South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher. **Terms--$1.25 Per Year.**

VOL. 31. HAMMONTON, N. J., JUNE 10, 1893. NO. 23

Our World's Fair Letter.

CHICAGO, JUNE 3, 1893.

Every weekday morning at 10:30, Mrs. Rorer gives a lecture in the Woman's building on the science of cooking, illustrated by actual work. Mrs. Rorer is principal of the Philadelphia Cooking School, and a well-known authority on cooking and its relation to hygiene. Her lectures are given from the model kitchen. It has encaustic tiled floor, and its furnishings are simple: A medium sized square table, a gas range, a small cupboard containing urns holding the material for the work, and molds of all shapes and sizes, flour bins fastened to the wall, containing corn, flour and corn-meal respectively, scales, measures, spices and flavors; another table, and a refrigerator.

Mrs. Rorer's fitness for her present position is very marked. She speaks from a thorough study of the chemistry of food, a knowledge of the laws of cooking and hygiene, coupled with twenty-six years' experience in the kitchen. She says she has cooked for a family of twelve for many years, edited a magazine, written a book each year, and lectured daily. Her eminent common sense is conspicuous at every point. "Large kitchens," she says, "are large nuisances. Have small kitchens, and everything so well arranged that you can lay your hand on it by turning around. The time and strength spent in walking around the kitchen would do the work of two families, if properly used." Again—"That time-honored custom of greasing the pans before putting in the bread or cake dough is worth no more than the custom. Trial has shown that the bread or cake is less likely to stick without the greasing; for after the butter-grease evaporates the solid parts harden and cement the dough to the pan. Smart fellows have taken advantage of this fact to sell to house keepers baking pans with removable bottoms that do not need greasing. It is true that they do not need greasing, but neither does any other that is in good condition."

Her bias for economy is dominant everywhere. She says "Buy round steak; let people that don't know any better pay for their sirloin and porter-house; for when properly prepared it is better than either." While trimming the crust from a delicious looking pie, she remarked, "Use more head work and less coal; when you are boiling anything do not get up a terrific fire; the things do not cook any quicker. Water boils at 212 degrees, and does not get any hotter, no matter how hot the fire. I have done the cooking for a large family from October to May with only two tons of coal." No one visiting the Fair can afford to miss this opportunity, which is offered without price.

Is anything lacking to complete the pleasure and charm of this wonderful exposition? After the eyes tire from continued gazing upon the beautiful, the curious, the ingenious, the brilliant, how delightful to drop into a seat in the deep shadow of some building and, fanned by the cool lake breezes, listen to the sweetest music a band can make. Sousa's Marine Band now plays every afternoon for several hours, in the open air; and no one spoils the harmony by passing around the hat.

The wooded island, with thousands of beautiful and rare plants and shady trees, is becoming a great centre of attraction these warm days. This isle is a third of a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. It is right in the middle of the park. Here, if you wish, you can find a shady, grassy nook, that will give you rest and quiet while you eat your lunch; or, if you wish, here you will see the exposition of Nature, with sights enough to keep you busy for hours wondering and admiring.

ADAM ANTINE.

The eulogies and deification of that traitor, Jeff. Davis, suggest that some one sing praises to the memory of Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold, and tell the people of to-day what patriots they were.

The new immigration regulations provide that if immigrants are unable to produce documents or information to show by whom their passage was paid, whether they were ever in prison or poorhouse, or whether they are under contract to labor in this country, then the captain of the vessel bringing them here must pay $10 to the Collector of Customs or take them back. The friends of undesirable immigrants would be quite willing to pay the extra $10 to get rid of such men, and, as steamship companies are in business for all they can make, there is a loophole here for the landing of immigrants of every class. There is nothing to prevent $10 being paid to the company in addition to the regular fare. Secretary Carlisle should amend the regulations so as to actually prohibit the landing of all who do not produce the required documents and information.

President Cleveland, in an interview, declared that he would convene Congress in extra session between September first and fifteenth. He said the financial condition of the country required such action, and intimated that he thought the Sherman Silver law responsible for the outflow of gold. He advised coolness among the bankers and study and reflection among the people.

At the Weather Bureau, it was given out that Monday was the hottest day of that date for the past twent-five years.

Free-traders say that free-trade will stimulate the importation of foreign goods and at the same time give the American workman more to do. How?

A LAST ESSAY.

Youth, aglow with happy dreams,
  Conscious of its waking powers,
Walks by never failing streams,
  Banked by never-dying flowers;
All the boundless future lies
  As a realm to seek and win,
Ever sounds a voice that cries,
  "Conquer thou, and enter in!"

Early manhood, grayer grown,
  Less of hope, but more of pride
Showing in its mien and tone,
  Says to rivals: "Stand aside—
Power and knowledge, wealth and fame,
  Shall be vassals to my will;
All the gifts that man can claim,
  Mine by right of strength and skill!"

Now, as towards its downward course
  Slowly moves, the westering sun,
Widening thought, but lessening force,
  Speak of half the journey done;
Gone is youth's aspiring gaze,
  Earlier manhood's haughty brow,
And around the thorny ways
  Few the gifts that linger now.

Yet, as veterans worn and scarred,
  Arm them for their latest field,
Be the struggle stern and hard,
  Blenching not, though cravens yield;
We, for life's last effort set,
  Nerve our minds to hold through all,
And, whatever fate be met,
  Fighting win, or fighting fall.

The Night of the Fire.

BY DOROTHY HOLCOMB.

Susan is afraid of a mouse; and that night she woke me up out of a sound sleep, and begged me to get up and light a lamp, and search the room, and drive him out. I mean, the mouse she said was there.

"O, Dorothy! *do*, DO, DO! Just this once more. You are not afraid, and you know I can't help it. I *know* there is one *this* time. And *fasten* him out, won't you, Dorothy? Put a chair against the door. Oh! I wish there was a lock on it."

I was out of patience, I own, for I was sleepy, and there never *is* a mouse. We have no mice in our house. It is all Susan's imagination. And it certainly was ridiculous, if she is my sister, to have her implore me to put a chair against the door.

But then, things would have been very different that night if she had not got scared about a mouse. There would have been a fire any way, but they could not have stopped it before half the village had burned up. There were two men there when it began, but they were stupid, and they would not have given the alarm till it was too late.

Susan begged and entreated, but I suppose I have searched for a mouse fifty times just to satisfy her that there was not one, so at first I did not start.

I used to pity girls who were frightened at every little thing, who were afraid of a mouse, afraid of a spider, afraid of the dark, afraid of staying alone, but I don't now. Probably they suffer, but I think they are foolish. I don't mean Susan, for she is a sensitive, delicate little thing, and she does try. But oh! a mouse!

Of course I would not let her lie there and quiver with terror, my own sister, so I sprang up; but instead of searching for a mouse, I drew aside the curtain and looked out of the window. It was open, and the night was so lovely I sat down on the floor, leaned my chin on the sill, and listened to the autumn crickets. It was in September. Just then I saw a fire blazing out at the door of a shop down below our house. Two men were talking about it, and one was saying, "Oh! I guess we can put it out."

I had had an awful experience about a house afire once, and I knew better. So I told Susan to be calm, for there was something worse than a mouse. I will say for Susan that she is equal to the occasion when the subject is really a serious one. She would never, never do as that Newburyport girl did. It was a long time ago, in my grandmother's day, and she knew the girl. There was a fire broke out, and this girl discovered it, but she was so scared she did not rouse anybody. She said afterwards that she just curled down and buried her head in the bed-clothes. And so the fire got under headway and raged and flamed up, and nobody else saw it till houses and stores were burning. It was an awful fire, and that foolish girl might have prevented its spreading. But she said, "I was so scared!"

I told Susan where it was, and I said to her, "Now you go down to Uncle Barnabas's bed-room and wake him gently." I cautioned her in this way because he had been sick, and I wished to be careful about startling him.

"Tell him there is no cause for alarm, but he might as well get up. Then go and wake Aunt Malvina. I am going to ring the Episcopal bell and rouse the town."

"Good for you, Dorothy!"

Aunt Malvina has had to be ready for emergencies all her life-time. She sometimes says she has been a "minute man," or a "minute-woman." She can always start up and dress herself while some people would be waiting to think about doing it. So Susan and I fell into the way of doing just as she does. We never leave our things scattered about when we go to bed, but we have our clothes where we can put our hands on them in a minute, just as she does. We always have a shawl at hand and our wrappers and our slippers. I know it seems prim and notional for two girls, but I don't care if it does. Aunt Malvina encourages it, for she says in case of sickness in the house we shall be ready. She means in the future, in our own father's family, where we can be very useful in emergencies if we know how."

I was out of doors quicker than I ever went before, and ran down to the church, right by those men and by the fire that was blazing fearfully by that time. They did not see me. I heard them say, "There is not much water, and if we can't put it out, I guess the whole of this side of the street has got to go."

How cold the wet grass was on my bare ankles! I had put my slippers on, but not my stockings. And how out of breath I was!

I knew how to get into the church. The sexton's daughter and I were close friends, and she had shown me. I don't suppose anybody else could have got in without bursting the door in. I mean anybody but the sexton, and he lived away up town. She and I used to go in and sit in the church some times. I never even told Susan how we did it. The sexton knew about it, so there was no harm in it, for he did not object. It was his own daughter, and he said he did not care if we would keep it to ourselves. He always liked me, and he knew he could trust me, even not to tell my own sister.

The way to get in was easy enough if anybody knew. The two doors had a fastening at the bottom where a bolt was shot into a socket in the floor. I am not explaining this very well, and I do not suppose anybody could understand it without seeing how it was. At any rate, the socket was worn, and if you gave the door a little push and then a little shake, and then a sudden yank, it would open. It made us think of a combination lock. You must have the push and the shake and the yank in their order, or you might work away at the door all day and you could not get in. It seems very queer.

The reason why we did not get the key and go in at the side entrance was because the sexton's house was a great ways off, and we might take a fancy to go into the church when she could not stop to go and get it—I mean his daughter. We always bolted the door and crawled out at a tiny window back of the organ recess. That seems queer, too, but girls like to do adventurous things. Some girls do.

The push and the shake and the yank were all right that time, and I got in; and by jumping as high as I could I caught hold of the rope. It was looped up high, but I was desperate, and pretty soon a whole coil came tumbling on my head.

Then I rang and I rang. It was neither one thing nor another. People said afterwards that it was neither pealing, nor tolling, nor ringing an alarm. That bell, they said, went first *clangity clang, clangity clang, clang, bang, bang;* then *ding-dong-dong-dong-dong*, on and on, as if it was possessed; and the hills echoed it back.

I could not hear anything but the din up overhead. It was fearfully hard work ringing, but I kept at it. I did not know whether the village was burning up or not, till the sexton came tearing in, and I gasped as well as my lungs would let me—I felt as if they had almost been torn out—"*Is—the—street—all—burned—up!*"

For answer he shouted, "Give me the *rope!* No, Dorothy, I guess you have saved it. I thought it was you!"

Wide Awake.

THE NORSEMEN.

BY ELFRIED DE B. GUDE.

The recent celebration of the centenary of the discovery of America lends additional interest to the memory of the bold Norse navigators who nearly four hundred years ago before the birth of Columbus not only discovered America, but actually settled in Iceland and Greenland. As early as A. D. 876, voyages were made by the Norsemen from their own rugged coast to the shores of the continent. Their visits, however, were so transient, that for many years the benefit of the discovery was lost both to themselves and to the civilized world. Nevertheless they left their impress upon civilization, and it is probable that Columbus himself must have heard of those old northern tales, told from father to son, of how Eric the Red, journeying westward many days, had planted a colony in that land beyond the sea; of how Leif, his son, inheriting his venturesome spirit, continued to voyage until he came to an island which he named Helluland (Flatstone Land), supposed to be Newfoundland; next, to Markland (Wood Land), supposed to be Nova Scotia, then to Vinland (Vineland), supposed to be the coast of New England, the mild country where grapes were growing, and where the hillsides were covered with flowers. It seems certain that some of the ancient Sagas were translated into French, and thence found their way into Italy, the land of culture and progress at that time. It would not be safe to say that Columbus did not pore over some of the ancient translations, whether he got his original ideas from them or not. What we can be sure of, is that a "History of the Westward Voyages of Eric Sanderson" was published in Italy prior to the fifteenth century. Leaving to Columbus the merit of an original conception, we may still believe that he was encouraged in his task by a sight of some of these works.

Probably no race has contributed more to the picturesqueness and romance of history than those magnificent old warriors of the north, the Vikings. Their undaunted bravery, their superb physical development, their love of conquest, and their brilliant daring made them both respected and feared even by the Romans, who permitted them, for the most part, to dwell in peace in their rugged strongholds and settle undisturbed in the lands of Gaul and Britain, which were theirs by sheer force of arms.

