

Westfield, Mass., will be back in the New England half-mile circuit this year.

James Nolan is at Charter Oak Park with nine head of very promising youngsters.

Keapake, dam of Tommy Britton, 2.06%, has been bred to Liberty Chimney, 2.22%.

Country Jay, 2.10%, is going nicely, and is considered the king-pin of Kentucky trotters.

Over 400 horses are entered for the work-horse parade at Boston, on Decoration Day.

Sweet Marie, 2.04%, has filled out nicely, and is now a grander looking mare than ever.

Ed. Geers thinks that the Tennessee trotter, Turley, 2.16%, will prove a bread-winner for him.

The colt by Metellus, 2.11, recently foaled by Margaret, 2.13%, died when but a few hours old.

Reports from California state that the M. & M. candidate, Lady Zombro, 2.24%, is going very fast.

What is claimed will be the finest half-mile track in Illinois is now being finished at Camargo, Ill.

T. McBride, of Sewickley, Pa., has purchased the 2-year-old filly Sable Bel, by Lynne Bel, 2.10%.

The office seldom seeks the man, but the situation frequently seeks the cook.

—One of the developments of Chicago's municipal street car system is providing private early morning cars for bringing home dance parties. A car requisitioned for such a purpose comes at any required hour to the point nearest the place where the dances are being held and takes the dancers to any desired points on the road.

The British army council has decided to discontinue the experiment of providing recruits with artificial teeth. The soldiers would not pay for their teeth as agreed, out of their pay of twenty-five cents a day, and when the military authorities tried to make them they deserted, teeth and all.

According to the figures compiled by the Publishers' Weekly, the number of new novels and volumes of stories published in the United States in 1904 was 1,007, nearly 200 more than were recorded in 1903. The number of new editions of fiction published in the same period was 814.

In the U. S. fleet, they are three—annoying, but they are not doing anything for the fleet of strikes.

TRUMPET CALLS.

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



RACE does not grow in gloom. Most heartlessness is really heartlessness. We give nothing until we give ourselves. Where money is biggest men are apt to be smallest. People get wedded to sin through flirting with the devil.

He is the Vine only to those who will bear His fruit.

It's a delusion of the pit to mistake pessimism for piety.

Many a reproach of others is but a reflection of ourselves.

The cultured are always most conscious of their crudities.

The more one loves the good in all the more he knows the God of all.

Knowledge raked up cannot compare with the wisdom that comes down.

The sweetest harps in heaven acquired their tone through many trials.

I would rather hear a man scoff at the church than to hear him sneer at love.

Weeping for the dead is a mighty popular substitute for working for the living.

Describe the devil accurately and you're sure to have a libel suit on your hands.

If wealth cannot protect from this world's woes what can it do for another world?

A little ready relief is worth a whole lot of the most elaborate diagnosis of our social diseases.

It's easy to sit on your cracker-barrel and tell the Czar what he ought to do on his powder-barrel.

Many men talk about being called to the Lord's business when they mean they want to be His bosses.

There's no use talking about communion with God on the heights if your life is not on the level with men.

GIVEN A QUEER SENDOFF.

Private John Allen Introduced at a Dinner by Senator Carter.

By far the most picturesque figure at the Five O'Clock Club dinner one night recently was Congressman John Allen of Mississippi. When this delightful Southerner entered official life at Washington he came minus the characteristic title of "colonel" or "major." The fact that a Southern soldier, filling the high office of Congressman, did not lay claim to some military rank so amazed his colleagues that the newcomer was immediately dubbed "Private John Allen."

United States Senator Tom Carter of Montana in introducing Mr. Allen to the Five O'Clockites related a breezy exchange of "insults" that passed between "Private Allen" and Colonel John R. Fellows, another intrepid soldier from Dixie land, at a banquet they attended some years ago. "When 'Private John Allen' arose to speak," said Senator Carter, "he launched into a scathing denunciation of the military record of Colonel Fellows. 'This man Fellows,' said Allen, 'started from home with nothing but a Bible, an arithmetic and a halter. It was his purpose to teach school, become a preacher or, failing in both, steal a horse and ride back home. He finally joined the army as an easy means of reaching home.' Then Colonel Fellows arose. 'This man Allen,' he thundered, 'tells you that he figured in many engagements and was captured a number of times. I do not deny that he was captured, but the Yankees each time released him, realizing that it was an easier matter to fight him than to feed him.'"

With this unique introduction "Private John Allen" arose and for more than an hour delighted his hearers with reminiscences of a military character.—Philadelphia Record.

The Maltese Islands.

Few places so easily accessible are more interesting than Malta, with a history more or less authentic, dating back to the Phoenicians, fourteen centuries before the Christian era.

Malta has belonged, at one time or another, to most of the great powers of Europe.

In the year 68 A. D. St. Paul was shipwrecked on the island, then called Melita, and this event alone would have sufficed to lift it into lasting prominence. At that time the all-victorious Romans were in possession of the group.

In 1530 Charles V., of Germany, to accommodate Pope Clement VIII., ceded the Maltese group to the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, which held it until 1798 when, through the combined treachery of Napoleon and the grand master of the order, Ferdinand von Hompoch, it fell into the hands of the French.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century England came into possession of Malta and continues to hold it.—Four Track News.

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

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

Leaky tin roofs
Repaired
by
WILLIAM BAKER,
No. 25 Third Street,
Hammononton.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of William Skinner, dec'd.
Pursuant to the order of Emanuel C. Skinner, Surrogate of the County of Atlantic, made on the twentieth day of March, nineteen hundred and five, on the application of the undersigned, executors of the said decedent, notice is hereby given to the creditors of the said decedent to exhibit to the subscribers, 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 subscribers.

Marion Skinner,
Thomas Skinner,
Executors.

Dated March 25, 1905.

He kept up in the race.
James H. Barron, President Manchester
Cotton Mills, Rock Hill, S. C., writes:
"In 1888 I patented my residence with
& M. L. It looks better than a great
many houses painted three years ago.
Don't pay \$1.00 a gallon for linseed
oil, which you do in ready-for-use paint.
Buy oil from the barrel at 60 cts.
per gallon and mix it with Longman
& Carter's L. & M. Paint.
It makes paint cost about \$1.20 per
gallon. Wears and covers like gold.
Every thorough given a liberal quantity
then bought from H. Mol's Eddy.

JOS. H. GARTON,
JUSTICE of the PEACE,
County Public, Commissioner of Deeds,
Hammononton, N. J.
Office at Residence Middle Road.

* Stops only on north
Saturdays only, afternoon express down
Evening express up, leaves Atlantic
Sundays, - Atlantic 5.40, 1
Sunday morning express down leaves

Among the new industries that have been developed by the exigencies of modern life, none is more so than that of supplying human beings with artificial limbs. Experiments in grafting to relieve injuries have been so successful that the considerable business of fitting artificial limbs is now being done in London.

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Atlantic City R. R.														
Tuesday, May 8, 1905.														
Subject to change.														
UP TRAINS.														
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9 18	12 16	10 18	12 16	5 30	5 40	1350	11 54
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Our factories are at Lester, Pa.