From its earliest history, the life of this northern race was distinguished by a degree of civilization far in advance of the other nations of Europe, excepting always the Byzantine empire, which retained a meretricious refinement until the fall of Constantinople before the Turks. The Norsemen were neither savages nor barbarians in the common acceptation of the term; their laws, customs, training, their methods of warfare by land and sea, the trappings and equipments of their ships and armies, showed remarkable intelligence and considerable technical knowledge in the arts of government and warcraft. The Eddas and the Sagas of their early literature, are full of wild and thrilling tales of fierce battles, stormy voyages, and glowing descriptions of the splendor of their dress and riding equipments, the richness of their armor, and the magnificence of their vessels. Gold was everywhere in abundance with these people; yet its use, although lavish, was marked by both taste and discretion.

But the profuse decoration of their war implements never detracted from their usefulness. It is only in recent years that even a fair degree of knowledge of the lives and habits of these Norsemen has been unfolded to us. We pause in astonishment before the evidence of their taste and skill as revealed in the fine collections in the museums of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Bergen, Lund, and Gotenburg. Their weapons and coats of mail give ample proof that they excelled in iron and steel working. Some of the beautiful damascened swords—to use a technical term—dating as far back as the early part of the Christian era, demonstrate that the art was practiced among them long before its introduction into the rest of Europe. The remnants of clothing, beautifully embroidered in gold and silver, show their deftness in weaving. Large cups, urns, and other vessels, wrought in pure gold and silver, testify to the sumptuous taste,—though our connoisseurs would doubtless regard it as at least semi-barbaric,—of those early times. The proofs of their knowledge of the arts of writing and gilding, and the specimens of delicate intricate repousse work in iron, bronze, gold, and silver, are astonishing. Twenty centuries have not been able to tarnish the splendor of these treasures. Among other objects which awaken keen admiration, are glass vessels, exquisitely painted in patterns, unrivalled even in the museums of Italy and Russia.

If we are to credit their poems and romances, the Norsemen were noted for their muscular strength, their intrepidity, their great love of the sea, and their passion for conquest. The men were giants in stature, and superbly developed. They were commonly fair-haired and blue-eyed, with massive and handsome features. The women were beautiful, strong, healthy and virtuous. The young girls lived a retired, industrious life, employing their time in weaving, embroidery, and the cares of the household. The married women were held in great respect and esteem. The wife was the companion and helpmate of her husband, and at liberty to join in all his pursuits. In many instances, she accompanied him on hunting expeditions and on the field of battle.

The education of the male children was divided into, First, the athletic:—wrestling, swimming, jumping, running, leaping, balancing, climbing, snow-shoeing, and hunting. Second, the school of the warrior, that is to say:—fencing, spearing, lance or javelin throwing, archery, and shot slinging. Third, mental training:—poetry, reciting of the Sagas, riddles, chess, and harp-playing. From his boyhood the young Viking was schooled in every art and exercise which might develop his physical powers to the utmost, and fit him for the hardships of the campaign, both offensive and defensive; and meantime, his aesthetic education was not neglected. As warriors they were always ready. It is the key to the character of the old Viking, that he was prepared alike to sing a history of the great deeds of Olaf, or Ordusson, or any other renowned champion—not neglecting himself, be it said—to the harp, which he might play with as much facility as he handled his blade.

The Norsemen were almost unknown to other European nations until the eighth century. Prior to that time their battles had been chiefly between the rival tribes of their own race, and neighboring peoples as well, along the shores of the Baltic, the coasts of the islands, and even as far south as lower France or Spain. With time, however, came the desire for larger possessions and wider conquests. They invaded Germany, Gaul, and Brittany. As warriors they were almost indomitable, rarely meeting with repulse or defeat. Later on, they led their victorious hosts to Spain, to the Mediterranean, to Italy, Sicily, Greece, the Black Sea, Palestine, and even to Africa. They were undisputed masters of their portion of the sea for over twelve hundred years.

The situation of their country and their natural passion for the ocean led them to prefer naval warfare. Their knowledge of nautical matters was at all times far ahead of their contemporaries, and the approach of the Norse fleets struck terror to the hearts of the boldest opponents. Their vessels though small enough in our eyes were of great size, considering the period, and fitted out on a scale of unparalleled magnificence. In shape they were low and cut far down amidships, rising almost to a point at the prow and stern, which were usually ornamented by huge gold dragons, or other emblematic devices, often measuring as much as twelve feet in length and three feet across. Every part of the vessel was lavishly ornamented with gold and silver traceries, wrought iron, and carved wood-work. In calm weather the vessel was propelled with oars, the larger ships requiring about thirty oarsmen. The longest of these oars so far as is known to day, measured twenty-six feet.

The Norsemen prided themselves on the beauty of their sails, which were woven of wool and gorgeously embroidered with mythological figures in silver and gold. They were square in shape and usually bright-colored, often striped in blue, scarlet, and green, but sometimes entirely white. Strangely enough, many of their vessels were ironclads, and consequently able to resist the weightiest missiles of the enemy. Their battles were undertaken with the greatest care and foresight. Aside from their desperate courage, which was always an important element in the contests of those days, they managed their attacks—and when necessary—their retreats, with consummate strategic skill. They were that compound of the soldier and sailor, which, in themselves and in their descendants, has made northern Europe the controlling power of the Eastern world.

The ordinary costume of the Vikings was of wool, silk, linen, and fur. The men wore breeches reaching to the knee, a shirt of linen, a loose cloak of wool, somewhat resembling the toga of the Romans, and immense mantles lined with fur. In battle they donned coats of mail and iron helmets. Their principal weapons were huge double-bladed swords and heavy spears. Their shields were of leather, embossed with silver and gold. Every part of their costume was lavishly laden with golden ornaments.

The women of the better class, wore a long trailing robe of finest wool or silken material, richly embroidered. It was clasped at the waist by a heavy golden belt, from which was invariably suspended a small, richly embroidered bag. Their long hair, commonly fair, though sometimes dark, of which they were very proud, flowed loosely over their shoulders. Some of the married women wore a little gold embroidered cap. Ladies of the highest rank always wore a band of gold around the hair.

Not the least interesting of the objects which will make our World's Fair educational, as well as attractive, will be the perfectly appointed reproduction of a Viking vessel, in all its appointments. Not only have the best authorities been drawn upon, but an ex-ancient ship, in excellent preservation, so far as lower works are concerned, has served as the basis for the model of the "hollow hull that swept the northern seas." After having inspected one of our modern battle-ships, it requires some stretch of the imagination to conceive of such a "hollow hull" as this, practically dominating the seas. Yet no greater physical courage ever inspired men than that which led these sea-rovers to

"Dominate the stormy main,
Yet to the land beneath the northern star,
The bitter world where endless ice prevails.
Out oars! In shields! fight for your lives, my men!
Leave our bold Raven, as she floats amain."

—*Demorest's Family Magazine.*

PAST AND PRESENT STEAMBOATING.

From our editorial sanctum, overlooking New York's beautiful harbor, there is an ever changing panorama of endless interest. From small Governor's Island, where a rickety old fort, half hidden in greenery, strives to impose itself upon a too confiding public in the light of a defence, and the still smaller Liberty Island, where stands the grand gift of the French nation holding its torch of welcome to all nations, and then across the sparkling waters to the green and purple hills of New Jersey, all is beautiful and full of life. Plying these waters continually are crafts of all nations and every size from the giant Campania to the tiniest steam of naphtha launch. But of them all there is no sight which we watch for with such pleasurable interest as the coming and going of the big steamers, which morning and evening majestically round Battery Point as they set forth upon or return from their trips through Long Island Sound.

Floating palaces truly are these steamers! They may be excelled some day (all things are possible) but it is hard for us to conceive of such a thing. Nevertheless we modestly remember that as long ago as 1827 the Benjamin Franklin of the Providence line was considered by the best judges of the time to be a model which could never be surpassed! Let us contrast the Franklin with the Connecticut which delighted our eyes this morning as she grandly swept down the East River past our windows. The Franklin was a very big boat for her time, but she was but little more than one-third of the length of the Connecticut with not a third of its carrying capacity. From pictures of the Rhode Island and the Massachusetts, boats nine years later than the Franklin, when contrasted with one of the Connecticut taken four years ago, one may judge that the much vaunted little Franklin would cut but a very small figure to-day. Yet she, too, must have been a pretty sight from the windows of the aristocratic mansions, which serenely fronted the fashionable promenade of the Battery, or from those of the few charming country dwellings which crowned the Heights of Brooklyn, looking down through cedar groves to a broad gravelled beach where now stand long rows of ugly store-houses.

There is no color that shows so well upon the water as that which in our youth we were taught to call no color—a clear snow white. Of this we have proof every day, in contrasting the dark colors usually employed by the trans-Atlantic steamships, with the pure white of our "White Squadron," and that of the beautiful Sound steamers. It sometimes almost dazzles the eye, as if the sunlight were reflected from polished marble, and adds immensely to the effect of size, and causes great majesty.

A trip up Long Island Sound in one of the boats of the Providence & Stonington S. S. Co.'s line is one of the most delightful that can be made. Starting at 5.30 on a summer afternoon one may pass between the many places of interest which line the shores of the so-called East River, and get well out into the sound before the long summer evening twilight shall be ended; and then—after the shades of night have settled over all—what a delightful sleep shall we get in the spacious berths of the commodious staterooms, fitted up as no palace was fifty years ago, and as, in fact, in point of convenience, very few are now.

Then if we wish to go farther we can leave our boat at Providence in the morning and take a Parlor Car Train directly to Boston, or Worcester, or even on to the glorious White Mountains, without further change, if we so desire. Or—having stopped at Stonington instead—we can reach the fashionable Narragansett Pier, or more grandly situated Watch Hill, where the ocean waves boom almost at our feet.

Yet—so discontented is poor human nature!—we wish for something still better. We would that we could make these beautiful trips entirely by daylight! The editorial "we" has more than once stayed upon deck all night rather than leave the beauty of the scene, yet it is scarcely so beautiful by moonlight as by daylight. We once had the pleasure of a trip up the Sound in a little U. S. Revenue Cutter by courtesy of the Commander and his wife. We went slowly enough, stopping to board suspicious looking craft, and anchoring in some favorable place each night, taking nearly a week to go from New York to New London. But what a delightful voyage it was! We have wondered, ever since, if there were not people enough in our part of the world, who are not rich enough, or however wealthy, who would not wish to be at all the care of owning yachts, who yet would like to take this pleasure in a more leisurely way, and, leaving New York in the morning, stop over night on the way before proceeding on their journey to the mountains or returning to the City, to make it pay to run at least one or two daylight boats between the historic shores which border our dear old Long Island Sound?

From our sanctum's windows we soon hope to see the brave little Viking which is pictured on our opposite page, and which left Norway on May 1st to tempt the terrors of the stormy Atlantic. She is expected to come down through the Sound, perhaps closely in the wake of one of our big, beautiful Sound Steamers. What a contrast will be there! The little, open sail boat, covered only with the shields of her stout-hearted crew, and helped on its passage by oars wielded by brawny arms, and the great, peaceful, luxurious craft, the fitting emblem and fruit of modern civilization.

TRUMPET CALLS.

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

TRUTH is what God says about a thing.

THE richest people are those who have the fewest wants.

DURING the whole time Christ was on earth only one person gave enough to attract his attention.

TEACH your children to trust God, and they will never want.

PEOPLE who worry forget that God still has control of everything.

WE cannot be right with God as long as we are wrong with men.

THERE had to be a commandment before God could give a promise.

IF the devil had to travel without a mask he would never be followed.

CHRIST had more to say against hypocrisy than he had against stealing.

IT is because we hate the grave that we try to hide it with flowers.

THERE may be pigs that never wallowed in the mire, but there has never been one that didn't want to.

THERE are men who will walk five miles to lead a meeting, who cannot be induced to go across the street to watch with the sick.

NOTHING makes the devil more trouble than to come face to face with a man who cannot be frightened away from his post by the fear of a famine.

LAWN BEDS AND BORDERS.

For massing effectively we shall probably never find flowers that are more reliable, more certain to retain their beauty under all sorts of climatic adversities than these time honored favorites, the scarlet geranium, the many colored petunia, and the still more variegated Phlox. Of the last named the Drummondi—large flowering—is the best. For the cut we are indebted to the Peter Henderson Co.

The Phlox Drummondi flowers early and continues until late, producing immense trusses of large, brilliant flowers, of countless hues. A very useful—if not quite so brilliant a bedding plant—is the Hardy Phlox, which, as its name implies, is a perennial, coming up of itself, year after year, and needing almost no attention.

THE church member who lets somebody else do all his giving is selling his birthright for a very small mess of pottage.

THE man who howls and growls every time his wife wants a little money, very often buries her in a rosewood casket.

NO MAN can pray the Lord's Prayer with his heart without becoming more in earnest for God than he was before he did so.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

JUNE 11, 1893.

The Creator Remembered.

LESSON TEXT.

(Eccl. 12: 1-7, 13, 14. Memory verses: 13, 14)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *The Blessings of Right Living.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER:—*No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.*—Psa. 84 : 11.

LESSON TOPIC: *Fidelity to God.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Man's Destination, vs. 5, 7, 14.
2. Man's Decay, vs. 1-6.
3. Man's Duty, vs. 13.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*—Eccl. 12 : 1.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Eccl. 12 : 1-14. Fidelity to God.
T.—Gen. 1 : 1-25. God the Creator.
W.—Gen 1 : 26-31. God the Creator.
T.—Psa. 90 : 1-12. Human frailty.
F.—Matt. 25 : 31-46. Judgment administered.
S.—2 Cor. 5 : 1-10. On to judgment.
S.—1 Pet. 1 : 13-25. God abides.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. MAN'S DESTINATION.

I. The Long Home:

Man goeth to his long home (5).
I will go down to the grave to my son mourning (Gen. 37 : 35).
Thou wilt bring me to....the house appointed for all (Job 30 : 23).
We have a building from God,....eternal (2 Cor. 5 : 1).

II. Dust to Dust:

The dust return to the earth as it was (7).
Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return (Gen. 3 ; 19).
When once there is rest in the dust (Job 17 : 16).
He remembereth that we are dust (Psa. 103 : 14).

III. The Spirit to God:

The spirit return unto God who gave it (7).
God ...breathed into his nostrils the breath of life (Gen. 2 : 7).
O God, the God of the spirits of all flesh (Num. 16 : 22).
No man....hath power....to retain the spirit (Eccl. 8 : 8).

IV. The General Judgment:

God shall bring every work into judgement (14).
For all these things God will bring thee unto judgement (Eccl. 11 : 9).
He will judge the world in righteousness (Acts 17 : 31).
God shall judge the secrets of men (Rom. 2 : 16).

II. MAN'S DECAY.

I. Failing Enjoyment:

The evil days come,....when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure (1).
Can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? (2 Sam. 19: 35).
They covered him with the clothes, but he gat no heat (1 Kings 1: 1).
Rather....than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season (Heb. 11: 25).

II. Increasing Gloom:

The sun....be darkened, and the clouds return (2).
Isaac was old, and his eyes were dim (Gen. 27: 1).
The eyes of Israel were dim for age (Gen. 48: 10).
Eli was....old; and his eyes were set, that he could not see (1 Sam. 4: 15)

III. Accumulating Infirmities:

The keepers....tremble, and the strong men shall bow (3).
I can no more go out and come in (Deut. 31: 2).
My heart throbbeth, my strength faileth me (Psa. 38: 10).
The grasshopper shall be a burden (Eccl. 12: 5).

IV. Multiplying Fears:

They shall be afraid,....and terrors shall be in the way (5).
Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me (Psa. 55: 5).
There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the street (Prov. 26: 13).
Men fainting for fear (Luke 21: 26).

V. Whitening Locks:

The almond tree shall blossom (5).
Then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave (Gen. 42: 38).
When I am old and grayheaded.... forsake me not (Psa. 71: 18).
Even to hoar hairs will I carry you (Isa. 46: 4).

VI. Sudden Collapse:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed (6)
The wind passeth over it, and it is gone (Psa. 103 : 16).
This night is thy soul required of thee (Luke 12 : 20).
If the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved (2 Cor. 5 : 1).

III. MAN'S DUTY.

1. Remember the Creator:

Remember also thy Creator (1).
Beware lest thou forget the Lord (Deut. 6 : 12).
Remember what the Lord thy God did (Deut. 7 : 18).
They remembered that God was their rock (Psa. 78 : 35).

II. Fear the Creator:

This is the end of the matter;....fear God (13).
Thou shalt fear thy God: I am the Lord (Lev. 19 : 14).
Fear God (1 Pet. 2 : 17).
Fear God, and give him glory (Rev. 14 : 7).

III. Keep the Commandments:

Keep his commandments (13).
Keep ye my commandments, and do them (Lev. 22 : 31).
If thou wouldest enter into life, keep the commandments (Matt. 19 : 17).
If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments (John 14 : 15).

Verse 1.—"Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Man's supreme duty: (1) Its object; (2) Its character; (3) Its opportunity.

"Or ever the evil days come." (1) Coming days of evil; (2) Present days of opportunity.

Verse 2—"The clouds return after the rain." (1) Life's rainy days; (2) Life's cheery sunshine; (3) Life's returning clouds.

Verse 5.—"Man goeth to his long home." (1) Man's journey; (2) Man's destination.

Verse 7.—"The dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return unto God who gave it." (1) Man's twofold nature; (2) Man's twofold origin; (3) Man's twofold destiny.

Verse 13.—"Fear God, and keep his Commandments." (1) Godly fear; (2) Complete obedience—(1) The need of complete service; (2) The nature of complete service.

Verse 14.—God shall bring every work into judgement." Judgement (1) From God; (2) For all; (2) Upon all; (4) Without fail.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

LIFE'S FLEETING CHARACTER.

A pilgrimage (Gen. 47; 9).
A messenger (Job 9: 25).
A ship (Job 9: 26).
A shuttle (Job 7: 6).
A breeze (Job 7: 7).
A vapor (Jas. 4: 14).
A shadow (Eccl. 6: 12).
A sleep (Psa. 90: 5).
A dream (Psa. 73: 20).
A flower (Job 14: 2).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING DISCOURSE.—In Ecclesiastes 5 : 13-17 the Preacher sets forth more fully the vanity of riches, and in verses 18-20 shows that wealth can be enjoyed only when God gives power to do so, which, however, is frequently denied (chap. 6: 1-6). From this point to the close of chapter 11 the book can scarcely be analyzed. Three forms of discourse recur: the sad descriptions of the vanity of human life, precepts of a proverbial character, and the repeated declaration that it is best to enjoy in moderation what God gives. This last thought is the undertone of religious convictions which pervades the book, despite its despondent descriptions of human character and society. Chapter 11 is in a more hopeful strain than what precedes, while the lesson assumes a more pronounced religious tone.

THE EPILOGUE.—The disconnected character of the latter part of chapter 12 has led to various conjectures in regard to its relation to the book as a whole. Verses 9-14 form an epilogue, but in three parts. Some hold that all were a later addition; others that verses 13 and 14, because of the higher religious teaching, were added by a later hand to explain the true lesson of the book. As all such theories assume a late date for the entire book, they imply an exceptionally late date for these verses.

CONTENTS.—Precept to youth; to remember the Creator, in view of the rapid approach of the decay; a graphic description of the declining power and infirmities of age; the dissolution of the body and the return of the spirit to God (vs. 1-7). The end of the whole meditation; fear God and keep his commandments; this is the entire duty of man (v. 13). A reminder of the all-searching judgment of God (v. 14).

MENU.

Chicken Soup.
Salmon Salad with French Dressing.
Georgia Boiled Rice.
Baked Potatoes
Fried and Broiled Steak with Watercresses.
Apple Crusts.

CHICKEN SOUP.

Take the bones and any remains of a roast or broiled chicken you may have. Put this over the fire in enough water to cover and boil slowly for two hours. Take out the bones. Measure and add enough boiling water to make two quarts. In the meantime, after it is has boiled about one and a half hours, put a cup of rice in a quart of boiling water over the fire with a teaspoonful of salt. Boil until the rice is tender. Put the rice in with the chicken. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Add as much boiling water as you need to make two quarts of soup. Serve.

—A New York editor recently wrote a headline, "Alleged Treason in China," and was horrified to see it run through the paper "Alfred Tennyson in China."

—Colonel Henry G. Taylor, of New York city, has announced that he will give to the town of Milford, Conn., a new library to cost about $22,000.

—Forest fires in this country destroy every year $12,000,000 worth of timber.

IMPORTANCE OF THE STUDY OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, D.D., LL.D.

Within the last year the name of Columbus has been spoken and written far more often than in those months which followed his coming back to Spain with America in his hand. The world is vastly larger than it was four hundred years ago, and the event which made Columbus immortal belongs to the class of those which are continually becoming greater. There can be no doubt that the finding of America is the most important event in human history since, and perhaps before, the birth of our Lord. It is the greatest addition ever made by one discovery to the habitable parts of the earth. Neither the finding of Australia nor the opening of the inner Africa can be compared to the unveiling of the two mighty continents on which Columbus looked through one uplifted corner of the veil which had hung over them from time immemorial.

In point of physical resources, neither Africa nor Australia can equal the continent of North America alone. In both cases the difficulty of climate is much greater. The vast system of America's river communication, seldom impeded by impassable water-falls, and fed by the huge mountain ranges which catch at the right point the clouds born of two oceans, give to Nothern America a decisive superiority in carriage, whilst it ensures vast valleys of exhaustless fertility. But this is not all. As an open field for population by the higher races of man, it has had no equal. In the United States alone more than the population of Germany has appeared within three hundred years; and the great Republic will probably in the long run house more then the population of Europe. But there is still more. The stimulating atmosphere and the free condition of life in the New World have wonderfully quickened mental activity. If it has given us few very profound scholars, America has raised very much the base-line of general intelligence, and has produced investigators and inventors of the first rank in the realm of applied science. Politically, too, America is the greatest national fact of time. It has given to the world the first illustration of a stable Republic on a really democratic basis. If England is the mother of free states, their freedom modestly hides itself behind monarchical forms. America for over a century has proved that a nation can be strong in the enforcement of law, and iron-willed in maintaining its cohesion, whilst the broken fetters lie at its feet, and the "republic" is blazoned on its front.

It has often been noticed that the period of most marvelous maritime adventure was (speaking broadly) coincident with the rise of the Reformation. That great movement, at once intellectual and spiritual, embodied the claim of religious freedom in every sense of the term. It meant freedom for the individual to hold his creed without leave of the priest, or hurt from the law. It meant freedom for the mind, to shake off the fetters of human tradition, and get back to the original and therefore the only, authoritative sources of truth. This noble idea of religious freedom, carrying with it, as it were, all other freedoms, commended itself to all those nations who inherited the blood of liberty and had not been debased by becoming tyrants.

While Romanism and Protestantism were holding each other at grapple in Europe, like two mighty wrestlers, both straining every muscle, the New World was opened up, and the conflict was transferred thither. For generations that conflict was undecided. Only the most far-sighted man could understand the importance of the issue, and they only partially. But as we look back upon it, and ask what would probably have been the consequence if France, the representative then of Romanism, had conquered instead of England, the representative of Protestantism, we become to some extent aware of the vastness of the stake for which the mighty game was played. France triumphant and England expelled from American soil—and nothing less was attempted—there could have been no prosperous colonies, no United States. There *might* have been no French Revolution, for the influence of the American struggle of 1776 upon France before 1792 was enormous, and the volcanic energies displayed in the Revolution might have found another vent. Nay, almost everything in Europe must have been different—essentially different—from what it is.

When the Atlantic Ocean began to be dotted by the many ships which followed in the wake of Columbus, the colonizing fever was fed, as it has always been, by many motives. The spirit of adventure was strong in that stirring age. Ambition reached out after the mastership of new lands. The greed of gold drove men to Canada, to Mexico, and to Peru, as in our own age it has driven men to California and to Australia. The "ne'er-do-weels" of that age were shipped off to a distance, as they still too often are in our own time; but underlying all, and lending to the entire movement its most intense and persistent motive force, was the element of religion, and this on both sides of the great controversy.

The strongest and purest blood engaged in the colonizing of America was the Puritan; this had the true "Ironside" quality in it: it could rush and it could last. So, on the other side, the strongest and most enduring force in the French colonization was the *religious*. The Recollet Fathers set a splendid example of devotion. Women, vowed to Christ, gave their lives without flinching or reserve to hardships which would now appal the rudest frontier settler. Men *not* vowed to a "religious" life, displayed, in the mission of New France, a mixture of military daring and spiritual devotion seldom united in the same breast. But the strongest, subtlest, and most utterly tenacious in the purpose he had formed was the Jesuit. He could endure, suffer, struggle, die, but not despair.

Only when these facts are understood is the key found to the great struggle for the possession of North America. England and France were in deadly grapple, but the national rivalry was not the strongest force which impelled them. That force was the rivalry of the creeds.

The discovery of Columbus opened to the human race a field on which its religious future might be decided. Therefore we cannot even now estimate the full importance of the discovery by Columbus, but it is not too much to say that the *Pinta* bore the fortunes of the world.

And it scarcely lessens the importance of his discovery that what he found was not what he sought. His deductions and generalizations had led him to convictions which, though true, were much smaller than the facts. He greatly under-estimated the size of the globe, and believed that a voyage westward of three thousand miles would bring him to the shores of India. It was for this he was seeking, and that he could seek for it shows the greatness of the man. To conceive this idea a true scientific imagination was needed, as well as a great capacity for generalization. But more than this was needed to accomplish the great idea; patient ingenious effort to realize it, capacity to get the utmost use out of indifferent means, and a courage sublime in its intrepidity. Standing in the prow of his little boat—his terror-stricken and mutinous crew behind him—peering into the dim distance, through which he strains his eyes to catch a glimpse of the land, which having not seen he believes in, Columbus is, and always must be, one of the heroic figures of the human race.

What he did for the world in adding the Americas to it it is impossible for us to calculate. We are so familiar with the existence of America; it enters into all our calculations of political, commercial, and social life, to such an enormous degree and in such a matter-of-course way, that it is hard for us to conceive a world in which there was practically no America. Let us imagine what the earth would be if the curtain which Columbus lifted were suddenly to fall again, and Europe, Asia and Africa were alone left for civilized man, as they were for so many generations.

Before the new world came into view the stirring and adventurous mind of the old world was always gazing eastward—never westward. "To the West" was an idea not only unfamiliar, but impossible, to the mediæval mind. In fact, the centre of gravity in the worlds of commerce, politics, and religion was shifted in a moment when America loomed upon the sight of Europe.

For two hundred years the two great powers of Europe,—England and France, struggled for the possession of this new empire of the West. Upon this struggle and its issue, depended the future of the world. If the result had gone the other way despotism, instead of freedom, would have been triumphant all round the world. The wars which decided the ownership of the North American continent are therefore the most important of modern times. It is true that they were often only episodes of what seemed to be the more important struggles on the continent of Europe, and the issues in North America were sometimes powerfully affected by political or military complications in the Old World. Still it remains that the American results, following from those wars, were by far the most important.

The forces employed in the long series of contests were often only small. Much of the warfare was irregular in form, and prosecuted by guerilla bands. Some of the most important victories were won by civilian levies hastily gathered together. Even at Quebec Wolfe commanded only a small expeditionary force, and Montcalm's entire army was not equal to a modern army corps; but these skirmishes and conflicts were making the future of man. They were really the decisive battles of the world. In view of the progress of human intellect, in view of the salvation of the human race, Quebec was far more important than Trafalgar or Waterloo.

Some day, perhaps, a history of that long series of notable events may be written, and if it were done by such pens as that of John Richard Green, or William Parkman, the fascination of the story would equal its importance.

A story is related by London Truth of a French official who was possessed of a very pretty wife and a particularly jealous temperament. This official had frequently applied without success for a certain post. At length his wife proposed to interview the chief in person and see if she could obtain for her husband what he had failed to procure for himself. On this being suggested the latter remained silent for a considerable time, fluctuating between ambition and jealousy. At last he devised a safe course. "Yes, my dear, you have my sanction. But upon one condition only—that you paint your nose a deep red." The lady, it is needless to say did not proceed with the interview upon these terms. It was afterward commonly said, however, that the story having reached the chief's ears, he good-naturedly appointed the careful husband to the post.

Geese in migrating often travel over 6000 miles.

The Baby's Airing.

It is well to send the babies out for an airing every day, if they are confided to competent hands. But often baby's tender little body is jarred and wearied by being rattled over a rough road, bounced into and over gutters, and thumped over crossings at headlong speed, until it receives more harm than good from its outing. Almost every one knows what a difference there is in drivers; how one man will, however easy the carriage, take you to your journey's end feeling that you are black and blue from jolting about, while another will avoid every loose stone and moderate his speed at the rough places. Be sure that babies suffer quite as much as their elders from unskillful charioteers. It is perfectly easy to guide a child's cab over a gutter without a jar, but it is seldom done by a servant, and often not by mothers themselves. Not only are the little ones jerked and bumped along in this tiresome fashion, but they are kept hours in their carriages without change of position, getting benumbed and cold in consequence. This is quite wrong. Young infants should take the air in the arms of an attendant. Very serious evils result from subjecting their tender bodies to jars.—Hall's Journal of Health.

The Finer View.

It is a narrow view that sees in the extension of commerce, the advance of material prosperity, only sordid and material activity. All these outward phases of our national life are but external signs of mental energy and moral uprightness. It is a narrow view that sees in these nothing beyond material prosperity. The ages that have been rich in works of genius, that have been great in determining a higher destiny of humanity, have been ages of commerce and trade. Venice reached her splendor in her golden age of commerce. Greece attained her noblest development in an age of general prosperity.

Behind every great work is the idea. When a new railroad is laid across the Continent, bringing the Atlantic and Pacific shores into near and easy communcation; when the irrigation of waste lands makes the desert to bloom as the rose; when new inventions increase a thousand fold the power of a specific work, there is to be seen in all these, not merely, nor even mostly, an increase of material prosperity, but the clothing of an idea with visible power.

Brothers in Distress.

Little Roland Q——, an orphan who had been accustomed during the life of his parents to generous nurture and even to indulgence, went after their death to live with an uncle, who believed in severe treatment of children. The boy was put at once upon a plain diet of oatmeal, bread and butter, a little meat and a carefully regulated allowance of fruit.

This the poor boy regarded as next door to starvation; and he ate so little that it was remarked in his presence that he was growing thin.

One day his uncle took him out to walk, in the suburb where he lived. While they were walking they met a friend of the uncle's, who was accompanied by a large greyhound.

The boy had never seen a dog of this sort before, and was greatly astonished by its extraordinary thinness. He looked very sympathetically at the animal.

"Ah," said the dog's owner to Roland, "you think he's pretty thin, don't you?"

"Y-yes;" said the boy; "does he live with his uncle?"

Roland's allowance of meat was considerably increased after this incident, and now and then he was even allowed a bit of pastry.

CARPET GARDENING.

This matter of carpet bedding is carried to quite an extreme by French ladies, and in it they find a wholesome source of recreation, and a means of exercising artistic taste. It consists in laying out strips of lawn in flower borders, copying colors from the shades of a rich Persian carpet or Indian shawl. It involves not only a thorough knowledge of colors in the various foliage plants, but accurate information concerning the forms and habits of growth of plants. When the beds are fitted for planting, a paper perforated with holes indicating the design is laid upon the ground and powdered chalk sifted through, which leaves the impression of the design upon the dark mould, and labels are stuck in to indicate the plants to be used in completing the work of art

THE Diamond Plate Glass Works at Kokomo, Indiana, recently made what they claim to be the largest sheet of plate glass ever manufactured in the world. It measures 12 feet 4 inches by 17 feet 10 inches. It is the intention of the company to turn out three other sheets, equally as large, all of which will be exhibited at the World's Fair.

THE two sides of the face are never alike. A German biologist says that the eyes are out of line with two persons out of five; one eye is stronger than the other in seven out of 10; and the right ear is generally higher than the left.

Every man is some boy's hero.

The length of the Tay bridge in Scotland, which fell, 1879, was 10,612 feet, 90 feet above the water level, 85 spans. The new Tay bridge was begun 1882

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If the purchaser doesn't want honest paint, and wants to be honest to himself, then be sure to buy the Hammonton Paint, and the manufacturer will give a receipt with every gallon sold telling you how to make two gallons of paint out of one of the Hammonton. It will cost 33 cents for the extra gallon.

One Dollar.

And then here comes **Commercial Paint,** in 30 shades,—the best wearing paint ever put on the market for so low a price as $1 per gallon, and guaranteed to be a first-class wearing paint. If any one should not want to pay so high a price for a good exterior paint, then work the 33 cent racket, and get two gallons for $1.33. Manufactured at

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The Republican.

[Entered as second class matter.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1893.

☞ We will still furnish the REPUBLICAN and the *Weekly Press* one year for One Dollar and Twenty-five cents. Such of our readers as desire to take advantage of this offer must pay up all arrearages to date, plus the $1.25.

There has not been very much said about the tariff since the election was over. Our friends, the enemy, have seen at a glance that they cannot abolish the tariff and keep their house running. Hence they are pretty still; but the fact that wise men will get up and declare that American manufacturers can successfully compete with European manufacturers when our country pays $2 in wages, when the other country pays $1; where one country, too, has its mines close by its factories, its factories close by its ships ready at any time to transport to the uttermost parts of the world any foreign manufactured goods; to say that our new country, with roads undeveloped, with mines undeveloped, with wages two to one against those of England,—to say that such a country, without the support of the Government behind it, could succeed, is to discount every law of arithmetic and logic, and to advertise that the world must be on a crazy streak because it cannot see that two times two are six. We need the tariff.—*Tribune, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

Edwin Booth, the great American actor, died at the Players' Club in New York, early Wednesday morning, in the sixtieth year of his age. He was the last of a coterie of eminent tragedians, to whom no worthy successors have as yet appeared.

Gen. Foraker stirred up some folks by his Memorial Day speech; but the ex-Governor is somewhat addicted to that habit. He simply contrasted the services of Lincoln and Davis, Grant and Lee, Beauregard and Sherman, and asked a very natural question as to which was right, since their aims were as antagonistic as they could be. Some thin-skinned people thought this was not nice in Foraker, although the pageantry of Jeff. Davis' removal was then being flaunted before the eyes of the country.

The blackest of fluid is used as an agent to enlighten the world.

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The Republican.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1893.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

☞ Cool and cloudy as we go to press,—wind north-east.

☞ Improvements are under way on the Black and Murdock stores.

☞ Of course you have noticed that new awning in front of Fiedler's.

☞ Mrs. Zoe L. Rice has returned from Trenton, improved in health.

☞ Look for a marriage notice next week,—a prominent business man.

☞ The Chess Club have moved to the room in the rear of Lewis' store.

☞ There is a fanning mill for sale, at Treat's. Call there, if you need one.

☞ Lew. Wescoat and Frank Roxby took a bicycle trip to Williamstown, last Sonday.

☞ Who's to light the street lamps the coming year? If you want to do it, put in your bid.

☞ Mr. Edward Tucker, of Richmond, Va., is visiting P. H. Jacobs' family—relatives.

☞ T. B. Drown, one of our most worthy old soldiers, has at last been granted a pension.

☞ Mr. Jos. P. Rouse, of Altoona, Pa., spent part of the week in town, looking for a home.

☞ "Half a loaf is better than no bread," but a whole ham is better still, if you buy Jackson's.

☞ Al. Simons was allowed to sit up a little while on Monday, and has been gaining all this week.

☞ Will Jones came home, Sonday last, for a couple weeks' vacation. He reports prosperity in business.

☞ Harry Thomas fell from a small Columbia bicycle, Wednesday evening, cutting a bad gash in his head.

☞ Rutherford has sold the Lake mill to Mrs. America Drake, and Chas. Wetherbee will probably run it.

☞ Little Miss Emma Veal, of Vineland, is visiting friends here. She always brings her favorite doll.

☞ Watch the transformation scene at Black's and Murdock's stores.—new bulk windows, concrete sidewalks, etc.

☞ Dr. C. P. Rose, of Philadelphia, has rented Mr. Horton's cottage, and it is being prepared for the reception of his family.

☞ Mrs. S. S. Lewis, who has been dangerously ill for a long time, is now able to be about the house, and slowly improving.

☞ W. F. Dudley, our jeweler, is visiting at his former home, in Maine. Prepare to give him a cordial reception when he returns.

☞ Wm. Bates, a former member of our Grand Army Post, died on Monday last, at Alco, and was buried at Bates' Mills on Monday.

☞ Rutherford, our real estate man, has sold the Jas. Seely place, on upper Bellevue. It will be fitted up A No. 1 for the new occupant.

☞ J. L. O'Donnell, station agent for the Reading, was thrown from a wagon, the other day, and seriously injured his right arm.

☞ Wm. Sturtevant has returned from a trip to his old home, in Maine. They say that he thinks seriously of returning thither in a short time.

☞ The services at St. Mark's Church to-morrow, being St. Barnabas' day, will be celebration at 7:30 A.M., matins and litany at 10:30, and evensong at 7:30.

☞ Members of Perseverance Castle, Knights of the Mystic Chain, with their families and friends, enjoyed the first anniversary entertainment, on Tuesday evening.

☞ Children's Day exercises at the Baptist and Methodist Churches, in place of the usual morning service; at the Presbyterian Church (we are told) in the evening.

☞ Noah R. Zelley has returned to Hammonton, and is employed by S. E. Brown & Co. His family can be found, for the present, in Mrs. Gould's house, on Cherry Street.

☞ The Artisans' Order of Mutual Protection invites every one in Hammonton to call on the Secretary, A. B. Davis, and receive circulars and full information. It is an order now about twenty years old, and is reaching out over the whole country.

☞ Insure with A. H. Phillips & Co., 1328 Atlantic Ave., Atlantic City.

☞ A driving park is now being built at Ventnor, below Atlantic City.

☞ The voters of Atlantic City, at a public meeting Saturday night, decided by a vote of 50 to 34 to issue $50,000 in bonds for the erection of a high school.

☞ Rev. T. J. Cross, of Atlantic City, has been chosen delegate from Atlantic county to the Christian Endeavor Society Convention, which meets at Montreal, Canada, July 5th.

☞ Very hot and dry weather, up to Tuesday evening, when a slight rain cooled the atmosphere for twenty-four hours; but the sun gained supremacy, in spite of a north wind.

☞ All who are interested in the success of the lawn party, or are willing to help in any way, are requested to meet at Mrs. R. J. Byrnes' on Tuesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock.

☞ Mrs. Capt. Grover will accompany her son to their former home, Boothbay Harbor, Maine, on Tuesday next. The son has been spending a week here, and, as usual, is in love with our beautiful town.

☞ James H. Ing, of Canada, came into town on decoration day, an entire stranger, and the next day found a permanent job. He is scarcely twenty-one years old, and is bound to make a home here.

☞ There was a mad dog scare near the Lake, last Sonday. The dog was "mad" because in some way his leg was broken, and every cur he passed proved to be an enemy. One dose of leaden pellets cured him.

☞ Mr. S. R. Morse, long our efficient County Superintendent of Schools, was relieved of his money and gold watch last week, at the Chicago Fair. He had to telegraph for more money, but will have to hunt up another watch.

☞ There will be a meeting of the Vestry of St. Mark's Parish on Monday evening, June 12th, at 7:30 o'clock, at the Rectory. The Rector wishes every member to be present, as there is some business of importance to be brought up.

☞ Good authority states that the cholera in Europe and Asia is engendered and fostered by insufficient food, bordering on famine. Hammonton will escape the scourge, if that is its chief cause, for everything that grows is now looking prosperous.

☞ Children's Sonday will be observed to-morrow, by the Universalists, the founders of this happy day for the little folks. Services will be held at the church, commencing at 10:30 A. M., consisting of music, singing, and recitations by the children, a short talk by the pastor, and christening of one or more children. All are cordially invited to attend. W.

☞ Some of the old soldiers, who have watched the opponents of the present pension rules, say that if the government will pay them the difference between the depreciated paper currency which they received, and the gold paid to bond-holders, with interest to date, they will ask for no pensions. They simply ask for the same that the bond-holders received,—the same money and interest.

☞ But two scholars in the Higher Department of the Hammonton schools succeeded in passing at the advanced course examination this year,—Albert L. Jackson and John E. Hoyt. The new course of study makes graduation more difficult than heretofore; and the averages required are high,—as they should be. Hereafter, there will be no general examination; each pupil's daily record of work will be counted, instead of what he does in a few days at the end of each term.

☞ Some one asks what rights riders of bicycles have on the streets. Under the law and court decisions, just the same rights as the driver of a team—no more, no less. In 1889, our Town Council passed an ordinance forbidding the riding of bicycles or tricycles on the sidewalks of Hammonton. In 1889, Council passed a resolution instructing the Marshal to enforce obedience to said ordinance within one-half mile in every direction from the post-office corner. That settles it.

☞ The following pupils of the Elm school passed the County examination:

Advanced Course, Florence E. Wood.

First Grade, Deborah Forman, Donald Chapman, John F. Leed, George Herbert Rogers.

Second Grade, Edith Allison, James Leed.

Third Grade, A. F. Schneider, John Carey, Mabel Cordery.

The teacher, N. C. Holdridge, was pleasantly surprised by the gift of a set of silver knives and forks, from his scholars.

☞ Rev. Mr. Eldridge attended the commencement exercises at the Crozer Thelogical Seminary, Chester, Pa., on Wednesday. Mrs. Eldridge visited her sister, in Philadelphia, and will go to Woodbury for a time.

The First Ward

Mrs. and Miss Green have returned from New York City, to their home at First Road and Eleventh Street. Miss Minnie has been attending the Cooper Institute, doing crayon portrait work.

Chas. Geppert is home from Philadelphia, for a vacation.

By the way, do you Second Warders know what improvements are going on this side of the railroad? Among them, Will. Brown has the foundation ready for a house, on Twelfth Street. Mrs. Geppert has had her house newly clapboarded, new windows and doors put in, with internal improvements; but it's the same house. John Wolbert's house has been newly clap-boarded also, and is ready for the painters. Edw. Strickland was the "boss" on these two jobs. Ed. Johnson has added a porch to his house.

☞ List of unclaimed letters remaining in the Post Office at Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, June 10th, 1893:

A. A. Moody.
Fred Moss.
Rev. Thos. T. Romney.
Mrs. W. Thompson.
E. C. Vill.
George Washington.

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

GEORGE ELVINS, P. M.

GEORGE BERNSHOUSE'S house and farm are for sale at a fair price. There are ten acres of good land, part in grass rest in crops, six-room house, good barn, and all conveniences. Fine location. Particulars at the REPUBLICAN Office.

NEAT and comfortable house and lot for sale. Apply to JOHN PILGER,

xxi Hammonton, N. J.

FOR RENT. A house near the Lake—five rooms and attic, in good order—with a garden spot. Inquire at REPUBLICAN office.

BICYCLES. Before buying a wheel, examine the "Rambler." Mechanism perfect. Tires unequaled, hard to puncture, easily repaired. Other grades, also. $75 to $150.

ROBERTS & MONFORT, Agents,

x1x.4 Hammonton, N. J.

PUBLIC SALE.—There will be a public sale of Household Goods and Furniture, at the house of the late GEORGE TAYLOR, on Walker Road, on Saturday, June 17th, at 2 o'clock P. M.

xx1.2

BARGAIN.—A six room house, near Post Office, one minute walk from the depot. $1200—easy terms. F. L. SAUNDERS,

Box 361, Hammonton, N. J.

STREET LIGHTING.—Bids for the contract to light the streets of Hammonton from June 15th, 1893, to June 15th, 1894, will be received on or before 7 o'clock P.M., Monday, June 12th, 1893, by the undersigned, who will furnish all information on the contract. The Committee reserve the right to accept or reject any or all bids.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM,

Chairman of Street Light Committee.

FIVE ACRES on Eleventh Street for sale, full of fruit—five room house, barn, good well. Very cheap. REPUBLICAN office.

Late reports from Fargo indicate that the town was half destroyed by fire on Wednesday. The loss is placed at $3,000,000, and 300 people are said to be homeless and without shelter.

News from Honolulu was brought by the steamer Alameda to the effect that Minister Blount has been instructed to negotiate a treaty of protection, and in a few days to raise the American flag.

In the injunction suit brought by the United States to restrain the local directory from opening the World's Fair gates on Sonday, Judge Woods announced that he and his associates failed to agree on certain points and that each would formulate his ideas in an individual opinion. Two Judges, Wood and Jenkins, agreed on Sonday closing, while Judge Crosscup favored the opening of the gates.

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.

Land, Land, Land.

A large tract of land, in

Hammonton, Mullica, and Buena Vista Townships, Atlantic County, New Jersey,

Is now opened up and placed on the market for sale. The land is of good quality for farming,—is adapted to the growing of Wheat, Rye, Corn, Grass, and Vegetables. It is especially adapted to the successful and profitable growing of Small Fruits. Being near the Camden & Atlantic, Philadelphia & Reading, and West Jersey Railroads, it is within easy reach of the New York, Philadelphia, and seashore markets. It will be sold for cash, or on time. Easy terms to actual settlers. Apply to

J. A. CUNNINGHAM,

S. E. cor. Second St. & Bellevue Av.,

Hammonton, N. J.

Wm. Rutherford,

Commissioner of Deeds. Notary Public, Real Estate and Insurance,

Hammonton, N. J.

THE VIENNA BAKERY.

J. B. SMALL.

Baker and Confectioner,

Steam Ice Cream a Specialty.

PARTIES SUPPLIED.

HAMMONTON, NEW JERSEY.

IF YOU WANT ICE

Drop a Postal Card to

C. E. FOWLER

NOW READY.

Sweet Potato Plants.	Cabbage Plants.
Tomato Plants.	Egg Plants.
Pepper Plants.	Celery Plants.

C. E. FOWLER,

Egg Harbor Road, near Hammonton Park.

AT BLACK'S.

A good Fat No. 1 Mackerel is an appetizing dish, this warm weather. We have some fine ones. We also have some nice mackerel, 2 fish for 25 cents.

Lamb's Tongue at 25 cents per can is something we have just added to our Fancy Groceries stock.

Smoked Dried Beef, in cans, is the best to buy during warm weather. We have an excellent brand.

Hartley's English Jams at 15 cents per Jar, a very low price.

Ginger, Chocolate, and Lemon Wafers are nice picnic goods.

Glass Cheese Dishes at 25 cents each are a bargain.

We have Glass Sauce Dishes at 25 cents per dozen.

Black's General Store.

CARPETS

Brand-new Samples.

Come and see them.

M. STOCKWELL.

TRUTH.

BY SAM WALTER FOSS.

There's a hand on the rudder that will not flinch,
Rain's the pilot's face
As the gulls flit in the dim, blue lanes, like boats in a storm,
Through the rocking seas of spume;
And whether two make the harbor at last
Beyond the shoals and the fog swell,
Or will founder in the night
I know that all is well—
And I learn these things from the heart of the wood,
The ocean solemn soul of the sea—
For never a bird in a wire-bound cage
Told all these things to me.

And the soul of man is a sunward bird
With wings that are made for flight,
To pierce to the front of the shining day,
And float through the depths of night;
And I read these things in the Bible of God
Whose leaves are the spreading sky,
And the legible face of the dark green sea,
With the eye behind the eye.
For truth is not chest in the lids of a book,
Nor its chat less soul is free;
And never a bird in a wire-bound cage
Told all these things to me.

For truth surges into the open heart
And into the willing eye,
And stream from the breath of the streaming earth,
And from the bending sky;
'Tis not shut in a book, in a church, or a school
Nor cramped in the chains of a creed,
But free as the open air and the light
For all men in their need!
And the fish that swims in a goldfish vase
Knows not of the salted sea,
And never a bird in a wire-bound cage
Told all these things to me.

'Tis the Voice that comes from the gilded peaks,
From the hills that shoulder the sky,
Through the topless heights of a man's own soul
This Voice goes wandering by;
And who roams the earth with an open heart,
With an ear attuned to hear,
Will catch some broken chord of the song
Whenever the Voice comes near
But not past the prison of custom or creed
Will the Voice of God come to me
And never a bird in a wire-bound cage
Told all these things to me.

—*Yankee Blade.*

BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

We grow tired of bare and careworn lives, measuring all things by the strict standard of utilitarianism and counting their money value. Life grows worthless when we make earns his labor by the sweat of his brow and can turn to nothing bright and brilliant as a compensation. The idea that beauty and utility are antagonistic has no foundation in fact; they should work continually together for good, tending to make men not only richer, but, also wiser and better.

But what constitutes beauty? Ask the poet and he will tell you that it lies in the purity and brilliance, the contrast and blending of colors. But can the artist mix upon his palette aught more pure than the lily's snow or the glowing blushes of the rose? Ask the sculptor and he will show you beauty in flowing, graceful lines; but can he point to any more perfect examples of these, than in the towering magnificence of the oak, or the sweeping branches of the elm?

We think it not necessary to have a beautiful home. The sheltering trees grow as well for the poor as for the rich; the clinging vine will dress with beauty the low trellis of the cabin door as well as the wide verandas of the stately mansion. A bed of annuals, a flowering shrub, a perfumed rose, or a few pennon flutters alike in costly gardens or humble yard.

Whoever saw the finest picture which could equal in beauty a blooming tree? The skilful artist may imitate nature, but his roses and lilies will have no fragrance, the soft winds of heaven cannot rustle the branches of his forest trees, or the birds warble forth their melodies.

Said Dr. Kalkbrenner: "I have written many verses, but the poems I produced are the trees I planted on the hill-side which overlooked the broad meadows, scalloped and rounded at their edges by loops of the sinuous Honsatonic. Nature lends rhyme for them in the recurring measures of the seasons; winter strips them of their ornaments and gives them, as it were, in prose translation, and winter re-clothes them in all the splendid phrases of their leafy language. What are these maples, and beeches, and birches but odes, and idyls, and madrigals? What are these lofty pines, and firs, and spruces but holy hymns, too solemn for the many hued raiment of their gay deciduous neighbors?

"You have been warned against hiding your talent in a napkin; but if your talent takes the shape of a maple-key or an acorn, and your napkin is a shred of the apron that covers the 'lap of earth,' you may hide it there unblamed and, when you render in your account, you will find that your deposit has been drawing compound interest all the time."

THINGS OLD AND NEW.

THE French Government has sold the right to refine and export salt from Lake Assal, Obock, near the head of the Bay of Tadjourah, East Africa. The lake is sixteen square miles in surface, and its shore is covered with a layer of nearly pure salt a foot thick.

THE manuscript of an article by Charles Lamb "On the Secondary Novels of Defoe," was sold in London the other day for $30. The manuscript of Thackeray's lecture on Swift brought at the same sale $95.

THE Gulf Stream is more rapid than the Amazon, more impetuous than the Mississippi, and its volume more than one thousand times greater. Its waters are of an indigo blue, and the line of junction can be easily marked by the eye.

BANK OF ENGLAND notes are never reissued, but when paid in for gold are at once cancelled. They are then preserved for seven years, so that inquiries relative to forgeries or frauds on which the notes may throw light may be answered.

IN the Cascade Mountains is the Great Sunken Lake, the most deeply sunken lake in the world. It is fifteen miles long and four and a half wide. It is 2000 feet down to the surface of the water, but the depth of the water is unknown.

LUMINOUS earth worms have recently been seen near Richmond and other parts of Thames Valley in England. But it is pointed out that these phosphorescent annelids are not uncommon, have been described by Grimm as early as the year 1670.

WHEN Mauritius was ceded to Great Britain, in 1810 there was a gigantic turtle in a court of the artillery barracks at Port Louis which is still there, although almost blind. It weighs 340 pounds, and stands two feet high when walking. Its shell is 8½ feet long, and it can carry two men on its back with ease. It is believed to be at least 200 years old.

A CURIOUS phenomenon may be witnessed in the Straits of Gibraltar. Two currents flow through this narrow opening. The upper one, which is the warmer and slower of the two, carries the water from the Mediterranean Sea into the Atlantic, and the under current brings back sufficient water to preserve the level of the two seas.

THE first cotton factory in the United States was started at Beverly, in 1789, by a company who only succeeded in introducing the industry with very imperfect machinery. A woolen factory was in operation at Hartford, Ct., in 1790, and in 1794 one was established at Byfield, Mass.

THE cultivation of the sugar plant was introduced into this country about the year 1751 by some Jesuits from Santo Domingo, who, with some negro slaves, settled on the banks of the Mississippi, just above New Orleans. The first sugar mill was constructed about 1758, but the juice of the cane was not converted into sugar until 1794. When Louisiana was ceded to Spain, sugermaking ceased there and was not revived until 1791.

"MAY POPS" OR PASSION FLOWER.

Nothing is more sought than a flowering vine of such rapid habit of growth that we may sow the seed in May and pick the blossoms before the advent of frost. For the piazza, for the garden trellis, or the yard fence there is no more beautiful or satisfactory flowering vine than that known in our Southern States as "May Pops," or elsewhere as the Passion Flower.

For our pretty picture of this flower we are indebted to the Peter Henderson Co. Probably only a peculiarly devout imagination would have ever seen in this blossom any resemblance to a picture of an immortal scene, but once this resemblance has been described we may all follow the fanciful tracing which sees the Cross of Calvary, the two thieves, the Roman guard and the mourning Jewish multitude all within the radiuses of the flowers, which are from two to three inches across, and of a delicate fleshy or greenish white with purple rays. The blossoms are followed by yellow edible fruits the size of a hen's egg. In the South these ripen and are much relished as food, but in the Northern states the frost cuts them off too soon. But as a flowering vine alone they amply repay the very slight care necessary to their cultivation. Sunny situations should be chosen for the vines. They will die down in the fall, but the roots will live through the winter, with but slight protection and come up luxuriantly in the next spring.

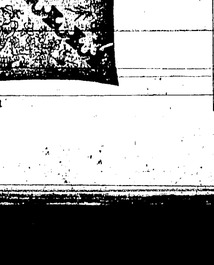


FIG. 2.

FANCY WORK.

A well known fashion writer gives some good hints regarding fashionable table linen as follows;

Table damask woven of silk and linen takes a satin-like gloss that housekeepers delight in for their best linen. The cloths and napkins, the former quarter size, are hemstitched and show a small design, with a deep hem, and the marking will be done at the merchant's at a cost from 25 cents to $1 a letter. Doylies to match should be bought at the same time, but do not scatter them over the cloth as though to save it from soil.

Among the well selling designs flowers in single and bouquet designs, the Greek, Renaissance and French scrolls, with the latter showing both ribbon and flower effects after the Watteau and Louis XV. methods: spots, disks, shaded balls, pearls or dewdrops, forns, lilies and laurel leaves, fleurs-de-lis, and the newer designs having a double border, one hanging below the table and the other resting well over it, are all sold in the finer and medium qualities. A small pattern looks better in the cheaper grades than a large one.

It is well to know that only the Irish double damask is exactly the same on both sides, and can be ironed and used on both, while the other linens look better if ironed on one side, over a thick blanket and ironing sheet. Centers that represent moire are in good favor.

Cloths are marked with initials or a monogram in letters about six inches long that should be worked in linen floss; the marking is done ten inches above the right-hand corner, measuring in a bias, at the head of the table. The napkins are marked with letters to correspond, two inches and a half deep, that are placed on a right-hand corner three inches from the edge, and the doylies are marked with inch-long letters.

Long, narrow, square and round centers are used of fine linen covered with silk embroidery, enclosed or open work or any amount of drawn work, which the London *Queen* says the American ladies do so nicely. Hemstitched edges are used for these accessories, also for the tray covers and carving cloths, the latter showing less work than the former as they are for all day.

Yellow and red silks vie with white, green and old rose in these embroideries, the two latter looking better combined than alone. Much of the open Roman embroidery is used for this kind of work.

Finger-bowl doilies, both round and square, have the edges fringed, hemstitched, or cut in fine scallops and buttonholed. They are four to five inches square and worked with festoons or circles of small flowers and leaves, forming a continuous border just inside the edge. Sometimes the edge in doilies and in centerpieces is cut in scallops and then a Honiton braid is buttonholed to the linen. A favorite design in round doilies has three wreaths of small flowers, each tied with a Louis XVI. bowknot. The wreaths, which are about the size of a silver quarter, are worked not far from the edge of the doily, so arranged that the lines drawn from one to the other would form a triangle. The bowknots are turned towards the centre of the piece of linen. This design, which is a new one, is not a great deal of work, and can be marked on the linen by anyone who has the least skill with the pencil. The tiny blossoms composing the wreaths are white field daisies of five or seven rays, with yellow centres, with white ribbons. Two of a half-dozen may be worked with the daisies, two with pink flowers of the same size, with leaves and ribbons of light olive, and two with forget-me-nots with white or blue ribbons. All the design is worked solidly. In making doilies for finger-bowls it is best to have them all of the same size, but the style of decoration may be as varied as one chooses. As the centre of the doily is covered, it hardly pays to put the prettiest part of the design where it will never be seen. If, however, doilies are made for little covers, as for pincushions, or to lay over waters or other food, the decoration is often put in the centre. A pretty design for such covers has a bunch of small flowers with long stems tied with a floating bowknot worked in the centre.

A larger napkin of heavy plain white linen in which to wrap hot biscuit is embroidered to imitate a net with meshes about an inch square. At each place where the lines of the mesh cross there is worked an oblong dot about half an inch long, the stitches being an eighth of an inch across. The lines of the mesh are run with white silk; the dots are worked solidly. The pattern would be effective and odd worked as a wide border on a lunch-cloth."

Our first illustration shows a napkin for eggs eighteen inches square of cream linen monk cloth, with a lining of cream flannel. The edge is finished with button-hole-stitched scallops. The turned-over corners are decorated with grotesque outline designs, worked in stem stitch with linen etching floss in pink, old-rose, and olive. Small loops and pearl buttons fasten the corners.

By using a lining of cotton, slightly wadded this napkin would serve for tea cakes, etc.

The traveling cushion, FIG. 2, is of gray linen, its only ornament being a monogram worked in brown washing silk. It is in six sections, one of which is cut an inch wider, and this edge and the one which it meets are faced an inch deep and provided with buttons and button-holes, so that the cover can be slipped off for washing. A loop of the linen is attached at one end for a handle.

E. R. A.

BRANDY AND EGG SAUCE.

Beat the yolks of two raw eggs to a cream, stir with them a cupful of powdered sugar; beat the whites to a stiff froth, mix them lightly with the yolks and sugar, and, last of all, quickly add a wineglassful of good brandy, and serve this delicious sauce with any pudding.

FRENCH PUDDING

Is an excellent dessert for any season of the year, because it can be made from canned or fresh peaches out in small pieces. Butter an earthen pudding dish thickly, see that the oven is hot, and if canned peaches are used have them drained, saving the juice for sauce. Make a soft dough as for biscuit, mixing water or milk with prepared flour, and put it into the buttered dish with the peaches, taking care to have the biscuit dough on the top and bottom. Bake the pudding in a moderate oven until it is thoroughly cooked. Then serve with a hard sauce made by mixing equal quantities of sugar and butter, or with a jelly sauce made by thickening the juice from canned peaches with a little arrowroot or starch, or serve the pudding simply with butter and sifted confectioner's sugar.

WINE SAUCE.

Beat half a cupful of butter and one cupful of fine sugar to a cream. Just before sending it to the table quickly stir in two tablespoonfuls, each, of wine and boiling water, and then lightly add the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth. Use the sauce as soon as it is made.

LEMON HARD SAUCE.

Mix together a cupful of granulated sugar, half a cupful of butter and a tablespoonful of lemon juice, and when are smoothly blended add the same nicely on a pretty dish, and keep it in a cool place until it is required for the table.

BRANDY HARD SAUCE.

Beat half a cupful of butter to a cream; add to it a level teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon and two cupfuls of powdered sugar, and when these ingredients are smoothly mixed, stir with them a wineglassful of good brandy; when the sauce is smoothly blended, shape it in a little mound on a pretty dish, and keep it in a cool place until it is wanted for the table.

BRANDY SAUCE FOR PLUM PUDDING.

Put two tablespoonfuls, each, of brandy and white sugar over the fire in a thick saucepan, and stir them till the sugar browns; then gradually stir in half a pint of boiling water, add four whole cloves, one inch of stick cinnamon, and the yellow rind of a lemon, and let the sauce boil for two minutes; meantime mix one teaspoonful of corn-starch with a gill of cold water, stir it into the sauce and boil it for five minutes. Put one gill of brandy and the juice of a lemon in a bowl; strain the sauce into the bowl, and serve it with the pudding.

CARAMEL SAUCE.

Put four tablespoonfuls of white sugar in a saucepan upon the fire, with one tablespoonful of water; stir it constantly with a wooden spoon for three or four minutes until all the water evaporates; watch it carefully until it assumes a delicate brown color; in the meantime put into another saucepan six ounces of sugar, half the yellow rind of a lemon cut thin, one inch of stick cinnamon and one pint of cold water; bring these to a boil gradually; simmer for ten minutes, add one glass of wine, or half a glass of brandy, strain the liquid quickly into the caramel or brown sugar, mix them thoroughly and serve the sauce with the pudding.

Bears and Figs.

Of late years a number of bears have made a practice of living about the hotels and camps in the park. They are becoming "parasites" or bruin tramps, taking what they want, making no effort for self-support, and living on the table waste. They are "hog-robbers," no longer worthy a sportsman's attention. One morning in the season a bear came to the Upper Geyser Basin Hotel is as regular about coming to his meals as a "star boarder." Once, when the yard man was taking a large piece of waste, meant for the pig-pen, Bruin met him in the trail. The man, not at all frightened, held out the meat. The bear walked up, took it from his hand, went to one side a short distance, and ate the grub as unconcerned as though it was the proper thing to have his meals brought to him.

The bears get in the pens, eat with the pigs, or rather drive them to one side and eat what they want. I believe but one hog has been killed by them the past summer. At the slaughter house in Swan Lake Basin, at least nine bears live on the refuse which is thrown in a pile. The bears come in the pen, quarrel with the pigs, cuff them out of the way, often making them squeal with pain, and fight each other, the big ones driving the others off. So far they have not attempted to kill any of the pigs or sheep that are penned near by every night. The herder and butcher have become so used to the bears that they do not fear them much, except when they meet them after dark; then they are willing to give half the road. There are about twenty-five bears who are living about the Upper Basin the season; they are in color black brown, grizzly-gray and cinnamon.

Franklin's Ruse.

Benjamin Franklin was once traveling in cold weather, and saw no vacant place at the tavern fire where he could warm himself. He cried out the order: "Half a peck of oysters in the shell, for my horse." Upon this, all the fireplace crowd rushed out to see a horse eat oysters. Very soon the hostler returned and said: "Why, sir, your horse won't eat the oysters." "Won't he?" said Franklin, now comfortably seated by the fireside; "well, then, bring them in and cook them, and I'll eat them myself."

Postage Stamps.

Before the use of postage stamps various sums were paid for the delivery of letters. The amounts were regulated by the distance the letter had to come to my desk in The Christian Herald office, you would know how deep their sympathy, how large their service has been. "I have sold my bicycle and now send you the money," is the language of one noble young man who wrote to The Christian Herald. "This is my dead son's gift to me, and I have been sad to send it to you," writes a mother in Rhode Island.

As a church we from this day make new departure. We will preach more instructive sermons. We will offer more fervent prayers. We will do better work in all departments. We will in the autumn begin with the new year. We will fill all the resources of this mammoth pile with work for God and suffering humanity. More prayers have been offered for this church, than on both sides the seas, than for any church that has ever existed, and all those prayers will be answered. Clear the track for the coming of God's power. "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

If we never shouted victory till we got clear through the struggles of this life, we would never shout it. Copy the habit of Miriam and Moses. The moment you get a victory celebrate it. The time and place to hold a jubilee for the safe crossing of the Red sea is on its beach and before you leave it. It is a sad, sin, delayed business, the related hallelujahs, the postponed doxologies, the trains of thanksgiving coming in so long after the event.

The time to thank God for a rescue from temptation is the moment after you have broken the snare. The time to thank God for your salvation is the moment after the first flash of pardon. The time to be happy for the comfort of your loved soul is the first moment of Christ's appearance at the mausoleum of Lazarus. The time for Miriam's tambourine to sound its most jubilant note is the moment the last Israelite puts his foot on the sand on the parted inland ocean. Ah, that when God's mercies have such swift wings our praises should have such leaden feet!

Notice that Miriam's song in my text had for its burden the overthrown cavalry. It was not so much the infantry or the men on foot over whom defeat she rejoiced with ringing timbrel, but over the men on horseback. Moses sang about the "horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." Tremendous arm of war is the cavalry! Josephus says that in that host that crossed the Red sea there were 50,000 cavalrymen. Epaminondas had 5000 cavalrymen, Pompey 7000, and Alexander with 7000. Marlborough depended on his cavalry for the triumph at Blenheim. Cromwell's cavalry charge that depolled the French armies in retreat from Moscow, but the mounted Cossacks. Cavalrymen decided the battles of Leuthen and Leipsic and Winchester and Hanover Court House and Five Forks. Some of you may have been in the relentless raids led on by Forrest or Chalmers or Morgan or Stuart of the southern cavalry, or Pleasanton or Wilson or Kilpatrick or Sheridan of the northern side. The army saddles are the thrones of our state. Hurricanes in stirrups are the cavalrymen.

No wonder that Miriam was chiefly grateful that the Egyptian cavalrymen, pursuing the Israelites down to midway the Red sea, were unsaddled, unstirruped, unhorsed.

And I have to tell you, O child of God, that the Lord, who is on your side now and forever, has at His disposal under His command all waters, all winds, all lightnings, all time and all eternity. Come, look me in the face while I tell you that the Lord wants me to speak to you, "No weapon formed against you shall prosper." Don't throw away your tambourine. Do you will want it sure as you sit there and I stand here, and the tune you will yet play on it, whether standing on beach of time or beach of eternity, will be the tune that Miriam played when she cried "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

I expect to have a good laugh with you in heaven, for the Bible says in Luke, sixth chapter, twenty-first verse, "Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh." We shall not weep much in heaven, but we will sometimes in review of the past, as Christ says, we shall laugh. There is nothing wrong in laughter. It all depends on what you laugh at, and when you laugh. Nothing, it seems, will more thoroughly disturb the sweet harmonies of heaven than to get inside the pearly gate than to see how in this world we got scared at things which ought not to have frightened us at all.

How often we work ourselves up into a great stew about nothing! The Red sea before may be deep, and the Egyptian cavalry behind us may be well mounted, but if we trust the Lord we will go through no more harm than a few dashes of spray to the saddle skirts, but I guess it will be all right with you if you have God on your side and all the angels, obedient to His command, and archangelic kingdoms. "If God be for you, who can be against you?"

But no critics Miriam a little for the instrument of music she employed in the divine service on the sandy beach. Why not take some other instrument? The harp was a sacred instrument. Why did she not take that? The cymbal was a sacred instrument. Why did she not take that? The trumpet was a sacred instrument. Why did she not take that? Amid that great host there must have been many instruments more used in religious service. No, she took that which she liked the best and on which she could most express her exhilaration over a great rescue, first through the retreat of the waves of the Red sea, and then through the chapter of the hands of their destruction. So I withdraw my criticism of Miriam. Let every one take her or his best mode of divine worship and service. Why not? My idea of heaven is that it is a place where we can do as we please and have everything we want. Of course we will do nothing wrong and want nothing harmful.

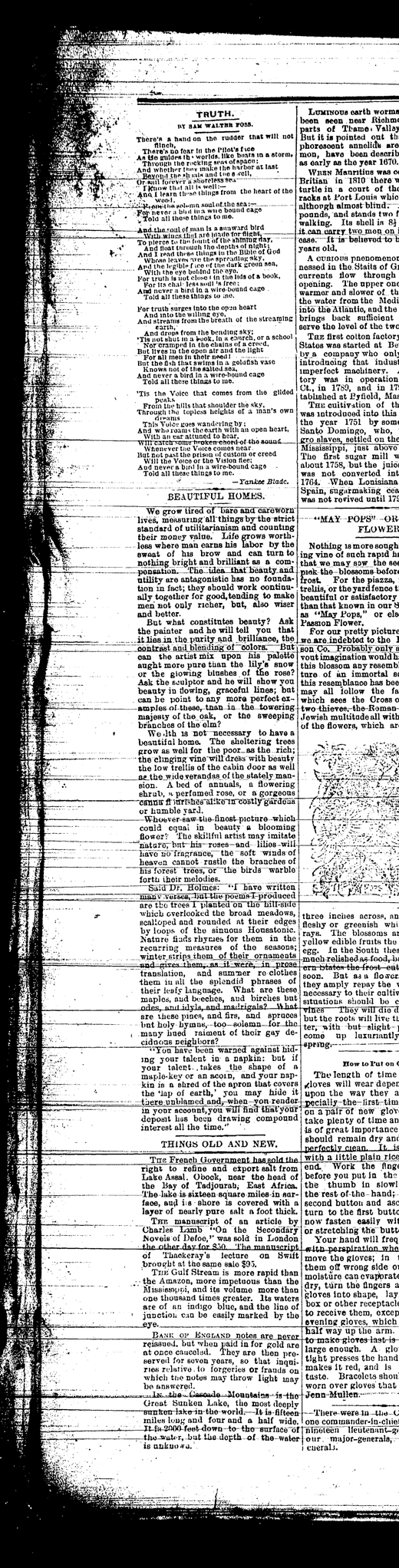
How much of the material and physical will enter into the life of heaven I do not know, but I think Gabriel will have his trumpet, and David his harp, and Handel his organ, and Paganini his violin, and the great Norwegian performer his violin, and Miriam her timbrel, and as I cannot make music on the timbrel, I think I will join the crowd among all of them and listen. But there are our friends of the Scotch Covenanter church who do not like musical instruments at all in divine worship, and they need not have them.

Perhaps a day it will be when we stand on the beach of heaven and look back on the Red sea of this world's sin and trouble and embrace the fact that we have got through and got over and got up, our sins and our troubles attempting to follow gone clear down under the waves.

Oh, crimson floods roll over them and drown them, and drown them forever! In this world we have so little time for that, I am looking forward to eternal socialities. To be with God and never sin against Him. To be with Christ and forever feel Heaven. To walk together in robes of white with those with whom on earth we walked together in black raiment of mourning. To gather up the members of our scattered families and embrace them with no embarrassment, though all heaven be looking on.

A mine in Scotland caved in and caught amid the rocks a young man who in a few days was to have been united in holy marriage. No one could get heart to tell his affianced of the death of her beloved, but when one came to her lover's home he had changed his mind about the marriage and willfully disappointed. Fifty years passed on, when one day the miners delving in the earth suddenly came on the body of that young man, which had all those years been kept from the air and looked just as it was the day of the calamity. Strong, manly, noble youth, he sat there looking as on the day he died. But no one recognized the silent form.

After awhile they called the oldest inhabitants to come and see if any one could recognize him. A woman with bent form and her hair snowy white with years came last, and looking upon the silent form that had been an omnipotent preserved gave a bitter cry and fell into a long swoon. It was the one to whom half a century before she was to have been married, looking then just as when in the days of their youth their affections were consecrated. But the emotion of the aged woman was too much for mortal endurance, and some years after she was dead, and they were to have joined hands in wedlock



REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

"Hosea and Miriam on the banks of the Sea."

TEXT: "*And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, 'Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.'*"—Exodus xv., 20, 21.

Sermonizers are naturally so busy in getting the Israelites safely through the parted Red sea and the Egyptians submerged in the returning waters that but little time is given to the musical part of the people left after they got well up high and dry on the beach. That was the beach of the Red sea, which is at its greatest width 200 miles and at its least width 12 miles. Why is the adjective "red" used in describing this water? It is called the Red sea because the mountains on its western coast look as though sprinkled with brick dust, and the water is colored very much as the seaweed and has red zoophyte and red coral.

This sea was cut by the tools of Egyptian, Phoenician and Arabic shipping. It was no magnificent pond or puddle on the beach of which my text calls us to stand. I hear upon it the sound of a tambourine, for which the timbrel was only another name—an instrument of music made out of a circular piece of wood with a parchment head—Tennyson's "Rouse the echoes with the rattling timbrel" or Milton's "Or Rhipatrick or Sheridan of the northern side. The army saddles are the thrones of our state. Hurricanes in stirrups are the cavalrymen.

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My friends, we shall come at last upon those of our loved ones who long ago hurried the journey of life. They will be as fair and beautiful—yes, fairer and more beautiful than when we parted from them.

I see them now—the glorified—assembled for a celebration midnight—and more jubilant than that of the shores of the Red sea, and from all lands and ages, on beach of light above beach of light, gallery above gallery and thrones above thrones, in circling sweep of 10,000 miles of surrounding and upheaved splendor, while standing before them on seas of glass mingled with fire Michael, the archangel, with flaming scepter beats time for the multitudinous chorus, crying, "Sing! Sing! Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

FORM UPHOLSTERY.

BY ELANCHE L. MACDONELL.

We all know the disconsolate air of shabbiness assumed by chairs and couches which have seen better days and which insist—in forcibly proclaiming their faded condition to the gaze of a cynical world; but, everybody does not know the many pretty and tasteful ways in which an ingenious worker may furbish up her old furniture.

If the frame of a chair is shabby, it may be enameled. A varnish brush should be employed for the bolder parts. If there should be any carving or scroll work upon it, a small hog's-hair brush must be used for the finer portions. The chair must be first washed and then rubbed with coarse sand-paper. The enamel must be well shaken before it is opened and frequently stirred while in use. One cannot err in putting on too small a quantity of the paint at once. A large amount is apt to accumulate in corners and takes a long time to dry. When the first coat is quite dry it must be rubbed with fine sand-paper. Second and third coats are then applied. After the third coat has been hardened, the frame of the chair should present a glossy appearance, free from lumps, blisters or streaks.

If the springs of the chair or sofa are broken, it is impossible for any but a professional worker to replace them. The amateur upholstress must content herself with renovating the stuffing and replacing the old cover with a new one. It is not desirable for an amateur to unpick the back of a chair if it can be made presentable without doing so. An improvement can be effected by laying wool over those parts that are worn, then spreading a sheet of thin wadding over the, pulling away some of it at the edges, so that the place where it leaves off does not set in a ridge but merges gradually into the rest of stuffing. Buttoning is done by tying down, using upholsterer's needle with fine, strong twine, passing it through the stuffing from back to front through the back of the button then through the stuffing to the back, where it is firmly tied. If the buttons are to be done away with, the depression made by each in the seat must be filled in with a tuft of wool equally distributed, and stitched above the others and the seat must be made perfectly even. A sheet of wadding is laid over the whole, and the outside cover is then fastened on. It is easier for the amateur to put the new covering over the old. If the worn covering is taken off, the stuffing can be pulled out and arranged as to partially fill the dents made by the buttons but even then a few tufts of hair or wool will have to be added to make the seat a good shape.

One may often find materials such as curtains are made of which answer admirably as a draped covering for couches; among these may be mentioned Utrecht velvet, silk and wool tapestry, and cross striped tapestry; also rep. All these may be had in many artistic colorings and will a stand good deal of wear and tear. When the cover is worn but the stuffing remains in good condition, it is a good plan to get one of these curtains woven with a striped border. If bought by the yard a double width material should be chosen, and the quantity must depend upon the length of the sofa. It must be long enough to hang down at both ends, and wide enough to fall well over the front and to tuck down at the back. Do not drape it too formally and in front it should be caught up here and there with a few gathering stitches into a festoon. If the material is not wide enough, additional width may be given by the use of a band of plush or velveteen. For an arm-chair the same plan may be followed, the curtain being laid lengthwise down the chair, and tucked in on the couch. If the cover is finished with a heavy fringe, it will add much to the appearance of the chair. It is essential that whatever is used should be rather heavy, or it will slip about and crumple. A large piece of embroidery would look well on a chair, if worked with wools in tent stitch, to resemble a piece of old tapestry. It should be lined with sateen, bound down each side with a hem of plush, and finished with a heavy knotted fringe of the wools used in the work. Damask with velvet applique upon it, looks very well. It should also be long enough to allow of its being well tucked into the seat and to hang generously over the back. A tack or two may hold it securely here and there, but the effect will be spoiled if it is nailed down too tightly. For small, "occasional chairs," nothing looks better than a piece of embroidery worked on olive green serge. Diagonal cloth is rather thicker and firmer; velveteen, both plain and corduroy, is appropriate, but should be of good quality; it is useless to buy a cheap sort as it soon fades and looks shabby. Utrecht velvet wears better than any of these fabrics, but is more expensive.

Before beginning to cover the chair, cut the shape out in paper, so that this may serve as a guide by which the material can be shaped. The material, when cut nearly the right size, should be stretched over the chair. A few pins will keep it in place. It is advisable to take off the gimp which formed the original ornament of the chair, as otherwise, if the tacks are very near together, it will be found difficult to hammer the new one in between, and at the corners they will be so close together that there will be no room to nail others in. There will probably be a certain portion of the material which must be a conventional or geometric one, naturally drawn. The embroidery must be hemmed down the sides, laid over the canvas of which the back and seat are composed, and hailed firmly along the upper edge of the frame. It is then smoothed down over the old material till the front edge of the seat is reached, here it must again be nailed. The canvas cover must be fastened down absolutely straight; if it is looser one side than the other, the chair will soon bulge unequally and will look as though it were falling to pieces. A ball fringe should be nailed over the edges of the embroidery to hide the nails which secure it to the canvas. If the old canvas is so shabby that it needs covering up, the back is easily concealed by a piece of black, glazed linen. If the chair has arms—these usually consist of two of flat bands or stripes—they should be neatly covered with a strip of the canvas upon which has been embroidered a slight design to correspond with that on the back of the chair.

MENU.

Chicken Soup.
Salmon Salad with French Dressing.
Georgia Boiled Rice.
Baked Potatoes
Fried and Broiled Steak with
Watercresses.
Apple Cremets.

CHICKEN SOUP.

Take the bones and any remains of a roast or broiled chicken you may have. Put this over the fire in enough water to cover and boil slowly for two hours. Take out the bones. Measure and add enough boiling water to make two quarts. In the meantime, after it is has boiled about one and a half hours, put a cup of rice in a quart of boiling water over the fire with a teaspoonful of salt. Boil until the rice is tender. Put the rice in with the chicken. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Add as much boiling water as you need to make two quarts of soup. Serve.

SALMON SALAD.

Use canned salmon or cold boiled salmon. Take one cupful and an ordinary sized onion (Spanish). Take from the salmon any bones. Slice the onions in rather small slices. Arrange the salmon in a dish with the onions, and dress with Romaine dressing. Take six tablespoonfuls of salad oil, thr e tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, one tablespoonful of sugar, one heaping salt-spoonful of salt, one level saltspoonful of white pepper, and a level saltspoonful of mustard. Press the salad. Before serving mix the ranch. Be sure that the dressing is distributed equally. This is a very good recipe for any salad. Use one teaspoonful of grated onion in the dressing when you do not use the Spanish onion as part of the salad. In appearance this is very much like the plain French salad dressing, but it is not so in the flavor.

FRENCH SALAD DRESSING.

Three tablespoonfuls of oil to one of vinegar, a saltspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of pepper and a dust of cayenne is the proper French dressing for a green salad.

Take Care of the Girls.

There is no subject that so deeply interests the thinking people of our country as that of rational education for our girls, and there is none that is productive of so little real advantage to the girls from the many discussions that the subject occasions. Plans are considered and laid aside, and theories rise only to fall again, and meanwhile the girl speeds on toward womanhood, misdirecting her energies and wasting valuable time through lack of well-defined plans for her best advantage on the part of her guardians and educators.

We cannot overdo the matter of discreetly rearing our girls. They are to be the wives and mothers of our next generation, and on them rests the prosperity of the nation. The world is to be largely influenced by their abilities and strength, and it rests with the educators of to-day to prepare them for the great work that is before them. The key-note for harmony in mental and physical education has not yet been touched, and will not be until their physical well-being is made supreme, and the mental is based on this power. The time has never been in our country when this has been practically considered. Regardless of physical resources mental expansion has ever been and still is the aim, and has grown to such a craze in America that brain power is often forced to the exhaustion of all other capabilities.

When our girls thus forced graduate they are, even if they escape invalidism, utterly without stamina, and are poorly prepared for entering cheerfully upon the arduous duties that await them in every-day life, and also are unfortified for rising above the disappointments and anxieties that enter to a greater or less extent into every home.

Their career closes at their graduation instead of being at its dawn, and many a bright intellect that gave promise of strength everywhere burns but dimly in an obscure circle from being caged in an enfeebled and exhausted body.—Godey's.

HAMMONTON Real Estate For Sale

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

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

3. Good house and lot on Second St., very desirable.

7. Farm on Thirteenth St., 12 acres, well fruited; good 8-room house, barn, sheds, etc. Favorable terms.

8. Small farm on Chew Road, near Twelfth Street; 3¼ acres, mostly set to fruit; 5-room house, nearly new. Easy terms.

10. Fine prominent corner on Bellevue Avenue; good house, three large lots. Will divide. A first-class business site. Cheap.

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

13. An attractive place on Fairview,—7 acres, good house, all heated, windmill supplies water, some fruit, barn, etc. Fair terms.

14. A good house and lot on Pleasant Street. Easy terms.

15. Farm on Middle Road; 20 acres; very large house, barn, stables, etc.

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

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

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

19. Six room house on Second Street, elegantly finished, every convenience. Price fair,—terms to suit.

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

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Up to the present time the attendance at the World's Fair has been far short of the most conservative calculation. This is attributed to various causes, among which the unfinished buildings and exhibits, the reports of extortionate charges for living expenses, the weather and high railway fares seem to predominate. In fact, the last is generally considered the weightiest, and it is understood that strenuous efforts will be made to secure a concerted action on the part of the railroads in a reduction of fare to one-half the regular rates. Such a movement would undoubtedly result in a largely increased attendance, but the prospect is that there will be a heavy deficit even under the most favorable circumstances.

Observe in every direction. Keep your eyes open. Go forward, understanding that the world was made for your knowledge, that you are to enter into it and possess it.

Cholera is ravaging many districts in Asiatic Turkey, and people are dying by thousands. Many of the stricken towns have been deserted.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* makes the statement that the treating habit is dying out. It ought to have no mourners.

Professor Charles Richmond, a balloonist, fell 1000 feet to the ground near Trenton, on Monday, and was killed.

If the more foreign goods we import the better off our workmen are, why not import all we use?

Religion—An insurance against fire in the next world, for which honesty is the best policy.

The President appointed Charles W. Dayton, of New York, to be postmaster of that city.

There's no wealth like unto knowledge, for thieves cannot steal it.

Butterflies make a great show, but they don't make any honey.

The Philadelphia weekly Press and the Republican, both a year for $1.25, cash.

Philadelphia & Atlantic City R. R.

February 15th, 1893.

DOWN TRAINS.							UP TRAINS.					
Acco p.m.	Acco p.m.	Exp p.m.	Exp p.m.	Exp a.m.	Acco a.m.	STATIONS.	Acco a.m.	Exp. a.m.	Acco a.m.	Exp a.m.	Exp. p.m.	Acc. p.m.
6 30	5 45	5 00	2 00	9 00	8 00	Philadelphia	6 25	8 35	10 15	10 30	5 05	6 40
6 43	5 57	5 10	2 10	9 10	8 13	Camden	6 10	8 23	10 04	10 18	4 54	6 30
7 08	6 17	.....	.....	.....	8 34	Magnolia	5 48	.....	9 44	.....	.....	6 08
7 15	6 24	.....	.....	.....	8 42	Laurel Springs	5 40	.....	9 38	.....	.....	6 00
7 19	6 27	.....	.....	.....	8 46	Clementon	5 38	.....	9 34	.....	.....	5 56
7 30	6 37	.....	.....	.....	8 56	Williamstown Junc	5 27	.....	9 23	.....	.....	5 47
7 36	6 42	.....	.....	.....	9 01	Cedar Brook	5 21	.....	9 20	.....	.....	5 40
7 45	6 50	5 47	.....	.....	9 08	Winslow Junc	5 12	.....	9 11	.....	4 16	5 30
7 52	6 55	5 53	2 51	9 51	9 19	Hammonton	5 05	7 42	9 00	9 39	4 11	5 29
.....	7 00	.....	.....	.....	9 24	Da Costa	.....	.....	8 55	.....	.....	5 14
.....	7 07	6 03	.....	.....	9 32	Elwood	.....	7 32	8 49	.....	.....	5 07
.....	7 15	6 10	3 06	10 06	9 39	Egg Harbor	.....	7 25	8 42	9 25	3 56	4 59
.....	7 23	.....	.....	.....	9 48	Brigantine Junc	.....	.....	8 34	.....	.....	4 50
.....	7 35	6 25	3 20	10 20	10 00	Pleasantville	.....	7 09	8 24	9 09	3 39	4 39
.....	7 45	6 35	3 30	10 30	10 10	Atlantic City	.....	7 00	8 15	9 00	3 30	4 30

Camden and Atlantic Railroad.

Friday, Feb. 10th, 1893.

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	Mail. a.m.	At.Ac. a.m.	Acco. p.m.	Exp. p.m.	Exp p.m.	S.Exp a.m.	Su.Ac. a.m.	S.Exp. a.m.	Su.Ac p.m.
Philadelphia	.....	8 00	4 20	5 00	.....	.....	8 15	.....	4 00
Camden	.....	8 10	4 29	5 09	.....	.....	8 25	.....	4 10
Haddonfield	.....	8 30	4 43	.....	.....	.....	8 46	.....	4 36
Berlin	.....	8 55	5 03	.....	.....	.....	9 11	.....	4 52
Atco	.....	9 01	5 09	.....	.....	.....	9 17	.....	4 57
Waterford	.....	9 09	5 16	.....	.....	.....	9 25	.....	5 06
Winslow	.....	9 16	5 26	.....	.....	.....	9 35	.....	5 20
Hammonton	.....	9 24	5 33	5 47	.....	.....	9 43	.....	5 26
Da Costa	.....	9 30	5 38	.....	.....	.....	9 49	.....	5 31
Elwood	.....	9 43	5 45	.....	.....	.....	9 57	.....	5 38
Egg Harbor City	.....	9 51	5 53	6 03	.....	.....	10 06	.....	5 46
Absecon	.....	10 09	6 13	6 19	.....	.....	10 27	.....	6 06
Atlantic City	.....	10 20	6 23	6 30	.....	.....	10 38	.....	6 17

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At.Ac. a.m.	Exp. a.m.	Expr. a.m.	Exp. a.m.	Exp p.m.	Acco. p.m.	Su.Ac. a.m.	Sunday p.m	Expr. p.m.
Philadelphia	8 50	9 00	10 30	.....	.....	5 10	9 20	9 05	6 20
Camden	8 42	8 52	10 22	.....	.....	5 02	9 09	8 57	6 10
Haddonfield	8 22	—	—	—	.....	4 45	8 50	—	5 49
Berlin	8 01	—	—	—	.....	4 24	8 26	—	5 24
Atco	7 56	—	—	—	.....	4 19	8 20	—	5 18
Waterford	7 49	—	—	—	.....	4 12	8 13	—	5 10
Winslow	7 40	—	—	—	.....	4 02	8 04	—	5 00
Hammonton	7 34	—	9 37	—	.....	3 57	7 58	—	4 55
DaCosta	7 29	—	—	—	.....	3 47	7 53	—	4 47
Elwood	7 23	—	—	—	.....	3 42	7 47	—	4 39
Egg Harbor City	7 15	—	9 05	—	.....	3 35	7 40	—	4 30
Absecon	6 56	7 45	—	—	.....	3 15	7 21	—	4 08
Atlantic City	6 45	7 40	8 55	.....	.....	3 00	7 10	7 40	3 55

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